

# Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman



Savitri Devi

Cover:  
*Morning*, a 1922 painting  
by Maxfield Parrish

Daybreak Press

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*Souvenirs et réflexions d'une aryenne*  
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Other books edited  
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by César Tort

In Spanish:

***De Jesús a Hitler:***

*Hojas Susurrantes*

*¿Me Ayudarás...?*

*El Grial*

In English:

*The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*

*Day of Wrath*

*Daybreak*

*On Exterminationism*

*Christianity's Criminal History. Vol I*

*Letter to mom Medusa*

*On Beth's Cute Tits*

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



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## Kalki's apprentice

(Editor's preface)

On the featured page of my website *The West's Darkest Hour* you can see a list of recommended readings. But *Hellstorm* and *The Fair Race* are only the first stepping stones for the normie who has already dipped his feet in the psychological Rubicon. Now, thanks to this last stepping stone, he can finish crossing the river.

*Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman* (original in French: *Souvenirs et Réflexions d'une Aryenne*) is probably the only readable book that introduces the initiate to the spirit of National Socialism. *Mein Kampf* is not a good introduction for the simple fact that Adolf Hitler had to hide his anti-Christian sentiments from the masses of Germans, as demonstrated by Richard Weikart in *Hitler's Religion*. It would have been unwise, in the 1920s and 30s, to advertise the Führer's anti-Christianity without the proper conditioning and preparation of the German people.

Apart from the fact that hostility to Christianity, central to Hitler's pantheist religion, is only barely glimpsed in the public-relations book titled *Mein Kampf*, other writers helped Hitler to redact it converting it into a long-winded book. That is why David Irving, the most authoritative historian of him and the Third Reich, did not even read *Mein Kampf*: it was unclear which passages were authored by the Führer himself and which by his assistants.

But there is a deeper reason why anyone wishing to be introduced to National Socialism should not begin his intellectual journey with *Mein Kampf*. The catastrophe that befell the entire white race after 1945 is of such astronomical proportions that to understand the Religion of the Strong one must begin with a text written *after* that year. More to the point, Hitler didn't develop the exterminationist hatred that Savitri Devi and I developed for the simple fact that he ignored what would happen to the fair race if he lost the war. In a nutshell, *Mein Kampf* is for the normies of a

bygone era: not for those of us living in the blackest hour of all history.

And there is something else. ‘Numinous’ is a term derived from the Latin *numen* meaning arousing mysterious or awe-inspiring emotion. Once one strips National Socialism of all reticence to talk openly against Christianity, NS is incredibly fascinating and deserves an introductory book reflecting its intrinsic numinousness. And only Mrs Savitri delved into the heart of a post-1945 NS that, if interpreted through numinous music, could be captured by Wagner’s *Götterdämmerung*. In no other book can we grasp Hitlerism as in *Memories and Reflections*. Not even in Savitri’s *The Lightning and the Sun* since it opens with two chapters on historical figures who have nothing to do with the ideals of the German Reich. In fact, she published this book seventeen years after *The Lightning and the Sun*, when her thought already reached full philosophical maturity.

On a personal note, this book saved me from my solitude. It is amazing how the final chapters portray my exterminationist passion as if I had written them myself.<sup>1</sup> Even before I read *Memories and Reflections* I was, like Savitri, a member of what she calls in her first chapter ‘the Religion of the Strong.’ All the criticism Savitri makes of anthropocentrism I knew decades before I read this very book, through intimate soliloquies that I could share with no one. And her concept of a ‘man against Time’ made me understand myself for the first time in my life. Quite a few passages of this book describe me so perfectly that the idea crossed my mind to insert a photograph of me taken from afar during one of my countless daily walks, lost in my thoughts and without any friends in the metropolis of over twenty million people where I live, to the extent of not owning a cellphone due to my absolute alienation in a world that, by repudiating Hitler, chose Hell.

The good news is that, as I was born in 1958, learning that I had shared twenty-four years of life with Savitri Devi (1905-1982), even though I never met her and we were living on different continents, brought me out of my existential solitude. So in honour of what she tells us here about the Hindu archetype Kalki I have added a subtitle to *The West’s Darkest Hour*: ‘Kalki’s apprentice website.’ But the inescapable question arises: Why, after Savitri, has

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<sup>1</sup> See *El Grial*, the third book of my autobiographical trilogy, still untranslated into English.

no man or woman written anything like this book? The answer is devastatingly simple: because the Aryan spirit has been completely and overwhelmingly crushed after 1945. As American neo-Nazi James Mason put it during an interview with white supremacist Tom Metzger, 'With the death of Adolf Hitler in the close of the Second World War in 1945 Western civilization, as it had existed and is still perceived, DIED [emphasis in Mason's voice] once and for all. The only thing that was left now was a gene pool,' referring to whites. And the saddest thing is that this greatest crime of all history was perpetrated by whites (cf. Tom Goodrich's *Hellstorm: The Death of Nazi Germany*).

I ignore whether this abridged translation (the sentences of Savitri's original text were too long) will do any good in resurrecting the Aryan spirit. For the time being I can only confess that all the illustrations in this abridged translation were inserted by me.

*César Tort*  
*February 2023*







Maximiani Julia Portas (pen name: Savitri Devi Mukherji).

... *unsere neue Auffassung, die dem Ursinn der Dinge entspricht.*

(‘Our new conception, which corresponds to the primordial sense of things.’)

Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, 1935 edition, p. 440.

‘What is all this that is not eternal?’

Leconte de Lisle – ‘L’illusion suprême,’ *Poèmes Tragiques*.

## Foreword

Written from 1968 to 1971 in Montbrison, Athens, Ducey (Normandy) and finally in Delhi, and printed at the author's expense amid the greatest material difficulties (with the delays, the stops and the slowness inevitable in such conditions), these pages reflect the experience of a long life dominated by a single state of mind: nostalgia for the original perfection and devoted to a single struggle, the fight against all forms of decadence.

This struggle, in the spirit of the eternal and therefore more than human tradition, could only be identified, in our time, with the struggle waged on an immeasurably larger scale by a Man immeasurably greater (closer to the eternal) than I: his sincere but insignificant disciple. These pages are written to the glory of this Man and of the Order of which he was the founder and the soul. Their aim is to show that his doctrine expresses nothing less than tradition and therefore justify everything that has been done (or will be done again) in his name, provided that it is also in his spirit. I give these pages to my comrades, brothers and sisters of race and faith, wherever they may be, with the ancient ritual salutation of the faithful and the two now forbidden Words.

I would like to thank all those who have helped me, directly or indirectly, to produce this book: first my husband Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji who supported me; Madame Françoise Dior whose generous hospitality in Ducey from October 1970 to May 1971 enabled me to write in an atmosphere of understanding, sympathy and free from all material concerns; Fräulein Marianne Singer, who made possible my return to India, a country where, whatever the ideological position of the rulers may be, the person who has a faith can without prohibitions and restrictions publish her views (blessed tolerance, without which this book would never have seen the light of day, at least in its present form!), and finally Messrs Owen Loveless, S. G. Dickson, Sajer, Saint-Loup and their

comrades whose names I ignore, who helped me with their hard-earned savings to finance the printing of it. I am happy to express to all of them, here in this foreword, how much I have been touched by their expression of solidarity.

*Savitri Devi Mukherji*  
*New Delhi, 28 July 1976*

## Chapter I—The religion of the strong

*Enochia, monstrous City of the Males,  
Den of the Violent, Citadel of the Strong,  
Which has never known fear or remorse.*

—Leconte de Lisle

‘Qäin’, *Poèmes Barbares*

If I had to choose a motto for myself I would take this one: *Pure, dure, sûre* (pure, hard, certain). In other words: unalterable. By this I would express the ideal of the Strong, of those whom nothing brings down, whom nothing corrupts, whom nothing can change; of those on whom one can count because their life is order and fidelity in unison with the Eternal... He who represents only himself, even if he is one of those who make and unmake history and whose names resound in the distance, is only shadow and smoke.<sup>2</sup> You who are exalted by the image of the solitary rock that is subject to all the assaults of the ocean, beaten by the winds, battered by the waves, struck by lightning in the height of storms, constantly covered with furious foam but always standing, millennium after millennium; you who would like to be able to identify yourself with your brothers in faith, with this tangible symbol of the Strong to the point of feeling: ‘It is us! It’s me!’ Free yourself from the two deadly superstitions: the search for ‘happiness’ and the concern for ‘humanity.’ Beware of ever falling into them if the Gods have granted you the privilege of being free from them from your youth.

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<sup>2</sup> **Editor’s note:** I have always been repulsed by the film that appears at the top of the list in surveys of famous filmmakers, *Citizen Kane*. At one point in the film someone comments about the main character, played by Orson Wells himself, that this billionaire believed in only one thing: himself.

Happiness—which, for them, consists in not being thwarted in their natural development; in not being hungry, thirsty, cold or too hot; in being able to live freely the life for which they were made and sometimes, for some of them also, in being loved—should be granted to the living who don't possess the Word, the father of thought. It is a compensation that they deserve. Contribute with all your power to secure it for them. Help the beast and the tree, and defend them against the selfish and cowardly man. Give a load of grass to the exhausted horse or donkey; a bucket of water to the buffalo that is dying of thirst, harnessed since daybreak to its heavy cart, under the burning sky of the tropics; give a friendly caress to the beast of burden, whatever it may be, that its master treats like a thing; feed the abandoned dog or cat and the one that wanders in the indifferent city, never having had a master; lay a plate of milk by the roadside for him, and flatter him with your hand, if he allows you. Carry the green branch that has been torn up and thrown in the dust to your house, so that it won't be trampled underfoot and put it in a water vessel; it is also alive and entitled to your care. It has nothing but silent life. At least help it to enjoy it. Living is his way—the way of all beings of flesh to whom the Word hasn't been given—of being in harmony with the eternal. And to live, for all these creatures, is happiness.

But those who possess the Word, the father of thought and, among them, the Strong especially, have something else to do than to seek to be 'happy.' The pleasure or displeasure, the happiness or anxiety of the individual, doesn't count. Only the task counts: the search for the essential, the Eternal, through life and thought. Attach yourself to the essential—to the Eternal. And never worry about happiness—neither your own nor that of other men, but accomplish your task and help others achieve theirs provided it doesn't thwart your own.

He who possesses the Word, the father of thought and who, far from placing it at the service of the essential, wastes it in the search for personal satisfaction; he who possesses technology, the fruit of thought, and who uses it above all to increase his well-being and that of other men, taking this as the major task, is unworthy of his privileges. He isn't worthy of the beings of beauty and silence, the animal and the tree, that follow their own way. He who uses the powers of Word and thought to inflict death and especially suffering on beautiful beings who don't speak, for his

own or other men's welfare; he who uses his human privileges against living nature sins against the universal mother—against Life—and against the order that says *noblesse oblige* (nobility obliges). He isn't Strong or an aristocrat in the deepest sense of the word but a petty, egotistical and cowardly person, an object of disgust in the eyes of the natural élite. Any society, any civilisation that proceeds from the same aspiration for human well-being above all else, for 'happiness' at any price, is marked by the seal of the powers below, the enemies of the cosmic order in the endless play of forces. It is a civilisation of the Dark Age.<sup>3</sup> If you are obliged to suffer it, suffer it by unceasingly opposing it, by fighting it every minute of your life. Make it your glory in hastening its end—at least in cooperating with all your might in the natural action of the forces leading to its end. For it is cursed: it is organised ugliness and meanness.

Rid yourself not only the superstition of 'happiness' if it has ever seduced you, but also that of man. And if this attitude has never been yours; if, from childhood, you have been impervious to the propaganda of the devotees of humanity, give thanks to the immortal Gods to whom you owe this innate wisdom. Nothing forbids you, of course, from giving a hand to a man in need of help, even the most worthless. The Strong are generous. But then, be kind to him as living flesh, not as a man. And if it is a question of choosing between him and a creature deprived of the Word, but closer to the archetype of his species than he is to that of the ideal man—that is to say: the superior man—, give your preference and your solicitude to this creature: it is, more than he is, an artwork of the eternal artist.

For 'man' who is esteemed so highly isn't a reality, but a construction of the mind from living elements of disconcerting variety. No doubt every species is a construct of the mind: its name corresponds to a general idea. But there is an enormous difference: these living realities that are the individuals of each species resemble each other. The species exists in each of them. All the specimens that belong to it reflect the eternal to the same degree, more or less. Individuals of the same species, who don't have the Word, are

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<sup>3</sup> **Editor's note:** 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness' (US Congress, July 4, 1776, Declaration of Independence).

almost interchangeable. Their potential is fixed. We know what the world of the living gains every time a little cat is born; we know what it loses every time a cat dies, young or old. But we don't know what it gains—or loses—every time a man's baby is born. For what is a man? The most perfect specimen of a Nordic whose soul is noble and whose judgment is firm and upright and whose features and bearing are those of Greek statues of the finest period, is 'a Man.'



A Hottentot, a Pygmy, a Papuan, a Jew or a Levantine mixed with a Jew are just 'men.' There is no such thing as 'man.' There are only very different varieties of primates which are called human because they have in common an upright stance and the Word; the latter in very unequal degrees. And within the same race—better still, within the same people—there are insurmountable divergences, both psychic and physical: divergences that we would like to be able to attribute to distant interbreeding, so much so that such differences between individuals of the same blood seem unnatural. It is already shocking to see such violent ideological or religious opposition between brothers of the same race. It is even more shocking to know that, while Saint Vincent de Paul was French, there are child abusers who are also French; or that the beautiful and virtuous Laure de Noves, Countess de Sade had, four centuries after her death, among her descendants the sadly remembered Marquis who bears the same name.

So I repeat: we don't know, and we cannot predict, what the living world gains or loses every time a young being called human is born or dies. It is true, however, that beyond a certain degree of intermingling of races and backgrounds, people end up looking



strangely alike psychically, if not physically: alike in nullity. They all think they are independent and original, and their reactions to similar circumstances are as identical as those of two individuals from the same tribe of blacks, redskins or those people of the same race, bound by the same faith. The extremes touch. The ethnic chaos of the masses of a metropolis at the forefront of technological progress tends to acquire a uniformity of greyness, a kind of manufactured homogeneity desired by those who control the masses: a sinister caricature of the relative natural unity of people of the same blood, held together by a scale of values and common practices; a uniformity which, far from revealing a 'collective soul' to any degree of awakening, only reveals the decay of a society that has definitively turned its back on the Eternal. In other words, a damned society.

But sometimes one can still discover an exceptional individual amid such a society: an individual who despises the ethnic chaos he sees around him *and of which he is perhaps himself a product*, and who, to escape from it, ***adheres to some doctrine of the extinction of the species***, or else *puts himself entirely at the service of a true race* with all the renunciation that this entails for him.<sup>4</sup> The mechanism of heredity is so complex, and the play of external influences so subject to chance that it isn't possible to foresee who, among the children of a decadent society, will become such an individual—any more than it is possible to foresee which new-born member of a tribe will one day aspire to something other than the received values and ideas; or which child, brought up in a particular faith, will hasten to leave it, as soon as he can. The exception is sometimes probable and always possible in a human group, however homogeneous it may be. Moreover, if the exception represents something more than himself, it changes the group whenever it can. If there was an Aztec who was shocked by the sacrifices offered to the gods of his people, it is to be presumed that this man was among the first to adopt the religion of the Spanish conquerors. And an Aryan of Europe who, in our time, feels nothing but contempt for the Christian and democratic values of the West and dreams of a society in the image of ancient Sparta will adhere, if he has a taste for combat, the Hitlerian faith.

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<sup>4</sup> **Editor's note:** My bold and italics. Savitri is perfectly portraying the soul of someone like me in this paragraph.

It is clear from these observations that the concept of humanity doesn't correspond to any concrete reality, separable from that of all living beings. The Word and the upright posture, the only features common to all men, aren't sufficient to make them 'brothers' compared to another species. There is therefore no moral obligation to love all men unless you postulate to love all living beings, including the most harmful insects, for a man (or a group of men) who, by nature or by choice, spreads ugliness, lies and suffering, is more harmful than any evil insect. It would be absurd to fight the one, and the less powerful and therefore the less dangerous, while tolerating—and worse, to 'love'—the other.<sup>5</sup>

Love, then, the superior man: the Aryan worthy of the name: handsome, good and courageous; responsible and capable of all sacrifices to accomplish his task: the healthy and strong Aryan. He is your brother and your comrade in arms in the struggle of your race against the forces of disintegration; he whose children will continue that sacred fight alongside your own, when your body is returned to the elements.

Respect the man of noble races other than your own, who is fighting a parallel battle to yours—to ours—in a different setting. He is your ally even if he is at the other end of the world. Love all the living whose humble task is in no way opposed to yours, to ours: the simple-hearted, honest men without vanity or malice and all the beasts for they are beautiful, without exception. Love them, and you will feel the eternal in the glance of their eyes of jet, amber or emerald eyes. Love also the trees, the plants and the water that flows through the grass and goes to the sea without knowing that it is going there: love the mountain, the desert, the forest, the immense sky full of light or full of clouds; because all these exceed man and reveal the Eternal to you.

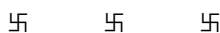
But despise the human mass with its empty heart and superficial mind; the selfish, cowardly and conceited mass that lives only for its well-being and for what money can buy. Despise them

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<sup>5</sup> **Editor's note:** Here we see the surreal insanity of the Counter-Reformation in the Americas, which forced us to love Amerindians who even ritually sacrificed their children and defenceless animals.

while using them as much as you can. If they are of our race and sufficiently pure, from their children can be born those who, educated by us at a time when we shall again have our say, will be worth infinitely more than their parents. This is even the best, perhaps the only service they can render. Whenever a man of good breeding, happily integrated into the consumer society, disappoints you, tell yourself that he doesn't count as a conscious individual; that only his blood counts. See in him only what a horse or dog breeder considers in each of his subjects: his pedigree. Let's be frank: what he says, believes and thinks is of no importance.

As for the enemy of immutable values, the enemy of Nature, he would sacrifice the most beautiful to the least beautiful or the ugly, the strong to the weak, the healthy to the suffering, sick or deficient. He who rises, alone or in a group, against the Eternal, fight him with all the ardour of your heart, with all the strength of your arm, all the power of your intelligence. It is unnecessary to hate him. He follows his nature and achieves his destiny by opposing eternal values. He plays a part in the cosmic dance without a beginning or end. But—and precisely for this reason—it is necessary and even urgent to fight him and by all means, without truce and weakness. For he is your absolute opposite—our opposite and therefore our natural enemy—in the merciless play of forces. Fight him with detachment and all your power: the Strong maintains a serene equilibrium even in the most exalted fanaticism. Fight him with violence, fight him without violence, as the case may be. Fight him by thinking day and night of the opposition between your role and his.



Never underestimate ritual. Wherever it exists, a certain order reigns. And any order implies submission of the individual will, discipline and hence renunciation—preparation to pursue the eternal. Any true religion is a path open to those who tend towards the eternal, whether consciously or not. And there is no true religion without rites. And as soon as there are rituals, however simple, there is an outline of religion. I say 'outline' because if the rite is necessary, essential even, to any true religion it isn't enough to create it. A doctrine must be added which is an expression of Tradition that helps the faithful to live the eternal truths. It is

needless to say—for it is obvious—that among the people who nominally belong to a given religion each one lives it to a greater or lesser extent, and that the great majority (at least in decadent ages such as ours) doesn't live it at all. One could almost define an age of decadence by simply saying that it is an age in which the traditional doctrines, those which elevate the faithful to the contemplation of the eternal, cease to interest all but a tiny minority of men.

In the centuries of increasing degeneration, political doctrines take precedence in the minds and hearts of most people over the traditional doctrines, generally called 'religious,' and—perhaps worse still—men use the name of different religions to fight battles for nothing but a personal and material advantage. Political doctrines, unlike those of Tradition, are centred on immediate concerns and on considerations that are at most temporal. A doctrine which helps its adherents to solve immediate political and even economic problems, while teaching them truths that far transcend these, and inculcating in them a corresponding scale of values, is something other than a political doctrine. It is a *Weltanschauung*, a vision of the universe. It would be enough to associate rituals to it to make it the basis of a religion. And those of its followers who have a sense of ritual, a need for ritual—which they express as best they can by observing joyful or painful anniversaries related to the history of their community, or by visiting on certain dates places that are rich in meaning for them—are already the faithful. But I repeat: for a *Weltanschauung*, a vision of the universe, a philosophy, to become the basis of a true religion, once it has been penetrated by the magic of ritual it mustn't contain any internal contradictions; its fundamental propositions must be true, not relatively but absolutely true in all times and everywhere. It must, in other words, be based on nothing less than the laws of the cosmos, laws of Life without beginning or end, laws which apply to man but which transcend man as well as all finite beings. In a word, it must be a cosmic philosophy capable of being integrated into the eternal tradition. Extremely rare are the alleged doctrines of liberation, and rarer still are political doctrines (if their base is 'philosophical'), that meet this condition. If one of them adopts rituals, it will tend to give rise to a false religion—to a sacrilegious organisation, in other words, a counter-tradition.

This is, in our time, the case of Marxism, insofar as a pretence of ritual life began to creep in. The humble and sincere

Slavic peasant who, among many others, waits in front of Lenin's mausoleum for the minute when he will finally be allowed to meditate in the presence of the artificially incorruptible body of the man who made the ideas of the Jew Marx the basis of a world revolution, is a faithful man. He came there on a pilgrimage to feed his soul with devotion as his parents went to bow before a miraculous icon in some famous church. The food of the heart remains, or has become again, for him more significant than that of the stomach. There he would remain, if need be, for two days without eating and drinking when he will pass in silence in front of the mummified flesh of Lenin.

But the heart lives on truth, on contact with that which is always and everywhere. The untruths that it believes divert it from this contact and leave, sooner or later, a hunger for the Absolute. Now, the whole philosophy of Marx, taken up by Lenin as the foundation of the proletarian state, is based on blatant untruths: on the assertion that man is nothing other than what his economic environment makes of him; on the denial of the role of heredity, and therefore of race and on the denial of the role of superior personalities—and races—in the unfolding of history. The sincere man, religiously devoted to the masters who have exalted this error as a principle, and unleashed a revolution on a world scale, unknowingly serves the Forces of disintegration: those which, in the more or less dualistic terminology of more than one traditional teaching, are called 'the powers of the abyss.'

Among the doctrines of the 20th century I know of only one which, while being infinitely more than political, fulfils the *sine qua non* without which it is impossible for a *Weltanschauung*, even with the aid of ritual, to serve as the basis of a true religion. Only one, I say, and I have named true Aryan racism, in other words: Hitlerism.

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In a passage from his novel *The Seven Colours*<sup>6</sup> Robert Brasillach describes the ceremony for the consecration of the new flags of the German Reich at one of the great annual meetings in Nuremberg, which he attended. After the grandiose parade of all

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<sup>6</sup> 'Die Weisheit des sternhellen Weltraumes' in *Hart wie Kruppstahl*, completed in 1963.

the organisations which depended on the National Socialist Party or which were linked to it, the Führer solemnly advanced before the eyes of the five hundred thousand spectators, pressed into the stands of the immense stadium, over which absolute silence hung. He raised the new banners one by one and brought them into contact with the 'Blood Flag': the standard carried by his followers of the first hour during the putsch of November 9, 1923, and to which the blood of the Sixteen who fell that day had conferred a sacred character. Through it, every flag became similar to this one; it became 'charged' with mystical fluid by participation in the sacrifice of the Sixteen. And the French writer remarks, quite justly, that he whom the religious meaning of this act escapes 'doesn't understand anything of Hitlerism.' He emphasises, in other words, that this act is a ritual.

But this ritual, which is added to many others, would never have been enough to give Hitlerism the character of a religion if it hadn't already been a more-than-political doctrine: a *Weltanschauung* or worldview. And above all, it would have been powerless to make it a true religion if, at the basis of this worldview, there hadn't been eternal truths and a whole attitude which was (and remains) nothing other than the very search for the Eternal through what is passing: the traditional attitude par excellence. These words may seem strange in 1969, more than twenty-four years after the military defeat of Hitler's Germany and the collapse of its political structure. They may seem strange now that one would look in vain throughout the geographical area covered by the Third Reich for a visible sign of the resurgence of National Socialism as the Führer understood it. Moreover, most of the organisations which, beyond the former borders of the Reich, claim to want to take over the doomed Movement are either pale soulless imitations or lamentable caricatures of it, sometimes in the service of other aims. But the value of a doctrine—its truth—has nothing to do with the success or failure of its adherents on the material plane. That success or failure depends on whether the doctrine agrees or not with the aspirations of the people at a given moment in history; and also on whether its adherents are or aren't, militarily, diplomatically, or in the art of propaganda, capable of imposing themselves—and therefore of imposing it—on their opponents. The fact that a doctrine is or isn't an expression of cosmic truth is not relevant here. It will in the long run prove the doctrine right or wrong in the

sense that a society which refuses to accept a teaching in harmony with the eternal laws, and prefers untruths, is working towards its own disintegration; in other words, it is damning itself.



It is true that the Hitlerites were defeated on all fronts in 1945. It is true that the German Third Reich has been dismembered, that the National Socialist Party no longer exists, that there are no longer, in Germany or elsewhere, any swastika flags in the windows, any streets bearing the Führer's name or publications of any kind exalting his memory. It is true that thousands of Germans have learned to despise or hate the man their parents acclaimed, and that millions are no more interested in him and his teaching as if he had never lived. It remains true, however, that the essence of Hitler's doctrine is the very expression of eternal laws: laws which govern not only man, but life; that such doctrine represents, as I wrote in a German-language book, 'the wisdom of starry space,' and that the choice placed before the world is, therefore, the same after 1945 as before. It is the acceptance of this more-than-human wisdom, it is this agreement with the spirit of Nature that Hitlerism implies or disintegration, ethnic chaos, the degeneration of man—separation from the soul of the cosmos; damnation. It is—and the words are again mine, 'Hitler or hell.'<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> 'Hitler or Hell,' in *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952), page 416, written in 1948-49.

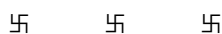
The people of our planet seem to have chosen hell. This is what a decadent humanity invariably does. This is the very sign that we are in the midst of what the Hindu tradition calls the Kali Yuga, the Dark Age. But the ages follow one another. The laws that regulate their succession remain. It is also true that many, many acts of violence were committed in the name of Hitlerism, and that this is what is so stubbornly reproached by the herd of right-thinking people, the 'decent people,' who are deeply attached (in theory at least) to humanitarian values.

There are, however, two kinds of acts of violence, or acts leading to violence done in the name of a doctrine. There are those who, in the spirit of the doctrine, are necessary, or at least justifiable, in the circumstances in which they take place. And there are those which aren't and whose perpetrators, far from being true followers of the doctrine, promote their interests to satisfy personal vengeance. There was, in the days of the German Third Reich, the man who denounced a Jew because he sincerely believed him to be dangerous to the regime in which he saw the salvation of his people. And there was the man who denounced a Jew who took advantage of the power the regime gave him to denounce him—because he coveted his apartment. There was the soldier, or the civil servant, who obeyed orders. And there was the man who, under the cover of the authority given to him by his uniform, committed useless acts of violence, even cruelty, without having received orders.

There have always been, among the nominal adherents of any doctrine, sincere fighters and opportunists: people who serve the cause to which they have given themselves heart and soul, and those who have pretended to give themselves to it and only use it. I say 'the cause' and not 'doctrine' on purpose. For a cause is served, that is to say, the application of a doctrine, the materialisation of a dream in time, whether in the direction of time or a counter-current. A doctrine has no use for service. It is true or false in accord with the laws of the cosmos or disagreement with them. All the devotion in the world, added to the sacrifice of millions of martyrs, wouldn't make it true if it is false. And the resounding denial of its basic propositions by all the scholars and priests of the world, added to the hatred of all peoples wouldn't succeed in making it false, if it is true. The unjustified acts of violence committed by opportunists disguised as Hitlerites under the guise



of *raison d'Etat* don't affect the cause of the German Reich: the application of Hitlerism to the problems of Germany at a given time; a cause, moreover, to which they rendered disservice rather than service. They have even less to do with Hitler's doctrine itself. The acts of violence committed in the spirit of Hitlerism—according to its profound logic—far from calling its truth into question, on the contrary, only underscore it. The application of a true doctrine in a society, however privileged and despite its technical progress of the Dark Age, can only be done 'against Time', against the universal current of decline that characterises the Dark Age. And that is materially impossible without violence.

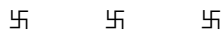


Among the proselytising international religions there is, to my knowledge, hardly any other than Buddhism which has spread practically without violence. And it should be noted that it is the religion of renunciation, the religion of extinction *par excellence* the one which, applied, should, by exalting the monastic state—like Jainism, its contemporary, confined to India, and like Catharism, many centuries later—incite man to leave the planet. Christianity, centred on the love of man alone among living beings, created (according to it) 'in the image of God,' was largely propagated by bribery and violence, under the patronage of kings or emperors who believed they were serving their interests by proclaiming it the state religion and imposing it on conquered peoples. Innumerable crimes against man—and, in general, against superior man—have marked its expansion: from the massacre, in 782, by order of Charlemagne at Verden on the Aller of four and a half thousand German chiefs, faithful to the Gods of their fathers, to the stakes of the Holy Inquisition. And we are dealing here with a religion whose founder himself declared that his kingdom 'is not of this world'; a religion to which violence is, in principle, foreign.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> **Editor's note:** It was only after Savitri's death that some books began to become popular about how, centuries before Charlemagne, Christians imposed their religion by violence (see for example Catherine Nixey's *The Darkening Age: The Christian Destruction of the Classical World*). Savitri was also unaware that the so-called Christ did not exist (see

A strictly political doctrine is judged by its success. A doctrine which is likely to receive the consecration of the rite—or already having received it—is judged by its approach to Eternity, whatever may be the consequences, happy or unhappy, that accrue to it on the political plane. On 28 October 1953, in front of a few comrades, very few, gathered in Holzminden at Weser River, the Hitlerite Felix. F. said to me: ‘Until 1945 we were a party; after 1945 we are the nucleus of a great international faith.’ He undoubtedly believed that, even in a time of universal decay such as ours, the Strong of Aryan blood were still numerous and conscious enough to unite in a ‘great international faith’ around the only doctrine worthy of them. Only time will tell whether he was right or not. But I affirm now that even if, as a political doctrine, Hitlerism should never succeed in imposing itself on the Aryan elite it would nevertheless remain the Way of the Strong: open to the eternal in all ages of accelerated decadence, at all ‘ends of the cycle.’



All true religions, all those that can be integrated into Tradition, lead to the eternal, certainly. But they don’t all lead the same people there. The religions ‘of extinction’ as I call them—such as Buddhism, Jainism and later Catharism—guide the lost and the desperate for whom the absence of hope is suffering: broken or rejected people by the fight without end and who long to ‘get out.’ The doctrines that preach action in detachment and hopeless enthusiasm are addressed to the Strong, to those who are never tired by the fight however ‘hopeless’ and who need neither the anticipatory vision of a paradise after death, nor that of a ‘better world’ for their sons and their nephews, to fight with zeal until the end, according to what is, for them, duty.

The *Varnashramdharma* of the Hindus—a religion based on the natural hierarchy of castes (hence of races) and the natural succession of duties in the course of a man’s life—is a religion of the Strong. It is dominated by the teaching of detached action, as it has come down to us in the *Bhagavad-Gîta*. It was conceived as the basis of a traditional society, already decadent, no doubt: the decline

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Richard Carrier’s *On the Historicity of Jesus: Why We Might Have Reason for Doubt*).

begins, in every temporal cycle, at the end of the first age, called the Age of Truth, Satya Yuga or the Golden Age, but in no way comparable to ours, as it is infinitely closer to the ideal or divine order. Hitlerism in its essence, that is, stripped of everything that ties it to the political and economic contingencies of an age, is the religion of the Aryan Strong in the face of a decaying world, a world of ethnic chaos, contempt for living Nature, of the foolish exaltation of man in all that is weak, sickly, strangely individual: a world of human selfishness (individual and collective), of ugliness and cowardice.<sup>9</sup> This is the reaction of some of the Strong of this race, originally noble, to such a world. And it is the reaction they offer to all their brothers in the race. There are, parallel to it, religions that exalt the same virtues, the same asceticism of detachment, the same glorification of endless combat and the same worship of blood and soil, but that are addressed to other races: religions, sometimes very old, but continually rejuvenated, rethought, thanks to the vitality of their faithful. Shintoism, based on the deification of heroes, ancestors, the Sun, and the very soil of Japan, is one such religion. As a Japanese said to me in 1940: 'Your National Socialism is, in our eyes, a Western Shintoism; it is our world philosophy thought by Aryans and preached to Aryans.' Alas!, in Gamagori, not far from Hiroshima, the Japanese have erected a temple to Tojo and to those whom the victors in 1945 killed with him as 'war criminals.' When will we see in Germany monuments, if not temples, to the glory of all the Germans who were hanged on 16 October 1946 and afterwards, up to and including 7 June 1951, for having been faithful to their faith, which is also ours, and for having done their duty?

But that is another matter. Let us return to what makes Hitlerism eternal, that is to say, the not only more-than-political but more-than-human (cosmic) character of its basic truths, in particular of all that relates to race, biological reality, and the people: historical and social reality. The Führer said to each of his compatriots and, beyond them, to each of his brothers in race and every man of good race: 'You are nothing; your people are everything.' In the fourth point of the famous Twenty-Five Points

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<sup>9</sup> **Editor's note:** Using the language of those decadents, the LGBT community has reached in our time, with its 'T' for transgender, the height of grotesqueness and a *folie en mass* that destroys the West.

of the National Socialist Party's programme, he also indicated: 'Only a member of the race can be a citizen. A member of the race can only be one who is of German blood, without consideration of creed. Consequently no Jew can be a member of the race.'

This is a pure and simple return to the ancient conception of the people: to that of the Germans, of course, but also the Greeks and the Romans before the Empire; of almost all peoples. It is the negation of the Roman attitude of the centuries of decadence, which admitted that any inhabitant of the Empire, any subject of the Emperor, could become a 'Roman citizen' even if he were a Jew, as was Paul of Tarsus or Flavius Josephus, or an Arab like Emperor Philip. And, later, that it was enough to be a Christian and of the same Church as the Emperor to be a Byzantine 'citizen,' capable of acceding to the highest offices.<sup>10</sup> We negate the ideas of 'people' and 'citizen' as presented by the French Revolution from the moment when, at the suggestion of Abbé Grégoire and others, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed 'French' all Jews living in France and speaking French. In other words, if a people is a historical and social reality; if common memories, both glorious and painful, common customs and, in general, a common language, are factors of cohesion between its members, it is also more than that. It is attached to a race. It is an Aryan or Mongolian, Australoid, Negro or Semitic people. It may, without ceasing to be a true people, contain a greater or lesser proportion of different sub-races, provided that they are all part of the great race to which it is attached. (The Führer himself was, physically, as Alpine as Nordic, and perhaps more so. The brilliant and loyal Goebbels was an almost pure Mediterranean. And they aren't the only great Germans or leading figures of the Third Reich who weren't one hundred per cent Nordic.) It is race in the broadest sense of the word that gives a people its homogeneity over time; that makes it remain, despite political and economic upheavals, always the same people; and the individual, by renouncing himself and placing himself totally at its service, comes closer to the Eternal.

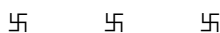
It could probably be said that neither the people, nor the race, nor man—nor even life on a given planet—lasts forever. Moreover, 'duration,' which is 'time,' has nothing to do with

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<sup>10</sup> Such as Leo the Armenian who reached the throne of Byzantium.

timeless eternity. It isn't the indefinite succession of generations, physically and morally more or less similar to each other, but the ideal Archetype to which these generations in some measure approximate. It is the perfect type of the race towards which each specimen of that race more or less tends, that we are considering when we speak of the 'eternity of the race.' The people who, alone amid the ethnic chaos which is spreading more and more everywhere on earth, 'devote all their energy' to preventing interbreeding and 'to promoting their best racial elements,' writes the Führer, 'are sure to achieve world mastery sooner or later.'<sup>11</sup> Indeed, he will live on; he will remain a true people while each of his competitors, increasingly invaded and overwhelmed by heterogeneous elements, will have ceased to be such.

The sincere man who, under the spirit of Aryan racism, that is, of Hitlerism or any other noble racism to serve his people, tramples on self-interest, money, pleasure or the glory of his name, comes closer to the Eternal. His citizenship is devotion and asceticism. But he needs a true people to serve. For he who devotes himself to a mixed 'people,' in other words to a human community without race and defined characters, a 'people' in name only, is wasting his time. His activity is little less shocking than those who devote themselves to the handicapped, the retarded, the deformed and the human waste of all kinds because the mongrel, if he is healthy in body, is nevertheless usable. It would be better for a valuable individual to devote himself in all humility to a people of a superior race. Or to be content with serving innocent life, the beautiful non-human life: to defend animals and trees against man, or, if he can, to combine the two activities.<sup>12</sup>



Curiously, the more living creatures are strangers to the Word and thought, the more they are unshakably faithful to their race. If one admits, as I would gladly do, that 'the Divine sleeps in the stone, awakens in the plant, feels in the animal and thinks in

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<sup>11</sup> *Mein Kampf*, German edition of 1935, p. 782.

<sup>12</sup> **Editor's note:** What Savitri says is identical to my priesthood of the 4 and 14 words, the 'sacred words' (cf. *El Grial*).

man' (or at least in some men) one will admire the harmony that we call their common function. One will also admire no less the fidelity of each plant—from the oak, the cedar, the conquering banyan to the vulgar dandelion—to its race. It isn't here a question of spontaneous interbreeding. Nor is it a question of animals remaining in their natural state, that is, out of contact with man. The miscegenation began with the evil pride born of the Word: the pride that has led man to believe himself a separate being and to baulk at the iron laws that bind him to the earth and life; that has made him dig an imaginary gap between himself and the rest of the living; that encouraged him to place his whole species on a pedestal, to believe in racial equalities and to think that he could, with impunity, bring together what Nature separates: that he, the 'superior' being, was above this prohibition, above divine law.

In the midst of ethnic chaos, amid the physical and moral decay of the world, Hitlerism represents the supreme effort to bring the thinking Aryan back to respect the cosmic order; to Nature, willingly or by force. The worship of the *Volk*—at the same time of Blood and Soil—leads to the cult of the race common to those of the same blood and the eternal laws that govern its conservation.

## Chapter II—False nations and true racism

‘We must distinguish in the sharpest way between the state as a vessel and the race as its content. This vessel has meaning only if it can preserve and protect the content; otherwise it is useless.’

—Adolf Hitler

*Mein Kampf* 1935 edition, p. 434

Don’t forget that it is racial considerations that distinguish a true people from a collective of men who don’t deserve this name. Such communities may be very different from each other. There are states whose population is a profoundly mixed mass, where the pure looking specimens, if there are any, have children who don’t resemble them; where the children of the same couple, who appear ethnically homogeneous, are of different races: one negroid, the other Mediterranean and the third, marked by strong Amerindian characteristics.<sup>13</sup> These are states, not peoples. There is, for example, a Brazilian state. There is a population (multiracial, and without segregation laws) that lives in Brazil. There is no Brazilian people—nor, therefore, a Brazilian ‘nation.’ Common memories and a ‘common will to live together’ cannot, whatever Ernest Renan may have thought of it, make up for an almost total absence of racial homogeneity.

On the other hand, there are states whose population is made up of several juxtaposed peoples but not merged. This is the case of the United States of America, the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia.<sup>14</sup> It is an abuse of language to call the total population of any of these states ‘a people’ or ‘a nation’ because

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<sup>13</sup> **Editor’s note:** See what I say about my own family under the heading ‘the paradoxes of miscegenation’ in *El Grial*.

<sup>14</sup> **Editor’s note:** In the case of the US, the races have already been merged.

there is no natural link between an 'American citizen' of Anglo-Saxon, Irish or Mediterranean origin and another 'American citizen' Negro, mestizo or Jew. What artificially brings them together is a common government and a lifestyle that technology tends to make outwardly similar. Aryans, Negroes and Jews all vote together, pay taxes to the same coffers, receive the same assistance in case of illness, listen to the same radio and television programmes, see the same films and eat the same canned food and drink Coca-Cola. Moreover, in the US as in the so-called racist states of Rhodesia, South Africa and others, Aryans and Negroes belong to the same Christian churches. They are Methodists, Anglicans, Lutherans, Catholics or Jehovah's Witnesses, as the case may be, but always without distinction of race. The kingdom of the true Christian not being of this world, biological considerations have no place in it. What brings together whole populations, absolutely different in blood, is the effort made by Christian missions and political authority to give them, for all practical purposes, a common civilisation. The effort to give them a common intellectual background—to initiate them all, as far as possible, in the same sciences, the same techniques and the same culture—is made in the same direction.

And this is true of the peoples who make up the Soviet Union, as well as those who inhabit the US or Rhodesia (where, as everyone knows, it isn't a question, as in South Africa, of 'development separated from the races,'—apartheid—but of gradual development of the blacks according to the same directives as the whites). This is true, with the difference that in the USSR it is the Marxist faith, one and indivisible, and not the multiplicity of Christian sects of the Anglo-Saxon world which serves or tends to serve as cement between peoples, strangers to each other by blood, and to whom a similar administration and a common language were imposed.

In any case, in the US, the USSR, Argentina or even in Rhodesia, or anywhere else there is the danger of miscegenation—and therefore of the disappearance of all the races involved. For, whereas in the case of living beings deprived of the Word and hence of discursive thought, the infallible and all-powerful voice of blood alone regulates mating, in man it tends more and more to be dominated, stifled, neutralised by fallacious considerations concerning 'common culture,' 'common tastes,' 'common ideas'



and, in general, everything that may be of primary importance for the 'happiness' of two individuals—or even families—but irrelevant from the viewpoint of racial survival. It should be noted that mixed marriages are proportionally much more frequent between 'intellectuals' than between manual workers of different races.



The voice of the blood—the healthy instinct of sexual separation from anyone biologically different from oneself—is heard when the races involved are more visibly foreign to each other. This is the reason why interbreeding between Aryans and Negroes hasn't (yet) wreaked all the havoc in the United States that one might have feared.<sup>15</sup> It is also the voice that explains why apartheid is, in fact, practically complete between Aryans and blacks, both in the Union of South Africa and in Rhodesia whereas it's much less so between Aryans and Jews, provided that these Jews are 'white.' This explains the confusion, so often disastrous, between 'Aryan' and 'White.'

There is, therefore, in any population composed of racial groups still separated, a perpetual conflict between the general tendency of human history towards uniformity and the reaction opposed to it by the instinct of self-preservation. Whichever current ultimately prevails, the population in question will never become a real people. If, favoured by the dissemination of a uniform way of life and, above all, anti-racist 'values' the gangrene of miscegenation gradually spreads to the entire population,<sup>16</sup> this is the end of all

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<sup>15</sup> **Editor's note:** In the UK of the new century that voice is being muffled by very aggressive propaganda with street and underground posters showing couples: negroes with English women.

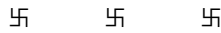
<sup>16</sup> **Editor's note:** This already happened throughout Latin America.

culture. If, on the contrary, it is the healthy tendency of each race to remain separate from the others that prevails, the population will retain its heterogeneity. It will remain what it is, namely a juxtaposition of two or more races living in harmony with each other insofar as their original diversity is recognised and accepted. In such a society, the people before whom each individual must efface himself—the people who are ‘everything’ for him, whereas he himself is ‘nothing’—cannot be other than his racial group.

The Union of South Africa, so decried by anti-Hitlerians for its so-called racism, isn’t such a multiracial state, or is only very incompletely so, despite its official programme of ‘racially separate development.’ It is only very incompletely so because—like Rhodesia which refrains from exalting racism, and like the USA which fights it—, it confuses ‘Aryan’ and ‘White.’ Far from keeping Jews out of key positions in the country and, in general, out of any professions in which they are likely to acquire political or cultural influence, it gives them, because of their colour alone, all the advantages enjoyed by whites: advantages which it denies to Asian Aryans, however illogical, even though (like most Brahmins and many of the Khatris of Punjab) they are of light complexion. Interbreeding between Aryans and Jews isn’t forbidden in the so-called racist Union of South Africa, any more than it is elsewhere. It was never forbidden in any country with a Christian population, if the Jew, or the Jewess, had been baptised into the religious community of her partner. It was so only in the German Third Reich, a state whose true religion was that of Blood and Soil, and it is so again since 1955 in the State of Israel, whose people believe themselves, to the exclusion of all others, to be chosen of god.

It is true that wherever there are two or more human races, all or almost all of whose members adhere to a religion centred, as Christianity is, on ‘man,’ a tendency towards miscegenation will eventually emerge. All true racism implies the denial of the dogma of the immense value of man, whoever he may be: the denial of the separate character of man and his integration within the whole of the other living species and the denial of the equality of rights of ‘souls’ as well as of human bodies. It follows that only a population of several races, united in the common acceptance of a doctrine based on the natural hierarchy of the races is safe from miscegenation, or capable of fighting it. Such is—such has always been, at least since the first Aryan invasions, sixty centuries ago—

the enormous population of the East Indies.<sup>17</sup> I will now tell you about India, so that you will once again be proud to be Aryan.



To understand the history of the peoples who inhabit this vast portion of the continent—which includes, in fact, in addition to the present Indian Republic, the two Pakistans and the island of Ceylon: a surface, in all, equal to that of Europe minus Russia—you must go back to the distant time when the first Aryan tribes, coming from the North, descended in successive waves on the Land of the Seven Rivers. This happened before the fourth millennium of the Christian era: at the time of the very first Egyptian dynasties, several centuries before the construction of the pyramids of Giza; at the time when, in Mesopotamia, the Sumerian civilisation flourished in its most ancient centres at Erech, at Nippur, at Eridu, some fifteen hundred years before Sargon of Agade. And the Aryas—which in Sanskrit means ‘those who command,’ in other words, men of the race of the lords—came from the far North. They were the brothers of those who, closer to the common cradle of the race, were one day to be called Germans, Hellenes and Latins, and whose languages bore deep similarities to theirs. Their ancestors had lived beyond the Arctic Circle, at a time when the lands of that region still enjoyed a temperate climate, that is to say, before the axis of our planet was tilted by more than twenty-three degrees. They had waited for the return of the Sun—the victory of the day after the long nights streaked with aurora borealis—; they had sung the splendour of the sky and venerated the stars (the ‘shining ones’ or *Dévas*) that didn’t set, in hymns of a more than human poetry. In the centuries that they had taken to travel, in stages, the immense distance which separated them from the divine Arctic homeland, the Aryas had preserved some of these hymns. Their bards had composed others, and were soon to improvise new ones in the course of the gradual conquest of the warm lands. For a long time, 1009 of these poems were passed on

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<sup>17</sup> **Editor’s note:** Here Savitri is wrong: the only realistic option for the ancient Aryans would have been to exterminate the entire native population. See the ‘extermination or expulsion’ section of William Pierce’s white race story in *The Fair Race’s Darkest Hour* (listed on page 3).

from mouth to mouth and have come down to us. Together they constitute the *Rig Veda*: the oldest sacred text in India, which is still chanted by pious Brahmins today. Try to imagine these ancient warriors and priests of our race, advancing step by step at most a few kilometres a day. In the centre of their invading cohort, which stretched out like a river, were grouped the great wooden-wheeled wagons in which were piled the women, the children and the baggage.



Oxen were pulling them, with a slow and regular step. On either side came the men, on foot or horseback, all solidly armed. The fighters with the strongest arms—those who had proved themselves during the long journeys—led and closed the march. In the evening, they stopped. The animals were dressed, the chariots were arranged around the camp and after sacrificing to the Devas they ate and drank. The warriors took turns standing guard around the chariots. And those who could spare the time would gather around the fires and listen to the stories of the tribal elders or the songs of the bards until very late. For the first time, the harmonious syllables of an Aryan—‘Indo-European’—language rang out under the Indian sky. Who could have foreseen then that they would still resound, sixty centuries later, in all the languages north of the Vindhya as far as Bengal, Assam and the borders of the yellow world? In the morning, after purifying oneself in the clear water of some spring, if not that of the Indus itself or one of its tributaries, and after reciting the prescribed praises to Surya, the victorious light, the fertilising heat, the soul and the intelligence of the world, they resumed the predestined march.

The India of that time—much less populated and much more beautiful than that of today; covered for the most part by endless forests full of noble felines, deer and elephants—had already, in certain regions, particularly in Sindh and Punjab, given rise to a brilliant civilisation, technically superior to that of the Aryas: the Indus Valley civilisation. This was the work of a race with swarthy skin, soft black hair and fine ties; intelligent, industrious, commercial race, sometimes also mystical and pacific: the Dravidians who have, not without reason, been compared to the Sumerians.<sup>18</sup> These people had built cities on high ground with many houses according to archaeologists, reaching seven or eight storeys. And they mass-produced everyday items including painted vases of impressive uniformity. They worshipped the Mother Goddesses and apparently already knew the arduous techniques of yoga. They had little or no weaponry and were inferior to the Aryas in everything from warfare to organisation, collective discipline and civic sense. They were, in India at the time of the slow Aryan conquest, and during the centuries that followed it, what the pre-Hellenic Minoans and Aegeans were in Greece during and after the Hellenic conquest of the country: masters, in certain domains but, despite everything, second-class citizens submissive to their conquerors.

But they weren't the only ones to stand in the way (albeit weakly, no doubt) of the newcomers settling in force. Behind them, in the depths of all the forests, in their huts of leaves and branches or in natural shelters, lived the immemorial ancestors of the Negroids, the Mongoloids, and the men of the Munda type who still form a numerically important part of the population of India: the Veddas of Ceylon, the Khashias, Loushais, Mikirs, Miris, Nagas, Kukis of Assam, the Santals of Bihar and Bengal, the Gunds and Bhils of Central India. The Aryas were a few thousand—perhaps, in time, a few tens of thousands—in the face of all these hostile peoples and tribes, whom they called Dasyus, inhabitants of the woods, Rakshasas or demons. It is possible that they found a hereditary system of division of labour already in force in the society of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro. But it was they who gave such a system a racial significance and classified the population of

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<sup>18</sup> H.R. Hall, *Ancient History of the Near East*, 9th edition, pp. 173-174.

India into unchangeable castes. They couldn't do otherwise if they wanted to preserve their race's physical and moral characteristics; in other words, if they wanted to survive.

They probably began by mixing freely, if not with the aborigines, at least with the Dravidians, who were technically more advanced than they were—until they realised, in all its tragic horror, the danger of interbreeding. It was then that the caste system was formed: the division of the population of India into a minority of *Dwijjas* or twice-born Aryas (because they had to undergo that 'second birth' which spiritual initiation represents), and an immense majority of *Sudras*, dark-skinned people destined for servile work. At the bottom of the ladder—outside any caste—were rejected the Negroids, Negro-Mongoloids and Munda-type people: the oldest inhabitants of Indian soil. The 'twice-born' shared power. Spiritual authority was henceforth the privilege of the Brahmins; temporal power, that of the Kshatriyas. And that power that, in a society much less attached than ours to material goods, wealth, born of trade, was already the prerogative of the Vaishyas. Disinterested scientific knowledge and especially spiritual knowledge was reserved for the Aryas, and soon only for the Brahmins and Kshatriyas. It was unthinkable that even an exceptionally gifted young Sudra—let alone a Chandala, below any caste—should be taught the supreme truths or taught to recite, or even recited before him, the most beautiful invocations to the Devas or the most powerful ritual formulae. Fearsome penalties awaited those who dared to transgress this prohibition, and those in whose favour it was transgressed.

Since then, many things have happened and many transformations have shaken Indian society, like all societies. Forbidden unions have still taken place; children have been born whose parents didn't belong to the same caste. But instead of casting these children (with their parents) into the outer shadows—declaring them and their descendants 'untouchable' forever—they were content to treat each crossbreed as the origin of a new caste, marrying them off with some other offspring of a similar crossing. In the *Laws of Manu* there is a whole classification of these sub-castes which were already considerable in number at the time of writing. Today, the subdivisions of the Hindu population are no longer 'four' as originally, but more than two thousand. One no longer distinguishes, physically, between members of two neighbouring castes, for example, a Kayastha of Bengal (of the

scribe caste) from a Boidya (of the doctor caste) or a Teli (of the oil merchant caste) from a Tanti, or weaver. But one can still distinguish, and very clearly, a very high caste Hindu, Brahmin or Kshatriya, in other words an Indo-European Hindu, from a Hindu who isn't, especially in the North of the peninsula: the most ancient Aryanised region.

Specimens of all the racial and occupational groups in India could be photographed and classified. The result would be an enormous collection of types ranging gradually from the Negroid or even the Australoid to the pure Aryan—an Aryan often purer than the majority of his European brethren, at least of Southern Europe. There are, perhaps, out of the more than nine hundred million inhabitants of the whole of the Indian Republic, of the two Pakistans and Ceylon, about twenty million Aryans who are more or less pure: with a light complexion (sometimes very light), brown or grey eyes (exceptionally blue or blue-green), hair ranging from black to russet brown and perfectly Indo-European features. That's not much, you might say. It's a lot if you think that at least sixty centuries separate the present day from the time when the first Aryan tribes emerged from the Khaiber Pass. And it is in any case sufficient so that no Aryan in the world can, if he is racially conscious, desire 'the unity of India' by the suppression of caste 'taboos' and the intensive interbreeding that would result. In any case, the facts I have just recalled here clearly show that India is no more 'a people' than are the United States of America, the Soviet Union or the Union of South Africa.

But there is a difference: While in each of these countries a common dogmatic faith—a faith that is clearly anti-racist, other-worldly and indifferent to the problems of race whether it be Marxism or some form of Christianity—tends to bring the races together and constitutes a permanent break of the instinct to segregate, in India the opposite is true. There, the religious tradition itself proclaims the congenital inequality of 'souls' as well as of bodies and the natural hierarchy of races, dominated by the Aryan race—exactly in the same spirit as Hitlerism—encourages segregation. Over the centuries, attempts have been made, either in the name of a life-denying philosophy or 'practical necessities' to kill this racist tradition. It hasn't succeeded. Buddhism called its followers to monastic life but in practice resulted in the mixing of castes. It was eventually swept out of India. Guru Govinda Singh,

the founder of the warrior sect of the Sikhs, tried to take his followers from all castes claiming to consider only the individual worth of each man. But this preoccupation with combat efficiency, this demand for essentially Aryan qualities such as the spirit of sacrifice, the sense of responsibility, the cheerful acceptance of discipline, and even very hard discipline, had the result that it was mainly Hindus of Aryan castes who came to him. You only have to look at the Sikhs to see that.

No Government of the present 'Indian Republic' will succeed where Guru Govinda Singh and, centuries before him, the Buddha himself, failed. India will remain the land of castes as opposed to 'classes': the land of hierarchical races and sub-races where the pure (or supposedly pure) Aryan without money, without a position—the mendicant Brahmin who sleeps on a bench or the grass of a public square—is honoured and will be taken to the best place, among his blood peers, at a wedding banquet. India will remain the country where, on the other hand, the man of inferior race—Sudra and, *a fortiori*, the Untouchable, even a millionaire (and there are, nowadays, millionaire Untouchables)—will continue to be, at least in orthodox circles, relegated to the rank assigned to those of the same origin as him: somewhere outside the banqueting hall despite his wealth and, what is more, despite his knowledge, if he has any—for wealth and knowledge are acquired; only blood is the gift of the Gods.

In other words, India will never be 'a nation.' Nor will it ever be—let us hope—an ethnic chaos without a racial elite. The caste system, even with its present weaknesses, will preserve it from such a fate. They will remain an association of peoples and races, united by the only common civilisation that exists in keeping with their natural hierarchy. Hinduism is more than a religion in the sense that word is understood in the West today. It is a civilisation: a civilisation dominated by Aryan racism, made acceptable to many non-Aryans thanks to the dogma of Karma and the transmigration of souls. If one day Hitlerism should succeed in conquering Europe, it seems to me almost certain that in the following centuries the mentality of the average European would become more like that of the orthodox Hindu of any caste. To illustrate this, I will tell you about an episode from my life in India.

This was during the glorious year—1940—shortly after the start of the French campaign. I was living in Calcutta unfortunately.



Despite all my efforts I hadn't managed to return to Europe in time. I had a young servant called Khudiram, a fifteen-year-old Sudra from the Maheshya sub-caste (a farming community in West Bengal): very dark-skinned, with slightly slanted eyes, a flat face—not Aryan at all!—and completely illiterate. One morning, on his way home from the fish market (where he went every day to buy food for the cats) this boy said to me triumphantly:

‘Mém Saheb, I worship your Führer and wish with all my heart that he wins the war!’

I was speechless. ‘Khudiram,’ I said, ‘do you worship him only because you know, like everyone else, that he is victorious? You know nothing of the history of his life and work.’

‘It may be,’ the teenager replied, ‘But this morning I met a grown-up in the market who is at least twenty years old and who can read. And he told me that your Führer is fighting in Europe to extirpate the Bible, which he wants to replace with the Bhagawad-Gîta.’

Again I was speechless. I thought, in a flash that the Führer would be astonished if he knew how his doctrine is interpreted in the Calcutta halls! Then I remembered a passage from Chant I of the Bhagawad-Gita, as I knew it in Eugene Burnouf's beautiful translation: ‘From the corruption of women comes the confusion of castes—hence of races. From the confusion of castes comes the loss of memory; from the loss of memory comes the loss of understanding and from this, all evils.’<sup>19</sup> And I thought: What else has Adolf Hitler done but repeat these eternal words, and act according to their spirit? I said to Khudiram:

‘The ‘great one’ you speak of was right. Repeat what he taught you to anyone who will listen to you. For this purpose I give you a day's leave—and a rupee to buy your friends a cup of tea. Go, and use your freedom for the good Cause!’

The boy, in all joy, was about to leave the kitchen where this interview had taken place. I couldn't help holding him back for a moment, and asking him what made him want so enthusiastically this New Order which, however, didn't favour the people of his race.

‘Do you know, Khudiram,’ I said, ‘that to replace the Bible with the Bhagawad-Gita’ in distant Europe and in all the countries

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<sup>19</sup> *Bhāgavad-Gîta* I, verses 41 and following.

that fall under its influence, 'would be tantamount to extending practically to the whole earth a caste system parallel to that in India? And do you know that as a Sudra you, in my Führer's New Order, would have no chance of promotion? And do you love him despite this?'

I shall never forget the teenager's response—the response of the non-Aryan masses of India loyal to a racist Tradition beyond them through the mouth of an illiterate youth.

'Certainly, I know it. I want the victory of your Führer because the order he is trying to establish wherever he can by the spirit of the Shastras is the divine order, the true order. It doesn't matter what place he gives me! I am nothing; I don't count. It is the Truth that counts. If I was born into a very humble caste, it is because I deserved it. I have done wrong, and badly, in my previous lives. If, in this life, I remain faithful to the rules of my caste, if I don't eat forbidden foods; if I marry one of the girls allowed to me, and don't desire any of the others I will be reborn a little higher in the scale of beings. And if I persevere, from life to life, in the path of purity, who knows? One day—many centuries from now—perhaps I will be reborn a Brahmin? Or among those new Aryas of Europe who also worship your Führer.'

I thought of the men of my race who had once, in successive waves, descended the Khaïber Pass. The child of the tropics was paying tribute to them after sixty centuries. And I thought of my German comrades—my brothers in the Hitler faith—whose armoured divisions were then following each other along the roads of France. The child of the tropics was paying tribute to them too because his faith is the modern expression of the Aryan Tradition of all time.

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You will say to me: 'If India isn't a nation and cannot become one, why did you exalt the "Indian nation" in writings which made some noise in their time?'<sup>20</sup> Why, in particular, did you spread on the first page of one of your books such a false sentence as this one: "Make every Hindu an Indian nationalist, and every

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<sup>20</sup> *Warning to the Hindus* (1938) and *Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity* (1940).

Indian nationalist a Hindu?”<sup>21</sup> I will now explain this apparent contradiction to you.

To understand it—and to justify it—you must remember that British colonialism in India was essentially different from that of the early Aryas, as well as their distant successors, the Greeks after Alexander’s invasion. The ancient Aryas worshipped the Devas but didn’t despise the gods of other peoples, and even paid homage to them on occasion. The Greeks worshipped many deities—the twelve Olympians and a host of others—but didn’t disdain to sacrifice to foreign gods, whom they identified with their own whenever they could. Both were proud of their race and wished to keep it pure. But none of them believed that the political or social institutions which were good for their people were no less good for all peoples. None of them was a victim of the superstition of ‘man,’ and the relentless desire for human ‘happiness’ linked to the conception of a universal, linear and indefinite ‘progress.’ Also, while exploiting the colonised according to the right given to them by the conquest, while sometimes using their institutions to better exploit them, they left them alone. Aryan racism—indeed, all true racism—is by nature tolerant, strange as this may seem to most of our contemporaries. Intolerant by nature are only those who are driven by the sweet madness of ‘love all men’ (humans only), sustained by the Faith in some fatal untruths.

The English who, in the 18th and 19th centuries, snatched India, piece by piece, from the domination of the Great Mughals and some Hindu princes were, like the founders of the kingdoms of Bactria and Sangala (twenty-two centuries before) Aryans by race, and therefore, in general, disposed to tolerance. So they didn’t try to change, by force, the customs and beliefs of the Hindus or the Muslims as these didn’t oppose their exploitation of the country. But they were Christians and had inherited from Christianity the ‘love of all men’ and the belief, the basis of modern democracies, that ‘all men’ have the same rights and duties. In addition to this, they had retained the inherent Jewish intolerance that Christianity itself inherited from its very first followers, brought up in the faith of the ‘jealous God.’ So they encouraged the activities of the Christian missionaries in India and, over time, they gradually

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<sup>21</sup> *Warning to the Hindus.*

introduced political reforms, the dogmas of Democracy and the spirit of the Declaration of Human Rights.

The real crime of England against India isn't that it has exploited its soil and people on an unprecedented scale, but that it has inculcated anti-racist, anti-traditional democratic principles and shoddy humanitarianism, if not anthropocentrism, into thousands of upper-caste Hindus. England also introduced measures into the administration of this vast portion of the continent which tend to favour the less valuable racial elements of the population. One of the most shocking of these measures, the subject of immense and long agitation, but finally applied before the 1939-1945 war, is known as the 'communal award.' It consisted in electing 'by religious communities' the members of provincial legislative assemblies of the people from regions most of which are as large as France or Great Britain, and contain millions of inhabitants (all voters, of course! What else would democracy be?). It was necessary, for example, that the number of Muslim deputies should be fifty-five per cent of the total number of representatives in the Bengal Assembly because fifty-five per cent of the inhabitants of the province were then Muslims. The number of Christian deputies in the Assam Legislative Assembly had to be proportionate to the number of Christians—almost all of them aborigines converted by the missionaries—in the total population of Assam. Moreover, the Untouchables had to be represented in proportion to their number in each province. Hence, the existence of constituencies had to include only Christians, or only Muslims, or only Untouchables. The voters—that is: all the inhabitants of age—had no choice, irrespective of their caste or religion, but to vote for one of these candidates or to place a blank ballot in the ballot box.

It was a system conceived and elaborated with the very aim of removing from the Hindus of the high castes—the Aryan elite of India—all political power, already in the increasingly 'Indianized' administration that the British themselves were setting up before their departure, which they felt was inevitable. It was imposed by the unquestioning authority of the colonial power. Nothing could be changed. One could, from the racist Aryan point of view, only try to limit the evil that could only result from its application. And to do this, one had to act as if one accepted the absurd principle of the right of the majority to power regardless of its value, simply because it represents the great number. It was necessary, therefore,

to give the most backward or degenerate aborigines—the semi-savages of the mountains of Assam—a (false) Hindu consciousness. They had to be made to proclaim themselves ‘Hindus’ by telling them that Hinduism is tolerant but forgetting to tell them about the caste system. Efforts had to be made to bring the Indian Christian and the Indian Muslim—one, and the other, generally, from low-caste Hindus converted to one of the two foreign religions—to Hinduism. And for this, it was necessary to overcome the reluctance of a large number of Hindus to accept them, for never before had Hinduism readmitted into its fold anyone who had left it or been rejected. One could leave one’s caste and fall into untouchability. You didn’t fit in. Now, only a (false) nationalism—a European-style nationalism—could unite the Hindus under a parliamentary system imposed on them against the Aryan Tradition, of which their elite had hitherto remained the guardian.

I was then employed as a lecturer and a missionary by the Hindu Mission, a half-religious, half-political organisation that for more than thirty years had been endeavouring to recover from Hinduism all those who were out of it, for whatever reason. Full of bitterness towards historical Christianity because of the role it had played in the West—ardent admirer of Emperor Julian and Hypatia, no less than of Wittukind even before I realised that I was a Hitlerite—I had one day presented myself to the President of the Mission, Swami Satyananda. I offered him my services. He had asked me what had attracted me to India and I quoted, translated into Bengali, the lines which the poet Leconte de Lisle puts in the mouth of a hero of ancient India:

*Rama, Daçarathide honoured by the Brahmins,  
You whose blood is pure, you whose body is White,  
Says Lakshmana, greeting, sparkling tamer  
Of all the profane races!*<sup>22</sup>

I had told him that I was a Hitlerite and a pagan—still regretting the conversion, by snippet or by force, of my native Europe to the religion of Paul of Tarsus and that I wanted to work to prevent the only country that had retained (at least in part) Aryan Gods—India—from following the bad example of the West, and falling too under the spiritual influence of the Jews. I told him that I

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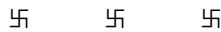
<sup>22</sup> Leconte de Lisle (L’Arc de Çiva; *Poèmes Antiques*).

wanted to help make India our ally in the fight against false values. He accepted me, and gave me full freedom of expression, provided that, he said, I would speak to the crowds ‘from the Hindu point of view’ and take into account the particular circumstances of the country. ‘I consider,’ he added, ‘your Master to be an incarnation of Vishnu, an expression of the divine force that preserves what is worth preserving, and his disciples are in my eyes our spiritual brothers. But you will have to make concessions as long as the English are here. Otherwise you won’t be able to compete with the propaganda of the Christian missionaries who preach “the man” regardless of race. Think about it!’

I had to think about it. No appeal to a mass, and especially to a multiracial mass, is possible without some compromise. The Sudras (or Untouchables) who had converted to religions of equality couldn’t be asked to come out and rejoin Hinduism without giving them the impression that they wouldn’t lose any of their acquired ‘rights.’ And they had to re-enter Hinduism not for the sake of their souls, but so that there could be a Hindu majority in the Bengal Assembly, the Assam Assembly and the Bihar Assembly (the three provinces I had to go around in turn preaching Hindu solidarity and a common front against ‘invasive and intolerant foreign religions’). They had to reintegrate Hinduism of their own free will so that the Hindu racial elite of India could remain in power where they were and take power where they weren’t. But they didn’t have Khudiram’s selfless attitude to Aryan racism, otherwise they would never have left Hinduism. Therefore, it wasn’t necessary to talk to them about Aryan racism but about ‘Indian nationalism.’ It had to be used both to attract the lower castes and the aborigines who had converted to Christianity, and to induce the upper-caste Hindus not to reject them—and thereby deprive themselves of their votes in the general election, since there was, unfortunately, a general election and all were voters.

The English administration, anti-racist in principle, made no difference between a Brahmin, Indo-European by blood and mentality, and the last of the Nagas or the Kukis of Assam, especially if the latter represented in the Assembly either the Christians or the Untouchables. It wasn’t my fault that the administration had this attitude, and that it tended to ‘Indianise’ as much as it could both the legislature and the public services in that spirit which was none other than that of decadent Europe: that

Europe which was soon to reject the Hitlerian revival with the stupid vehemence that we know.



If we had won the war, India—whether it had remained ‘British,’ which is unlikely, despite the Führer’s desire (before the war) not to touch the British colonial empire—or whether it had become independent, she would very soon have discarded the democratic reforms. It would have been governed, nominally, by the famous Subhas Chandra Bose, the official collaborator of the Berlin-Tokyo Axis Powers, known to all, and in fact by the man who had introduced Subhas Chandra Bose to the Japanese and persuaded them, despite their hesitation, to accept him as an ally. This man—I dare to write it without boasting but with legitimate pride—is none other than the one who, at the very beginning of the war, gave me his name and protection: Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji, the former editor of the *New Mercury* magazine: the only distinctly Hitlerian periodical that appeared in India from 1935 to 1937 and the man of whom Herr von Selsam, German Consul-General in Calcutta at that time, wrote, in a letter I read: ‘No one in Asia has served the German Reich with such zeal and efficiency as he.’

I had the honour of knowing Subhas Chandra Bose personally, long before I met Sri A.K. Mukherji. He was a Bengali of the highly educated caste of scribes or Kayasthas and, above all, an Indian nationalist: that is to say, a man who, in his ardent desire to see India become a nation, regarded and treated India as if she had been one. Sri A.K. Mukherji was, and still is, a Brahmin conscious of his distant northern ties, and a man of tradition. He was attracted to the Hitlerian philosophy because it is in tune with the eternal truth expressed in the Sanskrit scriptures. Subhas Chandra Bose was fighting against English rule and Sri A.K. Mukherji against the misapplication of democracy—which only makes sense among equals—to a huge multiracial population. Both collaborated with the German Third Reich and its ally, Tojo’s Japan, the former by accident, the latter on principle.

Let me explain. If, as early as 1936, Adolf Hitler had been able to fulfil his dream of understanding with England, whose colonial empire he was prepared to respect, there would have been

no more talk of 'humanitarian and democratic principles,' 'equality of races' and other nonsense in India or elsewhere. England herself would have emerged profoundly transformed from a happy war in which she would have fought on the side of the Sister Nation, in the interests of the whole Aryan world (instead of fighting, as she did, against it).

I have often wondered to what extent those few Englishmen who were serious about their country's collaboration with the German Reich—these Englishmen who were, almost all of them, from the outset of the Second World War, interned 'preventively' under the 18B Act—realised the magnitude of the transformation. I did know one—Elwyn Wright, physically and morally one of the finest specimens of Aryan I have ever met—who realised this and wanted this collaboration precisely because of it. But how many were there like him? And how many Hindus of the Aryan castes were there who, like Sri A.K. Mukherji, realised the deep significance of Hitlerism, and welcomed it for its sake? Very few, indeed! Very few, but proportionately more than the number of non-German Aryans in the West were aware of it and therefore collaborated with the Third Reich. The great majority, almost all of the European friends of Germany in the Hitler era, took a purely political point of view: they saw in Hitlerism nothing but a political doctrine capable of providing an adequate solution to the problems of their respective countries.

One of the tragedies of our time is that it was the enemies of Hitlerism, and in particular the Jews and the intelligent Christians, who understood it best. They hated it no doubt: but they hated it precisely for what makes it great and eternal: its scale of values centred not on 'man' but on Life. They hated it because of its potential for becoming very quickly, once associated with rites, a true religion. They hated it because they felt, more or less confusedly and sometimes very clearly, that its victory would mean the end of everything that, for at least two thousand years, the Western world had known and loved: the negation of the values that have, for so long, helped him to live. It should be noted that at least one of the most brilliant French collaborators—and one of those who paid with their lives—Robert Brasillach, was himself aware of the essentially pagan character of Hitler's mystique. He collaborated with Germany despite this, not because of it. And he repeatedly, especially in his novel *The Seven Colours*, emphasised the



impression of disorientation, of a somewhat frightening strangeness, that he felt in his neighbours across the Rhine despite all the admiration he had for their political and social renaissance. 'It is,' he wrote of Adolf Hitler's Germany, 'a strange country, farther from us than the remotest India or China': a pagan country. And in 1935, when the regenerated Reich was at the height of its glory, he wondered whether 'all this would last' as if he knew that the Führer's struggle was a struggle against Time—a struggle against the tide—and as if he sensed its futility, at least in material terms.

But there is more. In his *Poèmes de Fresnes*, his last poems written a few weeks or even days before he was shot by a firing squad, it isn't at all about Germany being defeated but promoted, despite everything, to the rank of the Holy Land of the West through its role as champion of a pan-Aryan ideal. It isn't about Hitler's faith but about France as well as the poet's family and dearest friends, and his Christian faith. In a poem dated 9 November there isn't a word that recalls what this anniversary means in the history of the National Socialist Movement. And during his short trial, Robert Brasillach will declare that he was 'first a Frenchman,' and then only a National Socialist. He could have said: 'National Socialist because first and foremost French' for the opposition to parliamentary democracy and the fight against Jewish influence on the politics of all countries. Among the French collaborators as well as among the English 18 B's I met very few people who were sincerely Hitlerian, although they were aware of the philosophical implications of Hitlerism. I will say more: there were, even at the time of the greatest glory of the Third Reich, very few true Hitlerians among the millions of Germans who cheered the Führer.

One of the purest I have had the joy and honour of knowing, the *Oberregierungs-und Schulrat* (Superintendent and school inspector) Heinrich Blume, told me in 1953 that the number of Germans who had given themselves entirely to the Movement, knowing fully what they were doing, never exceeded three hundred thousand. This is a far cry from the ninety-eight and a half per cent of the voters in the Reich who had brought the Führer to power. The vast majority of them had voted for the reconstruction of the German economy and the regeneration of the social body, not for the return to the fundamental truths of life and for the 'fight against time' that Hitlerism implied, and which they didn't even

comprehend. Moreover, there are Germans, such as Hermann Rauschning, the author of the book *Hitler Told Me*, who withdrew from the Movement as soon as they realised the pagan character of Hitler's worldview. And it should be noted that they only realised this when they had gained the Führer's trust sufficiently for him to admit them into his small circle of insiders or partially insiders. For there was a difference between the teaching given to the people in general and that received by the disciples: a difference not of content but of clarity. For example, Point 24 of the famous Twenty-Five Points specifies that the Party, while proclaiming the widest religious tolerance, holds to a 'positive Christianity'—in other words, to what is positive, i.e., true per tradition in historical Christianity—but that it fights any religion or philosophy that 'endanger its existence or oppose the moral senses of the Germanic race.'<sup>23</sup> It omits (no doubt on purpose) to point out that any religion which turns its back on the realities of this world and in particular on biological realities—to the extent of permitting the marriage of people of different races provided they are members of the same church—is a danger in the National Socialist State.

In *Mein Kampf*, the Führer denies that he is in the least aiming at religious reform. 'It is criminal,' he writes, 'to attempt to destroy the faith accepted by the people, as long as there is nothing to replace it.'<sup>24</sup> He writes further that the mission of the National Socialist Movement 'doesn't consist of religious reform but the political reorganisation of the German people.'<sup>25</sup> But what he doesn't write—what he couldn't write in a book intended for the great mass of a people Christianised since the 9th century—is that any regime based, as the National Socialist regime was, on the denial of the intrinsic worth of every man, is the antithesis of a

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<sup>23</sup> 'We demand freedom of religion for all religious denominations within the state so long as they do not endanger its existence or oppose the moral senses of the Germanic race. The Party as such advocates the standpoint of a positive Christianity without binding itself confessionally to any one denomination. It combats the Jewish-materialistic spirit within and around us, and is convinced that a lasting recovery of our nation can only succeed from within on the framework: common utility precedes individual utility.'

<sup>24</sup> *Mein Kampf* German edition 1935, pages 293-294.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid*, p. 379.

Christian social order. What Adolf Hitler couldn't tell the masses was that any political regime based on a doctrine centred on Life and its eternal laws necessarily has a more-than-political significance. On the voice of the great mass depended his success, for we must not forget that he reached power legally and democratically.

This more-than-political significance of Hitlerism was fully understood only by the Führer himself and the National Socialist elite in Germany: the initiates and best pupils of the *Ordensburgen* (castles/fortresses of military orders) where the members of the SS were trained. The mass of the people didn't feel it, and would have been quite surprised if someone had shown them the implications; for example, Christianity and Hitlerism are two different and incompatible paths to the eternal and the same person cannot follow both but must choose. Outside Germany—and outside India, of Aryan tradition—a thinking elite loved, feared or hated Hitlerism because of its true nature. The Jewish elite cursed it for reasons deeper than the age-old hostility between Israel and the Germanic world. The enormous human masses in all countries—indifferent to politics—feared it without knowing exactly why. In reality, they hated it because they vaguely felt in it the negation of all anthropocentrism, the 'wisdom of starry space' as I have called it as opposed to the 'love of man' and the concern for his happiness in this world or any other.<sup>26</sup>

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<sup>26</sup> **Editor's note:** This is so true that even racist Christians like Brad Griffin, the American editor of *Occidental Dissent*, instinctively repudiates National Socialism.



### Chapter III:

#### Anthropocentrism and intolerance

I have told you and will repeat it—for it cannot be repeated too often: Get rid of the superstition of ‘man,’ or give thanks to the immortal Gods if you are by nature free. If ‘man’ as such is of no interest to you; if only Perfection interests you and you love man only to the extent that he approaches—individually and collectively—the ideal type of the race, that reflects what is Eternal.

Have you meditated enough on the history of the world to have noticed a puzzling fact, namely that few people have sinned more odiously against men than those who loved them and wanted, with the most obstinacy, ‘to make them happy’? Nietzsche, perhaps the only great master of thought that the West has produced on the fringes of Christianity, noticed it: ‘Christians no longer love us enough,’ he said, ‘to burn us alive in public places.’<sup>27</sup>

Much has been said about the horrors committed by the Church of Rome in the name of defending Christian orthodoxy. What has almost always been forgotten is that the Holy Inquisition, the organ of this Church, acted out of love. It believed—like all good Catholics of the 12th, 13th or even 17th centuries—that outside the Church there was no salvation; that the individual who left the rigid path of dogma and thereby ceased to be faithful went, at his death, straight to Hell. The Church knew that men follow bad examples and that the heretic was therefore a public danger: a black sheep that, in case he refused to recant and return to the bosom of the blessed flock, had to be cut off at all costs from the whole population. And the most spectacular and terrible the aftermath of the heresy trial, the less likely it would be that the simple souls, who are the majority, would be tempted to rebel in their turn against the authority of the Church. The fear of God, which is said to be the

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<sup>27</sup> In *Beyond Good and Evil*.

beginning of wisdom, would be confused here with the fear of visible fire: fear of physical pain in the person who has, at least once, witnessed the burning of a heretic and saw and heard the man struggling in his bonds and screaming amid the flames.

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

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

*And red streams on the hot coals*

*Smoke under black skies to the sound of holy hymns!*<sup>28</sup>

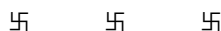
As for me, I sincerely believe that the Inquisitor Fathers weren't monsters. They struggled, in the face of a formal refusal to recant, to deliver a human being 'to the secular arm' knowing what torment the said arm had in store for him. This decision, which today seems to so many people to be so 'contrary to Christian love,' was nevertheless inspired by Christian love as they understood it, taking into account their interpretation of passages of the Scriptures concerning the Hereafter. They loved men, that is, the human souls so much to accept the danger of perdition due to contact with the 'teachers of error.' If there is anything against which you should revolt at the thought of the horrors of the Holy Inquisition (unless one agrees entirely with it; why not, if you subscribe to such faith?) it is certainly not the 'wickedness' of the Inquisitor Fathers, but that unconditional love of all men, including heretics and unbelievers to be brought back to Jesus Christ. This was a love of all men for the sole reason that they are considered the only living creatures 'having an immortal soul created in the image of God': a love of which the members of the Holy Office were, along with all (or almost all) Christians of their time, the first victims.

To those who don't particularly love men, their destiny—salvation or perdition in a hypothetical Hereafter—is a matter of indifference. The so-called tolerance of the people of our time is, in reality, a complete disinterest in questions of dogma in particular, and metaphysical questions in general; a deep scepticism of the Hereafter and an increasingly widespread indifference towards men. All in all, men are no worse off. Not only are there no longer any pyres in public places in countries of Christian, Catholic or Reformed civilisation (in Christian countries under the Eastern Orthodox Church there never were any). But a major ex-communication launched against an individual would have no social

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<sup>28</sup> Leconte de Lisle, 'The Agony of a Saint,' *Poèmes Barbares*.

consequences: the excommunicated would continue to live the next day as he lived the day before. No one would have noticed that he was excommunicated (except perhaps devotees in his parish). If, as recently as 1853—a little over a century ago—an excommunicated monk, Théophile Kaïris, could have been imprisoned by order of the Greek government and died in prison, it isn't that the Greeks were, at that time, less tolerant than their brothers in France or Germany. It was only that Greece wasn't then (as it isn't today) the West, and that the teaching of the Eastern Orthodox Church was there (as is still today) held to be a national religion, like that of the Roman Church is in Spain, Free Ireland or Poland despite the Communism imposed on the people: a living contradiction, given the largely 'not of this world' character of all true Christianity.



It remains nonetheless true that, wherever love is affirmed towards all men, there is intolerance towards all those who conceive 'human happiness' differently than the philanthropist who judges them, or who openly declares that the former don't care about this happiness. And this isn't only true of the search for bliss in a Hereafter about which, for lack of precise knowledge, it is permissible to discuss indefinitely. It is also about the pursuit of happiness in this world.

One might think that happiness is taken from everyday experience. But everyday experience, even when it seems identical, doesn't suggest the same conclusions to all. A Bedouin who suffers from hunger and an unemployed European (or an old man, unable to live on his miserable little pension) won't react in the same way to their common misery. The first will resign himself to it without a murmur. 'It was,' he will think, 'the will of Allah.' The second will say it is 'the government's fault,' and won't give in. Complete loneliness, which seems to so many people a torment, seems to others a very bearable state and a few, a true blessing. There is no universal standard of physical, and especially moral, well-being below which no man can be happy. And it is in the most prosperous consumer societies that youth suicides are, statistically, the most numerous: more than thirteen thousand a year, for example, in Federal Germany, where nothing is lacking materially.

The devotees of human happiness on earth—who, despite these facts, are legion—are just as intolerant as the friends of their neighbour concerned, above all, for the salvation of souls. Woe to him who doesn't think like them! Woe to him in whose eyes the individual is nothing, if they believe that he is everything and that his happiness or pleasure comes before everything! Woe to him in whose eyes technical progress, applied to everyday life, isn't a criterion of collective value, if they see it as the only basis for discrimination between peoples! And above all, woe to him who proclaims that certain individuals—including himself—, even certain peoples, have more need of faith, enthusiasm, fanaticism, than material comfort! To understand how true this is, we need only consider how the Marxists who, theoretically, raise all workers so high, treat the workers and the peasants who aren't on their side. One has only to see how so many Christians, theoretically humanitarian, treat, as soon as they are endowed with some power, the Communists, their brethren. We only have to remember how the fighters for the cause of 'man,' Marxists, Christians, Deists and Freemasons of all stripes, have treated us whenever they could—we, the avowed detractors of any philosophy centred on man and not on Life; we whom they accuse of 'crimes against humanity' as if we had a monopoly on violence.

If we agree to give the name of tolerance to any non-intervention in the affairs of others, there are two attitudes which deserve this name: that of the indifferent, and the man who believes in the indefinite diversity of human races. The first is the attitude of a growing number of citizens of our consumer societies who aren't interested in metaphysics, who are unconcerned by the activities of their neighbours unless they disturb their way of life. This is tolerance only through the abuse of language. In good tasty French, this is called *je-m'enfoutisme*. The second—true tolerance—is that of Ramakrishna and all Hindus in religious matters. It is that of Antiquity except the Jewish people. (And this tragic exception, which I will talk about again, doesn't seem to have arisen until quite late in the history of these otherwise insignificant people.)

To express my idea in a short phrase and vigorous enough to hold attention, I would say that the superstition of 'man' initiates decadence; and that the superstition of human uniformity—uniformity of primary needs, duties, etcetera—precipitates it. It is moreover certain that the second superstition proceeds from the



first; that it is unthinkable without it. To be convinced of this, it would suffice to notice that the most tolerant religions (and philosophies) are precisely those which aren't centred on man but treat him as a manifestation of Life, a product of Nature among many others.

Hinduism (except for a few sects) has this attitude. Buddhism too. Legend has it that the Buddha had, already in his childhood, resuscitated a swan killed by the evil *Dévadatta*. Legend also relates that in one of his previous lives, being an ascetic in the forest, he voluntarily stripped himself of the radiance that was sufficient to protect him from ferocious beasts, to offer his own body as food to a poorly farmed tigress and her cubs. It adds that as greedy fingernails and teeth tore him apart, his heart overflowed with love for the huge beautiful 'cat' and her feline curbs. It should be noted that no miracle, even no good deed and even more so no act of self-denial such as this—in favour of a beast—has been attributed by Christian tradition to Jesus of Nazareth. It should also be iterated that, of all the major international religions, only Buddhism has spread without violence. (Hinduism too, professed by so many different races. But I said it before: Hinduism isn't a religion but a civilisation.) Christianity, on the other hand, spread by violence in Germanic and Slavic countries; bit by bit in the Mediterranean basin, where the number of Christians suddenly soared as soon as the doctrine, hitherto despised, was proclaimed state religion by Emperor Constantine, and everyone served his career by adhering to it.<sup>29</sup>



It cannot be repeated or emphasised enough: intolerance, religious or philosophical, is characteristic of devotees of 'man' regardless of any consideration of race or personality. As a result, it is the real racists who show the greatest tolerance. No doubt racists demand from their comrades in arms absolute fidelity to the common faith. This isn't 'intolerance': it is a question of order.

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<sup>29</sup> **Editor's note:** Once again, Savitri was unaware that Constantine's successors (except Julian) used violence, for centuries, in murdering the classical world. It is absolutely essential to read the long essay 'Rome v. Judea; Judea v. Rome' in *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*.

Everyone must know what they want, and not adhere to a doctrine and then make reservations about it. Whoever has objections to formulate—and above all, objections concerning the basic values of the doctrine—has to remain outside the community of the faithful, and not pretend to be the comrade of those with whom he doesn't share faith entirely. No doubt the racist is ready to fight men who act, and even who think, as enemies of their race. But he doesn't fight them to change them, to convert them. If they stay in their place and stop opposing him and his blood brothers he leaves them alone for he isn't interested enough in them to care about their fate, in this world or into another.

In the third Book of his *Essays*, Montaigne laments that the Americas weren't conquered by the Greeks or the Romans, rather than by the Spaniards and the Portuguese. He believes that the New World would never have known the horrors committed to converting the natives to a religion considered by the conquerors to be the only true one. What he doesn't say; what, perhaps, he hadn't understood, is that it is precisely the absence of racism and the love of man that is at the root of these horrors. The Greeks and Romans—and all ancient peoples—were racists, at least during their time of greatness. As such, they found it quite natural that different peoples had different gods and different customs. They didn't get involved in imposing their gods and customs on the vanquished under the pain of extermination. Even the Jews didn't do this. They so despised all those who sacrificed to gods other than Yahweh that they were content to exterminate them without seeking to convert them. They imposed on them the terror of war—not that 'spiritual terror' that, as Adolf Hitler so aptly writes, 'entered for the first time into the Ancient World, until then much freer than ours, with the appearance of Christianity.'<sup>30</sup> The Spaniards and the Portuguese were Christians. They imposed terror of war and spiritual terror on the Americas.

What would the Greeks of ancient Greece have done in their place, or the Romans or other Aryan people who would have had, in the 16th century, the spirit of our racists of the 20th? They would undoubtedly have conquered the countries; they would have exploited them economically. But they would have left to the Aztecs, Tlaxcaltecs and Mayans, as well as the peoples of Peru, their

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<sup>30</sup> *Mein Kampf*, German edition of 1935, p. 507.

gods and customs. Furthermore, they would have fully exploited the belief of these peoples in a 'white and bearded' God, a civiliser of their continent who, after having left their ancestors many centuries before, was to return from the East to reign over them—their descendants—with his companions: men of fair complexion. Their leaders would have acted, and ordered their soldiers to act, so that the natives effectively took them for the God Quetzalcoatl and his army.<sup>31</sup> They would have respected the temples—instead of destroying them and building on their ruins monuments of a foreign cult. They would have been tough, sure, as all conquerors are but they wouldn't have been sacrilegious. They wouldn't have been the destroyers of civilisations that, even with their weaknesses, were worth their own. The Romans, so tolerant of religion, had on occasion persecuted adherents of certain cults. The religion of the Druids was, for example, banned in Gaul by Emperor Claudius. And there were those persecutions of the early Christians, which we have talked about too much without always knowing what we were saying. But all of these repressive measures were purely political, not doctrinal—not ethical. It was as leaders of the clandestine resistance of the Celts against Roman domination, and not as priests of a cult which might have appeared unusual to the conquerors, that the Druids were stripped of their privileges (in particular, of their monopoly of teaching young people) and prosecuted. It was as bad citizens, who refused to pay homage to the Emperor-god, the embodiment of the State, and not as devotees of a particular god, that Christians were persecuted.

If in the 16th century Indo-European conquerors, faithful to the spirit of tolerance which has always characterised their race, had made themselves masters of the Americas by exploiting the indigenous belief in the return of the white God, Quetzalcoatl (or Viracocha in Peru) there would have been no resistance to their domination. Not only would the peoples of the New World never have known the atrocities of the Holy Inquisition, but their writings (like those of the Mayans and Aztecs) and their monuments would have survived. And in Tenochtitlan, which over the centuries had become one of the great capitals of the world, the imposing multi-storey pyramids—intact—would now dominate modern streets.

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<sup>31</sup> Or, in Peru for the god Viracocha. The Peruvians had initially called the Spaniards Viracochas.

And the palaces and fortresses of Cuzco would still be admired by visitors. And the solar and warlike religions of the peoples of Mexico and Peru, while evolving in contact with that of the victors, would have kept their basic principles and continued to transmit the eternal esoteric truths under their particular symbolism.<sup>32</sup> In other words, the Europeans would have settled in Mesoamerica, and in the former Empire of the Incas, Aryan dynasties whose relations with the conquered would have been more or less similar to those of the peoples of India and the Greek dynasties that, from the 3rd century b.c.e. to the first after the Christian era, ruled over what is now Afghanistan, Sindh and Punjab. Unfortunately, Europe itself in the 16th century had long since succumbed to that spirit of intolerance that it had, along with Christianity, received from the Jews. The history of the wars of religion bears witness to this, in Germany as well as in France. And as for the old Hellenic-Aegean blood it was won for the service of the Roman Church.

I will be told that the cruelties committed in the name of the salvation of souls are no more attributable to true Christianity than to Aryan racism as understood by the Führer. I am told that neither Cortés nor Pizarro nor their companions, nor the Inquisitors of

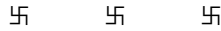
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<sup>32</sup> **Editor's note:** I wholeheartedly agree with Savitri that the ancient Greeks or Romans should have conquered the American continent, not the Christians. Nevertheless, she was unaware of the existence of psychohistory and the study of psychoclasses (see my book *Day of Wrath* also listed on page 3). The silly Christians who conquered the American continent belonged to a superior psychoclass to that of the Amerindians. Recently, for example, I watched a terrible documentary about what the ancient inhabitants of Peru used to do: sacrifice indigenous boys and girls and even more of one of my favourite animals: llamas! The practice was so ubiquitous among Amerindians that it persists today with the llamas! What would Savitri have done if she had seen what I saw on TV a couple of days ago?: 21st-century Indians tying up a handsome and healthy llama to extract her heart out, alive (just as their northern neighbours, the Mesoamericans, used to do, with humans, before the Spanish Conquest). This, as I said in my preface, is an *abridged* translation of Savitri's book. I confess that, in later chapters, I omitted several paragraphs about Tiahuanaco: an ancient archaeological city located in Bolivia. Savitri idealises that culture because she hadn't the remotest idea of what the Amerinds in those regions did with noble and defenceless beasts—and continue to do.

Goa or Europe, nor those who approved their actions loved man as Christ would have wanted his disciples to love him. That is true. These people weren't humanitarians. And I never claimed they were. But they were humanists, not in the narrow sense of scholars but in the broad sense: men for whom man was, in the visible world at least, the supreme value. They were, anyway, people who bathed in the atmosphere of a civilisation centred on the cult of 'man' whom they neither denounced nor fought—quite the contrary. They weren't necessarily kind to humans of other races (even theirs!) as Jesus wanted everyone to be. But even in their worst excesses they venerated, in him, Man: the only living being created according to their faith 'in the image of God' and provided with an immortal soul, or at least the only living being endowed with reason. (This, in the eyes of those who in their hearts had already detached themselves from the Church as, later, was the case of so many colonialists of the 18th or 19th centuries.) Their civilisation proclaimed love and respect for every man, and the duty to help him access 'happiness' if not in this earthly life at least in the Hereafter.

It has sometimes been maintained that any action undertaken in the colonies, including missionary action, was, even without the knowledge of those who carried it out, remotely guided by businessmen who only had in sight material profit and nothing else. It has been suggested that the Church itself was only following the plans and carrying out the orders of such men. This would partly explain why it seems to have been far more interested in the souls of the natives than in those of the conquering chiefs and soldiers. But even if all these allegations were based on historical facts, one would still be forced to admit that colonial wars would have been impossible, from the 16th to the 19th century (and especially perhaps in the 19th) without the belief to 'save souls' and 'civilise savages.' This belief that Christianity was the 'true' faith for 'all' men was questioned by no one. The leaders who led the colonial wars, the adventurers, soldiers and brigands who waged them, and the settlers who benefited from them, shared it even if, in the eyes of most of them, the hope of material profit was in the foreground as important, if not more, than the eternal salvation of the natives. And whether they had shared it or not, they were nonetheless supported in their action by this collective belief of the distant continent, the whole of Christendom. It was that kind of

conquest that defined the spirit of their behaviour towards the natives. From there this haste to convert them to their Christian faith or share the treasures of their culture; in particular, to initiate the natives to their sciences while making them lose all contact with their own.



This claim of historical Christianity, as indeed of Islam, to be ‘the one true faith’ is a legacy of Judaism, whose tradition serves, in part, as the basis of both religions. The ancient world—including that of peoples related to the Jews by blood, such as the Canaanites, Amorites, Jebusites, Moabites, Phoenicians and, of course, the Carthaginians—was, as Adolf Hitler wrote in the quote reported above, a world of tolerance. Racine, undoubtedly without realising that he was paying homage to the enemies of the ‘people of God’ underlined this fact when, in the first scene of the third act of *Athalie*, he put in the mouth of this queen, worshiper of the Gods and Goddesses of Syria, the words she addresses to Joad, High Priest of the Jews: ‘I know about my conduct, and against my power / How far your speeches go in the direction of licentiousness / Yet you live; your temple stands...’ The daughter of Ahab understood by this that if, in her place, the Jews had had the power it wasn’t they who would have left the sanctuaries of the Baal standing, nor who would have let their faithful life, let alone their priests. The end of the tragedy—where we see the queen traitorously locked up in the temple of Yahweh and slaughtered mercilessly by order of Joad—and the whole history of the Jews as reported in the Old Testament, confirms her clairvoyance. And what does the Holy Bible say to the Jews about this?

When the Lord your God brings you into the land you are about to enter and occupy, he will clear away many nations ahead of you: the Hittites, Girgashites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites. These seven nations are greater and more numerous than you. When the Lord your God hands these nations over to you and you conquer them, you must completely destroy them. Make no treaties with them and show them no mercy. You must not intermarry with them. Do not let your daughters and sons marry their sons and daughters, for they will lead your children away from me to

worship other gods. This is what you must do. You must break down their altars and shatter their sacred pillars. Cut down their Asherah poles and burn their idols. For you are a holy people, who belong to the Lord your God. Of all the people on earth, the Lord your God has chosen you to be his own special treasure. The Lord did not set his heart on you and choose you because you were more numerous than other nations, for you were the smallest of all nations! <sup>33</sup>

And once after a conquest that surpassed (by far!) in atrocities those led by other peoples, both in Antiquity and closer to us, the Jews finally established themselves in Palestine. Once there were two more or less stable Jewish kingdoms—one in Judea and the other in the north of the country—the Jewish Scripture became ‘holy’ Scripture in the eyes of so many people for the only reason that their religion is based on the tradition and history of Israel. And how does this Scripture characterise each of the kings who succeed their father on the throne of Jerusalem or Samaria? Oh, it’s very simple! It declares the king was good or bad without nuances of judgment, and even without reference to his political behaviour. ‘Good’ if he worshipped Yahweh, the god of the Jews, never bowing his forehead to other deities—even if he persecuted the faithful of all cults other than his own; razed the sacred woods of the ‘false’ Gods, destroyed their images, prohibited the celebration of their mysteries and killed their priests.<sup>34</sup> ‘Bad’ if, on the contrary, the king showed a spirit of benevolent tolerance, and especially if he sacrificed to Baal or the Mother Goddesses, according to the custom of the peoples whom the Jews had driven out before them from the 13th to the 11th century b.c.e., during the conquest of the promised land. The alternation of ‘good’ and ‘bad’ kings is impressive in its monotony. Every story of a reign begins in the same way, with the same phrases, depending on whether Scripture praises or blames the king. ‘And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and followed in the footsteps of his ancestor David. He suppressed the worship in the high places and smashed

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<sup>33</sup> Deuteronomy, Chapter 7, Verses 1 to 7.

<sup>34</sup> See at the end of Chapter 12 of the Second Book of Samuel, the treatment inflicted by the ‘good’ King David on the prisoners after the capture of the city of Rabbah, capital of the Ammonites.

the statues and cut down the sacred trees.<sup>35</sup> This is Hezekiah, son of Ahaz, king of Judea, but it could just as well be any other ‘good’ king, as the Jewish Scripture understands that word. And this is the description of the reign of Manasseh, the son and successor of Hezekiah, who was twelve years old when he came to the throne and who ruled Judea for fifty-five years. ‘He did what was evil in the Lord’s sight, following the detestable practices of the pagan nations that the Lord had driven from the land ahead of the Israelites. He rebuilt the pagan shrines his father, Hezekiah, had destroyed. He constructed altars for Baal and planted a sacred tree, just as King Ahab of Israel had done. And he bowed his knee before all the host of heavenly bodies, and worshipped them.’<sup>36</sup> It is identical to all the early accounts of ‘bad’ reigns found in the Old Testament—‘bad’ simply because tolerance was practised there according to the spirit of all people of Antiquity.

It should be noted that most ancient Jews in no way seem to have had that intolerance that has played such a far-reaching role in the history of Israel. The ‘average Jew’ before, and perhaps even more so after the conquest of Palestine, tended to regard all the Gods of the neighbouring peoples as ‘gods.’ The similarities of these deities to their own Yahweh, their god, held much more attention, apparently, than the differences which separated them. And it took all the curses of the prophets and all the severity (often bordering on cruelty) of ‘good’ kings to prevent them from, occasionally, offering sacrifices to these foreign gods. It was Moses, the prophets and some of the Jewish kings such as David and Hezekiah who cut off Israel from the community of the peoples of the desert. The ‘Semitic’ peoples, as they are called, thus prepared the ground for the unique role that, from the 4th century, Christ has played in the world. It is they who are, in the final analysis, responsible for all the violence committed over the centuries, in the name of the exclusive ‘truth’ of the Abrahamic religions, of all the atrocities perpetrated in the name of Christianity: from the dreadful murder of Hypatia in the year 415 to the massacre of four thousand five hundred Germanic chiefs faithful to their race’s old religion, in Verden, in the year 782, and to the stakes of medieval Europe and conquered America.

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<sup>35</sup> The Bible, Kings II, Chapter 18, verses 3 and following.

<sup>36</sup> Ibid., Chapter 21, verses 2 and following.



Much has been said about Jewish racism. And the doctrine of the 'chosen people' has been made an expression of this racism. In reality, in the eyes of the ancient Jews—that is, members of the 'family of Abraham'—racism was only of value if it was combined with the exclusive service of the jealous god Yahweh: the sole protector of Israel. According to the Bible, the Moabites and Ammonites were racially very close to the Jews. Weren't the former descended from Moab, the son of Lot and his eldest daughter, and the latter from Ben-Ammi, the son of Lot and his youngest daughter?<sup>37</sup> Lot, son of Haran, was a nephew of Abraham but this link of kinship didn't facilitate relations between the children of Israel and these peoples. If blood united them, their respective cults separated them. Chemosh, the god of the Moabites, and Milcom, the god of the Ammonites were, in the eyes of the Jews, 'abominations'—like all the gods of the earth except their own. And their worshippers—enemies to be exterminated. In Jewish racism, independent of any religion, the attitude of accepting a Jew and treating as such any man born as such, whatever his beliefs may be, seems to me to be something recent, dating at most from the 18th or 17th century, that is to say, from the time when Israelite-inspired Masonic societies began to play a determining role in the politics of the Western nations.

This is perhaps a product of the influence of Western rationalism on the Jews despite themselves. It found its most spectacular expression in the 19th and 20th centuries in Zionism, which could be called an *avant-garde* Jewish nationalism. This movement certainly respects the religious tradition of the Talmud and the Bible but without identifying with it in any way. Its political faith is national but it cannot be compared to that of Catholic Spain, Ireland or modern Greece which is also inseparable from the state religion. But I would call it nationalism rather than racism because it involves the exaltation of the Jewish people as such, without the enthusiastic awareness of any blood solidarity uniting all the peoples of the desert who are usually called Semitic. Modern in

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<sup>37</sup> The Bible, Genesis, Chapter 19, verses 36-38.

its expression, this nationalism isn't, however, different from the solidarity which, after the introduction of the Mosaic law, existed among all the children of Israel as early as the 13th century b.c.e. Although the religion of Yahweh played a primordial role, this role consisted precisely in making all the Jews, from the most powerful to the humblest, feel that they were the chosen people, the privileged people, different from the other peoples including those who were closest to them by blood. The Jews have increasingly felt this in modern times without the help of a national religion, hence the decreasing importance of religion among them (except in the few permanent hotbeds of Jewish orthodoxy). In other words, the Jews who for centuries had been an insignificant tribe in the Middle East among so many others, very close to the others in language and religion, gradually became a people immersed in themselves; having nothing but contempt for the men of the same race as themselves who surrounded them, and all the more so for the people of other races. The prophet Ezra, on the return from the long Babylonian captivity, ordered those of his children who had remained in Palestine to marry Canaanite women to be set apart, on the pretext that this would only loosen the bond which united them and their families to Yahweh and weaken their sense of being a chosen people, a people not like the others.

They could have remained in this way indefinitely, isolated from the rest of the world by a national pride. They didn't because, to the idea of one God *couldn't but be added, sooner or later, the idea of universal truth and human community*. A God who lives alone can only logically be the true God of all possible worshippers, that is, of all men. To refuse to admit this would have been to attribute life, truth and beneficence to the Gods of other peoples as well; in other words, to cease seeing in them abominations. And the Jews refused to do this after the sermons and threats of their prophets. The one God could well prefer a people but he had to be, of necessity, the God of all peoples—the one whom in their folly they ignored while only the 'chosen people' paid him tribute.

The first attitude of the Jews, conquerors of Palestine, towards the peoples who worshipped other gods than Yahweh, was to hate and exterminate them. Their second attitude<sup>38</sup> was to throw

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<sup>38</sup> This, when in Palestine the Canaanite resistance had long ceased to exist, and above all, when the Jews were losing more and more

the idea of the inanity of all Gods into the basket of a decaying world; of 'man' whom Israel, the chosen people, had the mission of instructing and guiding to true 'happiness.' This is the attitude of the Jews more or less ostensibly daubed with Hellenism, who from the 4th century b.c.e. until the Arab conquest in the 7th century c.e. formed an influential proportion of the population in Alexandria, as well as all the capitals of the Hellenistic and then the Roman world. This is the attitude of the Jews today, the very attitude that makes them a people like no other and a dangerous people: the 'ferment of decomposition' of other peoples.

This was already germinating in the fanaticism of the Jewish prophets, from Samuel to the writers of the Kabbalah. One thing that must not be forgotten, if we want to try to understand it, is that the 'one god' of the Jews is transcendent, but not an immanent one. He is outside of Nature which he has drawn out of nothing by an act of will, and different from it in essence: different not only from its sensible manifestations but also from anything that might permanently underlie them. He isn't that Soul of the Universe in which the Greeks and all Indo-European peoples believed, and in which Brahmanism still sees the Supreme Reality. He made the world as a craftsman makes a marvellous machine: from without. He has imposed upon it the laws which he has willed and which might have been different if he had willed them differently. He gave man dominion over the other created beings and chose the Jewish people among men, not for their intrinsic worth—this is clearly specified in the Bible—but arbitrarily, because of the promise once and for all to Abraham. In such a metaphysical perspective it was impossible to consider the Gods of other peoples 'aspects' or 'expressions' of the one God. It was also impossible to emphasise in the least the indefinite variety of men and the irrefutable inequality which has always existed between human races, and even between peoples of more or less the same race. Man, whoever he may be, must have had in himself an immense value, since the Creator had formed him 'in his own image' and established him, because of this very fact, above all living beings. The Kabbalah says it very clearly: There is the uncreated Being who creates, God who creates man, and the rest are all the created beings—animals, plants,

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of the little importance they had ever had on the international level, to end up being only the subjects of Greek kings.

minerals—who don't create. This is the most absolute anthropocentrism, and a false philosophy to begin with!<sup>39</sup>

But that's not all. In this new humanistic perspective, not only did the Jew retain his place as the 'holy people,' as the Bible puts it, who was destined to bring the one Revelation to the world, but whatever other peoples had produced or thought was only of value insofar as it accorded with the said Revelation. Unable to deny the enormous contribution of the Greeks to science and philosophy, some Jews of Alexandria (and sometimes using a Greek name, such as Aristobulus of the 3rd century b.c.e.) didn't hesitate to write that the Greek thought—the work of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle—was due, in the final analysis, only to the influence of Jewish thought which had its source in Moses and the Prophets. Others, such as the famous Philo of Alexandria, whose influence on Christian apologetics was considerable, didn't dare to deny the obvious originality of the Hellenic genius, but retained only those which they could bring into line with the Mosaic conception.<sup>40</sup> The

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<sup>39</sup> **Editor's note:** The wife of the Catholic painter Jorge Sánchez (1926-2016) was my mother's primary classmate. From his work I remember the series of several oil canvas about passages from the life of Jesus, but he also made baroque paintings of crowned nuns, and I remember a collection of twenty-one oil canvas about the life of the nun, poet and writer Juana Inés de la Cruz. For the collection on the occasion of the 450th anniversary of the (myth) of the apparitions of the Virgin of Guadalupe, Jorge Sánchez presented his collection in eighteen oils, using my sister—who died the same year as him—as a model for the Virgin.

On one occasion when my mother invited him to dinner, Jorge sat next to me and I remember a conversation so incredibly surreal that I feel the duty to write down my memory for posterity. He confessed to me that he didn't understand why animals still exist! The sky under which Sánchez lived was, like his paintings, that of a 17th-century New Spaniard. Talking to him was like entering a time warp and conversing with a criollo from New Spain. Someone who sincerely believes everything the Church of Rome has been teaching sees the world *from a strictly anthropocentric point of view*. What Jorge Sánchez wanted to tell me must be understood from the Christian theodicy. The god of the Jews created man and when he sinned he had to send his son into the world to redeem him. In this scenario—the Earth as a theatre of human actors to see who will be saved after the Fall—the animals are already obsolete.

<sup>40</sup> Edouard Herriot, *Philo the Jew*, 1898 edition.

work of those Jews bears the name of Judeo-Alexandrian philosophy: a set of ingenious combinations of concepts drawn more or less directly from Plato (not necessarily in the spirit of Plato) and old Jewish ideas (such as the transcendence of the one God and the creation of man 'in his image'). This is a superfluous scaffolding, no doubt, in the eyes of the orthodox Jew for whom the Mosaic Law suffices, but is a marvellous instrument of spiritual control over the Gentiles in the service of Jews (orthodox or not) eager to wrest from other peoples the direction of Western (and later, world) thought. The Judeo-Alexandrian philosophy and religion professed by the increasingly bastardised people of the Hellenistic world formed the backdrop against which Christian orthodoxy, as we know it, gradually emerged in the writings of Paul of Tarsus and the early apologists. As Gilbert Murray remarks, it is a strange experience to study those obscure congregations whose superstitious, charlatan-ridden, hopelessly ignorant members drawn from the proletariat of the Levant paved the road to the greatest religion of the Western world.<sup>41</sup>

No doubt there was, in this early Christianity preached in Greek (the international language of the Near East at that time), more non-Jewish than Jewish elements by missionaries to the raceless urban masses. What dominated was the element which I daren't call Greek but Aegean, or rather pre-Hellenic Mediterranean. It was the myth of the young god cruelly put to death—Osiris, Adonis, Tammuz, Attys, Dionysus—whose flesh (wheat) and blood (grape juice) become food and drink for men, and who resurrects in glory every year in the spring. This element had never ceased to be present in the mysteries of Greece, both in classical times and before. It is manifest in the international salvation religions, rivals of Christianity in the Roman Empire: in that of Mithra, Cybele and Attys. As Nietzsche saw it so well, the genius of Paul of Tarsus consisted in 'giving a new meaning to the ancient mysteries': taking the old prehistoric myth, reviving it and interpreting it in such a way that all those who would accept this interpretation would also accept the 'chosen people'.

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<sup>41</sup> Gilbert Murray, *Five stages of Greek religion*, 1955 edition (New York) p. 158.

Historically, little is known about the person of Jesus of Nazareth, his origins and life before the age of thirty, so much so that serious authors have questioned his very existence. According to the canonical Gospels, he was raised in the Jewish religion. But was he a Jew by blood? More than one of the words attributed to him would suggest that he wasn't.<sup>42</sup> In any case, what is important—what is at the origin of the turning point in history that Christianity represents—is that, Jewish or not, he is presented as such and, what is more, as the expected Messiah of the Jewish people by Paul of Tarsus, the true founder of Christianity, as well as by all the apologists who follow one another over the centuries. What is important is that he is integrated into the Jewish tradition; he is the link between it and the old Mediterranean myth of the young God of Vegetation, dead and resurrected, and Paul's people. Not only is a new meaning given to the ancient mysteries. This meaning is proclaimed the only good, the only true one: the rites and myths of pagan Antiquity, from the most remote times, having only 'prepared' and 'prefigured' it, just as ancient philosophy had only sensitised souls to the reception of the supreme revelation. And this revelation is, for Paul, as it was for the Jews of the Judeo-Alexandrian school before him and for all the Christian apologists—Justin, Clement of Alexandria, Irenaeus, Origen—the one given to Jews by the God 'of all men.' Jewish intolerance, hitherto confined to one people, spread with Christianity and later with Islam to half of the earth. And what is more, it is this very intolerance that has made the success of the religions linked to the tradition of Israel.

I have mentioned the religions of salvation—in particular that of Mithra and that of Cybele—that flourished in the Roman Empire at the time when Christianity was in its infancy. At first sight, each of them had as much chance as Christianity of attracting the restless crowds for whom the Roman order wasn't, or was no

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<sup>42</sup> **Editor's note:** It is essential to read Richard Carrier's aforementioned book on the non-existence of the historical Jesus. Anyone who believes that he actually existed should stop reading *this* book and watch, say, Carrier's 30 March 2015 YouTube conference at Atheists United: 'Did Jesus even exist?'

longer, sufficient and who—increasingly mongrelized—felt themselves alienated from any national cult whatsoever. Each of them offered the average person everything he was promised, and with rites all the more capable of attracting their adhesion because they were more barbaric. In the 3rd century of the Christian era it was the cult of Mithra, the old Indo-European solar god, seen through the thousand distorting mirrors represented by the races and traditions of his new worshippers, which seemed to be the one to prevail.

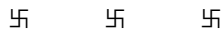


Late 4th-century relief of Mithra.

The God was popular with the legionaries and their officers. Emperors had seen fit to receive initiation into his mysteries under the hot-blooded shower of the Redeeming Bull. An increasing number of common people were following the movement. It may be said with all certainty that the world dominated by Rome came very close to becoming Mithraic—instead of Christian—for some twenty centuries. It can be said with no less certainty that it didn't become so not because of any superiority of the Christian doctrine of salvation, but because of Emperor Constantine. It was *precisely* the intolerance of Christianity that earned the preference of the master of the Roman world. What the emperor wanted above all was to give this immense world, populated by people of the most diverse races and traditions, as solid a unity as possible without which it would be difficult to resist for long the push of those who were called Barbarians. Unity of worship was the only thing he could hope to impose on it, provided he could achieve it quickly. Among the religions of salvation which were so popular, that of

Mithra undoubtedly had the greatest number of followers. But it didn't promise to spread quickly enough, first and foremost because it didn't claim to be the only way and the only truth.<sup>43</sup>

Christianity, though already in the 4th century steeped in ideas and symbols borrowed either from Neoplatonism, the old Aegean mysticism or forms even further removed from the eternal tradition, inherited from Judaism the spirit of intolerance. Even its most enlightened apologists, those most richly nourished by classical Greek culture, such as Clement of Alexandria or Origen—who, far from rejecting ancient wisdom considered it as a preparation for the Gospels—didn't put the two pearls of wisdom on the same level. As for the great mass of Christians they regarded all the Gods of the earth as abominations or 'demons' except the one who had revealed himself to men through the Old Testament prophets, Jesus and his posthumous disciple, Paul of Tarsus—a hundred per cent Jew—; the former considered a Jew and a son of David by the Church, although his origin is unknown and his historicity has been questioned.



It is the deep connection of Christianity (and, in particular, the so-called holy Sacrifice of the Mass) with the ancient mysteries that has ensured its survival to the present day. And it was a stroke

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<sup>43</sup> **Editor's note:** Although in my forum for racials I have called the creation of Christianity a 'psyop' of Jews, there is an important clarification to be made. Jews without the complicity of Aryan governments are rather weak. Their strength comes from the collusion of the ruling white classes with Jewry to control their white population. Even medieval kings used Jewish subversion against their own people! The best metaphor to understand the phenomenon of Constantine and his treacherous successors is chess: a game in which the king and queen are flanked by a pair of bishops. Over the chessboard further away are the knights, and the rooks or towers: symbols of medieval castles. Pawns, the white folk, are mostly expendable when a medieval king faces another king in battle, just as in chess both kings and queens are flanked by a pair of bishops. From this angle, the basic aetiology of the Aryan decline is due not so much to Jewry *but the kings, emperors or modern governments that use them*. This is fundamental and will be clear from Karlheinz Deschner's books of which only the first appears on page three.



of political genius of Paul of Tarsus to have given such an interpretation to the most ancient myths of the Mediterranean world that he thereby assured for his people, over all the peoples he was destined to influence over the centuries, an indefinite spiritual domination. It was a stroke of genius (also political) of Emperor Constantine to have chosen the spread of the religion which, by spreading most rapidly, would give the ethnic chaos of the Roman world the only unity to which it could still aspire. And it was, in the case of the Germanic leader Clovis in the history of France, another stroke of genius (political, too) to have felt that nothing would ensure him permanent domination over his rivals than Christianity, where the bishops represented a power to be sought as an ally. Political genius, not religious; still less philosophical—for in all cases it was a question of power, not of truth in the full sense of the word; that is, of agreement with the eternal. Those were ambitions on the human plane, not thirsts for knowledge of the laws of Being. If it had been otherwise there would have been no reason why the religion of the Nazarene should have triumphed for so many centuries as its rivals were equal to it. It had only one practical advantage over them: its fanaticism, its childish intolerance inherited from the Jews: an intolerance which could make the Roman or the cultured Greek of the early days of the Church smile, and which the German, nurtured in his beautiful religion which was both cosmic and warlike, could rightly find absurd but which was going to give to Christianity a militant character.

Christianity could now only be fought by other religions that claimed to be as universal and as intolerant. And it is a fact that, up to now, it has only retreated on a large scale before Islam and, in our days, the false religion of Communism. Islam also was linked to the Old Testament of the Jews. It had, like it, come out of the desert but was stripped from the symbolism which links the cult of Christ to the old Mediterranean myths, Egyptian and Chaldean about the death and resurrection of the Wheat Saviour. (For the Mohammedan, Jesus-Issa is a prophet, not a god, and certainly not God). Syria, Egypt and the whole of North Africa, which had been Christian for three or four centuries, were Islamised overnight. Europe would have been conquered had it not been for the war that Charles Martel and his Franks, victorious between Tours and Poitiers in 732 (and of course, hadn't it been resisted for centuries by Spain). Certainly, an Arab victory, followed by the conquest of

the whole of Europe according to the plan conceived twenty years earlier by the brilliant Musa al-Kabir would have been, from the racial point of view, a catastrophe of the first magnitude. The Aryan race would have lost, throughout the continent, the purity it still retained in the 8th century. At most, there would have remained here and there islands of predominantly Aryan population, just as there are still regions in North Africa populated mainly by Berbers, or as there are still places in Spain where the (northern) Visigoth type has left more traces than elsewhere. On the whole, Europe would have become, as regards blood, less pure even than it is today, which isn't an understatement. But from the strict point of view of the evolution of the ideas and morals of each of its peoples, and more particularly of its religious psychology, its history would perhaps not have been very different.<sup>44</sup>

It is true that Arabic would probably have supplanted Latin, and that there would probably not have been a 'Renaissance' in the 10th century of the Hegira. Or would the Greek scholars of Constantinople (themselves Islamized?) have emigrated to the West when the Turks approached, to courts very similar to those of the Moorish capitals of Spain, and would they have awakened a nostalgia for classical Antiquity there, despite everything? Let us not forget that Aristou (Aristotle) and Aflatoun (Plato) were known and admired by Arab scholars. There would certainly have been no painting or sculpture reproducing the human form: this is contrary to the laws of Islam. The artists of Italy, Germany and the Netherlands (da Vinci, Michelangelo, Dürer and Rembrandt) would have been born. Enough Aryan blood would have remained for them to be born. And they would have given their genius an expression that was just as strong and probably just as beautiful, but different.

However, there are two features of the Christian civilisation of Europe which would have remained tragically the same: anthropocentrism, and intolerance—intolerance on all levels, what I have called the superstition of 'man.' The spirit of controversy, inherited from decadent Hellenism, wouldn't have failed to give rise to sects. The spirit of exclusiveness inherited from the Jews—the

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<sup>44</sup> **Editor's note:** It is perhaps worth mentioning that, in his after-dinner talks, Hitler held that under Islam the Aryan race would have had a better chance than under Christianity.

mania that each one must believe—would have made of these sects parties hating each other, and militating savagely against each other, for it was and is still the temperament of the European to fight savagely as soon as he has accepted the combat. There would undoubtedly have been wars of religion, and a Holy Inquisition which, in terms of horror, would have left nothing to be desired of the one that now exists. The Americas would have been discovered, conquered and exploited. The caravels would have carried the faith of the victorious Prophet instead of that of the crucified Jesus, and the standard of the Khalifs would have replaced that of the very Catholic kings. But the conquest, exploitation and proselytising would have been just as ruthless. The old cults would have been rigorously abolished as had been, twenty-five centuries earlier, the worship of the Baal and the Mother Goddesses, wherever the ‘good’ Jewish kings had extended their domination. The Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan would also have been razed to the ground. It didn’t matter that mosques had sprung up on their foundations instead of Christian cathedrals. From the point of view of Cuauhtémoc and Atahualpa and of the populations of Mexico and Peru this would have meant the same thing: the choice between conversion or death. It is true that the Jews of Antiquity hadn’t even given this choice to the worshippers of Baal and Astarte, and that in North America the Aryans morally couldn’t be more Jewish (giving enormous importance to the Old Testament). The Spaniards and the Portuguese apparently cared more about the fate of the immortal souls of ‘all men.’ They were closer to the Jews such as Paul of Tarsus, than they were to the Jews who were comrades-in-arms of Joshua, son of Nunn, King David or Jehu. Nevertheless, they were, in any case, what all good Christians are or should be according to Pope Pius XI: ‘spiritual Semites.’

Religious intolerance is a Jewish product, the Jewish product *par excellence*.

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It seems to me that I hear from all sides the objection that has been made to us from the very beginning of the Movement, from the very first speeches of the Master, from the first edition of his book. I am quoting the words, written in black and white on page 507 of the book, words which I too have recalled so many

times, in public and private meetings before, during and after the Second World War: 'Political parties tend to compromise; worldviews never do. Parties take into consideration the opposition of possible opponents; the worldviews proclaim their own infallibility.'<sup>45</sup> If this isn't the most cynical glorification of intolerance, what is? And I remember—and how!—the response of all the enemies of National Socialism, from the enthusiasts of good Parliamentary Democracy to the most rabid Communists, also theoretical defenders of so-called human rights: 'There can be no question of tolerating the intolerant...' Are we really 'intolerant'? And did the Führer, in the passage quoted, or elsewhere, exalt intolerance? Yes, he did. But it isn't the same intolerance that I have tried to describe throughout the preceding pages. It is the response to it, the reaction against it, which is very different.

In ancient times, before the virus of Jewish intolerance was spread throughout the world, we were tolerant as well as racist, as were all the Indo-Europeans and all the peoples of the world, including the Hebrews themselves before the great Mosaic reformation. I will say more. Without Judeo-Christianity our movement, with its intransigence and aggressiveness, wouldn't have existed—wouldn't have had any justification. For it can only be understood in an age of accelerated decadence. It is the supreme, desperate reaction—the reaction of people who have nothing to lose, since whatever comes of their revolution cannot be worse than what they see around them—against this decadence. Now this decadence is, as I have tried to show, linked to two attitudes that complement each other: the superstition of 'man' and the superstition of 'happiness.' It is these two superstitions which give rise to intolerance of the type I have described above, not only the Jews but all the doctrines with roots in Judaism that the Jews use, after having aroused it in other peoples, to incite those peoples to fight for them, without even knowing it. Intolerance can only be fought with the help of other intolerance based on another faith, just as terror can only be fought with terror exercised in the name of another idea.<sup>46</sup>

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<sup>45</sup> Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, German edition 1935, p. 507.

<sup>46</sup> **Editor's note:** This reminds me of Messala's words to Sextus in the 1959 film *Ben-Hur*: 'You ask how to FIGHT [great emphasis in Messala's voice] an idea. Well, I'll tell you how—with another idea!'

We fight the intolerance of the devotees of ‘man’ and those thirsty for ‘happiness’—both directly born of Judaism, and the humanitarian rationalists with scientific pretensions, fed by the same two superstitions. We are fighting against it with our intolerance, which has arisen not from the naive desire to make all men happy in this world or any other, but from the will to keep pure and strong this human minority: the biological elite that our Aryan race represents. Thus one day (probably after the end of the present time-cycle) a community may emerge which is as close to our idea of the overman—without faults or weaknesses—as the tigers are to the idea of the perfect feline. It doesn’t matter to us whether the individuals who make up this biological elite are ‘happy’ or ‘unhappy.’ The Strong have no interest in personal happiness. Their function is to ensure, from generation to generation, both the continuity of the race in its beauty and virtues, its health and the continuity of faith in natural values. The pride they feel in fulfilling this function, and the pleasure of defying those who would draw them to other tasks, must suffice for their ‘happiness.’ Happiness in the sense that the vast majority of people in consumer societies understand it—material comfort—is good for the beasts who, deprived of the Word feel no particular pride in fulfilling their functions and have neither ideological adversaries to harass nor ‘re-educators’ to challenge. It is, as I said at the beginning, their right. Even the man of the inferior races should disdain to seek it—all the more so the average Aryan, and especially the Strong.

Moreover, our intolerance, like that of the orthodox Hindus, is manifested on the plane of life, of action, not on pure thought, for we don’t *believe* that the basic propositions of our worldview are true: we *know* it. We are undoubtedly irritated by those uninformed people who persist in denying them—those who, for example, proclaim loudly that race doesn’t exist. We feel no more hostility towards them than madmen who go away repeating that two and two make five. We see that if we add two pebbles to two pebbles, and count the whole, we inevitably find four pebbles. And although this belongs to another order of ideas—the domain of natural science, and not to that of mathematics—we also see, and very clearly, that there are, among all the people who are called Indo-Europeans or Aryans, well-defined traits. That some fools—or parrots, repeating what they have been fed on television by anti-

racist propaganda—deny this doesn't change the facts. It isn't to save these fools or parrots from error, for the sake of their souls or out of respect for their reason, that we would crack down on them if we had the power to do so. But only to prevent the repercussions their speeches might have in society, and especially among the young.

Their 'reason' is so unreasonable that we have no respect for them. And we aren't interested in the fate of their souls, if they have any. But the survival of our race—still so beautiful, wherever it has remained more or less pure—and the possibilities of assertion and action in the future, however threatening it may seem, interest us deeply. It is in the name of these principles that we would, if we had the power, take ruthless measures against them. In a society in which every anti-racist, egalitarian, pacifist statement contrary to the divine wisdom of Nature—every expression of the superstition of 'man'—would be received with irresistible laughter, perhaps we wouldn't take any action. Our adversaries wouldn't be dangerous and would soon tire of it.

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I have likened our intolerance to that of the orthodox Hindus, which is so different from that of Christians and Muslims. You will soon understand why.

If some young Brahmin tells his father that he feels a special devotion to some expression, visible or invisible, of the Divine, outside the pantheon of Hinduism, whether it be Jesus, Apollonius of Tyana or some European leader of our own time, in whom he believes he has discovered the mark of the 'Avatar' or Divine Incarnation, the father will, as a rule, find nothing wrong with it. He will probably propose to his son to place the image of his God, even if he is a living man, on the domestic altar among those of the traditional divinities already there. The young man will no doubt accept. And no one in the family will mind, because in practice it won't change the rhythm of life at home: the daily rituals will be the same and the festivals will be celebrated in the same way. Nothing will change. There will be just one more image, among many, in the corner devoted to the Gods, and a thought somewhat different from that of other Hindus in the head of one of the family

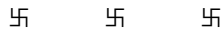
members. But thoughts cannot be seen: even expressed they only begin to be bothersome when you feel they could turn into shocking acts. Until then they are tolerated; and he who has them, even if he is, in his heart, a Christian or even a Communist, is regarded as one of the sons of the house and the caste.

But if another son of this same Brahmin, without claiming to be a son of any master, or any teaching, of any foreign God, comes and declares to his father that he has eaten forbidden food, and in the company of people of low caste that tradition forbids; or worse still, if he says he is living with a woman who isn't one of those whom the holy tradition allows him to marry, and that he has a child by her... He will then—no matter how much devotion he may have to Hindu deities, no matter what justification he may invent to excuse his actions—be rejected by the family and the caste: excommunicated, relegated to the rank of Untouchable by all orthodox Hindus. He will have to leave his village and go and live two or three kilometres away, in the agglomeration of aborigines (men of inferior race) and the descendants of excommunicates. It may not be so today in all Hindu circles. Under the violent or subtle action of the forces of disintegration, the traditional mentality is being lost in India as elsewhere. It is nevertheless true that it would have been so only a few years ago; and that it would still be so now, in those Hindu circles whose orthodoxy has resisted both the example of the foreigner and the propaganda of a government penetrated by foreign ideas. The fact remains that this attitude corresponds well with the spirit of Hinduism. I would say more: to the Indo-European spirit and even to the ancient spirit. It could be expressed in the phrase: 'Think what you like! But don't do what will destroy the purity of your race, its health or contribute to the contempt or abandonment of the customs that are its guardians.'

On the other hand, the intolerance of the religions that come from Judaism, intended for non-Jews, could be translated to something like this: *Do what you want* or something like that; *there is no action against religious or civil law that is unforgivable. But don't think anything that might lead you to question the axiological tenets of Christian, Mohammedan or nowadays Liberal-Humanitarian and Marxist doctrine.* To think or feel differently than the 'faithful' should think, is the worst of crimes. For committing it, hundreds of thousands of Europeans were tortured and eventually burned to death in the days when the Holy Office was all-powerful. Millions perished, in or out of

Europe, for refusing the message of Christianity, Islam or later triumphant Marxism. Compare all this with the already quoted point 24 of the famous 'Twenty-five Points' of the National Socialist Party programme proclaimed in Munich on 24 February 1920: 'We demand freedom of religion for all religious denominations within the state so long as they do not endanger its existence or oppose the moral senses of the Germanic race.'<sup>47</sup>

This is, of course, an open door to a certain kind of intolerance, but not to that of the murderers of Hypatia, or the judges of Giordano Bruno or Galileo. It is the justification for the only intolerance that the Ancient World practised: that of the Roman authorities who persecuted the early Christians not as adherents of any superstition, but as seditionists who refused to honour the images of the Emperor-god with the traditional grain of incense: enemies of the State. This is the condemnation of all other forms of intolerance, from the prophets and the 'good' Jewish kings of the Old Testament to the Inquisitor Fathers.



The question arises, however, as to the boundary between the two intolerances... We are tolerated only insofar as we are invisible.<sup>48</sup> And the immense hostile world in whose midst we are scattered, accustomed as it is to trust only its senses, believes us to be non-existent. Any clandestine thought is necessarily tolerated, or rather ignored, and for good reason. Tolerance of the expression of another's thoughts or faith, in a society based on norms which it seems to despise, is logically justified in only two cases. Either one considers this thought or faith as not being likely to have any influence on the social life of the individual (and even less on that of his racial brothers), or one admits its harmfulness. The Hindu who has no objection to one of his sons worshipping Jesus, rather

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<sup>47</sup> Wir fordern die Freiheit aller religiösen Bekenntnissen im Staat, solange sie nicht dessen Bestand gefährden oder gegen das Sittlichkeits – und Moralgefühl der germanischen Rasse verstoßen.

<sup>48</sup> **Editor's note:** It should be remembered that Savitri wrote her book from 1968 to 1971. Now that the racialists have come out of the closet, the System ignores its own laws; they bring false charges against them and even imprison them for thought crimes.



than the divine Incarnations known and worshipped by his parents, presupposes that his son won't break any of the ties that bind him to Brahmanical society. If he thought differently, if he suspected, for example, that the young man no longer had the same respect for the traditional laws concerning food and marriage; if he believed that he was now capable of eating flesh—and especially bovine flesh—or of procreating children outside his caste, and this because his new faith had given rise to a new mentality in him, he would be less tolerant.

The European who is refused entry to a Hindu temple is excluded not because of his metaphysics, which is held to be false, still less because of his race if he is indeed an Aryan, but because of the culinary habits attributed to him. Although Hindu society in general had long since accepted me, I was refused entry to one of the temples of Sringeri, the homeland of Shankaracharya, in South-West India on the pretext that I had been, before embracing Hinduism, a beef eater. And when I vehemently objected to this accusation, pointing out that I had always been a vegetarian, both before I came to India and afterwards, the priest told me that 'my parents, no doubt' hadn't been vegetarians. I must confess, to be fair, that I was admitted to almost every other temple in India, including the one at Pandharpur in the Mahrat country.

Hindu 'intolerance' being, like ours, essentially defensive, manifests itself against any idea or belief seen as tending to undermine the traditional social order. But it will never be exercised in respect of a different traditional order, to change it by force or even by persuasion. This is, I repeat—and it cannot be repeated too often—the intolerance of all the peoples of Antiquity minus the Jews. The judges who condemned Socrates to drinking the hemlock because he didn't believe in the gods of the city would never have dreamt of imposing Athenian gods on an Egyptian or a Persian. If they could have known in which direction the ideas would evolve and history unfold—Christian (or Muslim) proselytism, the Crusades, the Holy Inquisition—, they would have seemed as monstrous to them as they do to us. And we, who would be ready to crack down with the utmost violence on all those who, by nature or choice, would oppose the resurgence of a social and political order based on Aryan racial values, would regard as absurd any attempt to preach our values to Negroes or, in general, to peoples of other blood than ours.

Even in Europe we distinguish between the ‘North’ and the ‘South,’ the Germanic and the Mediterranean element even though the latter was already mixed with the blood of the Nordic conquerors in ancient times. After every conquest there is a gradual return to the race of the conquered if no caste system or at least no marriage laws guarantee the survival of the conquerors. If Aryans with our mentality would have conquered the Americas instead of the Spaniards and Portuguese, they would have left the temples and the worship of the native gods intact. At most, seeing that they were taken for gods from the start, they would have allowed themselves to be worshipped while trying, with all their might, to become and remain worthy of being so. And they would have punished, with exemplary severity, any intimacy between their soldiers and the native women, or at least prevented the birth of children from mixed unions.<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>49</sup> **Editor’s note:** Latin America is the perfect paradigm of the pseudo-conquest that Christianity represented. Nowadays, pure Iberian whites are almost extinct on the continent where I live.

Chapter IV  
The contempt of the average man

*'And the shame of being a man  
also stabbed his soul.'*

—Leconte de Lisle  
(*'L'Holocauste,' Poèmes Tragiques.*)

'This appalling logic,' said to me on October 9, 1948, Mr Rudolf Grassot, Assistant Chief of the Information Office of the French occupier in Baden-Baden, speaking of our intellectual consistency, without suspecting, for a single moment, to whom he was talking about. I have retained these words, which flatter us, among some other tributes—always unintentional—from the adversary, in Europe or elsewhere. Few things shock me about those mammals who profess to 'think' as much as the absence of logic. They even stress how their superiority places them over other living beings who, they believe, are devoid of it. And the more the person with whom he meets is placed in the conventional hierarchy of 'intellectuals,' that is to say, literate people with university degrees, or technicians coming out from some big school, the more this lack of discursive capacity shocks me. But I find it absolutely unbearable in anyone who proclaims himself to be both a Hitlerite and an adherent of some religious or philosophical doctrine visibly incompatible with Hitlerism.

Why is that? Why, for example, do the millions of people who say they love animals and eat meat so as not to look special, seem to me less irritating than the tens of thousands who say they are both Hitlerites and Christians? Are the former less illogical than the latter? Of course not! But they form a majority that I know in advance is lying, cowardly or weak which is almost the same thing: a majority that, despite the few interesting individuals there, I have

despised since my earliest childhood and from whom I expect nothing. Others are my brothers in the faith, or those whom I have hitherto believed to be such. They form an elite that I have loved and exalted because they wear, today as yesterday, the same sign as me—the eternal Swastika—and claim to have the same Master. This is an elite from whom I expected perfect harmony of thought with itself and with life: that absolute logic that one of our enemies, without knowing me, described before me as ‘appalling’ on 9 October 1948, the forty-first anniversary of the birth of Horst Wessel. Illogic is either stupidity or bad faith or compromise—stupidity, dishonesty or weakness. However, a Hitlerite cannot, by definition, be stupid, dishonest or weak. Anyone who is afflicted with any of these three disqualifications cannot be counted among the militant, hard and pure minority dedicated body and soul to the struggle for survival and the reign of the best—our struggle. Unfortunately, it has been necessary to accept, if not the allegiance, at least the services of a crowd of people who, seen from the outside, appeared and sounded Hitlerites but who aren’t precisely because of the lack of consistency inherent in their psychology.

What to do? They were and are—and will be for a long time to come—the numbers and the money, which no movement with a programme of action can entirely do without. They must be used but without placing too much trust in them. You shouldn’t argue with them because if they are stupid, it is useless; the same if they behave in bad faith. And if they are weak the revelation of their inconsistency may have the opposite effect on them to that which one would have wished.<sup>50</sup> As soon as Hermann Rauschning realised that he couldn’t be a Hitlerite and a Christian at the same time, he chose Christianity and wrote the virulent book *Hitler m’a dit* (*Hitler Told Me*), which the enemy hastened to translate into several languages. Rauschning was one of those who should have been left to sleep. So many asleep or logically inconsistent people are on the practical level more useful than we, the small core of uncompromising militants. In his letter of 26 June 1966, the late G.L. Rockwell, the leader of the American National Socialist Party

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<sup>50</sup> **Editor’s note:** I used to visit the forums of the American racial right daily. When after a dozen years of doing so I realised that these Christians and neochristians repudiated Hitler, I discontinued that practice. See my book *Daybreak* listed on page 3.

who was destined fourteen months later to fall to an assassin's bullet, wrote to me, among other things:

An analysis of our income shows the incontrovertible fact that the vast majority of our money comes from devout Christians. People like you cannot send a cent, and more than likely need help yourself. This is meant as no insult, simply a dramatic example of exactly what I mean in terms of practical results, which is what I have aimed for, rather than the position of ivory tower philosopher. In short, without ammunition, even the greatest general on earth would lose a war. And if the people who have a monopoly on the ammunition require me to say "abracadabra" three times every morning to get enough bullets to annihilate the enemy, then, by God, I will say "abracadabra" not three times, but nine times and most enthusiastically, regardless of whether it is nonsense, lies, or what it may be.

Once we have achieved power, it is an entirely different matter. However, I will point out that even the Master Himself didn't go overboard in the direction you indicate. There can be no question that He agreed with you—and with all really hard-core National Socialists. But He was also a realist and a damned SUCCESSFUL one at that.

Rockwell was replying to my letter of 26 April 1966 in which I had very frankly expressed my disappointment at reading some issues of the monthly *Bulletin* of the American National Socialist Party. In one of these there were three symbols side by side in three rectangles, each with a word of explanation: a Christian cross, 'Our Faith!', a flag of the United States, 'Our Country' and finally a swastika, 'Our Race.' He was responding to my criticisms, my doctrinal intransigence and demand for logic. And, from a practical point of view, he was a hundred times right. He who gives a hundred dollars to his party is certainly more useful than he who writes a hundred lines whose intrinsic value will be the same ten thousand years from now. But there is more. The man and woman of good Aryan blood who, alas, ardently hate both our Führer and ourselves but have a child destined to be, one day, one of us, are even more useful than the individual who gives our activists his financial support. Goebbels' parents, who had no sympathy for the Hitler movement, did more for it, simply by having this son, than did the German magnates who (without knowing more what they

were doing than the devout Christians of the USA whom Rockwell mentions in his letter) financed the National Socialists' election campaigns from 1926 to 1933. Each is useful in his own way. Moreover, there are services of such a different nature that they cannot be compared. Each has its value.



Newsmen and photographers surround a hearse  
Bearing the body of George Lincoln Rockwell.

Nevertheless, I reread with pride the sentence that Rockwell wrote to me a little over a year before his tragic death: ‘the Master Himself (the Führer) didn’t go overboard in the direction you indicate. There can be no question that He agreed with you—and with all really hard-core National Socialists. But He was also a realist and a damned SUCCESSFUL one at that’ whereas I, his disciple, am not. I am not a leader.<sup>51</sup> And didn’t the Führer himself at times, by making some of his most far-reaching decisions, placed the appalling logic of our worldview above his immediate material success? What else did he do, for example, when he attacked Russia, the citadel of Marxism, on June 22, 1941? or already by refusing Molotoff’s proposals on November 11, 1940? Exorbitant as these were, accepting them would have been, it seems, less tragic than risking war on two fronts.

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<sup>51</sup> **Editor’s note:** If Savitri was a priestess of ‘the sacred words’ I am a priest too, not a politician. What Rockwell ignored, and today’s American white nationalists continue to ignore, is that it is impossible to love two masters—Christ and Hitler—because like Rauschnig you’ll end up loving one and hating the other, which is why I distanced myself forever from American racialists.

Is there such a thing as objectivity in the field of values? To this question I answer yes. There is something independent of the taste of each art critic, which makes a masterpiece of painting, sculpture or poetry a masterpiece for all time. Behind every perfect creation—and not only in the field of art proper—there are secret correspondences, a whole network of proportions which themselves ‘recall’ unknown but prescient cosmic equivalences. It is these elements that link the work to the Eternal—in other words, that give it its objective value.<sup>52</sup>

On the other hand, there is no universal scale of preferences. Even if one could penetrate the mystery of the structure of eternal creations, which are human only in name because the author has effaced himself before the Force (the ancients would have said ‘the God’) who for a moment possessed him, one could never force everyone to prefer the Eternal to the temporary. Or to find a work which reflects something of the harmony of the cosmos more pleasant, more satisfying than another which reflects anything. There is good and bad taste. And there are moral consciences that are more or less similar to those of a man with an objective scale of values. But there is no more universal consciousness than there is universal taste. There is no such thing, and there can be no such thing, for the simple reason that the aspirations of men are different once they have passed the level of the most elementary needs. And even these needs are more or less pressing depending on the individual. Some people find life bearable, even beautiful without comforts, pleasures or affections, the lack of which would make other people frankly unhappy.

Different aspirations mean different preferences. Different preferences mean different reactions to the same events: different decisions in the face of the same dilemmas and therefore different ways of organising lives that might otherwise have been similar. Never forget the diversity of human beings, even within the same race, let alone from one race to another. How can people who are

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<sup>52</sup> **Editor’s note:** It is important to mention that cosmologist Roger Penrose speaks of Platonic spheres. He has speculated that beauty or aesthetics (the 14 words in my vocabulary) encompasses mathematics and that ethics (the 4 words in my philosophy) encompasses both: what in sum I call ‘the sacred words’.

so different from each other have ‘the same rights and the same duties’? There is no more universal duty than there is universal consciousness. Or, if we want to find a formula that is true for all, we must say that the duty of every man—indeed, of every living being—is to be to the fulfilment, in his visible or secret manifestations, of what he is in his deepest nature; to never betray himself. But deep natures differ. Hence the diversity of duties as well as of rights and the inevitable conflict on the level of facts, between those who have opposite duties. The Bhagawad-Gîta says: ‘Focus on fulfilling your duty (*svadharma*). The duty of another involves (for you) many dangers.’ And what, in practice, will decide the outcome of the conflict between people with opposing duties? Force. I can only think of it. If I don’t have it I have to put up with the world’s institutions that I consider criminal, given my scale of values. I can hate them. I cannot remove them with the stroke of a pen as I would if I had the power. And even those who have power cannot insofar as they need the collaboration of some men, if not of a majority, precisely to maintain the position they have conquered. But I shall speak to you later about force, the condition of any visible and sudden change, that is to say of any victorious revolution on the material plane.

I will first tell you a few words about the philosophers of ‘universal consciousness’ and the idea that derives from it: the idea of a duty that would be the same for all. First, there is Immanuel Kant, to whom we must be infinitely grateful<sup>53</sup> for having drawn the line between scientific knowledge and metaphysical speculation; between what we know or what we can know and what we can only speak about arbitrarily: knowing nothing about it or not at all. The whole part of Kant’s work that deals with the subordination of thought to the categories of space and time, and with the impossibility of going beyond the sphere of ‘phenomena’ with our conceptual intelligence, is of exemplary solidity. The recipes given by the thinker to help every man discover ‘the duty,’ which he

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<sup>53</sup> **Editor’s note:** I disagree with Savitri and agree with what anti-Christian Émile Michel Cioran wrote not only about Kant but also most philosophers: ‘We only really began to live at the end of philosophy, on its ruins: when we have realised its terrible nullity, and that it was useless to resort to it; that it was not going to be of any help to us.’ (translated from *Adiós a la Filosofía*. Barcelona, Ediciones Altaya 1998, page 106).



believes to be the same for all, are less worthy of credence precisely because they don't fall within the scope of what, according to Kant's deductions, makes up the essence of the scientific mind. We are here in the realm of values, not of 'facts' or 'phenomena.' The only fact that could be noted in this connection is the diversity of value scales. And Kant takes no account of this. He believes he bases his notion of 'duty' on that of 'reason.' And since reason is 'universal' it seems that duty must be too.

Kant doesn't realise, as his values seem indisputable to him, that it isn't 'reason' at all, but his austere Christian upbringing—pictetic, to be more precise—which dictated them to him; that he owes them not to his ability to conclude from given premises but to his spontaneous submission to the influence of the moral environment in which he was brought up. He forgets—and how many have forgotten before and after him, and still do!—that reason is powerless to set ends and to establish orders of preference; that, in the domain of values, its role is limited. 'Always act,' says Kant, 'as if the principle of your action could be set up as a universal law.' How can this 'rule' be applied to the conduct of he who only loves his family and friends? And what about the rule: 'Always act in such a way that you take the human person as an end, never as a means'? In other words: 'Never use a man.' And why not especially if, by using him, I am working in the interest of a Cause that is much greater than him: for example the cause of Life or the human elite? Man unscrupulously exploits the animal and the tree in favour of what he believes to be his interest. And Kant finds no fault with this. Why should we not exploit man? What prevents us from doing so, if we don't have civilisation, that is, a scale of values centred around the sacrosanct two-legged mammal (like Immanuel Kant and so many others; like most people born and raised in a Christian, Islamic, Jewish or simply 'secular' milieu)?

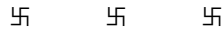
Kant's 'reason' ordered him not to exploit any human being not because this is a universal commandment, but because he loved all men like the good Christian he was. I, who don't love them all, don't feel that this duty concerns me. It isn't my duty. I refuse to submit to it. And if a man who finds the exploitation of animals and trees—and what exploitation!—quite natural dares to come and preach to me about 'respect for the human person' I would brutally send him to mind his own business.

Kant had a moral teacher, apart from the Christian teaching of his family: Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose influence was still being felt throughout Europe at that time. I can hardly imagine two men more different from each other than Rousseau, the perpetual wanderer, and the meticulous Herr Professor Immanuel Kant, whose days and years were all alike, passing according to a rigorous schedule where there wasn't the slightest room for the unexpected or the whimsical. Jean-Jacques Rousseau never misses an opportunity in his works to exalt 'reason' as well as 'virtue.' But he seems to have had no rules of conduct other than his fantasy, or his impulses, with the result that the story of his life gives an impression of inconsistency, not to say imbalance. A poet rather than a thinker he dreamed his existence; he didn't live it, and especially not according to fixed principles.

The love Rousseau professed—on paper—for children didn't prevent him from putting his five children, one after the other, in the *Assistance Publique* on the pretext that the woman who had given them to him, Thérèse Levasseur, would have been incapable of bringing them up in the spirit he would have liked. And this abandonment, repeated five times, didn't prevent him from writing a book about the education of children and—what is worse—didn't prevent the public from taking him seriously! He was taken seriously because, while believing himself to be highly original, he reflected the trends of his time; above all, the revolt of the individual against tradition in the name of 'Reason.' It isn't surprising that the enemy spirits of kings and the clergy should have chosen him as their guide, and placed the French Revolution under his sign. It seems odd that Kant should have been so strongly influenced by him. *But Kant was a man of his time*, a time when Rousseau had seduced the European intelligentsia partly by his poetic prose and paradoxes, partly by certain clichés, which come up everywhere in his work: the words 'Reason,' 'Conscience' and 'Virtue.' It was these clichés that gave Kant's limited imagination the opportunity for all the flight of which he was capable and that gave the German philosopher the form of his morality.

The content of this morality—as indeed that of Rousseau himself and all the 'philosophers' of the 18th century and before them Descartes—is drawn from the old foundation of Christian ethics, centred on the dogma of the 'dignity' of man, the only being created 'in the image of God'. In other words, with meticulous

honesty and quite Prussian application and perseverance, Kant tried to establish as a system the common humanitarian morality in Europe due to Christian morality, which Rousseau had glorified in sentimental effusions: that morality which Nietzsche was one day to have the honour of demolishing with his pen, and which we were later destined to negate by action.<sup>54</sup>



No doubt all men have something in common if only the upright posture and articulate language, which other living species don't possess. Every species is characterised by something which all its members have in common and that the members of other species lack. The flexibility and purr of felines are traits that no other species can claim. We don't dispute that all human races have several features in common, simply because they are human. What we *do* dispute is that these common traits are more worthy of our attention than are the enormous differences between races. In our eyes a Negro or a Jew, or a Levantine without a well-defined race has neither the same duties nor the same rights as a pure Aryan. They are different: they belong to worlds which, whatever their points of contact may be on the material plane, remain alien to each other. They are different by nature—biologically Others. The acquisition of a so-called common culture cannot bring them together except superficially and artificially because 'culture' is nothing if it has no deep roots in nature.

Our point of view isn't new. Already the *Laws of Manu* assign to the Brahmin and the Shudra, and the people of each caste, different duties and rights and very different penalties to the possible murderers of members of different castes. Caste is, and was in ancient India, linked to race. It is called *varna* which means

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<sup>54</sup> **Editor's note:** Savitri hits the nail on the head. Precisely my site *The West's Darkest Hour* demonstrates that Christian ethics is the underlying cause of the continuing extinction of the Aryan, especially since the contemporary heirs of the values of the French Revolution are not true apostates from Christianity (not even the anti-Catholic Jacobins). A true apostate, as Nietzsche saw, not only repudiates Christian dogma but especially its scale of values, which, with enormous force, permeates our secular world.

colour and also *jat*, race. Less far from us in time, and in this Europe where the contrasts between races have never been so extreme, the legislation of the Merovingian Franks, like that of the Ostrogoths of Italy and the other Germanics established in conquered countries, provided for the murder of a man of the Nordic race penalties out of proportion to those incurred by the murderer of a Gallo-Roman or an Italian, especially if the latter was of servile condition. That was justified by healthy racism. On the other hand, we don't understand this priority given to 'man,' whoever he may be, over any subject of another living species for the sole reason that 'he is a man.' It is all very well for the followers of man-centred religions to believe in this priority and to take it into account in all the steps of their daily life. For them, this is the object of an article of faith, the logical consequence of a dogma. And faith cannot be discussed. But the fact that so many thinkers and so many people who, like them, don't belong to any church, who even fight against any so-called revealed religion, have the same attitude; that they deny us the right not only to kill without suffering, but even to sterilise defective human beings when the life of a healthy and strong animal doesn't count in their eyes, and that they will, without remorse, cut down a beautiful tree whose presence 'bothers them' is what shocks us deeply, what revolts us.<sup>55</sup>

All these self-styled independent minds, all these 'free' thinkers are, just as the believers of the man-centred religions and so-called human 'dignity,' slaves of the prejudices that the West and a large part of the East have inherited from Judaism. If they have rejected the dogmas and mythology of anthropocentric religions, they have retained their values in their entirety. This is as true of the 18th-century Deists as it is of our atheistic Communists.

Although most anti-Communist Christians indignantly reject the idea, there is a profound parallelism between Christianity and Marxism. Both are originally Jewish products. Both have received the imprint of a more or less decadent Aryan thought: that of the subtle Hellenistic philosophy, overloaded with allegories and ready to accept the most unexpected syncretisms. In the case of the latter, the propensity to replace faith in traditional ideas by faith as presented in the name of 'Science' I will call scientism. And above

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<sup>55</sup> **Editor's note:** See *Hojas Susurrantes* (Whispering Leaves), the leaves of my tree, also listed on page 3.

all, both are centred on the same values: the cult of man as the only being created in the image and likeness of the god of the Jews, or simply as a being of the same species as the Marxist who glorifies him. The practical result of anthropocentrism is the same, whatever its source. It is precisely this anthropocentrism, common to Christianity, Communism and to all ‘humanisms,’ that served as the philosophical cement for the seemingly incongruous alliance of the Western world and the Soviet Union during the Second World War. It was, in the eyes of more than one Christian, quite painful to feel the glorious ally of atheistic Communism in the struggle against us, followers of Adolf Hitler. Moreover many westerners, Christian or not, felt more or less confused that this alliance was, politically, a mistake. The voice of Germany’s leader, who was calling more and more desperately for them to ‘save Europe,’ sometimes troubled them.

And yet it wasn’t in the ranks of the Legion of French Volunteers or any similar organisation that they were finally found, but in the members of some resistance, anti-German no doubt, but also and inevitably anti-Aryan. Their subconscious had warned them that by following the wisest political course of action they would have betrayed what was more important to them than politics: their world of values.<sup>56</sup> The post-war authors of the Resistance were soon to repeat, over and over again for a quarter of a century that Hitlerism is, like all racism based on the idea of a natural elite, the negation of man. This Europe that the Führer invited them to forge with him wasn’t the one they wanted to preserve. And the atheistic Bolshevism seemed to them, on balance, less frightening than the spirit of our doctrine. But there is more. Very few of those who sincerely believed themselves to be our allies, and who fought and died with our people in the struggle against anti-Aryan values, understood the true meaning of the Führer’s message. Most of the combatants of the Legion of French Volunteers were Christians who believed they were fighting for the accepted values of Western Christian civilisation. Robert Brasillach was profoundly Christian and he realised that we were—and are—an *ecclesia* and that this *ecclesia* or Church can only be the rival to the

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<sup>56</sup> **Editor’s note:** And nowadays, none of the main forums of American white nationalism celebrate, every April 20th, the anniversary of uncle Adolf (but as I said, I don’t visit those sites anymore).

one that conquered Europe from the 4th to the 12th century. Moreover, this type of man apparently preferred Italian, and especially Spanish, fascism to German National Socialism. It was the social side of both—the comradeship, independently of any philosophy—that attracted him. The enthusiasm that this national fraternity inspired made him close his eyes to the pagan character of Hitlerism. Even among us—the Germans who had followed the swastika banner from the beginning of the Movement—very few understood what was happening, not politically but in terms of values.

Few realised that a spiritual revolution—a negation of the anthropocentric values that had been accepted by almost everyone without question for centuries, and a return to the natural, cosmic values of a forgotten civilisation—was taking place before their eyes. Some of them realised this, felt cheated in their early hopes and left the movement like Hermann Rauschning, or betrayed it with the tragic consequences that we know. Others, a minority, welcomed this revolution in values—precisely that to which they had, more or less consciously, always aspired. Those are the rock on which the Hitler *ecclesia* is built.



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

Philosophically, one could define or describe Hitlerism as the search for the Eternal in and through the love and service of tangible, living perfection. The perfection of a living species is the ‘idea’ of that species in the Platonic sense of the word; or, if one prefers to use Aristotle’s language, it is its entelechy: what it ideally tends towards. The more complex a living species is—the more hidden possibilities it has—the more difficult it is to discover individuals, or groups of individuals, that are faithful to the ‘idea’ of this species, that is, perfect. Of all the visible beings on our Earth, man is the one with the widest range of possibilities, and it is in him that perfection is the most difficult to find. And the criterion which

allows it possible is to speak about a natural hierarchy of human races, the extent to which each race can make the 'idea of man' a living reality. That is, to present, in the face and body of its nationals, the harmony which is the very essence of beauty; and, in their psyche, the virtues that distinguish the superior man: the one I have sometimes called 'the candidate for Superhumanity.' I insist that the idea of a 'superior race' is statistical. None of us has ever been so foolish as to believe that all specimens of one human race could be, merely by belonging to that race, necessarily 'superior' to all specimens of all other races. Some non-Aryans are superior to some Aryans, even the 'average' Aryan. Hindu saints of low caste such as Tukaram, or even below any caste like Nandanar, were certainly closer to the eternal than many 'twice-born' Aryans—especially those Aryans of today, corrupted by the lust for material goods.

This is not to say that, statistically, the Aryan isn't closer to the 'idea of the perfect man' than the man of the other races, even the noble ones, just as within the Aryan race itself the Nordic is statistically closest to the same idea in the Platonic sense of the word. Warrior courage is perhaps one of the virtues most equally prevalent in both the purebred (or nearly purebred) Aryan and the non-Aryan. But there are traits which, while not exclusive to the Aryan or more particularly to the Nordic, are undoubtedly more common in the latter than elsewhere. I will mention three of them: physical beauty; the fact that he can be relied upon, that he doesn't promise what he cannot give, that he doesn't lie (or lies less than most nationals of other races) and finally, the fact that he has more respect than they for the animal and the tree, and more kindness than they have towards all living beings.

And this last trait seems to me essential. I cannot, indeed, consider as superior any race—any human community, however outwardly beautiful and gifted it may be—if too large a percentage of the individuals composing it despise and treat like things the beautiful living beings who, by nature, cannot take a stand for or against any cause, and therefore cannot hate. The superior man—the candidate for superhumanity—cannot be the torturer or even the shameless exploiter of living nature. He will be the admirer; I would even say, the adorer: the one who, to use the words of Alfred

Rosenberg, 'sees the divine in all that lives: in the animal, in the plant.'<sup>57</sup> He can be—indeed, he must be—merciless towards man, the enemy of this natural Order, with which he has identified himself and whose beauty he is enamoured. But far from inflicting pain on an innocent creature, or allowing others to inflict it directly or indirectly, if he can prevent it he will, whatever is in his hands, and ensure that every beast he meets lives happily; that every tree that grows in his path escapes, too, from the innate barbarity of the inferior man, ready to sacrifice everything for his benefit and comfort, or the benefit and comfort of his own, even of 'humanity.'

Any overestimation of oneself is a sign of stupidity. All anthropocentrism is an overestimation of the collective 'self' of the two-legged mammal, all the more blatant as this self doesn't exist; they are only collective selves each corresponding to more or less extensive and more or less homogeneous human groups. Hence it follows that all anthropocentrism is a sign of double stupidity, and generally of collective stupidity. What are we reproached with when we say that we 'deny man'? We are reproached for rejecting anthropocentrism. We are reproached for placing the notion of the elite—living aristocracy, human or non-human—above the notion of any man, and for sacrificing not only the sick to the healthy, the weak to the strong, the deficient to the normal individual or above normal, but also the mass to the elite. We are reproached for taking the elite of our Aryan race as the end, and the mass (all human masses, including those in our Aryan countries) as the means. And when I say 'mass' I don't mean people, but average and below-average humanity not so much as to what its representatives know, but as to what they are: their character and their possibilities. Our Führer came from 'the people' but didn't belong to 'the mass.'

We are reproached for our disgust with the failed creature who has irrevocably turned his back to the ideal archetype of his race, our horror of the morbid, the quirky, the decadent, of everything that deviates without return from the crystalline simplicity of elementary form, absolute sincerity and deep logic. We are reproached for our militant nostalgia for the time when the visible order of the world faithfully reflected the eternal order, the

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<sup>57</sup> Quoted by Maurice Bardèche in *Nuremberg ou les faux-monnayeurs*, first edition, p. 88.



divine order; for our fight for the reestablishment, at whatever cost, of the reign of eternal values—our fight against the tide of Time.

Now, as I said above, man is the only living being on earth who has, even within the same race, mental and moral dregs. He is the only one who, not being strictly defined by his species, can rise above it to the point of merging (or almost merging) with the ideal archetype that transcends it: the overman. *But he can also stoop (and does stoop, in fact, more and more in the age in which we live) below not only the minimum level of value that one would hope to find in his race, but below all animate creatures.* We are reproached for preferring the healthy and beautiful beast—what am I saying?—the healthy and beautiful tree to the fallen man. This is the one who, born in an inferior race in the process of approaching more and more the monkey, has no chance of ascending to superhumanity, either for himself or his descendants. Or whether it is about individuals or groups of individuals of a superior race, but to whom any possibility of such an ascension is prohibited, because of physical, psychic or mental corruption, or all three at once, which they have inherited from degenerate ancestors or acquired as a result of their lifestyles.

In the preface he wrote for the first French edition of the table talks attributed to Adolf Hitler, and published under the title of *Free Remarks on War and Peace*, Count Robert d'Harcourt recalls that the Führer 'loved animals' and that he, in particular, wrote pages of charming freshness about dogs.<sup>58</sup> The French academician compares this with the cynicism of the head of state, in whose eyes political wisdom was 'in inverse ratio to humanity.'<sup>59</sup> 'Humanity towards beasts,' he says, 'bestiality towards men: we have known this mystery of coexistence.' And he adds that those who, in the German concentration camps, sent their victims to the gas chambers 'were the same ones who bandaged, with a nurse's delicacy, the leg of a wounded dog.'<sup>60</sup> To these remarks of an opponent of Hitlerism I would add all that the Führer did for the animal (and the tree itself) in the spirit of the immemorial Aryan

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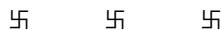
<sup>58</sup> *Libres propos sur la Guerre et la Paix*, 1952 edition, Preface, p. xxiii.

<sup>59</sup> Ibid.

<sup>60</sup> **Editor's note:** To understand this apparent paradox the reader could familiarise himself with what I say in the last book within the volume *¿Me Ayudarás?*

conception of the world: the banning of traps, as well as of hunting with hounds, and the restriction of hunting of any kind, as far as this was still possible in German society; the suppression of vivisection—that disgrace to man—as well as of all the atrocities connected with the slaughter of animals.<sup>61</sup> The use of the automatic pistol was compulsory in all cases, including pigs, and I met a peasant woman in Germany who assured me that she had served a four-year sentence in a concentration camp for having killed a pig with a knife out of treachery, so as not to have to pay the man to whom she should have entrusted the painless slaughter of the animal.

I would add that Adolf Hitler, himself a vegetarian, dreamed of eliminating the horrible slaughterhouse industry, even if it was to be ‘humanised,’ step by step ‘after the war’ as he declared to Goebbels on 26 April 1942.<sup>62</sup> Far from shocking me by their contrast with all the exceptional measures taken against human beings currently or potentially dangerous, these laws and projects appear, to me, as one of the glories of the Third Reich: one more reason to be proud of my Hitlerian faith. On the other hand, Count Robert d’Harcourt represents the public opinion of the West in general, both Christian and rationalist. His point of view is that of all those who fought against us. It is even the viewpoint of some of those who collaborated with us only for political reasons despite our ‘negation of man’, not because of it, in the name of a common scale of values.



Yes: we are accused of ‘denying man’ by placing the last of the healthy animals, the smallest healthy plant—the last of the dandelions, perfect on its level—above the human waste, the mentally retarded, let alone the idiot. The animal or plant aristocracy are above the *Untermensch*, even the apparently normal: the raceless and characterless human being, smug and cowardly,

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<sup>61</sup> *Reichsjagdgesetz*: the complete collection of laws enacted under the Third Reich concerning hunting.

<sup>62</sup> *Goebbels Diaries*, published after the war in 1948 by the occupation authorities in Germany (American Eagle Books edition, p. 220).

petty and incapable of thinking for himself and essentially selfish. We are reproached for advocating the physical suppression of the demented, the profoundly retarded, the idiots and monsters who, at taxpayers' expense, clutter up the asylums of 'civilised' countries; and the sterilisation of people afflicted with dangerous heredity. We are reproached, perhaps more than anything else, for having allowed German physiologists and doctors to experiment on human enemies of the Reich taken from the concentration camps, even though they were forbidden to use animals; in other words, for having shown more consideration for the animal than for the actual or even potential ideological enemy. Above all, this is what most of our adversaries, stuffed with 'de-nazifying' propaganda for more than twenty-five years, have in mind when they declare that we 'deny man.'

The first step would be to agree on the connotation (and hence the denotation) of this concept of 'man,' of which so much is made. It is, apparently, the connotation they give it that interests our detractors the most. They call 'man' any upright primate capable of articulate speech to whom they automatically attribute 'reason' and, if they are Christians, an immortal soul created in the image of god. But it is the upright posture and the articulate language, traits that are obvious, that blind these friends of man about the less obvious presence of other characteristics.

Our adversaries place the idiot above the most beautiful of beasts! It isn't enough for us to grant a primate the name of man, and the respect that is attached to it that this creature stands preferably on its hind legs, and is capable of emitting articulated sounds that have a meaning. It isn't enough for us, all the more so, that he should have, without even presenting these two characters, a silhouette vaguely similar to that of one of us. We want him to possess that minimum of intelligence which will enable him to think for himself, and that minimum of nobility will make him impervious to certain debasing influences: incapable of certain temptations and petty or cowardly acts. We do want, if not to love, at least to respect all men in the same way as we respect all beautiful living beings, animals and plants, in which we feel more or less attenuated reflections of the divine, the Eternal. But for this to happen they must be 'Men' in the strongest sense of the word. We are ready to respect those who, if they aren't already ideologically ours, would be worthy of becoming so in our eyes.

In my first new contact with Europe, after the disaster of 1945, I wrote to a Hindu correspondent, after quoting Nietzsche's phrase about the intermediate character of man and a rope stretched between animality and superhumanity: 'The rope is now broken. There are no more men on this godforsaken continent; there is only a superhuman minority of true Hitlerians and... an immense majority of apes.'<sup>63</sup> Such then was the contrast between the dazzling elite of the faithful whom I exalted in the first of my post-war books<sup>64</sup>: 'Those men of gold and steel whom defeat cannot deter, whom terror and torture cannot break, whom money cannot buy' and the rest of the Europeans. Since then, I have seen this precious minority gradually renew itself, while remaining profoundly the same, like the waters of a lake fed by a river. Many of the *Alien Kämpfer* (old militants) of the glorious years have died, and more grew weary of waiting for the impossible return of the dawn. Or they grew weary of waiting for what they had so long taken to be 'a dawn', the Aryan renaissance, and sunk into the apathy of those who no longer hope even though hope was indispensable to them. Only the Strong remained who had no use for hope because, while contributing through their activity (and by the magical fervour of their thought, when all action is forbidden to them) they have transcended Time. Only those who don't need to 'believe,' because they know, are left standing.

And around these few survivors of the wreckage of the most beautiful of races I have seen in this quarter of a century, a hard and silent elite of young people grouping—consciously known to each of them or not, it doesn't matter. They are small in number, no doubt, but oh joy! of a quality which the vast hostile world doesn't suspect. I have seen growing here and there, outside of what may seem to the historian our definitive ruin, the miraculous fruits of the unparalleled ordeal of boys and girls of twenty strong, willing to do something without hope as well as success: intelligent enough to understand once and for all that Truth doesn't depend

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<sup>63</sup> **Editor's note:** What for decades, even before I discovered Savitri, I have called 'Neanderthals' in my soliloquies.

<sup>64</sup> *Gold in the Furnace* written in 1948-1949.

on the visible. One of them<sup>65</sup> said to me in 1956, and others have repeated to me more than ten years later: 'I oppose and will continue all my life to oppose the current of decadence, convinced as I am of the eternity of the Hitlerian ideal, although I know that we won't see, until the end of time, the equivalent of the Third German Reich. We must fight ceaselessly and without fail, even knowing in advance that we are overwhelmed. One must fight because this is the duty of the Aryan of our time, and of all times to come.'<sup>66</sup> I then thought of Goebbels' words uttered amidst all the horror of the disaster: 'After the flood, us!'

Was it the nature of this disaster to bring forth to the continent a few young people (mostly Germans, but not necessarily) whose spontaneous mentality, corresponding exactly to the teachings of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, matches the prototype of the Arya of old? And was the resurrection, in our time, of the ethic of imperturbable serenity within untiring action—the wisdom of the divine warrior—to be the result of the Passion of Germany? Perhaps. If so, it was worth surviving the disaster to witness this resurrection. It was worth wandering from year to year among all the apes of the consumer societies to make sure, finally, that the spirit of the Leader and the Master wouldn't disappear with the death of the last of the militants of the old guard, but would continue to animate in its hardness and purity a spiritual as well as racial aristocracy which hadn't been born in 1945. This aristocracy is, for us, the true 'Man': the man who strives for superhumanity through discipline, the selection of blood and the cultivation of ancestral honour and divine indifference. Indifference to all that isn't essential and strives for the humility of the individual before the Race and the eternity it reflects, and feels contempt for all cowardice, all lies and all weakness.<sup>67</sup>

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<sup>65</sup> Uwe G., born on 21 July 1935.

<sup>66</sup> **Editor's note:** This last generation of convinced National Socialists is now dead. A couple of days ago, as I write this footnote, I sent an e-mail to a German older than me (but born after 1945) who can still be categorised as the type Savitri describes above. I told him in alarm that we were the last and that a child would have to be adapted to be educated in National Socialism or our cause would die.

<sup>67</sup> **Editor's note:** Here you see why the true advocates of National Socialism, that after 1945 we might start calling the priesthood

During this quarter of a century I have gradually rediscovered this category of people whom my atrocious shock with post-war Europe had at first distracted my attention. That is, the men of goodwill, the good people who keep their word and are capable of a good deed that brings them no profit; who, for example, would go out of their way to rescue an animal without, however, being capable of extreme sacrifice. They aren't the Strong, and certainly not us. But they aren't apes. In an intelligent sorting they should be spared. Among their children there could be future militants of Hitlerism. A reading, a conversation at a crucial moment or a small thing, can decide the evolution of each of them. One must be careful not to despise what is healthy, but not waste one's time and energy in trying to hold back what is predestined to sink into the mass of non-thinkers: a mass that is sometimes usable but never respectable or likeable.

To say that 'man thinks' or that he is a 'thinking being' is to say that if any individual is a man—if he possesses upright posture and speech—it follows that he is also capable of thinking. In case he isn't able to do so, the upright posture, the articulate word and the other features are insufficient to define him and don't oblige anyone to treat him as a Man. Now, a person doesn't think if he tells you, in all seriousness, that a piece of information is certainly correct because it was transmitted to him by his television set. Or that a value judgement must certainly be accepted because he has read the statement in a newspaper, magazine book or on a poster, wherever it is printed. He doesn't 'think' any more than does a gramophone whose needle faithfully follows record grooves. Change the record and the machine will change its language or its music. Similarly, change the TV broadcasts, which millions of families watch every night; the radio programs, or pay the press to print other propaganda and encourage the publication of other magazines and books, and in three months you will change the reactions of a people. Why, great Gods, should we treat as Men

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of the sacred words, should despise the cowardly men of the current racial right (see my book *Daybreak*).

those millions of gramophones of flesh and blood who don't think any more than their metal and Bakelite colleagues? The latter cannot think, and it would be absurd to ask them to. They have neither brains nor nerves. They are objects. The individual—the two-legged mammal—who comes to me and insists that 'six million' Jews, men, women and children died in the gas chambers of the German concentration camps, and who gets angry if I show him that this number has one (or perhaps two) extra zeros, is worse than an object. He has a brain but doesn't use it, or he only uses it to dumb himself down more and more, refusing any opportunity to exercise what little critical thinking he still possesses after more than forty years of anti-Hitler conditioning. This kind of propaganda started already before 1933: between 1920 and 1930. I was in Europe then and remember it—and how!

Moreover, he blames (or mocks) the people of the Middle Ages for believing without question everything the Church told them and everything written in the Gospels, as if the authority of the Church and the Gospels weren't equal to that of television or the magazine. He refuses to admit it because the propaganda he has ingested has told him otherwise: that we aren't and have never been conditioned. Why, then, should I give him more respect than to an object—especially since, precisely because of his nearly perfect indoctrination, he has become for me, for the cause I serve, totally useless? What if, moreover, he isn't even good? For example, if I know, having seen him in action, that he wouldn't hesitate to tear off a tree branch that is in his way or to throw a stone at a dog? Why—in the name of what—should I feel obliged to prefer him to the dog he once injured, or the tree he mutilated in passing in the name of his 'human dignity'? What dignity is that of a living, evil, dangerous gramophone capable of inflicting gratuitous suffering and creating ugliness! I deny any dignity there. Should I love him 'because he is my brother'? The tree and the dog and all living beings, beautiful and innocent, who at least have no ideas neither their own nor those of television *are* my brothers. I don't, in any way, feel that this individual is more my brother than any of them. Why should I give him priority over them? Because he walks like me on his hind legs?

That's not a good reason. I don't care about standing upright when it doesn't go hand in hand with real thought and a superior character: a character from which all meanness and

pettiness are excluded. And when the articulated Word serves only to express ideas which hadn't been created by the one who thinks he has them, but merely received them—and false ideas to boot—I prefer, by far, the silence of animals and trees.



## Chapter V

### History, action and the timeless

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

—Leconte de Lisle  
'Villanelle' *Poèmes Tragiques*

Have you ever worried about the irremediable flight of hours, and the impossibility of going back in time? And have you felt how we are prisoners of time in all that concerns our sensitive experience? Prisoners of space, certainly, since we are material bodies, even if we aren't only that and a body cannot be conceived independently of its position. But even more so prisoners of time, since a temporal succession is necessarily oriented and can only be experienced in a direction from the past: frozen in its irrevocability towards the future, perhaps just as irrevocable but apprehended as an infinity of possible situations. And this, more or less probable virtualities as long as it hasn't become 'present,' that is to say, definitive history.

There is, of course, a limit to the possibilities that a body of flesh, blood and nerves such as ours can travel through space. Men have managed, at the price of enormous inconvenience, to leave the field of attraction of the Earth of which they had hitherto been the captives and to launch themselves beyond it. Oh, not very far! Only as far as the Moon, the immediate vicinity of our planet. (It should be said in passing that it was Aryans, one Aryan especially, the mathematician von Braun, who made this feat possible, and the other Aryans who achieved it.) This is only the beginning. But this

'first step' allows all hopes, say the experts who have studied the question. What they pompously call 'the conquest of space' would only be a matter of technical progress, thus of study and patience.

There is, however, a limit it seems. For if technical progress is indefinite so is physical space. It is unwise to make predictions in this area. Who could have said, only a few decades ago, that men would one day actually see our Earth rising and setting: a huge luminous disc, blue and white, against a black background on the lunar horizon? It seems very unlikely to me that man will ever venture outside our solar system which is so vast on our scale, and so infinitesimal on the cosmic scale. But it remains certain that, even if it remains forever impossible in practice to cross a limit (of which we are still unaware), we can nevertheless imagine an indefinite expansion in this direction. Beyond the last limit reached, whether within the solar system or further away, there will always be an untravelled distance that we could travel if we had more powerful means. There is no theoretical limit. Space is essentially what can be travelled in every direction. There would be no practical limit for a hypothetical explorer who wouldn't need to eat, sleep and wear out and who operated a transport device capable of renewing its driving energy. And even if it can never be materially realised one can imagine such a journey lasting forever, through space.

On the other hand, we know that, even with the help of the most excellent memory, it is impossible to go back in time and follow the course of time beyond tomorrow, or even tonight. I mentioned above the irrevocability of the past, which can be forgotten or distorted and is bound to be distorted even when we try to reconstruct it impartially. But time cannot change and is now out of reach, as if printed forever in an immense impersonal and infallible memory: the memory of the Universe out of our reach but also out of range, unknowable, because it isn't directly relivable. We often hear it said that 'the past is nothing,' that 'what is no longer is as if it had never been.' I, for one, have never been able to understand this claim. Perhaps I have too much memory. It isn't the absence of the past—the impossibility of 'recapturing' it—that strikes me most but its eternal presence: the impossibility of altering the slightest detail of it. What is done, or said or thought *has been done, said or thought*. One can do something else, say something else and direct one's thoughts in a completely different direction. But

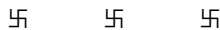
these 'other things,' this 'converted' thought turned in another direction are new irrevocable things superimposed on the first without destroying it.

I have, as far back as I can remember, always felt this. As a child I attended a free school, a Catholic school, and took catechism lessons with the other little girls. We were told, among other things, that 'God can do anything.' Having each time reflected on such a statement I ventured one day to ask for the floor, and said, as soon as I was free to speak: 'I came to class today at eight o'clock in the morning, Lyon time. Can God make it so that this is no longer true, but that I came, let us say, at half-past eight, still Lyon time? Can he change the past?' Since the teacher was unable to answer my question in a way that satisfied my young mind I detached myself a little more from the idea of this all-too-human 'God' that was being presented to me: the god whose shocking partiality towards man had begun, at the dawn of my life, to repulse me. And the irrevocability of the past, of the present moment as soon as it fell into the past, always haunted me: a source of joy, a source of anxiety, a precious knowledge since it dominated the conduct of my life.

More than forty years later, in 1953, I was to write a prose poem, each stanza of which ends with the words: 'While we never forget, never forgive.' I evoked there the memory of the glory that was the Third German Reich, and also of my bitterness (and that of my comrades) at the thought of the relentless persecution of our people, and of all the efforts made after the Second World War to kill our Hitlerian faith. This attitude wasn't, for me, new. At the age of eight, only a few months before the First World War, had I not once declared that I 'hated Christianity because it makes it a duty of the faithful to forgive'? I was revolted at the idea of 'forgiveness' granted to children guilty of torturing insects or other defenceless animals, as well as to grown-ups who have committed gratuitous atrocities at any time, provided that the cowardly, and therefore degrading act is followed by repentance, however tardy. Forgiveness or forgetting can completely change the relationship between people, as long as it is given wholeheartedly. It cannot change what is once and for all stereotyped in the past. It isn't even certain that the relationship between individuals and entire peoples would improve much, if the former began to practice forgiveness of offences, trivial and serious and if they suddenly suppressed the

teaching of history among their young people. They would stop hating each other for the reasons they are despised, or at least opposed, today. But given human nature with its lusts, vanity and selfishness they would soon discover other pretexts for enmity.

Animals have short memories, and how! Each generation, unaware of man's repeated cruelties, is ready to trust him again, and in the case of domesticated animals to give him the unconditional love of which only unreasoning beings are capable. And yet... this total oblivion doesn't improve at all the conduct of men towards the rest of creation. Wouldn't the forgetting of history have, between men this time, a similar result or rather a similar lack of result? In any case, no 'new beginning' however happy, can obscure what once happened. To have been—even once—is, in a way, to be forever. Neither forgetting nor forgiveness, nor even in the indefinite succession of millennia, can do anything about it. And the smallest events, the smallest on our scale, are as indelible as those we consider the most important. Everything 'exists' in the manner of things 'past': past in the eyes of individuals who can only live their experience according to a 'before' and an 'after.'



Perhaps the notion of the irrevocable 'existence' of the past is of little consolation to those tormented by nostalgia for happy times, lived or imagined. Time refuses to suspend its flight at the plea of the poet enamoured of fleeting beauty—whether it be an hour of silent communion with the beloved woman (and, through her and beyond her, the harmony of the spheres), or an hour of glory or communion in the glare of fanfares, the thunder of arms or the roar of frenzied crowds with the soul of a whole people and, through it, the divine. It is possible, sometimes, and usually without any special effort of memory, to relive, as if in a flash, a moment of one's past and with incredible intensity, as if one's self-consciousness were suddenly hallucinated without the senses being the least bit affected. A small thing—a taste, very present, like that of the *petite* Madeleine cited by Proust—is enough to put, for an instant, the consciousness in a state that it 'knows' to be the same as the one it knew, years and sometimes decades or more than half a century earlier. This could be a state of euphoria, anxiety or even

anguish depending on the moment that has miraculously re-emerged from the mist of the past: a moment that hadn't ceased to 'exist' in the manner of things past, but which suddenly takes on the sharpness and relief of the present, as if a mysterious spotlight directed the daylight of the living actuality. But these experiences are rare. And if it is possible to evoke them they don't last long, even among very capable people of evoking their memories. Moreover, they only concern—except in very exceptional cases—the personal past of the person who revives such a state or such an episode, not the historical past.

Yet some people are much more interested in the history of their people—or even that of other people—than in their own past. And although scholars, whose job is to do so, succeed in reconstructing as best they can from relics and documents what at first sight appears to be the essentials of history, it is no less certain that the past of the civilised world escapes us. We know it indirectly and in bits and pieces that our investigators try to put together, like a game of patience in which half or three-quarters of the puzzle are missing. And even if we possessed all the elements we would still not know it because to know is to live, or re-live, and no individual subjected to Time can live history. What this individual can, at most, know directly—live and what he can then remember, sometimes with incredible clarity—is the history of his time insofar as he has contributed to making it; in other words, his history situated in a whole that exceeds it and often crushes him.

This is undoubtedly a truer story than the one that scholars will one day reconstruct. For what appears to be the essence of an epoch, studied through documents and remains, isn't. What is essential is the atmosphere of an epoch or a moment within it: the atmosphere that can only be grasped through the direct experience of someone who lived it: one whose personal history is steeped in it. Guy Sajer, in his admirable book *The Forgotten Soldier*, has given us the essence of the Russian campaign from 1941 to 1945. He was able to put in his pages such a force of suggestion precisely because, along with thousands of others in this campaign of Russia in the ranks of the Wehrmacht and the elite Grossdeutschland division, it represents a slice of his own life.

When, three thousand years from now, historians want to have an idea of what the Second World War was like on this particular front, they will get a much better idea by reading Sajer's

book than by trying to reconstruct, with the help of impersonal documents, the advance and retreat of the Reich's armies. But I repeat, they will acquire an *idea* of it, not the knowledge much in the way we have one about the decline of Egypt on the international scene by the end of the 20th Dynasty through what remains of the Wenamon report, special envoy of Ramses XI (or rather, the high priest Herihor) to Zakarbaal, king of Gebal or Gubla which the Greeks call Byblos, in 1117 b.c.e.

Nothing gives us a more intense experience of what I have called in other writings the 'bondage of Time' than this impossibility of letting our 'Self-travel' in the historical past that we haven't lived, and of which we cannot therefore 'remember.' Nothing makes us feel our isolation within our epoch like our inability to live directly, in some other time or country; to travel in time as we travel in space. We can visit the whole earth as it is today, but not see it as it once was. We cannot, for instance, immerse ourselves in the atmosphere of the temple of Karnak—or even only one street in Thebes—under Themose III, or to find ourselves in Babylon at the time of Hammurabi, or with the Aryas before they left the old Arctic homeland, or among the artists painting the frescoes in the caves of Lascaux or Altamira as we can travel there on foot or by car, train, boat or plane. And this impression of a definitive barrier—which lets us guess some outlines but prohibits us forever from a more precise vision—is all the more painful because the civilisation we would like to know directly is chronologically closer to us, while being qualitatively more different from the one in whose midst we are forced to remain!<sup>68</sup>

History has always fascinated me: the history of the whole world in all its richness. But it is particularly painful for me to know that I'll never be able to know pre-Columbian America directly by

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<sup>68</sup> **Editor's note:** When I read these passages I understood better my infatuation with the fictional figure of Bran the Broken, the greenseer lad in George R.R. Martin's fiction. Retrocognitively, that is paranormally, Bran (depicted with his wolf under a Weirwood tree in the following illustration) could see the past as it actually happened. Countless times I have told myself that if I had that magical gift, the first thing I would do would be to visually visit Sparta and see the blond Spartan women and men in those pageants where their beauty showed them in all their Aryan glory!

going to live there for a while; that it will never again be possible to see Tenochtitlan or Cuzco, as the Spaniards first saw them four hundred and fifty years ago or less, that is to say yesterday.

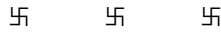


As a teenager, I cursed the conquerors who changed the face of the New World. I wished that no one had discovered it so that it would have remained intact. Then we could have known it without going back in time; we could have known it as it was on the eve of the conquest, or rather as a natural evolution would have modified it little by little over four or five centuries, without destroying its characteristic traits. But my real torment, since the disaster of 1945, has been the knowledge that it is now impossible for me to have any direct experience of the atmosphere of the German Third Reich in which I didn't, alas, live. Believing that it was to last indefinitely—that there would be no war or that, if there were, Hitlerian Germany would emerge victorious—I had the false impression that there was no hurry to return to Europe and that, moreover, I was useful to the Aryan cause where I was.

Now that it is all over I think with bitterness that only thirty years ago one could immerse oneself immediately, without the intermediary of texts, pictures, records, or comrades' stories, in that atmosphere of fervour and order, of power and manly beauty: Hitlerian civilisation. Thirty years! It isn't 'yesterday,' it is today: a few minutes ago! And I have the feeling that I have missed very closely both the life and the death—the glorious death, in the service of our Führer—that should have been mine.

But one cannot go back five minutes, let alone 1500 years or 500 million years into the unalterable past, now transformed into

eternity—timeless existence. And it is as impossible to attend the National Socialist Party Congress of September 1935 today as it is to walk the earth at the time when it seemed to have become forever the domain of the dinosaurs—except for one of those very few sages who have, through asceticism and the transposition of consciousness, freed themselves from the bonds of time.



It should be noted that nostalgia is almost universal, but not necessarily nostalgia for a historical past that the individual has learned to admire only by the testimony of other men. Some people would gladly sacrifice three-quarters of their hard-won experience to become young again, beautiful and healthy; full of enthusiasm too, in the ignorance of all that human society has reserved for them. Most of them would like to be able, without artifice, to keep the body and face of their twenties—or eighteen—and the joyous strength of youth, without having to pay for these treasures with the loss of their experience; to be able to retain both the wisdom of age and the freshness, health and strength of youth. But everyone knows that this is impossible—as impossible as actually placing oneself in a given historical epoch. On the whole, it is doubtful that there would be any advantage in becoming young again at the cost of losing accumulated experience: he would make the same mistakes, commit the same errors, having become again what he had been and he wouldn't enjoy the comparison between the two ages, having lost all consciousness of old age. It is certain, too, that to return to Thebes in the time of Thutmose III would be to become an Egyptian, or even a foreign in Egypt, unable to appreciate the privilege of being there, and probably nostalgic of the time of the great Pharaohs who built the pyramids. What all those who aspire to return to the past really want is to go back without losing their current mentality and the memory of our time, without which no comparison is conceivable and no 'return to the past' is, consequently, of any interest. But then their aspiration seems absurd.

Apart from the 19th century—the 19th century minus those dissidents of genius who are Nietzsche, Richard Wagner and, in France, Leconte de Lisle and perhaps a few others—there are, I



believe, few eras as self-inflated as ours regarding their science and especially their technological achievements. There are two areas to which intense propaganda, on a world scale, draws the attention of the masses to instil in them the pride of the present: the 'conquest of space' and the progress of medicine; the latter perhaps even more than the former. The aim is apparently to make all the citizens of the consumer societies proud, as far as possible, of being both 'sicker and better cared for' and to make the 'intellectuals' of the so-called underdeveloped countries adopt the humanitarian and utilitarian ideal of the consumer societies. Well, despite this propaganda which, in Europe, starts in primary school, what do we find if we ask fourteen or fifteen-year-old pupils, as the subject of French composition, the question: 'In what era and where would you like to live, if you had the choice?' Three-quarters of the class declare that they prefer some past era to their own. I know, having made the experiment many times. And the responses would be just as conclusive, if not more so, if one addresses not only young people but adults.

There is almost always a past that each person, from his viewpoint, considers better than the century in which he lives. Since the viewpoints are different the periods chosen aren't the same for everyone. But they all, or almost all, belong to the past. Despite the amazing achievements of our time in the field of technology and science, there remains everywhere an immense nostalgia for what cannot return, and an insurmountable sadness that tedium cannot explain. And what is more, it also seems that as far back as one can think it has always been so.

As I said before, the Egyptian of the time of Thutmose III, that is to say, of the time when his country was at the height of glory, probably felt nostalgic for the time when the Great Pyramids were built, and the time when the gods themselves governed the Nile Valley. All the ancient peoples, among whom Tradition was still alive—Germans, Celts, Hellenes, Latins, Chinese, Japanese, Amerindians—have longed for the reign of the gods; in other words, for the dawn of the temporal cycle near the end of which we live today. And the younger peoples, even if they have forgotten the teachings of the sages and no longer believe in anything besides the power of human science, cannot avoid the consciousness of a lack that no material well-being or pleasure can fill. From time to time—and increasingly rare as the world succumbs to the grip of

consumer 'civilisations'—a wise man (such as René Guénon or Julius Evola) denounces in his writings the true nature of universal dissatisfaction. Or a poet such as Leconte de Lisle, a few decades earlier, who reminds us of it by putting into the mouth of a character words with magical resonances that seem to come from the depths of the ages:

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

and further on, in the same poem: <sup>69</sup>

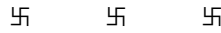
*Eden, O the dearest and most sweet of dreams,  
You towards whom I heaved useless sobs...*

It is the evocation of the inconceivable Golden Age of all the ancient traditions—and of those that derive from it—: the remainder of the time when the visible order reflected the eternal order without distortion or error, in the manner of a perfect mirror. And it is also the cry of despair of he who feels carried away from this ideal world, but inaccessible because it is past; who knows that no fight 'against Time' will return it to him. It is the expression of the universal nostalgia for the glorious dawn of our cycle, and that of all cycles: a nostalgia which is expressed in everyday life by the tendency of all men, or almost all of them including most of the young themselves, to prefer at least one aspect of the past to the increasingly disappointing present. He who declares that he would have liked to live in another time than his own doesn't know what he is saying. It is probable that if he could (even while retaining his present personality and the memory of the ugliness of his time) transport himself into a past of his choosing, he would soon be disappointed. Once the effect of the contrast is tempered he would

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<sup>69</sup> Leconte de Lisle, in the poem 'Qäin' of the *Poèmes Barbares*.

begin to notice everything that, seen up close, would shock him in that past which the distance allowed him to idealise. What he's really looking for, what he aspires to without knowing it, is that one age of our cycle, being the faithful image of the divine order, becomes the one which cannot disappoint him. All individual nostalgia for the past encompasses and expresses the immense universal longing for the Golden Age, or Age of Truth (the Satya Yuga of the Sanskrit scriptures).<sup>70</sup> Every melancholy of the mature man, or old man, at the thought of his youth also symbolises, to a slight degree, the nostalgia for the youth of the world: latent in all living things, and more and more intense in some men, as soon as a temporal cycle approaches its end.



The future, whether personal or historical, is as impenetrable—as impossible to experience—as the past. We can at most, by reasoning from analogy, or by letting ourselves be carried along by the rhythm of habit, deduce or imagine what will the immediate future be like. We can say, for example, that the road will be covered with ice tomorrow because it has just rained this evening and then the thermometer has suddenly dropped below zero centigrade; or that the price of food will rise because the strikers in the transport services have obtained satisfaction, or that a shop, 'open every day except Monday' will be open next Thursday. On the other hand, it is impossible for any human being to predict what Europe will look like in three thousand years, just as nobody in the Bronze Age could imagine what the same continent will look like today, with industrial cities in place of its ancient forests. This doesn't mean that the future does not already 'exist' in a certain way, and that this 'existence' isn't as irrevocable as that of the past. For a consciousness freed from the bondage of the 'before' and the 'after' everything would exist on the same basis, the future as well as the past, in what the sages call the 'eternal present,' the timeless.

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<sup>70</sup> **Editor's note:** In my case, the nostalgic glimpse of paradise was Maxfield Parrish's *Daybreak* painted exactly one hundred years ago. Someone once told me that my dreams (which I told him) were 'a vision of Paradise.' It was only some time after these confessions that I discovered an illustrated book of Parrish's art.

To predict a future state or event isn't to deduce it from known data, at the risk of making a mistake (by omitting to take into account some hidden, even unknowable, variable). It is to see it, in the way that an observer, seated in an aeroplane, grasps a detail of the earth's landscape, whereas the traveller on the ground can only distinguish it in the course of a succession. In other words, it is only when seen from the eternal present that what we, the prisoners of Time, conceive something as a debatable possibility that it becomes a real fact, a 'given' as irrevocable as the past. It is a matter of perspective and clairvoyance. Even when viewed from above, a landscape is clearer for the observer gifted with good eyesight; but it is enough that he stands above to have a global vision, something that the man on the ground lacks.

History relates that on 18 March 1314 Jacques de Molay, before going to the stake, summoned 'to the tribunal of God' the two men responsible for the suppression of his Order: Pope Clement V, 'in a month,' and King Philip the Fair, 'within a year.' Both men died within the time allotted or rather seen from the perspective of the eternal present by the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar. And more than eighteen hundred years earlier, Confucius, when asked by his disciples about the influence his teaching would have, answered that it would 'dominate China for twenty-five centuries.' With a margin of fifty years he spoke the truth. He also had, in the same perspective of the sage who rose 'above time,' seen from beginning to end an evolution that no calculation could predict.<sup>71</sup> It may be added that most humans are, although they can speak, neither freer nor more responsible than the humblest of beasts, or even of plants. Exactly like the rest of living, they do what their instincts, their appetites and their demands urge them to do insofar as external obstacles and constraints allow. At most, many of them believe themselves to be responsible, having heard it repeated that this is the nature of man. They feel, among the fridge, the washing machine and the television set—as in the factories and offices where they spend eight hours a day under the blinding neon light—that they are less captive than

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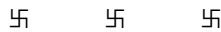
<sup>71</sup> **Editor's note:** Contrary to what Savitri says in these pages, after many years of studying parapsychology and sceptics of the paranormal, I have concluded that precognition and retrocognition have not been proven to exist.

the unfortunate tigers in the Zoological Garden. This only tends to show that the tigers are healthier in body and mind than they are, since they are aware of their captivity, and suffer from it.

Sometimes, even if his soul is less complex, that is to say, less divided against itself, a man may be in favour of the most useless action from the practical point of view. Teia, the last king of the Ostrogoths in Italy, knew that it was impossible for his people to remain masters of the peninsula. This didn't prevent him from launching himself without the slightest hesitation into the fight against Byzantium and finding a death worthy of him at the famous 'Battle of Vesuvius' in 563. He is credited with the historical words which, even if he didn't say them, capture his attitude: 'It isn't a question of leaving or not leaving Italy: it is a question of leaving it with or without honour.' Words of a lord—of a man against Time, that is, defeated in advance on the material plane. One could add that to the extent that, what the Sanskrit Scriptures call the Dark Ages, unfold and as a cycle of time draws to a close, more and more lords—both in the biological and psychological sense of the word—are men 'against Time,' defeated in advance on the material plane. They don't feel any less 'free' in their spontaneous choice of the practically useless act. The impression of freedom is thus not at all related to hesitation and deliberation before a decision. It has to do with the agent's ability to imagine a future different from the one that will result from his act—the one that he would like to see result from it, if possible—and with the illusion that he is the source and principle of this act. Whereas he is only the instrument of realisation of possibilities destined, in our world of time, to pass from the virtual to the actual because they already exist, in the state of actualities, in the 'eternal present.'

In other words, this impression of freedom is linked both to the agent's thinking and his ignorance. Ignorance of this future may help some men to act. Was it not said that the foreknowledge of the fate that awaited their civilisation had broken the spirit of the 16th-century American leaders, both Aztec and Inca, that they were unable to resist the Spaniards as quickly and as vigorously as they might have done had they never known of the prophecies of destruction? It could give the illusion of the blossoming of hope, which is a force of action. But, as I said earlier, the Strong don't need this help to do what the sense of honour dictates, which is always the consciousness of loyalty to a leader, an idea or both, and

the duty that this implies. Even in the full knowledge that the future escapes them, they will be rigorously responsible and will never regret it because it is ‘them.’ They can, of course, imagine a future different from the one they only envisage with horror or disgust. But they cannot imagine themselves acting differently. In them, there is neither idle deliberation nor choice, but a reaction of their whole being in the face of the elementary alternative: to be oneself or to deny oneself: exactly like the sage above Time when he acts.



He who has risen ‘above Time’ and who, despite this (or even because of it) has a mission to accomplish, sees fit to act ‘in Time.’ He acts with the certainty of beings who don’t choose; with that of the plant that grows towards the sun—what shall I say?, he acts as the magnet that attracts iron, or the elements that combine to yield the compounds that chemistry studies. With consciousness, certainly; but without deliberation or choice, since he clearly knows and there is no choice except for the consciousness that doesn’t know, or that knows only imperfectly. (One doesn’t choose between the propositions ‘Two and two make four’ and ‘Two and two make five.’ We know that the first is true, the second false. Nor do we choose to think that an object is white if we see it as such.)

What can encourage a decision by someone who is still a prisoner of Time—who doesn’t know or see what the future will be to which he contributes, and who has the impression that he can ‘choose’ his action? What could motivate him, especially if he is ignorant of the whole future yet knows that it will go against him, what is dearest to him in the world and that his action is, on a practical level, perfectly useless? What could sustain the attitude of men like Teia, the last king of the Goths in Italy? Or, closer to us, those thousands of Germans and Aryans from all over the world who, even though they knew that all was lost, even though there were only a few square metres left of the great National Socialist Reich that had been shelled by Russian artillery, continued to fight, one against five hundred, like lions?<sup>72</sup> What can sustain them in their action, their refusal to give in, their defiance, their useless

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<sup>72</sup> Among others, the French members of the Waffen SS, who defended Berlin to the end.

attitude? They aren't even enlightened enough to imagine the triumph of their truth at the dawn of a future Time-cycle and, humanly speaking, should they feel that they die for nothing? They can—and do, no doubt, if only in their subconscious—oppose it with the only certainty that remains when all else collapses: that of the irrevocability of the Past. For them, it is no longer a question of the future of their people and of the world, over which they will have no influence. It is even less about their future, which has long ceased to interest them. It is about the beauty of the moment they are going to live, right now, in a second, in an hour, whenever; it is about the beauty of that moment which represents, in endless time, the last scene of their struggle: a moment which, as soon as it has been lived, will take on that unshakeable stability which is the very essence of the Past, which will still 'exist' in the manner of the whole past, millions and billions of years hence, when there will be no memory of it on Earth for a long time to come—and when there will be no more Earth or solar system; when all the visible worlds of today will have ceased to exist materially.

They feel that this moment is all that still depends on them; all that is yet given to them to create. They feel that it is in their power to make it beautiful or ugly. Beautiful, if it fits into the very structure of their Being like the perfect detail that crowns a work of art, the last perfect phrase of a musical composition. Ugly, if it contradicts it; if it betrays it. If, far from completing and crowning it, robs its value and destroys it just as the last brushstroke can turn a smile into a grimace, or a drop of impure liquid can stain the most exalting of perfumes. They feel—they know—that it depends on them to make it beautiful or ugly depending on whether they proclaim, for eternity, their honour or their shame; their fidelity to their *raison d'être* or their disavowal. For what is it to disavow, as soon as they become unpopular, the principles a king or a leader whom one has pretended to love and serve as long as there was some tangible advantage in doing so? In other words, that one isn't a Man even if he has a human form, for a coward isn't a Man. The horror of an eternity of ugliness is perhaps more decisive even than the aspiration of the faithful one, vanquished on the material plane, to remain himself after the defeat. It is rare that a man reveals his true scale of values. If he doesn't know what he is capable of at least he has a fairly clear idea of things that he would never do whatever the circumstances. The man of good breeding spontaneously

shrinks before a degrading action or attitude. He feels that once it has been done, or taken—once it has become part of the Past—it would mark him for eternity; in other words, it would sully him and scar him irreparably. And it is against this projection of his degraded self that he revolts. Anything, rather than this!—and that forever, for no contrition can erase what once was; no forgiveness can change the past.

And what can be said of the vanquished of this world who act ‘against Time’—that is to say, futilely amid his hostile surroundings—is also true of those to whom all action properly speaking is forbidden, even though they haven’t necessarily transcended the temporal realm. And who continue to live, day after day, for years and decades, in the spirit of a doctrine that is against the current of Time. They leave, by the mere unfolding of their existence, with their increasingly impeded expression, an unwritten page of History. The humblest of them could claim a spiritual kinship, distant no doubt but undeniable, with certain illustrious figures: with a Hypatia, in the Alexandria of the 4th and 5th centuries, increasingly controlled by Christianity; with a Plethon, in the 15th century, in the atmosphere of Byzantine Hellenism, all steeped in Christian theology.<sup>73</sup> He could, in his moments of depression, think of all those who, in a forced, almost complete inactivity continue, in indefinite captivity, to be the most eloquent witnesses of their faith. As I write these lines I am thinking of Rudolf Hess and Walter Reder, the former locked up for thirty years, the latter for twenty-seven, behind prison bars.<sup>74</sup> Ancient Hellenism lives on in Plethon as well as in some other men of the 15th century, insofar as they preserved its spirit. In the same way, the real Germany, that is to say the Germany which has, in Hitlerism, rediscovered its original spirit, lives in the cell of Rudolf Hess—and more invincibly than anywhere else since the captive of Spandau is one of the spiritual initiators of the more-than-political

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<sup>73</sup> **Editor’s note:** Plethon (ca. 1358-1453) was a Greek scholar and one of the most renowned philosophers of his time. He was one of the main pioneers of the revival of Greek scholarship in Western Europe. As his later work reveals, which he circulated only among his close friends, he rejected Christianity in favour of a return to the cult of the classical Hellenic gods.

<sup>74</sup> This sentence was written in December 1970.



movement that the Party represented in its origins, and probably one of the Führer's co-initiates. It also lives on in Walter Reder and all the faithful Germans still in captivity, if there are any, as well as in the immortal figures of the irrevocable past such as Dr Joseph Goebbels and his wife, who in their spectacular demise carried along the six children that they had given to the Third Reich rather than letting them survive it. Not to mention the Führer himself, whose whole life is that of a Man both 'above Time' and 'against Time'. Above Time if we consider him from the viewpoint of knowledge; against Time (against the current of universal decadence which is increasingly evident at the end of our cycle) if we speak of him from the viewpoint of action. But I would add that unless one has transcended Time through direct awareness of 'the original meaning of things'<sup>75</sup> it is impossible to draw millions of people, even for a few short years, into a struggle against the general trend of temporal manifestation, especially near the end of a cycle.

He who, still trapped in the 'before' and 'after' cannot objectively relate his action or attitude to the 'original meaning of things,' can only justify himself by the beauty of that episode of unwritten history that is, and will remain even if unknown forever, his history. The awareness of this beauty of something that nothing can destroy is the most exhilarating thing for the individual—all the more so because all beauty is, even if he doesn't realise it, the radiation of a hidden truth. But as a lived experience it concerns only him and those who accept the same values. It may be enough for him. For many of them, this immutably beautiful past will soon be only a past. Only he who, having risen above Time, knows that his action against Time reflects the truth of all time, can transmit to multitudes not this truth (which is incommunicable and wouldn't interest them) but his faith in the necessary action; his conviction that his fight—the transvalued values against the reversal of the natural hierarchies—is the only one worthy of all sacrifice. Only he can do this because he has, at the same time as the joy of the fight, the *vision* of our historical cycle; because there is, in the objectivity of this vision, a light capable of being projecting onto our world like a glimmer heralding the dawn of the next cycle: a force capable for an instant of holding it back in its race toward disintegration. The multitudes are seduced by this light, and feel this force but not for

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<sup>75</sup> 'der Ursinn der Dinge' (*Mein Kampf*, ed. 1935 p. 440).

long. Every mass is, by nature, *inert*. The man of vision, Adolf Hitler, for a time drew the privileged crowds to him as a magnet draws iron. They felt that they had a God as their leader: a man in touch with the ‘original’ (eternal) ‘meaning of things.’ But they didn’t understand him. *With him gone they became modern crowds again.* They remained, however, marked in their substance by the memory of a unique experience and imbued with an immense nostalgia—a nostalgia that the whirlwind of life haunted by the idea of money, production, comfort and over-saturated purchasable pleasures cannot dispel. I have been told that more than thirteen thousand young people commit suicide every year in western Germany alone.

Fortunately, there are also young people who, knowing full well that they will never see the equivalent of what the Third Reich was, live with courage and conviction the faith against the tide of Time—the faith in the eternity of the race—that the Führer left to them in his so-called political testament. They live it with courage and without hope in the manner of the Strong who need neither support nor consolation. When these young people, who are now twelve, fifteen or eighteen years old, have become old men and women, those of them who will have remained unwaveringly faithful all the days of their existence—in thought, in their silence, in their speech, whenever possible by their behaviour in the ‘little things’ as well as in the big ones—those, I say, will be able to look at this page of unwritten history which their life will represent, and be satisfied with it as with a work of beauty. To this page, their children will add another, and the faith will be passed on.<sup>76</sup>

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<sup>76</sup> **Editor’s note:** Savitri published her book when I was seventeen. Now that I am sixty-four things are much worse in Germany. This is what I wrote in ‘The Secret Fire’, my last 2022 entry in *The West’s Darkest Hour*: ‘Perhaps it is an excess to say that NS is dead if, at least, it survives in a couple of minds, like mine... Perhaps there are [some] Aryans, even outside Germany, who in the privacy of their hearts keep the Secret Fire alive. Do they have a code of secrecy and that’s why they have failed to contact me? Whatever the answer, I wonder if there is anyone on the planet willing to raise, at least, one Aryan boy and one Aryan girl and educate them strictly in NS, with all that such an education would entail. If there is anyone who harbours this fantasy please contact me. In case NS is already dead in Germany—that there is no such secret society of NS men—the Secret Fire must be revived, at least, in a couple of young Aryans...’ Alas, nobody contacted me.

## Chapter VI

### Technological development and tradition

*No more clattering sounds  
on the walls of the abyss;  
Laughter, vile noises, cries of despair.  
Between hideous walls, a black swarming,  
No more arches of foliage at sublime depths.*

Leconte de Lisle ('La Forêt vierge,' *Poèmes Barbares*)

Since the disaster of 1945 we have been talking about the 'free world' and the 'other world.' That is to say, the world where Democracy reigns and the one dominated by Communism: the only totalitarian ideology whose adherents are in power after the destruction of the Third German Reich. I'll tell you what I think of each of these enemy worlds.

Their superficial differences strike you to the point of diverting your attention from their similarities, or rather their profound affinities. And you have been told and continue to be told about these differences and to insist on them so that you ignore where you are being led. And you are told again and again that you wouldn't have been any freer under the Hitler regime, as Germany knew it for twelve years, than you would be today under any kind of Marxist totalitarianism. They repeat this to prevent, in advance, any possible nostalgia for this regime which was based on 'joyful work.' If there is anything certain it is that in the so-called free world—I haven't lived in the other and know it only from hearsay—not one person in ten thousand 'works with joy,' and this is because not one person in ten thousand likes his way of making a living. They don't like it and rightly so because the activity that they're obliged to do as employees of a company, or the state, is more often than not so boring that it's impossible to like it. And this is all the more general the more technologically advanced a society is; that is, the more mechanised.

Just think of the thousands of workers who have been condemned to assembly-line work by a sinister fate: the indefinite repetition, eight hours a day, of the same easy gesture devoid of any perceived usefulness (since the worker never sees the finished product, car or the manufacture of which each of his monotonous gestures has contributed). It is a gesture without any real meaning for the one who performs it. Just think of the woman sitting in some 'box' at a metro staircase who punches tickets every day, eight hours a day, sowing around her as much beige confetti as people coming out of the staircase to get into the wagons with automatic doors that will wait for them for a few seconds, every two or three minutes. Just think of the typist who types all day long letters whose content doesn't and cannot interest her. The list of work which, by its very nature, can be of no interest to anyone could be extended indefinitely.

The number of such chores that are 'indispensable' to the economy of modern society doesn't depend on the political regime under which people live, but on the degree of mechanisation of the cogs of production and exchange. And if it is sometimes possible to remove one or two of them, by replacing a person with a machine—for example, an automatic banknote punching machine—it will never be possible to eliminate them all. The development of technology will create new ones: workers will be needed to manufacture the parts of the latest machines. And these new machines will have to work under someone's supervision. But it is impossible to make interesting the task of producing identical parts *ad infinitum*, or of supervising the same machine, let alone pleasant. And if one imagines this task performed under the blinding light of neon tubes amid continuous noise (or with a background of music and ditties even more irritating for some ears than any roar of machines), one will agree that for a growing number of men and women earning a living is a chore, if not a torment.

But it isn't only the work that is boring in itself, and therefore exhausting despite the ease with which it can be done by anyone. There are jobs which would undoubtedly interest some people but which don't interest a considerable proportion of the employees who perform them, either because these employees haven't chosen their professional activity, or because they've chosen it for the wrong reasons. And the question arises. How is it that at a

time when so much emphasis is placed on the 'rights of the individual' that there are so many malcontents, failures, bitter, uprooted and downgraded people: people who aren't where they should be and not doing what they should be doing?

The answer presupposes some observations, the first of which is that it is impossible to ask a mass of people, even of a superior race, to resist the pressure of their environment for a long time or even only for a few decades. It is certainly wrong to assert with Karl Marx that man is no more than what his economic environment makes of him. Racial heredity and history play a part in shaping the personality of individuals and peoples. This is undeniable. But it must be admitted that the more one deals with a mass, the more important is the influence of the environment—and in a particular technological environment—in the formation of the collective personality. In other words, the more one deals with a mass, the more the basic proposition of Marxism—'man is what his environment makes him'—tends to be verified in practice. One could almost say that Marx would be right if humanity consisted only of the masses. And it is understandable that people who love man above all else, and who aren't put off by mass life, should be Marxists. (In order not to be, and to be sure never to be tempted to become, one must love not man, whoever he may be, but the human elites: the aristocracies of race and character.)

The technologically milieu acts on the masses: it dictates to them by advertising the 'needs' they must have, or hasten to acquire, to encourage ever more advanced research leading to ever more varied applications for a man or a woman's 'happiness.' It offers her real electrification of housework and leisure activities. In the ideal modern house, you only have to turn a knob to heat the soup, clean the floor, wash the clothes or watch the day's film on the small screen (the same one for fifty million viewers) and listen to the dialogues that are an integral part of it. Only a man who knows in advance what he wants has no use for the technological environment or is even unaware of it because it is so irrelevant to him: a man who is much more aware of his psychology (and in particular of his scale of values) than ninety-five per cent of our contemporaries. In a word, a man who, by the grace of the Gods, doesn't belong to the masses. He won't fit in in the modern world whatever his profession may be. The mere fact of being happy where three-quarters of the people would be bored, and of being

bored for having the most irritating impression of wasting one's time amid the distractions that the majority seeks, sets him apart. He is only at home among his few fellows: he who has no transistor, no radio, no television set, no washing machine and no neon lights that hurt his eyesight, or degenerate music that molests his ears; he who persists in remaining true to himself and who refuses to love what the advertisements and propaganda present to him as 'progress.'

Naturally, he should want to do nothing to save a civilisation whose demise he wishes to see; and the people who admire it should, more or less vaguely, smell the enemy in him. It is no less natural that a doctrine that runs against the tide of Time—a doctrine that preaches, in the name of a Golden Age ideal, revolt and even violent action against the values of our age—should arouse his enthusiasm and secure his support. He is an individual of those I have called 'Men against Time.'

But why do the people who are the submissive and obedient children of our time turn out to be so dissatisfied and anxious? Why is it that this 'progress,' in which they so firmly believe, doesn't bring them, in the exercise of their profession, that minimum of joy without which all work is a chore? It is because as soon as the technological development exceeds a certain critical point, the human community, naturally hierarchical, tends to break up. Little by little it is replaced by the mass. The mass: the great number with little or no hierarchy! Statistically, quality is always in inverse proportion to quantity. And the most nefarious technique from this point of view is undoubtedly medicine: the most harmful because it is the one that is in the most flagrant opposition to the spirit of Nature. We refer to that which, instead of seeking to preserve the health and any kind of biological priority of the strong, strives to cure diseases and prolong the lives of the weak by keeping alive the incurable, the monsters, the idiots, the insane and all sorts of people whose removal in a society founded on sound principles would take for granted. The result of the progress made by this technique—achieved at the cost of the most hideous experiments practised on perfectly healthy and beautiful animals who are tortured in the name of man's 'right' to sacrifice everything to his species—is that *the number of men on earth is increasing in alarming proportions while their quality decreases.*

You can't have quality and quantity. You have to choose. It is now a fact that the population of the world is growing geometrically and that, above all, the population of the hitherto underdeveloped countries is growing faster than any other. These countries haven't yet reached the technological level of the industrialised countries but they have already been sent a host of doctors; they have already been indoctrinated into taking hygienic measures which they didn't know about, or were outright imposed on them. As a result, traditional occupations like working the land or various crafts are no longer sufficient to absorb the countless energies available. There will be unemployment and famine unless mechanised industries are installed everywhere, that is to say, unless the immense majority of the population, whose numbers have quadrupled in thirty years, are turned into proletarians. Production will then skyrocket. It will be necessary to sell what has been manufactured. To do this, it will be necessary to persuade people to buy what they neither need nor want, to make them believe that they need it and to instil in them the desire for it at all costs. This will be the task of advertising.

People will fall for this deception because there are already too many of them to be moderately intelligent. It will take money for them to acquire what they don't need but have been persuaded to want. To earn it quickly, to spend it right away, they will agree to do boring jobs where there is no creative element. They will accept them because technology and propaganda have turned them into an increasingly uniform multitude in which the individual exists less and less, while imagining himself to have more and more 'rights' and aspiring to more and more purchasable enjoyments. This is a caricature of the organic unity of the old hierarchical societies where the individual thought nothing of himself but lived healthily and usefully in his place: as a cell of a strong and flourishing body.

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The key to discontent in everyday life, and especially in working life, is to be found in the two notions of multitude and haste. You probably know what I get from the devotees of indefinite 'progress,' Marxists or not. They say: 'All this is

temporary. Be patient! The machinery is only at its beginning; it hasn't yet reached its full potential.'

Today, of course, the multiplicity of new needs has resulted in the haste to earn money and the fact that more and more people accept to earn money by engaging in the most dehumanising occupations. Today, increasingly more workers tend to become robots for a third of their lives: namely, during their working hours and to some extent in their leisure hours (by acquired habit). But let's not worry! All this will change thanks to the sacrosanct progress! Already we have, in large companies, ultra-complicated machines—computers or electronic brains—capable of solving in a few seconds, problems that would take a man half a day to calculate the solution. Less than a century ago the worker worked twelve or even fifteen hours a day. Today he works eight hours only five days a week. Tomorrow, thanks to the contribution of machines in all branches of his activity, he will work five hours and soon two hours a day or even less. The machines will do the work—machines so perfect that it will take only one man to supervise a whole team. In the end man will hardly do anything. His life will be an unlimited holiday during which he will have all the time he needs to 'cultivate' himself. As for the disadvantages of overpopulation these will be remedied in advance by limiting births: the famous 'family planning.'

At first sight, this is enough to seduce the optimists. But the reality will be less simple than the theory. It always is. First of all, we must realise that no Malthusian policy can be fully effective on a global scale. It is easier to set up factories in the technologically least developed countries, and to give people who have hitherto lived close to the state of nature a taste for modern conveniences such as washing machines and television sets, than to encourage them to father a limited number of children. Even the population of Western, Northern Europe or the USA where the most modern methods of contraception are widely used is growing, though not as fast as in other parts of the world—and will continue to grow as long as there are doctors that prolong the lives of the suffering, the infirm, the mentally retarded and all those who should be dead. On the other hand, the people of the so-called underdeveloped countries are much less permeable than the citizens of Western Europe or the USA to anti-conception propaganda. If we wanted to reduce the population to reasonable proportions we would have to



forcibly sterilise nine out of ten people, or abolish the medical profession and hospitals and let natural selection do its work as it did before the madness of the technical age. But it is only us, the ugly 'barbarians' who would be prepared to resort to such measures, and we aren't in power and don't expect to be there any time soon.

The friends of man, who are at the same time fervent supporters of indefinite technological progress, will have to come to terms with a world in which human living space will become increasingly restricted, even if it means reducing to a minimum the areas still occupied by the forest, the savannah and the desert—the last refuges of noble living beings other than man—for the benefit of the so-called thinking primate. It will no longer be the already swarming masses of currently overpopulated countries. These will be crowds twice, three times, ten times more compact than the one which today covers the immense Esplanade of Calcutta around six o'clock in the evening when the heat subsides. Wherever you go you will be brushed against, elbowed, jostled—and occasionally, no doubt, knocked down and trampled on—by people and more people who, thanks to the machines, will have almost nothing left to do. You have to be naive to believe that, as soon as the daily fatigue resulting from work ceases to exist for them, these billions of human beings will devote themselves to studying or to practise whatever pleasure art in which an important part of creation will enter. You only have to look around and see how today's workers, who toil forty hours a week instead of ninety as they did a hundred years ago, use their leisure time. They go to the café, the cinema, attend some sports competition or, more often than not, remain seated in front of their television sets and avidly follow what is happening on the small screen.

Sometimes they read. But what do they read? What they find at their fingertips because to know what you want to read, and to strive to find it, you have to be better informed than most people are. What comes to hand, without their bothering to look for it, is usually either some periodical or book which, without being pernicious, is superficial and doesn't make them think in any way. Or a product of decadent or tendentious literature: something that distorts their taste or their minds (or both), gives them inaccurate information, or info purposely interpreted in such a way as to inculcate in them a given opinion that the people in power want them to hold. They read *France-Soir*, *Caroline chérie*, *La mort est mon*

*métier* by Robert Merle: a fanciful account of the German concentration camps, or some pseudo-scientific article on the ‘conquest of space’ which gives them the impression of having been initiated into the mysteries of modern science. In fact, they have remained as ignorant as before but have become a little more pretentious. There are, moreover, despite the enormous number of books which appear every year on every conceivable subject, fewer and fewer books of substance: those which a thinking man rereads a hundred times<sup>77</sup> always deriving some new enrichment from them, and which he owes intuitions of great cosmic truths—even human truths in the name of which he would be able to start his life over again, if he could. The individuals who seek such books don’t belong to the masses.

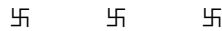
What will the billions of people of tomorrow’s world do with their time? Will they cultivate their minds as our inveterate optimists think? No, they won’t. They will do all day long what our good proletarians of 1970 do when they come back from the factory or the office, or during their month of paid leave: they will watch their small screen and very obediently believe what the men in power will have introduced into the programmes. They will go to the movies and attend free conferences organised for them, always in the spirit of the leaders of the System, namely the victors of the Second World War: the Jews and the Communists, the devotees of the oldest and the most recent faith of our Dark Age, centred on ‘man.’ They will make organised trips with guides and light music, also indispensable, in transport vehicles, buses and planes. In short, the life of perpetual or almost perpetual leisure will be regulated, directed and dictated by committees elected by universal suffrage, after adequate propaganda to the masses. And that will be too bad for those who would have preferred to pursue in silence a creation they loved because they felt it was beautiful or who would have liked to organise the world on other bases and according to another ideal. So much the worse for those—increasingly rare—who will refuse to let themselves be conditioned!

It will be, to some extent, Aldous Huxley’s *Brave New World* with the difference that instead of robots working in front of machines, it will be robots enjoying themselves under the official planning of enjoyment while the machines provide for their

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<sup>77</sup> **Editor’s note:** Like this very book!

subsistence. One will no more choose how to use one's leisure time than the majority of people today choose the occupation that will provide them with food and shelter. It will be presupposed—as is already the case, for example, in certain tourist buses, where one is forced to listen to the radio all along the route, whether one likes it or not—that all men have practically the same needs and tastes. Fortunately, there are still some exceptions today.<sup>78</sup>



Note that I say nothing about the political regime in this world of living automatons. I'm not trying to ask what political regime might be, because that question is irrelevant. One sinks into uniformity from below, created and maintained by dirigisme with no other ideal than that of ever-increasing production, and with a view to the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of people. In other words, the more it moves away from the type of hierarchical, living pyramid, the less the form of government matters.

There is still, theoretically at least, a difference between the condition of an assembly line worker in the Cadillac factories and that of an assembly line worker in some industrial complex in the Marxist world; between a saleswoman in a supermarket in Western Europe or the USA and that of a food distributor in a canteen anywhere behind the iron curtain. And the list of parallels could go on and on. In principle, the worker in the 'free world' isn't obliged to accept conditioning. When the siren sounds, or when the monster shop closes, he can do what he wants, go where he wants and use his leisure time as he pleases. Nothing forces him physically to buy drinks for his mates at the local café; pay in monthly instalments the indispensable TV set or the no less 'indispensable' car. There are no political meetings which he is forced to attend on pain of finding himself without a job or incarcerated, whereas in the USSR or China there are some. Nothing would prevent a worker or an office employee or a saleswoman in the free world from using his leisure time as I would use it in his place. Nothing would

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<sup>78</sup> **Editor's note:** Half a century ago Savitri wrote this book. Now, I don't see *real* dissidents of the System anywhere.

prevent him, provided that he finds a home secluded enough or soundproofed, not to be bothered by the neighbours' radio or television. Then perhaps his leisure hours would be truly blessed, and his modest flat a haven of peace.

Then perhaps he could, after spending an hour or two in silence, completely free himself entirely from the persistent noise of machines, the light music imposed in certain workshops or shops<sup>79</sup> or the blinding glare of lights. He would have a quiet supper alone or amid his family, walking his dog under the trees of some not too busy boulevard, and absorb himself before the hour of sleep in some nice read. Then perhaps the progress of machinery would guarantee him leisure which he would use to cultivate himself. (Although I could never be persuaded that even two hours a day spent in the depressing atmosphere of the factory or the office, or the modern department stores, aren't, on balance, more exhausting than ten or twelve hours employed in some interesting work or art, such as that of the pottery or the weaver of bygone ages.) But for this to happen, the worker or proletarian who, in principle, can do what he wants after his working hours, would have to want something other than what he is conditioned to want. His 'freedom' resembles that of a young man, brought up since childhood in the atmosphere of a Jesuit boarding school, to whom one would say: 'You are now of age; you are free to practice whatever religion you like.' One student in ten million will practice something other than the strictest Catholicism and the very one who breaks away from it will, most of the time, retain its imprint for the rest of his life.

In the same way, even in the 'free world' where, in theory, all ideas, all faiths and all tastes are accepted, the man of the masses and, increasingly, that of the 'free' intelligentsia is, from childhood, caught up in the atmosphere stultified by its 'progressive' publicity: the propaganda of 'universal happiness' by material comfort and purchasable pleasures. And he no longer wishes to break free of it. One individual in ten million violently disengages from it and turns his back on it, with or without ostentation as the painter Delvaux did.

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<sup>79</sup> **Editor's note:** Now it is not even light music but overwhelmingly degenerate 'music'.



*La Vénus endormie*, a 1944 painting by Paul Delvaux.

The only thing that might be said in favour of the ‘free world,’ as opposed to its enemy brother, the Marxist world, is that it doesn’t take police sanctions against this exceptional individual (unless, of course, we express our hostility to today’s mores in the form of Hitlerism). And even in this respect there is a little less constraint than among the Communists in power. One can, everywhere in the ‘free world’ except in unfortunate Germany—whose soul the victors of 1945 killed—have a portrait of the Führer on one’s bedside table without fear of indiscreet inspections followed by legal sanctions.

What could be said in favour of the Marxist world, however, is that the latter has, despite everything, a faith—based on false notions—whereas the so-called ‘free’ world has none at all. The militant of values other than those exalted by official communist propaganda is likely to find himself one day in some ‘correction camp’ only if he pushes his temerity to the point of forgetting that he is in the underground, and must remain there. But the masses of the indoctrinated, who form the majority of the population there, will have the impression that they are working for the advent of something that seems great to them under the aegis of holy Russia or the domination of the yellow race through universal Communism. Industrial or agricultural production—that in the

name of which so much eminently dull work has to be done—leads, in the final analysis, to such grandiose goals. It is more exciting than the safe and neat little life culminating in the Saturday or Friday night drive to Monday morning.

Both worlds are, in fact, abominable caricatures of the hierarchical societies that once claimed to be, or at least wanted to be, as faithful images as possible of the eternal order of which the cosmos is the visible manifestation. The technological civilisation of the 'free world' opposes the unity in diversity that these societies possessed with the despairing uniformity of the man who is mass-produced like a heap of sand whose grains, all insignificant and all similar, would each believe themselves to be very interesting. The dictatorship of an increasingly invasive proletariat, on the other hand, opposes it with a uniformity of marching robots, all driven by the same energy. The zeal for work and the irresistible push forward of these same automatons who believe they are devoted to the 'happiness of man' counterfeits the ancient efficiency of the masses who built, under the direction of true masters, monuments of beauty and truth: the pyramids of Egypt, Mesopotamia or Central America; the Great Wall of China, the temples of India and those of Angkor, the Colosseum; the Byzantine, Romanesque, or Gothic cathedrals.

Of the two caricatures, the second, the Marxist, is arguably more clever in its crudeness than the other. To see this, one need only look at the number of people of real human worth who have fallen for it and who have swelled the ranks of the militants of the most fanatical form of anti-Tradition that has yet appeared. This can be seen in Europe as well as in other regions—in India, in particular, where the Communist leaders are recruited mainly from the Aryan castes, strange as that may be. There is something in the very rigour of Communism that attracts certain characters eager for both discipline and sacrifice: something which makes them see the worst kind of slavery under the disguise of self-sacrifice, and the most laughable narrow-mindedness under the guise of a sacred intolerance. The caricature of the 'free world' is more dangerous in that, being less outrageous, it is at first sight less shocking to those whom Marxism repels, precisely because they have discovered in it the features of a false religion.

They practice democratic 'tolerance': tolerance which, as I have said, extends to all but us Hitlerites. They will be able to

continue to profess in peace all the cults (all the exoterisms) which are dear to them: Christianity or Judaism in the West; Islam, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism... But they don't realise that the very mentality of the technocratic world, with the increasingly extensive applications of sciences and pseudo-sciences, is the antithesis of any thirst for knowledge as well as love of works of art and of beings because of their beauty alone. They don't realise this because they forget that disinterested knowledge, the blossoming of art worthy of the name and the protection of beings, go hand in hand: beauty being inseparable from truth, and culture being nothing if it doesn't express both. They forget that, deprived of their connection with the cosmic and ontological truths, exoteric religions very quickly become fables to which no one attaches credence anymore; degenerate philosophies become idle chatter, and political doctrines recipes for electoral success. And that the technocratic world, with its anthropocentrism coupled with its obsession with quantity, diverts even the best minds from the search and contemplation of eternal truths.

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But then two questions arise: Is technological progress inevitable and indispensable? And can a people retain its soul despite the growing influence of mechanisation?

Mahatma Gandhi would have answered 'no' to both. As is well known, he dreamed of an India without factories, where handicraft production would have sufficed for people who, of their own free will, would have reduced their needs to a minimum and avoided their population growth by practising rigorous continence. Gandhi would also have welcomed the discharge of most doctors. He uncompromisingly rejected any medication resulting from experimental research at the expense of animals of any kind. He considered, as I do, all such research, from vivisection to the odious inoculation of healthy animals with disease, to be criminal. And he regarded Western medicine, as a whole, a diabolical enterprise on a vast scale. But, unlike us, the Mahatma had naive confidence in man—in the Indian no less than in the foreigner, despite all the evidence that this 'privileged' being has never ceased to show his weakness and malignancy. He believed him capable of living, as a group, according to a norm which presupposes an iron will coupled

with constant asceticism. He also believed that a country could refuse to industrialise without falling prey to technically better-equipped enemies although it seems, alas, that this is also utopian.

The recent example of Tibet, invaded and subjugated by Communist China and kept under its rule despite its silent resistance, proves it fairly well. The example of Japan in the second half of the 19th century, suddenly opening itself without restraint to the trade and technology of the mechanised world, under the threat of Commodore Perry's guns, seems to be the most resounding affirmative answer to the questions posed above. Gandhi seems to proclaim that, if a certain degree of mechanisation is inevitable today for a people that refuses to become the prey of a conqueror, it doesn't follow that it must automatically forsake its soul; consider its past as a 'state of infancy' to be left behind and change its gods and scale of values. No doubt a factory is a factory, and an office or a supermarket a place of all too material utility to be attractive in any climate, whatsoever the immense industrial agglomerations of Osaka, Kobe or Tokyo should disappoint the tourist in search of local colour and even more so the artist in search of beauty. Pre-1868 Japan, which had been closed to all foreign contact for almost two and a half centuries and was living in a prolonged Middle Ages, was undoubtedly more fascinating to see. But this isn't an observation limited to one country. The whole earth, including Europe, was more beautiful to contemplate in the Middle Ages and Antiquity than after the advent of big industry.

What is remarkable and admirable is that, despite the ugliness inherent in all large-scale mechanisation, so much beauty has remained in the Empire of the Rising Sun. This beauty is obviously linked to the preservation of tradition in the particular expression of that people, their history and geographical environment. What is admirable is that in Japan there are still masters like Kenzo Awa, who taught the German Herrigel the sacred art of archery according to the rules and spirit of Zen Buddhism. What is admirable is the survival, even in politics, of this Shintoism whose origin is lost in prehistory and to which the great Japanese thinkers of the 18th century, Moturi and Hirata, have definitively given that character of sacred nationalism: a far Eastern version of our cult of blood and soil which Japan has kept to this day.



A few days before December 7, 1941, our Japanese allies sent an official delegation to the Temple of Isé, an embassy of the Imperial Government to the ancestors of the Emperor-gods: 'Is it agreeable to you that we declare war on the United States of America?' And it was only after the gods (or their priests) responded favourably that war was declared. Four years later, after the bombing of Hiroshima, it was again with the permission of the gods that the surrender was decided, as was the opening of Japan to foreign trade and modern technology in 1868, as the supreme measure of salvation for the Empire.

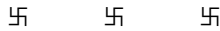
What is admirable about all this is the persistence in Japan of the spirit of bushido in the middle of the 20th century; the cult of national honour in its highest expression, and the total contempt for death both among the famous Kamikaze ('living-bomb' pilots of the Second World War) and the twenty-five thousand Japanese on the island of Saipan, in the middle of the Pacific, all of whom killed each other when the Americans arrived. This was their resistance, unshakeable in its smiling politeness, to the occupation of the Yankees and their political-philosophical proselytism. And the reinstatement, in the school curriculum, immediately after the signing of the peace treaty, of the Kojiki or history of the National gods, banned under the Democracy Crusaders' regime. And the construction, at Gamagori, of a temple to Tojo honouring the Japanese hanged by the Americans as 'war criminals': a temple where school children will bow and burn a stick of incense before the image of the martyrs and defy any 'moral conquest' of the people of the sun, after visiting the site of Hiroshima.

On the other hand, the dream of a world dictatorship of the proletariat—or even that of the Slavic (or 'Yellow') world with a view to ever-increasing production and the comfort of an ever-growing number of individuals—is a limited ideal. It doesn't go beyond the material plane or man. Even the simplest of people can only ever be satisfied with it by becoming robots.<sup>80</sup> Personally, however, I believe that the possibility of India or Japan retaining

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<sup>80</sup> **Editor's note:** It is worth noting that, although the Japanese have degenerated greatly since Savitri wrote, neither they nor the Slavs have fallen into the ethno-sucidal self-hatred that Westerners have fallen into by importing massive numbers of coloureds, who can legally marry white women.

their soul while increasingly undergoing the inevitable grip of industrialisation is linked to the persistence of an elite of race and character. This elite is at the same time a spiritual aristocracy, a living guardian of tradition.<sup>81</sup>



The cult of positive science based on the experimental study of phenomena, and the dream of enslaving Nature to man through the application of scientific discoveries in the search for human well-being, have distant origins. To understand them we must go back to the 17th century, Cartesian rationalism and the anthropocentrism that is inseparable from it. We must go back even further, to that fever of universal curiosity combined with the Promethean will of man to dominate: the characteristic features of the Renaissance. The physiologist Aselli, who studied the process of digestion in the open entrails of living dogs, is the counterpart of Claude Bernard, two centuries later. This also refers to Descartes himself and his frenzied anthropocentrism—his famous theory of ‘machine animals’—as well as his eagerness to examine everything, to dissect everything, to want to know everything by the sole means of ‘reason.’ And Francis Bacon, for whom science is above all the

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<sup>81</sup> **Editor’s note:** Savitri discusses India and Japan in a few more pages that we omit here because we are only concerned with Nordids. *The Master-Singers of Nuremberg* is an opera in three acts with music and libretto in German by Richard Wagner. This is Hans Sachs’ final speech at the end of Act III, the culmination of the opera:

Beware! Evil tricks threaten us. If the German people and kingdom should one day *decay under a false, foreign rule soon no prince would understand his people* and foreign mists with foreign vanities they would plant in our German land. What is German and true none would know, if it did not live in the honour of German masters. Therefore I say to you: honour your German master-singers, then you will conjure up good spirits! And if you favour their endeavours *even if the Holy Roman Empire should dissolve in mist for us there would yet remain holy German Art!*

After what the Yanks did after Second World War, the words I italicised above became prophetic. But if Wagner’s poetry is right, as long as the German people do not break contact with the soul of their race through classical music, they might still be saved.

means that ensure the ‘triumph of man’ over Nature and so many others who, between the 1500s and 1750s, thought and felt the same, are also the fathers of the more recent enthusiasts for science, technology, and the salvation of man by both: the Victor Hugos and the Auguste Comtes, no less than the Louis Pasteurs, the Jenners, the Kochs, and, closer to home, the Pavlovs, the Demikhovs, and the Barnards.<sup>82</sup>

Certainly the European Middle Ages had, alongside its undeniable greatness, weaknesses and barbarities which classify it without question among the epochs of the advanced Dark Ages. It had, among other things, all the shortcomings linked to his narrowly Christian faith and therefore rigorously anthropocentric worldview. The Middle Ages deserve the sometimes virulent attacks of thinkers and artists who were most hostile to it but the centuries that followed it, far from being better, were worse. Worse, because they got rid (and how slowly) of some of its superstitions and atrocities only to replace them by superstitions of another order but just as crude, and by atrocities just as revolting. It deserves the attacks of its detractors provided that they are fair, and recognise that the Dark Ages represents, despite everything, a cultural and above all a spiritual ‘recovery’. This was a period when, with all the intolerance inherited from the Old Testament, the anthropocentrism inherent in Christianity was then closer to the traditional ideal order than it was at the time of the decadence of Greco-Roman paganism, and above all than it has been since the 16th century.<sup>83</sup> There is no doubt that Christian esotericism—which the initiates of a spiritual elite still lived, whose existence until the

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<sup>82</sup> **Editor’s note:** Demikhov was the Russian monster who, in the 1950s and 60s, was involved in grafting dog heads onto other living dogs. Regarding the infatuation with hard sciences as if they were our saviour, it reminds me of my former idol: sci-fi writer Arthur C. Clarke. It also reminds me of Carl Sagan and *Cosmos: A Personal Voyage*, a television series that has been broadcast in sixty countries and watched by more than 400 million people.

<sup>83</sup> **Editor’s note:** Apparently, Savitri was unaware that this was only possible because earlier, both in Hellenistic times and in the late Roman Empire, the Greeks and Romans had already mixed with other races. Hadn’t that happened in that late stages, they would have been faithful to the Tradition.

14th century at least, and perhaps even afterwards, for some decades more ensured this connection of the feudal pyramid—shared its secret archetype.<sup>84</sup> The light of a more-than-human knowledge penetrated from above, through symbols, into the life of the people, and in particular into that of the craftsmen-masons, woodcarvers, glassmakers, blacksmiths, weavers, goldsmiths. It was expressed in the world of forms and colours through the wealth of anonymous and disinterested creation that we know, from the Romanesque or Gothic or Byzantine cathedrals to the delicate illuminations of gold, azure and vermilion: an anonymous and disinterested creation of a beauty whose secret was to be sought in truths independent of time. The practical utility of the works of art it inspired was nevertheless less important than their ‘meaning,’ revealing a world held to be more real than the visible.<sup>85</sup>

It is curious, to say the least, to note that it is precisely when initiatory knowledge, and thus knowledge of the Eternal, becomes obscured in the elite that had previously held it; and when, as a result, the spiritual ‘meaning’ of every work of beauty increasingly escapes the artist and the craftsman, the thirst for investigation of the future using systematic experimentation begins to spread. It is from this moment onwards that the demand for visible and tangible proof of all knowledge, the refusal to believe in the existence of the overman and the growing preoccupation with the development of the world’s material wealth for the benefit of the greatest number converge. In other words, experimental science and technology, both industrial and medical, are increasingly being imposed. And it

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<sup>84</sup> **Editor’s note:** Savitri had a good spiritual sense. But here we differ. There is nothing salvageable not only of the whole of Christendom but even of the Christian Era in which we still live, insofar even Western atheists count History before and after the fictional miraculous birth of the unhistorical Jesus.

<sup>85</sup> **Editor’s note:** Again, I disagree. As I was once told by a learned German with whom I correspond, who wants to tear down all churches, Christian art is simply propaganda (see, for example, ‘Wagner & Bach’ in my book *Daybreak*). We must not be fooled by it. I would even start by tearing down the Vatican and building a huge Temple to Zeus in its place. However, some of what Savitri says is true. Wagner’s art, which I mentioned in footnote #81, never completely distanced itself from Christianity (and for this reason Nietzsche distanced himself from Wagner). Despite this, it is an art that has inspired me greatly.

is interesting to note that this isn't a unique state of affairs, appearing only with the decline of Christianity at the dawn of the Modern Age. The same moral and cultural phenomenon, the same transfer of values manifested itself, along with the weakening of the traditional faith, during the long and slow agony of the Ancient Greek World, from the end of the 4th century b.c.e., until the end of the next century.<sup>86</sup>

It was then, already in the field of letters and even more so than at the time of the Renaissance, that began the reign of quantity at the expense of quality. There was a proliferation of polygraphs, rather like in our own time, and an almost complete absence of major works apart from Aristotle's (admittedly gigantic) work, which was still in its infancy when the period was just beginning. It was a time of grammarians, not poets; of scholars of the word, not creators through the word; of people who knew well and were able to analyse in detail the work of their predecessors, not of *literati* whose own work, like that of the tragic authors of the classical Greek period, was to dominate the centuries to come. The geniuses of the verb and pure thought—like Virgil or Lucretius—appear in the famous century of Augustus; no longer in Greece, Hellenised Sicily or Alexandria but in Italy still under the influence of the peoples of the North: a young Europe, the only true one. But this slowly decadent Hellenic world which, after having been subjected to Christianity was only to be reborn to detach itself more and more from Europe, is characterised by the boom in experimental sciences and their applications.

The thirst to study the phenomena of Nature and to discover its laws becomes rarer. And above all, there was a growing determination, as there was later during the Renaissance and even more so in the 19th and 20th centuries, to use these physical laws to construct practical devices. For example, the endless screw, the inclined screw and forty other machines whose invention is attributed to Archimedes such as the 'burning mirrors,' enormous magnifying glasses with which this man of genius set fire to the Roman ships that blocked Syracuse, or the 'compression fountains'

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<sup>86</sup> **Editor's note:** Once again: The Greco-Roman world didn't die a natural death. It was murdered by the Judeo-Christians as I have already pointed out when referring to the key essay in *The Fair Race* and Karlheinz Deschner's books on the criminal history of Christianity.

or robots of Heron. Anatomy, physiology and the medical art which is based on both are, and this too is to be noted, in the spotlight. If it is true that in the 17th century Aselli and Harvey were already foreshadowing Claude Bernard, it is no less true that at the end of the 4th century b.c.e., two thousand years earlier, Erasistratos and Herophilus were foreshadowing not only Aselli and Harvey but also the famous physiologists, physicians and surgeons of the 19th and 20th century.

Of course, there is a long way to go from Herophilus' automata to modern computers, just as there is a long way from Herophilus' dissections and, four hundred years later, Galen's dissections (however horrific they may have been) to the atrocities of organ or head transplanters. There is a long way to go in terms of results, from the embryonic technique of the Hellenistic world, and later the Roman world, to that which we see developing in all areas around us, and even that of the 16th century. But it is no less true that in these two periods when a form of traditional religion relaxed, before being definitively cut off from its esoteric base, there was a resurgence of interest in the experimental sciences and their applications: a reawakening of man's desire to dominate the forces of Nature and living beings of other species. This wasn't yet the excessive mechanisation and mass production that the 19th century would inaugurate in Europe and that the 20th intensified with all the consequences that we know. But it was already the spirit of the scientists whose work had, in one way or another, prepared this evolution: the spirit of experimental research to apply the information gained to the material comfort of man, the simplification of his work, and the prolongation of his physical life: that is to say, to the fight against natural selection.

The machine enables the individual or the group to succeed without innate strength or special ability, and the drug or the surgical operation prevents even the most useless and uninteresting patient from leaving the planet and giving up his place to the healthy man, more valuable than he. It's difficult not to be impressed by the ever-increasing importance of experimentation on living beings to heal at any cost. These are times when, as today, the physician, the surgeon and the biologist are honoured as great men and when vivisection—older, of course, since as early as the 6th century b.c.e. Alcmaeon is said to have dissected animals thanks to

unrestricted anthropocentrism—is regarded as a legitimate method of scientific research.

There are, therefore, precedents. And we would no doubt find others, corresponding to other collective declines, if the history of the world were better and more uniformly known. But it seems that the further back in time we go, the less certain traits that bring the most sophisticated ancient civilisations closer to today's mechanised world are evident. I am thinking, for example, of those very old metropolises of the so-called Indus Valley civilisation, Harappa and Mohenjodaro, where archaeologists have attested the existence of seven- or eight-storey buildings, and pointed to the enormous mass production of earthenware vessels and other objects, all of them perfectly made but hopelessly similar. How can we not be struck by this uniformity in quantity and imagine, in the workshops from which these mass-produced objects emerged, a robotization of the worker that already, five or six thousand years later, prefigured the 'human material' of our factories?

The successive Aryan invasions from the 4th millennium before the Christian era that came up against this organised world destroyed it. How can we fail to see in them the blessed instruments of a recovery? How can we fail to see in their work the installation of the Vedic civilisation in India: a halt, at least momentarily, in the downward march of the Vedic civilisation? It was a halt of the downward march, an attempt to fight 'against Time' undertaken by the Aryas under the impulse of the forces of life as were to be undertaken, centuries later, by invaders of the same race, the Hellenes and Latins at the decline of the Aegean and Italic cultures, and the Germans, at the decline of the Roman world.

But the hold of mechanisation on the civilisation of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro—modest mechanisation, moreover, since it was still only a matter of mass production of crafts—was to be less fatal than that which the Mediterranean and then the Western world underwent, respectively in the time of Archimedes, then Hero of Alexandria, then Rome and in the 18th century and especially the 19th and nowadays. The world of the Indus Valley still had, even in its decline, something else to give to its successors than recipes for production. It is said that they learned at least some forms of Yoga. In the same way, the Hellenistic and later the Greco-Roman world even in its most advanced decadence retained, if only in the neo-Pythagoreans and neo-Platonists, something of

the essence of ancient esotericism. This was, along with what was eternal in the teaching of Aristotle, assimilated into esoteric Christianity, survived in Byzantium and gave rise there, as well as in the West throughout the Middle Ages, to the flowering of beauty that we know: beauty is the visible radiation of Truth. But of the treasures of the Middle Ages the narrowly scientific spirit of the Renaissance, and above all of the centuries that followed, wanted to retain nothing. If we are to believe René Guénon and a few other well-informed authors, these treasures would have been put beyond the reach of the West as early as the 14th century, or at the very least the 15th, as soon as the last direct heirs of the secret teachings of the Order of the Temple disappeared.<sup>87</sup>

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<sup>87</sup> **Editor's note:** Savitri wasn't fully aware of the soul-destroying role that Christianity represented for the Aryan soul. In a previous footnote I mentioned Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*. On this point Sagan is right about his criticism of the Pythagoreans and Plato, and his praise of Democritus. The Christians took it upon themselves to destroy all the books of Democritus and preserved those of Plato for religious reasons. It isn't clear what would have happened if, say, the cream of the Republican Romans hadn't been decimated in the Punic Wars. Would uncontaminated whites have then discovered the scientific method at the same time that continued with their Tradition? We cannot know what would have happened to the Indo-European tradition in a world without Christianity precisely because the Christians saw to it that no pagan Aryans remained after Charlemagne's slaughters. In any case, the existence of the Third Reich shows that it is possible to combine science and Tradition.



## Chapter VII

### Technological development and 'the fight against time'

'What a sun, warming the already old world  
shall ripen the glorious labours again  
who shone in the hands of virile nations?'

Leconte de Lisle ('L'Anathème,' *Poèmes Barbares*)

It should be noted that the Churches, which theoretically should be the custodians of all that Christianity may contain in terms of eternal truth, have only opposed scholars when the latter's discoveries tended to cast doubt on, or openly contradicted, the letter of the Bible (everyone knows Galileo's disputes with the Holy Office about the movement of the Earth). But there was never, to my knowledge, any question of their protesting against what seems to me to be the stumbling block to any unselfish research of the laws of matter or life; namely, the invention of technologies designed to thwart natural purpose, what I call technologies of decadence. Nor did they denounce and condemn categorically, because of their inherently odious character, certain methods of scientific investigation such as all forms of vivisection.

Once weakened and dead nothing was easier for the European than to move from Christian anthropocentrism to the anthropocentrism of the rationalists, theists or atheists. They replaced the concern for the individual salvation of human 'souls,' all considered infinitely precious, with 'happiness of all men' at the expense of other beings and the beauty of the Earth. Nothing was easier for him than to continue to profess his anthropocentrism by merely giving it a different justification: from the notion of 'Man,' a privileged creature because he was 'created in the image of God'—and, what is more, of a personal god!—to that of 'man': the

measure of all things. The concept of 'Man' underwent some deterioration in the process. As Antoine de Saint-Exupéry has shown, the human individual, deprived of the character of 'creature in the image of God' that Christianity conferred on him, finally becomes a number within a pure quantity and a number that has less and less importance in itself. Everyone is sacrificed to the majority. Saint-Exupéry sees the survival of a Christian mentality in the fact that in Europe, even today, hundreds of miners will risk their lives to try to pull one of them out of the hole where he lies trapped under the debris of an explosion. He predicts that we are gradually moving towards a world where this attitude, which still seems so natural to all of us, will no longer be conceivable.

Perhaps it is no longer conceivable in communist China. And it should be noted that, even in the West where it is still conceivable, the majorities are less and less inclined to impose simple inconveniences on themselves to spare one or two individuals, not of death but discomfort and even real physical suffering. The man who is most irritated by certain music, and who isn't sufficiently spiritually developed to isolate himself from it by his asceticism, is forced to endure, in the buses and sometimes even in the trains or planes, the common radio or the transistor of another traveller if the majority of passengers tolerate it or even enjoy it. They aren't asked for their opinion. One can with Saint-Exupéry prefer Christian anthropocentrism to that of the atheistic rationalists fervent of experimental sciences, technical progress and the civilisation of well-being. It is a matter of taste. But I find it impossible not to be struck by the internal logic that leads, without a solution of continuity, from the first to the second and from the latter to Marxist anthropocentrism. It seems to me impossible not to be struck by the rather revolutionary character of Jacobinism at the end of the 18th century and Marxism in the 19th and the 20th centuries.

It is the bloodshed that accompanied the seizure of power by these ideological movements that gives the illusion. We readily imagine that killing is synonymous with revolution and that the more a change is historically linked to massacres, the more profound it is in itself. We also imagine that it is all the more radical the more visibly it affects the political order. But this isn't the case. One of the most real and lasting changes in known history, the transition of multitudes of Hindus of all castes from Brahmanism to

Buddhism between the 3rd and 1st centuries b.c.e., took place not only without bloodshed but without the least political upheaval. Nevertheless, Buddhism, even though it was later practically eliminated from India, has left its mark on the country forever.<sup>88</sup>

Marxism-Leninism is, despite the persecutions, the mass executions, the tortures, the slow deaths in the concentration camps and the political overthrows which have everywhere accompanied its victory, far too much in line with the evolution of the West and of the world, increasingly dominated by Western technology. Fundamentally, it represents the logical continuation of the system of ideas and values which underlies and sustains the world which arose both from the French Revolution and the increasing industrialisation of the 19th century. The seeds of this System were already found in the quasi-religious respect of the Jacobins for 'science' and its application to the 'happiness' of the greatest number of men, all 'equal in rights' and before that, the notion of 'universal conscience' linked to 'reason': the same for all as it appears in Kant, Rousseau and Descartes. It represents the logical continuation of that attitude which holds as legitimate any revolt against a traditional authority in the name of 'reason,' 'conscience' and above all of the so-called 'facts' brought to light by 'scientific' research. It completes the series of all these stages of human thought, each of which constitutes a negation of the hierarchical diversity of beings, including men: an abandonment of the primitive humility of the sage before the eternal wisdom; a break with the spirit of all traditions of more than human origin. It represents, at the stage we have reached, the natural culmination of a whole evolution which merges with the very unfolding of our cycle that accelerates, as it approaches its end, according to the immutable law of all cycles.

Marxism-Leninism has certainly not 'revolutionised' anything. It has only fulfilled the possibilities of expressing the permanent tendency of the cycle, as the increasingly rapid expansion of technology coincides with the pervasive increase in the population of the globe. In short, it is in line with the cycle, especially the latter part of it. Christianity was, of course, at least as dramatic a change for the Ancient World as victorious Communism

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<sup>88</sup> The same could be said of Jainism which still has one or two million followers there.

is for today's world. But it had an esoteric side that linked it, despite everything, to tradition from which it derived its justification as a religion. It was its exoteric aspect that made it, in the hands of the powerful who encouraged or imposed it, first of all in the hands of Constantine, the instrument of a political unification from below.<sup>89</sup> It is this same exoteric aspect, in particular the enormous importance it gave to all 'human souls,' that compels Adolf Hitler to see in Christianity the 'prefiguration of Bolshevism': the 'mobilisation, by the Jew, of the mass of slaves to undermine society,' the egalitarian and anthropocentric doctrine, anti-racist to the highest degree, capable of winning over the countless uprooted of Rome and the Romanised Near East. It is this doctrine that Hitler attacks in all his criticisms of the Christian religion, in particular in the comparison he constantly makes between the Jew Saul of Tarsus, the St. Paul of the Churches, and the Jew Mardoccai, alias Karl Marx.

However, it could be said that Christian anthropocentrism, separated from its theological basis, already existed in the thought of the Hellenistic and then the Roman world; that it even represented, more and more, the common denominator of the intellectuals as well as the plebs of these worlds. I even wonder if we don't see it taking shape from further back, because in the 6th century b.c.e. Thales of Miletus thanked, it is said, the Gods for having created him 'to be human, and not animal; male, not female; Hellene, not Barbarian' meaning a foreigner. It is more than likely that, already in Alexandrian times, a sage would have rejected the last two, especially the last one! But he would have retained the first. And it is doubtful that he would have justified it with as much simple common sense as Thales. Now any exaltation of 'Man' automatically leads to the over-estimation of both the masses and individuals and to a morbid concern for their 'happiness' at any cost.

The fact that the Churches have opposed several scientific truths contrary to dogma doesn't change anything. This is, in fact, a pure rivalry between powers aiming at the 'happiness of man'—in

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<sup>89</sup> Racial purity no longer played any role under Constantine. And even in the Germanic but Christian empire of Charlemagne much later, a Christian Gallo-Roman had more consideration than a Saxon or other pagan German.

the other world or this one—and embarrassing each other as two suppliers of similar commodities. If the Churches today are giving more and more ground; if they are all, including the Roman Church, more tolerant of those of their members who like Teilhard de Chardin give ‘science’ the largest share, it is because they know that people are more and more interested in the visible world and they do what they can to keep their flock. They go with the tide while pointing out, as often as possible, that the anthropocentric values of the atheists are, in fact, their own; that they even owe them without realising it. No doctrine, no faith linked to these values is ‘revolutionary’ whatever the arguments on which it is based, whether drawn from a ‘revealed’ morality or an economic ‘science.’

The real revolutionaries are those who militate not against the institutions of one day in the name of the sense of history, but against the sense of history in the name of timeless Truth: against this race to decadence characteristic of every cycle approaching its end. These are precisely those who take the opposite view of the so-called values in which the inevitable decadence inherent in every manifestation in Time has gradually asserted itself and continues to assert itself. They are, in our time, the followers of the one I have called ‘the Man against Time,’ Adolf Hitler.<sup>90</sup> His was a doctrine visibly addressed to the working masses—pure-blooded masses—or supposed to be so, with healthy instincts, no doubt biologically superior to the Jewish elements of the ‘intelligentsia,’ but masses anyway. Didn’t the organisation which represented the instrument of dissemination bear the eloquent name of *Nationalsozialistische Deutscher Arbeiter Partei* (hence NSDAP, National Socialist German Workers’ Party)? And didn’t the Führer, himself a product of the people, repeat over and over in his speeches that only what comes from the people, or at least has its roots in them, is healthy, strong and great? Incidentally, the word *völkisch* has in National Socialist terminology become highly suspect after the disaster of 1945. It is avoided in re-educated post-war Germany almost as much as the words *Rasse* (race) and *Erbgut* (heredity).

But there is more: the Führer seems to have aimed at three goals in keeping with the spirit of our age: ever-greater technical

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<sup>90</sup> **Editor’s note:** Of the racialists who live and argue among themselves on their forums I know of no one who is a true follower of the Führer.

perfection, ever-greater material well-being and indefinite demographic growth—more and more births in all healthy German families, even outside the family framework, provided the parents were healthy and of good breeding. Certainly, most of the statements which illustrate the first and last of these aims are justified by the state of war that threatened Germany at the time they were made. Here is one example from 9 February 1942: ‘If I now had a bomber capable of flying at more than seven hundred and fifty kilometres an hour I would have supremacy everywhere... This aircraft would be faster than the fastest fighters. Therefore, in our manufacturing plans we should first tackle the bombers’ problem’... ‘Ten thousand bombs dropped randomly on a city aren’t as effective as a single bomb dropped with certainty on a power station or on the pumping stations on which the water supply depends.’<sup>91</sup> And further: ‘In the war of technology it is the one who arrives at the right time with the right weapon who wins. If we succeed in bringing our new panzer this year, at the rate of twelve per division, we will overwhelmingly outclass all the armoured vehicles of our adversaries... What is important is to have technical superiority at least on a decisive point. I admit it: I am a technological fanatic. You have to come up with something new that surprises your opponent so that you always keep the initiative.’ One could multiply such quotations taken from the Führer’s talks with his ministers or generals. They would only prove that he had a sense of reality, the absence of which would be surprising, to say the least, in a warlord. The same applies to his ideas about the need for a large number of healthy children. Hitler’s point of view is that of a legislator, and therefore of a realist; that is, someone who knows the consequences that a pernicious policy of anti-natalism has had for France, but who understands the lessons of history and wants to make his people benefit from them.

The Ancient World, he stressed, owed its downfall to the restriction of births among the patricians and to the passage of power into the hands of the most diverse races of plebs ‘on the day when Christianity erased the border which, until then, separated the two classes.’<sup>92</sup> And he concluded, a little further on: ‘It is the baby

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<sup>91</sup> *Libres propos sur la guerre et la paix*, translation by Robert d’Harcourt, p. 297-98.

<sup>92</sup> *Ibid*, p. 254.

bottle that will save us.’ His viewpoint is also that of a conqueror conscious of the perenniality of natural law that wants ‘the worthiest’ to be the strongest, the most conscious a people of the future. Adolf Hitler dreamed of Germanic expansion in the East. He said so and repeated it. It appears, however, that there was a difference between this dream and that of those conquerors of the East or West who had only the lucrative adventure in mind.

‘I would consider it a crime,’ he said in the same talk on the night of 28-29 January 1942, ‘to have sacrificed the lives of German soldiers simply for the conquest of material wealth to be exploited in the capitalist style. According to the laws of Nature the land belongs to whoever conquers it. Let us have children who want to live. The fact that our people are bursting at the seams within their narrow borders justifies all our claims on the Eastern spaces. The overflow of our birth rate will be our chance. Overpopulation forces a people to get out of the woods. We aren’t in danger of remaining frozen at our present level. Necessity will force us to always be at the forefront of progress. All life is paid for in blood.’<sup>93</sup> Elsewhere, in a talk on the night of 1 to 2 December 1941 he said: ‘If I can admit a divine commandment it is this: The species must be preserved; individual life must not be valued at too high a price.’<sup>94</sup> In short it is the ‘species’, in other passages it is the ‘race’ that counts for the leader of the Third German Reich.

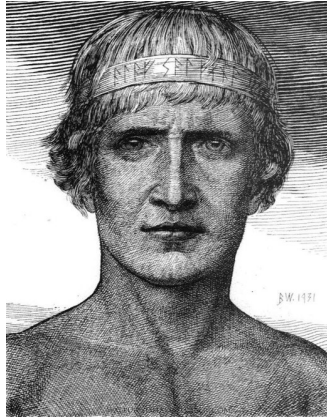
The people—his beloved German people—were to expand to the East, to colonise with the plough the immense spaces conquered by the war and build there a culture he wanted to be unprecedented. And this not because they represented, in his mind, the nursery *par excellence* of a collective superhumanity but because they were distinguished by qualities of health, physical beauty, the character of conscience, hard work, honesty, courage, loyalty and intelligence: qualities which made them the ‘Idea of Man’ in the Platonic sense of the word.<sup>95</sup>

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<sup>93</sup> Ibid, pp. 254-255.

<sup>94</sup> Ibid, p. 139.

<sup>95</sup> **Editor’s note:** Keep in mind what I said about Roger Penrose in note #52: a true metaphysician based on science.



Because the Führer was the only one who could have done it, he laid the foundations of a Great Reich which would have been much more than a political entity. In the centuries that would have followed a National Socialist German victory it was to gradually found a new, healthy and beautiful civilisation faithful to the fundamental laws of life (in contrast to modern society which denies them). A peculiar civilisation unlike that of Europe today, based on the ceaseless struggle against the Forces of disintegration; against all softening and all uglification and 'the direction of history' which is only decadence. And it was to be up to this grandiose task that he had to practise the politics of the overflowing life: encourage the birth rate, certainly, but also not oppose natural selection; eliminate without hesitation the crazy, the weak, the mongrels and ensure the survival of the best. The elite of the best, the natural aristocracy, necessarily constituting a minority, was necessary to exalt the large family, to honour spectacularly the most fertile mothers, to do everything for the healthy, good-bred child so that this minority would still be large enough to provide the framework for an indefinitely conquering organisation.

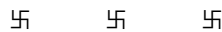
The Führer repeatedly emphasised his plan to incorporate the Nordic elites—Scandinavian, Dutch, Danish, etc., into the Great Reich which he wanted to build, and sought the collaboration of Aryans (not necessarily Nordics) throughout the world. This alone would show how his racist philosophy and war aims transcended Germany while retaining its roots there. And he would, if he had had the power to do so—that is, if he had won the war—



have extended to all the Aryan elite of the Earth his policy of encouraging fertility.

Two facts prove abundantly that for him these were quite different projects of those 'in the direction of Time.' The number of births was planned only because, without it, quality risked becoming even scarcer. Children destined to become men of exceptional value aren't necessarily among the two or three first-born of their family.<sup>96</sup> We know what the race loses when an adult, or even a promising youth, dies. We ignore what we may be depriving the race every time we prevent a child from being conceived, or abort him. On the other hand, the natural equilibrium between man and his environment was to be ensured not by any limitation of births (or pregnancies), but by the abolition of any intervention tending to encourage the survival of the weak or the ill-constituted. This would be done by the quasi-permanent state of war on the ever-expanding frontiers of the Great Aryan Reich.

The Aryan world, dominated to some extent by regenerated Germany, was to be a world of the Strong: a world where the scale of values was to express these collective ethics. There, one had to cultivate a love of life and hard and beautiful action, contempt for human suffering and death; banish from it the concern of 'happiness,' the search for consoling illusions or the unknown and all kinds of weaknesses, pettinesses, futilities inseparable from decadent civilisations. It was to be a milieu capable of engendering and promoting a more-than-human aristocracy: the complete antithesis of the stultifying reign of anthropocentric materialism either of the communists or the consumer societies.



This new world, inspired by eternal principles, this environment generating demigods of flesh and blood, had to be forged from the already existing human material and the conditions, both economic and psychological, in which it found itself. These conditions evolved in the years before and after the seizure of power, especially during the war years. This must be taken into account if we want to understand both the history of the National

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<sup>96</sup> *Libres propos sur la guerre et la paix*, p. 74.

Socialist regime and the feature that the Third German Reich had in common with all the highly industrialised societies of the modern era, namely the emphasis it placed on the application of science and material prosperity within everyone's reach, presented as an immediate goal to millions of people.

We must never forget that 'it was out of despair of the German nation that National Socialism emerged.'<sup>97</sup> We must never lose sight of the picture Germany presented in the aftermath of the First World War: the economic collapse following the military disaster; the wanton humiliation of Europe's most vigorous people, their sense of betrayal, the insistence of the Allied commissions on reparations under the terms of the infamous Treaty of Versailles; the growing threat and then the tragic reality of inflation, unemployment, hunger and the Jewish usurer replying to the German mother who had come to sell her wedding ring for an already paltry sum: 'Keep it! You'll come back next week and give it to me for half that price!' But 'the cloud is already less dark where the dawn shines. And the sea is less high and the windless rough.'<sup>98</sup> He who, 'from age to age' takes human form and returns 'when justice is trampled, when evil triumphs' and restores order for a time, was watching, incognito, lost in the crowd of the desperate. He rose; he spoke as Siegfried once spoke to the Valkyrie; as Frederick Barbarossa, emerging from his mysterious cave, must one day speak to his people. And prostrate Germany felt the divine breath pass over her. And she heard the irresistible voice: the same, the eternal. And the voice said: 'It isn't the lost wars that ruin peoples. Nothing can ruin them except the loss of that power of resistance which lies in the purity of blood.'<sup>99</sup>

The voice said: *Deutschland erwache!*, Germany wake up! And the faces of men who had done their duty and yet lost everything arose; the dull eyes met the glowing gaze of a simple corporal in the German army. And they saw in him the immortal gaze of the red-bearded Frederick whose return Germany awaits; of the One who has returned a hundred times over the centuries in various places under various names, and whose return the whole world awaits. From the depths of the dust Germany has cried out its allegiance to

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<sup>97</sup> Ibid, p. 252.

<sup>98</sup> Leconte de Lisle, *Les Erinnyes* Part 2, iii.

<sup>99</sup> *Mein Kampf*, 1935 edition, p. 324.

him. Galvanised, transfigured, she rose and followed him. She gave herself to him in the fervour of her reconquered youth—to him in whom her atavistic intuition had recognised the depositary of the total truth. She gave herself to him like the Valkyrie to Siegfried, conqueror of the dragon, master of fire.

‘Nowhere in the world is there such a fanatical love of millions of men for one’ wrote Dr Otto Dietrich in a book about the Führer at the time.<sup>100</sup> It was this love, the unconditional love of the little people—of the unemployed factory workers and craftsmen, the ruined shopkeepers, the dispossessed peasants, the unemployed clerks, all the good people of Germany and a minority of inspired idealists—who brought to supreme power the God of all time back in the form of the eloquent veteran of the previous war. They recognised him by the magic of his words, by the radiance of his face, by the power of his every gesture. But it was his fidelity to the promises he made during the struggle for power that bound them to him unwaveringly, even during the hellstorm of the Second World War and—more often than the superficial observer thinks—beyond the absolute disaster of 1945. What had he promised them? Above all *Arbeit und Brot*, work and bread, *Freiheit und Brot*, freedom and bread and the abolition of the Versailles Diktat: that treaty imposed on Germany with a knife at her throat. A place in the sun for the German people, the right for them to live in honour, order and prosperity thanks to the virtues with which Nature has endowed them; the right, finally, to recover in their bosom their blood they torn from the common fatherland against their will. (In 1918 the Austrian Parliament had, as is too often forgotten, voted unanimously to join Germany.)

Politicians, especially those who come to power by the legal and democratic means as Adolf Hitler did, rarely keep the promises they have made from the electoral podium. Sincere patriots don’t necessarily keep their promises: they are sometimes overtaken by events. They make mistakes, even when they haven’t lied. Only the Gods don’t lie or make mistakes. They alone are faithful, always. Adolf Hitler kept in full all the promises he had made to the German people before taking power. More than that: he went beyond what he had promised. And if the very fate of the Age in

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<sup>100</sup> ‘Nirgends auf der Welt gibt es eine derart fanatische Liebe, von millionen Menschen zu einem....’

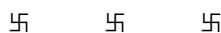
which we live hadn't stood in the way of his momentum; if it hadn't been too late for a final turnaround against the tide of Time, he would have given much more both to his people and to the whole world.

The enormous industrial, technical and material development of the Reich, which was the inspiration long before the war in 1939, was due to the willingness to fulfil everything Hitler had promised. More than seven million unemployed people had their eyes on him. They had voted for him, for his workers' party. They had—and their sons had often helped him—to hold the streets where for thirteen years his followers and the Communists had clashed. He couldn't disappoint them. Besides, he loved them. Ten years later, at the height of his fame, he would still speak with the emotion of 'the humble' who had joined his movement 'when it was small' and could be thought doomed to failure. It was impossible to keep seven million unemployed people busy and to restore strength and prosperity to a country of eighty million people without intensively promoting industry and undertaking all kinds of public works. The factories that had been closed due to the unstable situation of the Weimar Republic soon began to operate at full capacity, and an unprecedented fever of construction, transformation and gigantic remodelling took place throughout the Reich.

It was then that hundreds of kilometres of four-lane autobahns were laid out, lined with forests, and admired by all travellers who had the good fortune to visit Germany at that time (or even later, as most of these grandiose roads still exist). It was then that some of the great architectural ensembles that were the glory of Hitler's Germany were built such as, in Munich, the monument to the Sixteen who fell on 9 November 1923 or the Brown House or, in Berlin, the New Reich Chancellery; and, in Nuremberg, at the Zeppelin Wiese Stadium, the monumental staircase dominated by a double peristyle linking three enormous pylons with massive bronze doors: one central, two laterals from the top of which on the great solemnities of the Party the Führer saw the SA and SS formations parade; those of the Hitler Jugend of the Labour Front and the German Army from which he would harangue the multitudes that overflowed the stands and the immense grounds.

These works of art and masonry, which Robert Brasillach called Mycenaean to show their overwhelming power—and others have likened to the most imposing works of Roman architecture—were, in Adolf Hitler's mind, intended to last. And they would have lasted, defied the centuries, if Germany had won the Second World War. They had occupied thousands of workers at the same time captivating them about their greatness as Germans. Adolf Hitler also wanted the most modern industry to help his people to grasp their greatness. He understood very well that technology wasn't everything but that it was of little importance compared to other areas, such as the quality of man. But he also realised that without it there was, in the present world, neither power nor independence possible. He was as aware of this fact as the realist leaders of traditional Japan may have been at the time of their forced choice, in 1868, to proceed with the industrialisation of the country.

But he was, as a European and especially as a German, conscious of the fact that, imperfect as it may be compared with the splendid Aryan creations of the past, modern technology, the daughter of experimental science, is nevertheless, in itself, an achievement of the master race. He certainly didn't put it on the same level as the work of the classical German musicians, in particular, Richard Wagner, his favourite composer; nor that of the builders of Gothic cathedrals or ancient temples or the Aryan sages from Vedic bards to Nietzsche via Greek thought. But he saw in it the proof of the last and grossest achievement of man in the Dark Ages, the only great achievement of which he was still capable. This, along with his desire to keep his people strong amid an increasingly mechanised world, led him to promote national industry and to do everything possible to raise the material standard of living of each of his compatriots. He said in a table talk of 19 October 1941: 'The mass will only be able to enjoy the material pleasures of life if it is standardised. With a market of fifteen million buyers it is quite conceivable that a cheap radio set and a popular typewriter could be built.' A little further on, in the same talk, he said: 'Why not give typing lessons in primary school instead of religious education, for example? I wouldn't mind that.'



It seems difficult to go more resolutely about what I have called 'the direction of time': to willingly accept the side that perhaps is most repulsive. This is a tendency to uniformity: the serial hatching of objects all similar, of identical tastes, of interchangeable ideas, of interchangeable men and women, of living robots... How can't we feel that the uniformity of the intimate environment facilitates the uniformity of people? Is this the Fighter against this general decadence which characterises our 'end of the cycle,' the One who returns from age to age to take over the increasingly heroic, desperate struggle against the tide of Time, or is it a flatterer of the appetite for cheap comfort, a demagogue, who speaks in this talk? If one can still pay tribute to the Aryan genius in the most stunning inventions of modern technology it can no longer be a question about that here. Should we then admit the existence of a profound contradiction in the very personality of the Führer, an opposition between the Architect of superhumanity and the politician eager to please the plebs by providing them with 'better living conditions'?

Maybe you could okay it as a politician. But the Leader of National Socialist Germany was something else entirely. He represented, as I have said, the most recent of the visible and tangible manifestations of Him who periodically returns to lead the struggle 'against Time' which has been going on, intensifying, since the end of the unthinkable Golden Age. Any action he may have taken in the direction of Time can only be fully explained in the light of his mission against Time, of his desperate effort at recovery accomplished in the present conditions of the world, that is, very close relatively speaking to the end of the present cycle. It is the action of an initiate, and therefore of a visionary: the action of a prophet, a realist, as all true prophets are. He saw very clearly the growing interest of the masses in the material pleasures of life, and the absurdity of any effort to distract them from it. He understood that in an age increasingly dominated by technology it cannot be otherwise. More than that he understood that, deep down, it had never been otherwise: that only the nature of the material amenities could change, not the tendency of the majority of people to give them enormous importance. (For this simple reason the masses are the masses, everywhere and always.) He knew that while human races are unequally gifted so are men within the same race, or even the same people. He knew that alongside the German elite there

was, and always would be even after the installation of the National Socialist new order, the masses.

In an interview reported by Hermann Rauschning the Führer set forth, as early as the summer of 1932, his conception of the German social order as it must, in his eyes, emerge from the revolution he is leading. 'There will be,' he said, 'a class of lords from the most diverse elements, which will be recruited in the struggle and will thus find historical justification. There will be a crowd of the various members of the Party, ranked hierarchically. It is they who will form the new middle class. There will also be the great mass of the anonymous, the collectivity of servants, the *ad aeternum* miners. It doesn't matter whether they were farm owners, workers or labourers in the former bourgeois society. The economic position and social role of the past will no longer have the slightest significance.'<sup>101</sup> There was, therefore, and there must have been for him, a sympathetic mass despite its naivety from which exceptional individuals could sometimes emerge and stand out but, on the whole, a mass nonetheless with all the mediocrity that this word suggests. It was to them that the Führer offered an increasingly standardised life, full of amenities within their reach, material amenities above all: the cheap house whose parts, the same everywhere, would be easy to find; the radio, the typewriter, and other cheap conveniences.

One only has to remember how much of an artist he was to the core—and in particular how much he had an innate sense of everything that 'looked good'—to imagine the secret contempt he must have felt for any uniformity from below. Remember his legendary frugality in the most beautiful surroundings possible; the fact that in Vienna, for example, during the years of misery that were to mark him so deeply, he went without food to afford a place in the 'henhouse' to watch Wagner's opera. One only has to think of that lifestyle to measure the gulf that separated him from all vulgar humanity, and especially a certain fat type of Teutonic plebeian whose conception of happiness is evoked in the title of a record emanating from the satiated Germany of 1969, *Sauerkraut und Bier*. This type didn't wait for 1969 to appear but was widely represented among the crowds that, between 1920 and 1945,

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<sup>101</sup> Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler m'a dit* translated from the German by A. Lehmanu 13th edition, Paris 1939, page 61.

cheered Adolf Hitler, voted for him and, especially after the seizure of power, flocked to the Party and helped to increase its membership to fourteen million. This abyss between the Führer and the densest folk, the most mediocre of his people, didn't prevent him from loving them. He saw, beyond their narrow-minded individuality, the beautiful children who could spring from them, blood having many mysteries. He also saw the Reich, which he was reshaping from top to bottom to make it the centre of a pan-Aryan Empire, and he knew that, in their place, they were part of it. And he offered them a comfortable material life, pleasant in its growing uniformity, he also offered them the interminable parades, the music of battle songs through the paved streets, the nightly processions by the light of real torches.



Members of the Hitler Youth surround their leader at the Berghof, his holiday retreat in the Bavarian Alps.

He also offered them the Harvest festivals, the Labour festivals, the Youth festivals and the magnificent annual Party meetings in Nuremberg for days on end with countless red flags with black swastikas on a white circle at the foot of giant pylons at the top of which the flame from the massive bronze cups, from morning to evening in the bright sunshine, and from evening to midnight under the unreal phosphorescence of the columns of light faltering from the floodlights all around. He offered them, I say, in all this, as well as in his radio speeches, and above all in the magnetism of his presence, an atmosphere such as no people had yet had the privilege of experiencing. The less intuitive, the less artistic, the densest people were subjected to this magical atmosphere which lifted them despite themselves, transformed



them little by little without their knowledge by the mere fact of the almost daily intoxication which it poured upon them: the intoxication of beauty, vertigo of strength, and repeated contact with the very egregore of Germany which possessed them: pulling them out of their insignificance and returning them for a moment to what was Eternal in them, the bewitching rhythm of the ‘Sieg! Heil!’ from five hundred thousand chests.

They were under his spell, and as long as they remained under it they were great—greater than all peoples; greater than foreign visitors who remained, for some reason or other, insensitive to this spell in the strongest sense of the word.<sup>102</sup> For they participated in the divine power which emanated from Him, who called them to battle against the sinister forces of decadence. They were encompassed in the beauty of His dream. And it is enough to remember the imposing solemnities of the Third Reich if one has seen any, or read a description of them in person (for example Robert Brasillach’s description of the Party Congress in Nuremberg in September 1935 in his novel *The Seven Colours*), or just to look at good photographs in the few surviving albums of the period, to realise how beautiful they were. Beautiful and popular. And how different they were from the official celebrations, even with military parades, of other countries under other regimes! Unlike the organised displays of collective patriotic fervour that the governments of the ‘free world’ regale their citizens with, there were no weary faces or dull faces, no signs of reluctant participation or boredom. And, unlike the parallel collective demonstrations of the communist world there was nothing vulgar about them. There were no monstrous, oversized daguerrotypes of the dictator, or some ‘people’s father’ ideologue living or dead, posted on the surrounding buildings; none of these heterogeneous bands daubed with demagogic slogans—nothing, I repeat, absolutely nothing of the pasteboard paraphernalia of the delirious proletariat.

There is more. These extraordinary solemnities of National Socialist Germany were beautiful in the sense that works of art of

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<sup>102</sup> **Editor’s note:** This is exactly why I distanced myself from the white nationalists. Unlike German National Socialism—imagine, say, listening to Wagner’s *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at the Bayreuth Festival in the 1930s—their American movement is certainly *not* based on a sense of the Numinous.

cosmic significance are beautiful. Not only was there a profusion of the immemorial swastika on the folds of the red, white and black banners (themselves symbolic colours) on the immense banners, the men's armbands or the granite of the stands from the top of which the Führer was communing with his people. It was a metaphysical symbol and not a mere image. The gestures that were performed there, the words that were repeated there, unchanging on every occasion, were symbolic and liturgical. Let us think of the consecration of the new flags that Adolf Hitler put, one by one, in contact with the old 'Blood Standard': all charged with the magnetism of the dead of November 9 or the ritual dialogue of the Führer with the leaders and young recruits of the peasant formations of the *Arbeitsdienst*, standing in perfect order before him and armed with their shovels like soldiers with their rifles: 'Are you ready to fertilize the holy German land?' – 'Yes: we are ready!'

These solemnities were themselves symbolic: gigantic sacred dramas, mysteries where the attitude, the word, the creative rhythm and the silence in which the hundreds of thousands communed; their collective unconscious being evoked: the hidden and eternal meaning of the New Order. Only He who returns from age to age could, amid the reign of excessive technology—and mind-numbing standardisation—delight the working masses and make them participate in such mysteries; transfigure them and infuse them, if only for a few years, the enthusiasm of the regenerate.

## Chapter VIII

### The two great modern movements and the tradition

Whenever justice is in danger  
O Bharata,  
And injustice is exalted  
so I myself come back.  
For the protection of the good  
for the destruction of the wicked and  
for the establishment of a reign of justice  
I am reborn from age to age.

*Bhagavad-Gîta*, IV, 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> verses

The difference in style, as well as in spirit, that separates the great collective demonstrations of Hitler's faith under the Third Reich from the parallel expressions of Marxism in Russia (or China) and, even more so, from the orderless processions of the scruffy youths of the New Left and the official parades of the liberal plutocracies, conceals a fundamental opposition in nature: the opposition between Tradition and anti-tradition to use the language of René Guénon or Evola.

I have tried to show that a visibly political doctrine can sometimes serve as the basis of a religion, provided that it is associated with rituals: that is, with symbolism, and that it becomes an object of faith for all its adherents. But I reiterate that it can only serve as a foundation for a true religion if the propositions on which it is based are the expression of eternal truths, or justified in the light of such truths; in other words, are legitimately linked to Tradition. True religion is the set of beliefs and symbolic gestures—rites and customs linked to these beliefs—that, in a traditional civilisation, give expression to the sacred. On the other hand, a traditional civilisation is, according to René Guénon, 'that which rests on principles in the true sense of the word: where the

intellectual order dominates all the others and everything proceeds from it directly or indirectly; and whether it is a question of sciences or social institutions, is, in the final analysis, nothing but contingent, secondary and subordinate applications of intellectual truths.<sup>103</sup> It is worth adding that what the sage means here by ‘intellectual truths’ and ‘intellectual order’ are the very laws of universal existence, manifest or unmanifest, and the permanent order behind the world of becoming: the Eternal.

If an ever more relentless encroachment of technology brings the world of plutocracies and the world of communism so close together that one can, theoretically at least, say that there is nothing to choose between the two, there is, nevertheless, a difference between them. The world of the plutocracies—and their satellites—has no faith, isn’t attached and hasn’t been for a long time attached to any vision beyond the sensible and the transient. If a few individuals or groups of individuals still possess a knowledge of the Eternal, they no longer have any influence over society as a whole: they remain silent and wait, striving at most to remain faithful to themselves and recognise each other. The masses are left to scatter in the grey of small daily worries and pleasures—they aren’t involved at all. All they have retained from the old faith of their churches is a veneer of conformity that is increasingly crumbling, and that anthropocentrism common to all teaching devised by Jews for Aryan consumption. The West lives on its gains but for how long? Emptied of all will to power, refusing all risk, cursing all aggressiveness (except that which it deployed from 1939 to 1945 and beyond, in its efforts to ‘denazify’ Germany), it slips into comfortable decay and gets stuck in precarious welfare becoming mechanised, Americanised...

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I have already insisted on the untruth at the root of Marxism, namely the assertion that man is reduced to what his economic environment makes of him. I won’t come back to this. I need only emphasise the unnatural character of presenting a being as the product of something external to him and which, in any case,

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<sup>103</sup> R. Guénon, *Orient et Occident*, p. 150.

is only interested in what is in him less essential, less specifically 'him' metaphysically speaking, less permanent: his physical needs and comfort.

From the point of view of the universal order, such an approach would be just as absurd about the animal, or the plant, as it is concerning man. No being can be reduced to its appearance and material functions, and even less to the result of the action of the economic environment. The last of the herbs derives its existence from what is permanent in the seed from which it emerged. The environment can, of course, help it to develop, or on the contrary prevent it from developing. But it cannot make it become what it isn't: turn a buttercup into a dandelion or *vice versa* any more than it can destroy what is, in the visible world and beyond, permanent in a man: his physical and psychic heredity, his race. No one is so foolish as to deny the influence of the environment on a man's life, his occupations and the opportunities he has or lacks. But to reduce the being to the 'result of the influence of the environment' and especially of the 'economic' environment is a reversal of the original and impersonal cosmic wisdom. It is, therefore, an anti-traditional enterprise.

If proof were needed the few words which sum up, with blinding clarity, the method and aim of the Marxists are 'class struggle,' and 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' Certainly, in the advanced epoch of the Dark Age, in which we have been living for a long time now, 'classes' have lost their meaning. They have lost their meaning insofar as they no longer correspond to castes. They represent less and less the real differences in character and aptitudes between the people who compose them: differences linked to heredity. It is therefore not at all bad, but highly desirable, that they should disappear in a total overhaul of societies: an overhaul that would tend to restore the ideal order as far as possible. It is, for anyone who wants to oppose the general decadence which only the fanatics of 'progress' refuse to see all around us, especially urgent to put an end to the scandal of purchasable privileges.

This state of affairs isn't new. It seems to have been established in Western Europe—in France at least—in the 16th century with the very first acquisitions of titles of nobility for money. It was sanctioned and reinforced by the Revolution of 1789; made in part by the people but for the benefit of the bourgeoisie and under its direction: a Revolution whose result was to substitute,

for the power emanating from birth alone, the power granted by money alone. Nothing can be more urgent than to change this. It isn't that the rich are condemnable in themselves because they have become rich, or because their rich fathers have passed on a fortune to them. It is by no means so provided, of course, that their money hasn't been acquired through the exploitation of misery or vice, at the expense of the community. But he becomes one as soon as he imagines that this money gives him rights other than those which derive from the qualities and capacities inherited with his blood, and therefore inherent in his very being. He becomes one if he imagines that he can legitimately buy everything with this money, including the responsibility of command and the obedience of his compatriots. In a word, there is no need to fight, let alone suppress, the bourgeoisie, the aristocracy or the working or peasant class. All have their *raison d'être* and their role. It is only necessary to ensure that every man is truly in his place, and remains there.

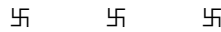
From the point of view of this ideal order, which reflects and symbolises the intangible hierarchy of the states of being from the point of view of the Eternal, the idea of 'class struggle' having political power is nonsense. Power should be in the hands of the best, the *aristoi*, those worthy and capable of exercising it. Class struggle is only conceivable at a time when these 'classes' are no longer distinguishable from each other, except by what they possess and not by what they are. It is, in other words, only conceivable when it is property alone which determines the factitious being of each class instead of the physical and psychic heredity of its members; when, I repeat, classes no longer correspond to the respective castes. 'Struggle' or 'combat' then becomes the only means of establishing a certain order in a society that no longer has any connection with eternal principles. There is necessarily violence or struggle when these principles are disregarded in the visible world. This has been the case since the end of the age of truth.<sup>104</sup>

Now, for Marxists, it must lead to what they call the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' in other words, to the passage of power into the hands of the masses: to those least qualified to exercise it. It therefore tends towards a complete overthrow of the social hierarchy as it was in all the periods when it reflected, even from a distance, the eternal order. This alone should suffice to

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<sup>104</sup> The *Satya Yuga* of the Sanskrit scriptures.

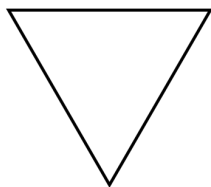
characterise Marxism as a backwards philosophy. Its effort to eradicate the existing elites and to reduce the masses themselves to the state of a human ragbag is a seemingly diabolical undertaking.



I have mentioned the Revolution of 1789, that, in the name of the idea of equality of all men of all races, led in France to the usurpation of power by the bourgeoisie and to the creation of the grotesque negro republic of Santo Domingo. I could have mentioned Christianity itself, despite the undeniable, but visibly limited, part of true universal symbolism it may contain. Didn't its dissemination—in the name of this same idea, as subversive as it is erroneous: equality—consummated the disintegration of the Greco-Roman world (that already started in the Hellenistic period)? Furthermore, its outrageous anthropocentrism makes it, in any case, an incomplete religion. The European aristocracy, that is to say Germanic, and the Byzantine or Byzantinized Slavic aristocracy, used it as a ready-made pretext for proselytising conquests and as a unifying force for the conquered peoples. All in all, and despite the inspiration that so many artists have drawn from it, this art has been more subversive than constructive.

I could have mentioned any of these accepted wisdoms, always more or less truncated, that Nietzsche calls 'slave religions.' They all contribute to the vast work of subversion in the true sense of the word: of turning the ideal order upside down which continues, and intensifies, throughout the cycle. I will say more. There is a subversion of this principal order whenever a man, or a caste, a race, moved by a false estimate of his 'rights' usurps the normal place of another. For example, when a prince rejects the spiritual authority to which his kingdom, and perhaps his civilisation, owes its link—however remote and tenuous—with the highest and most hidden sources of Tradition. It is a crime of this nature of which Philip the Fair, otherwise a great king, seems to have been guilty in destroying, with the connivance of a pope who was more of a politician than a priest, the Order of the Knights Templar. But all this only prepares and prefigures, by far or by near, the ultimate subversion: that which consists in calling to power the mass of all races the 'world proletariat'. This subversion, which

Guénon calls ‘the reign of Shudra’ is the worst of all those who have succeeded one another in the course of the ages. It is the worst not because it is no longer a question of arbitrary changes, contrary to the spirit of the true hierarchy within visible society, but of a complete reversal of ideal situations and essential values. The result is that this society instead of tending, as it should, to reflect what it can of the eternal order, reflects exactly the opposite. The pyramid which represents the organic arrangement of the ideal society, the image of the hierarchical states is, in the sacrilegious dream of the Marxist, completely turned upside down. It is planted in balance—oh, how unstable!—on its summit. And it is its natural base that serves as its artificial summit: a ‘summit’ that isn’t a summit because it is, precisely, mass: a formless and heavy mass a crushing and overflowing everything and not a point.



It is from the metaphysical point of view that Marxism is nonsense, no matter how deceptively subtle the arguments on which its founder, Mardoccai, also known as Marx, tried to support from economic and political considerations. No dialectic can bring a doctrine into line with cosmic truth if it isn’t already so. The social pyramid cannot remain precariously balanced on its top with its base in the air indefinitely. Either a partial recovery will tend to put it back on its feet or the pyramid, dragged down by the very inertia of the mass which it was intended to be the ‘summit,’ will collapse. And it will be chaos, complete anarchy succeeding the reverse order. It will be—to imitate the colourful, Hindu-tinged language of the author of *The Crisis of the Modern World*—the reign of the Chandala succeeding the reign of the Shudra: the end of the cycle. Perhaps we still have sporadic glimpses of this in some manifestations of gregarious eccentricity and boisterous nihilism, such as the existentialists of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the young people of the New Left, hippies of all stripes, anarchists, pacifists laziness, drug addicts, unwashed, uncombed, noisy, ragged individualists preaching: ‘Make love; don’t go to war!’



There is no shortage of opponents of Marxism. They range from those who condemn all violence and are frightened by the known episodes of 'class struggle' in Russia and China, to those who reproach the Communists for their atheism and materialism and those who own some property and are afraid of losing it if they have to live under the sign of the Sickie and Hammer. Many oppose it in the name of some political doctrine, usually embodied in a party that, if it attacks the subversive character of Marxism, is itself no less subversive and for the same deep reasons. This is the case of the adherents of all democratic parties, whose common denominator is to be found in the belief in the 'equality in law' of all men and hence the principle of universal suffrage: of power emanating from the majority. These people don't realise that Communism has, in its infancy, this very principle, as Christian anthropocentrism already had it although as the value of human souls in the eyes of a personal God.

Only those who are faithful to any adequate expression of immemorial Tradition, and in particular any true religion or worldview capable of serving as a basis for a true religion, are fundamentally opposed to Marxism. Twenty-five years after the collapse of the Third German Reich I dare to repeat that the only proper Western doctrine that fulfils this condition—after the old Nordic religions that Christianity persecuted and gradually killed between the 6th and 12th centuries—is Hitlerism. This is the only worldview infinitely more than political that is clearly 'against Time' per the eternal. It is the only worldview that, in the long run, will triumph both over Marxism and the general chaos of the world. And this, no matter how great the material defeat of its followers may have been yesterday, and no matter how hostile millions of men may be about it today. Only a total recovery can succeed a total subversion: a glorious beginning of the cycle at a lamentable end of it.

Let us never forget that we are approaching the end of a cycle, and that the best institutions can therefore only exceptionally have a semblance of the perfection of the past. For everywhere, and the post-war period has amply proved this, there are more and

more two-legged mammals and fewer and fewer Men in the strongest sense of the word. No doctrine should therefore be judged by what has been accomplished in the visible world in its name. The doctrine is true or false depending on whether or not it is in unison with that direct knowledge of the universal and eternal which only a steadily diminishing minority of sages possesses. It is true—it cannot be repeated often enough—regardless of the victory or defeat of its followers, or so-called followers on the material plane, and regardless of their weaknesses, foolishness or even crimes. Neither the atrocities of the Holy Inquisition, nor the scandals attached to the name of Pope Alexander VI Borgia, take anything away from the truth of the vision of the intelligible world that a Master Eckhart, for example, or some initiated Templar, may have had through Christian symbolism. And the same is true of all doctrines. We must therefore be careful not to impute to Hitlerism the faults, weaknesses or excesses of people with power under the Third Reich or during the period of struggle (*Kampfzeit*) from 1920 to 1933, and especially the faults or excesses committed against the spirit of the Führer's dream. We must see only the Führer's efforts to mould German society according to his dream or to prevent it from evolving against that dream. We must try to understand what he wanted to do.<sup>105</sup>

Already in the official National Socialist texts addressed to the general public—in the Twenty-five Points, which form the basis of the Party programme and *Mein Kampf*—it is visible that the movement was directed against the most cherished ideals and customs of the eminently decadent society, which had grown out of the liberalism of the 18th and 19th centuries. Lending at interest, financial speculation, exploitation of silliness in press, literature, cinema or theatre—envisaged, above all, as a means for profit—: all are condemned with the utmost rigour. Moreover, the very principles of modern Western civilisation—the equality of all men and all races in law, the idea that law is the expression of the will of the majority—are attacked, ridiculed and demolished in a masterly manner. Natural law, the law of the struggle for life, is recognised and exalted on the human level as on all other levels. And the primordial importance of race and personality—the two pillars of

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<sup>105</sup> **Editor's note:** This is why every post-1945 National Socialist should read *Hitler's Table Talk*.

the new faith—is proclaimed on every page. Finally, this new faith, or rather this new conception of life (*Neue Auffassung*) for the Führer and the few, isn't a question of faith but true knowledge. It is characterised as 'corresponding to the original meaning of things'<sup>106</sup> which says a lot, being in the light of Tradition.

We can therefore, without going any further, affirm that everything in the history of the National Socialist Party that doesn't seem to coincide with the spirit of a struggle 'against Time' is a matter of the tactics of that struggle, not its nature or purpose. It appeared under the pressure of hard necessity. And only after he had failed on 9 November 1923 in his attempt to seize power by force, Adolf Hitler, being released from his Landsberg prison, had to resort—reluctantly to be sure—to the slow and long legal way: voters. *It is well known that his first move after taking power by democratic means was to replace the authority of the many with that of one*, namely his own at all levels. In other words, to abolish democracy and bring the political order into line with the natural order as far as possible. It was under the pressure of a no less compelling material necessity that he had to accept the help of the Hugenburgs, the Kirkdorfs, the Thyssens, Dr Schacht and later Krupp, as well as a host of industrialists and bankers. Without them, he couldn't have risen to power fast enough to block the road to the most dangerous forces of subversion: the Communists. For money is, more than ever in a world in which it increasingly dominates, the sinews of war and politics. Does this mean that the Führer was subservient to money or to those who had given him money during the *Kampfzeit*? Does it mean that he made any concessions to them after taking power? Far from it! He allowed them to get rich insofar as, in so doing, they served the national economy effectively and gave the working masses what he had promised: abundance through work insofar as, subject to his authority, they continued to help the Party: the state in peace and war. He kept them in their place and their role—like a king and the merchant caste in a traditional society—thus showing both his realism and wisdom.

On the other hand, the partial ochlocracy that has so often been attributed to National Socialism was, in fact, only the inevitable corollary of Adolf Hitler's obligation to come to power

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<sup>106</sup> '...unsere neue Auffassung, die ganz dem Ursinn der Dinge entspricht...' (*Mein Kampf*, 1935 edition, page 440).

by relying, quite democratically, on the majority of the electorate. It wouldn't have existed if the *putsch* of 9 November 1923 had succeeded and had given him free rein to remake Germany according to his immense dream. It wouldn't have existed because he wouldn't have needed the collaboration of hundreds of thousands of young people ready to do anything: to strike blows as well as to receive them, to maintain in the vicinity of his massive propaganda meetings and in the halls themselves an order constantly threatened by the physical attacks of the most violent and implacable elements of the Communist opposition. To conquer Germany democratically he had to show himself, to be heard, hundreds and hundreds of times to convey to the public his message. *Part* of his message: at least that which would induce the masses to vote for his party. The message was irresistible but it had to be communicated. And that would have been impossible without the wolf pack, the SA<sup>107</sup> who ruled the streets and who, at the risk of their own lives, ensured the Führer's silence and safety amid his audience.

Adolf Hitler loved his young beasts, madly attached to his person, eager for both violence and adoration, many of whom were former Communists who had been won over to the holy cause by the fascination of his words, his looks, his behaviour and his doctrine in which the son of a proletarian saw something more outrageous, more brutal, and therefore more exalting than Marxism. He loved them. And he loved the latest of their supreme leaders of the *Kampfzeit* under whose orders he had once fought in the war: Ernst Röhm who had returned from Bolivia, the end of the world, at his call in 1930. He willingly turned a blind eye to his deplorable morals and saw in him only the perfect soldier and genius organiser.

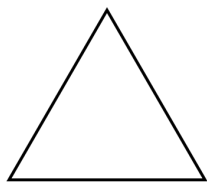
And yet... he resigned himself, despite everything, to having this old comrade killed or to let him be killed—almost the only man in his entourage who was on a first-name basis with him<sup>108</sup>—as soon as he was convinced that the turbulence of this troop, so faithful though it was, because of its spirit of independence and especially the growing opposition which was emerging between it and the regular German army, could only lead precisely to

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<sup>107</sup> *Sturmabteilungen* or Storm Troops.

<sup>108</sup> With some of his other early collaborators such as Gregor Strasser.

ochlocracy if not to civil war. One could compare this tragic but apparently necessary purge of June 30, 1934 with the most Machiavellian settlements of accounts in history; for example, the execution without trial of Don Ramiro di Lorqua on the orders of Caesar Borgia. There's a crucial difference, however. While the Duke of Valentino had in mind only power for himself, the Führer aimed infinitely higher. He wanted power to try, in a desperate effort, to reverse the march of Time against itself in the name of eternal values. There was nothing personal in his struggle at any stage. And, despite the fervent desire of Field Marshal and Reich President von Hindenburg, he rejected any idea of restoring the monarchy because he was aware of the vanity of such a step in terms of values and true hierarchies. The monarchy 'by divine right,' the only normal one from the traditional point of view<sup>109</sup> had, for centuries already, lost all meaning and justification in Europe. The Führer knew this. It wasn't a question of trying to restore a shaky order by reinstalling a parliamentary monarchy presided over by William II or one of his sons. He wanted to build a new order, or rather to resurrect the oldest order: the 'original' order in the strongest and most durable form it could take in this century.



The pyramid in its natural position  
symbolises the transvaluation of all  
values of the dark ages.

And he knew that he—the eternal Siegfried, both human and more than human—held both the legitimate power in this visible world and the legitimate authority emanating from beyond. With him at the top the pyramid of earthly hierarchies was to gradually resume its natural position, once again depicting in

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<sup>109</sup> The elective kingship of the ancient Germans, that of the Frankish warrior raised to the flagstaff by his peers, was also 'of divine right' if we admit that the divine is none other than the pure blood of a noble race.

miniature, first in Germany, then throughout Europe and the Aryan world: the invisible Order which the Cosmos depicts in large.

It was in the name of this grandiose vision of ideal correspondences that he rejected, with equal vigour, Marxism: a doctrine of total subversion; parliamentarism in all its forms, always based on the same superstition of quantity; and ochlocracy, a source of disorder and therefore of constant instability. But the traditional character of his wisdom is to be sought even more in the few texts that give us his secret, or at least his intimate talks: his open-hearted confidences in front of a few selected people, rather than his writings or speeches addressed to the general public. The *Tischgespräche*, the Führer's table talks with a few senior party officials, senior SS officers or special guests,<sup>110</sup> are instructive in this respect. Even more instructive, perhaps, are certain reports that are hostile to Hitlerism: all the more virulent because their authors are angrier at having initially followed him and having felt themselves to be fooled in retrospect. Wrongly, no doubt, for it must have been very difficult to grasp the true thinking of the Master before being part of the narrow circle of people who enjoyed his confidence. Such is, for example, the book by the former president of the senate of Danzig, Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler m'a dit* which had, in its time, some notoriety. Since 1939 the thirteenth French edition was already published: an excellent book despite the aggressiveness that pierces every line. The fact that Rauschning himself seems to be completely unaware of the supra-human truths which are the basis of all ancient wisdom, makes his judgements against the Führer all the more eloquent by accusing him (without knowing it) of waging his struggle precisely in the name of these truths. Finally, nothing more can shed light on certain aspects of Hitlerism like Hans Grimm's book *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?*: a work by an impartial non-Hitlerite, or the account given by August Kubizek: a man with no political allegiance whatsoever, of his years of friendship with the future Führer, then aged between fifteen and nineteen, in his book *Adolf Hitler, Mein Jugendfreund*.

The first thing that strikes one upon reading these various texts is Adolf Hitler's awareness of the speed with which everything is falling apart in our time, and of the total reversal of values that

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<sup>110</sup> Translated into French under the title *Libres propos sur la Guerre et la Paix*, by R. d'Harcourt.

the slightest recovery would mean. It is also very clear that he seems to have believed that his action represented the last chance for the Aryan race to recover before the end of the present cycle. This sentiment was coupled with the conviction that he wasn't the last fighter against the forces of disintegration; not the One who would usher in the glorious Golden Age of the next cycle. Five years before the seizure of power he said in all simplicity to Hans Grimm: 'I know that someone must appear and face our situation. I have been looking for this man. I haven't been able to find him anywhere, and that is why I have arisen, to carry out the preparatory task, only the urgent preparatory task, for I know that I am not the One who is to come. And I also know what I lack. But the Other remains absent and no one is there, and there is no more time to waste.'<sup>111</sup>

There is even reason to believe that he sensed—if not knew; I will come back to this point—the inevitability of disaster and the need for him to sacrifice himself. But just as his vision was centred on the German people but went far beyond Germany, so his defeat was to be a catastrophe on a planetary scale and his sacrifice was to take on an unsuspected significance. He told Hermann Rauschning: 'If we fail to win we will drag half the world down with us, and no one will be able to rejoice in a victory over Germany' and: 'He couldn't otherwise accomplish his mission,' notes this author, without apparently realising the significance of such an assertion.<sup>112</sup> So what was this 'mission,' so imperious although he who knew he was in charge of it could, at times, foresee its failure? It was that of all those beings, both human and more than human—in India they are called *avatars*—who, from age to age, have fought against the tide of Time for the restoration of a material order in the image of the Eternal order: that of the God Krishna and, in Germanic legend, the hero Siegfried. Such a mission always implies the destruction of the decadent world, without which the restoration of a hierarchical society according to eternal values would be unthinkable. It implies the recognition of the reign of evil, the 'triumph of injustice.'<sup>113</sup> Undoubtedly, people who militate by

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<sup>111</sup> Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?* published by Klosterhaus Verlag, Lippoldsberg, in 1954; page 14.

<sup>112</sup> Hermann Rauschning: *Hitler m'a dit*, op. cit., pages 142 & 279.

<sup>113</sup> *Bhagavad-Gîta*, IV, verse 7.

violence against an already bad established order in favour of a 'new world' are also dissatisfied people who aren't afraid of armed struggle. But, as I have tried to show, it is the nature of their dream, not the methods employed for its realisation, which places them exactly opposite the fighters against time.

There are reckless, irresponsible fighters: both in the direction of temporal evolution and against it. There are millions of people of 'goodwill'—liberals, individualists, pacifists, 'friends of man' of all stripes—who, mostly through sheer ignorance or laziness of mind, follow the deceptive suggestions of the agents of the Dark Forces and contribute to accelerating the pace of universal degeneration. There are also people perfectly unconscious of the eternal laws of the visible who militate enthusiastically for the segregation of race by instinct: simply out of horror of the physical and moral ugliness of men, and out of hatred for the institutions which encourage their generalisation. Many of us are among them. Nobler than the former, since they are centred on Beauty which, in its essence, merges with Truth.

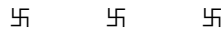
But it is different with leaders—all the more so with the founders of new times. The founder and leader of a faith 'against Time'—as Adolf Hitler was—can only be one of those men whom I have, in another book,<sup>114</sup> called 'above Time'. I ferret to a sage, an initiate in union with the divine and simultaneously a warrior—and perhaps also a 'politician'—ready to employ, at the level of the contingencies of the visible world, all the means he knows to be effective and judging a means only by its effectiveness. He can only be a man both above Time as regards his being, and against Time as regards his action in the world. In other words, a warrior (or a politician, or both) fighting against the order, institutions and powers of his time, with whatever weapons he can muster, with a view to an (at least temporary) recovery of society, inspired by a Golden Age ideal: a will to bring the new order into accord with the Eternal Order. Now, I repeat: the texts, the facts, the whole history and atmosphere of National Socialism become fully comprehensible only if, once and for all, one admits that Adolf Hitler was such a man: the most recent manifestation, among us, of the One who returns from age to age 'for the protection of the righteous, for the

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<sup>114</sup> *The Lightning and the Sun*, written from 1948 to 1956 and published in Calcutta in 1958.



destruction of those who do evil, for the firm establishment of the order according to the nature of things.’<sup>115</sup>



It is certain that the decision of the young corporal Hitler, of the 16th Bavarian infantry regiment, to ‘become a politician’<sup>116</sup>—a decision taken at the announcement of the capitulation of November 1918 in the tragic circumstances that everyone knows<sup>117</sup>—isn’t enough to explain the extraordinary career of the man who was one day to become the master of Germany, if not of Europe. Moreover, politics, paradoxical as it may seem, had never been for him the main issue. In a talk on the night of 25 to 26 January 1942 he confessed that he had devoted himself to it ‘against his will’ and saw it as ‘only a means to an end.’<sup>118</sup> This end was the mission to which I referred above. Adolf Hitler spoke of it in *Mein Kampf* and in many speeches, such as the one of 12 March 1938 in Linz where he said: ‘If Providence once called me out of this city to lead the Reich it was because it had a mission for me in which I believed, and for which I lived and fought.’ His confidence to act, driven by an impersonal Will, both transcendent and immanent of which his will was only the expression, was pointed out by all those who approached him from near or afar.

Robert Brasillach mentioned the ‘divine mission’ with which the Führer felt invested. And Hermann Rauschning said that he ‘saw himself as a prophet whose role exceeded that of a statesman by a hundred cubits.’ Rauschning adds: ‘No doubt he takes himself quite seriously as the herald of a new humanity.’<sup>119</sup> This is in line with the statement of Adolf Hitler himself, also reported by Rauschning: ‘He who understands National Socialism only as a

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<sup>115</sup> *Bhagavad-Gīta*, IV, verse 8.

<sup>116</sup> ‘Ich aber beschloss, Politiker zu werden,’ *Mein Kampf*, ed. 1935, p. 225.

<sup>117</sup> Gas-gnawed and threatened with blindness, Adolf Hitler learned the news at Pasewalk Military Hospital where he had been evacuated.

<sup>118</sup> In the presence of Himmler, Lammers and Zeitzler—*Libres Propos*, (op. cit.) p. 244.

<sup>119</sup> Rauschning: *Hitler m’a dit* (op. cit.).

political movement knows little about it. National Socialism is more than a religion: it is the will to create the Overman.' Despite his political alliance with Mussolini's Italy, the Führer was perfectly aware of the gulf separating his biologically based worldview from fascism, which remained alien to the stakes of the colossal struggle that was about to begin; that is, the meaning of his mission. 'It is only we National Socialists and we alone,' he said, 'who have penetrated the secret of the gigantic revolutions that are coming... And that is why we are the only people, chosen by Providence, to make our mark on the coming century.'<sup>120</sup>

Few German National Socialists had penetrated this secret. But it was enough that he, Adolf Hitler, the leader and soul of Germany, had penetrated it to justify the choice of the forces of life (for a people is in solidarity with its leader when he is racially one of its sons). In other words, Germany's priority was, in this case, a consequence of the lucidity of its Leader, of his magic vision which, alone of all the politicians and generals of his time, he possessed. It is in this vision that we must seek the source of the Führer's hostility towards the modern world—both Capitalist and Marxist—and its institutions. There is no need to return to the process of the superstition of equality, parliamentarianism and democracy which are nothing more than the superstition of 'man' applied to politics. This was something that the founder of the Third Reich said again and again, in *Mein Kampf* as in all his speeches before the multitudes, as well as before the few. Adolf Hitler also attacks features of our time which, while not at the root of this superstition, nevertheless reinforce its tragic character.

These are, in particular, the rapid disappearance of the sense of the sacred, the resurgence of the technological spirit and, above all, the disordered proliferation of man in inverse proportion to his quality. Also, while knowing that they could only be, in the name of Christian anthropocentrism, his worst adversaries, Adolf Hitler was careful not to attack the churches openly, let alone persecute them. He did so out of political skill, and also out of fear of depriving the people of an existing faith before another had penetrated deeply enough into their souls to replace it advantageously. This didn't prevent him from observing that the lifespan of Christianity was over; that the Churches represented nothing more than a 'hollow,

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<sup>120</sup> Ibid., p. 147.

fragile and deceptive religious apparatus<sup>121</sup> which wasn't even worth demolishing from the outside since from the inside it was already crumbling. He didn't believe in a resurrection of the Christian faith. In the German countryside Christianity had always been a veneer, a shell which had kept intact the old piety under it. And it was now a question of reviving and directing the old piety. In the urban masses he saw nothing that revealed any awareness of the sacred. He realised that 'where everything is dead nothing can be relighted.'<sup>122</sup>

In any case, Christianity was, in his eyes as in ours, nothing but a foreign religion imposed on the Germanic peoples, and fundamentally opposed to their genius. Adolf Hitler despised those men who had been able for so long to content themselves with such childishness as those that the Churches taught the masses. And he was never short of sarcasm when, before those few to whom he knew intimately, he could confess the least popular aspect of his thinking. He spoke of Christianity as 'an invention of sick brains.'<sup>123</sup>

What he reproached most of all was the fact that Christianity alienated his followers from Nature, that it inculcated in them a contempt for the body and, above all, presented itself to them as the consoling religion *par excellence*: the religion of the afflicted; of those who are 'toiled over and burdened' and don't have the strength to bear their burden courageously, of those who cannot come to terms with the idea of not seeing their beloved ones again in a naïvely human Hereafter. Like Nietzsche, he found it to have a whining, servile rotundity about it and considered Christianity inferior to even the most primitive mythologies, which at least integrate man into the cosmos. Inferior to a religion of Nature, ancestors and heroes, he liked to evoke the beauty of the attitude of his followers who, free of hope as well as fear, carried out the most dangerous tasks with detachment. 'I have,' he said on December 13, 1941 in the presence of Dr Goebbels, Alfred Rosenberg, Terboven and others, 'six SS divisions composed of men who are indifferent in matters of religion. This doesn't prevent them from going to their deaths with a serene soul.'<sup>124</sup> Here,

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<sup>121</sup> Ibid., p. 69.

<sup>122</sup> Ibid. p. 71.

<sup>123</sup> *Libres propos sur la Guerre et la Paix* (op. cit.), p. 141.

<sup>124</sup> Ibid., p. 140.

‘indifference in matters of religion’ just means indifference to Christianity and, perhaps, to all religious exotericism; certainly not indifference to the sacred. Quite the contrary! Because what the Führer reproached Christianity, and no doubt any religion or philosophy centred on the ‘too human,’ was precisely the absence in it of true piety.

What he reproached them for was their inability to make the sacred penetrate Life, all Life, as in traditional societies. And what he wanted—and, as I shall soon try to show, the SS must have had a great role to play here—was a gradual return of the consciousness of the sacred, at various levels, in all strata of the population. Not a more or less artificial resurgence of the cult of Wotan and Thor (the Divine never assumes again, in the eyes of men, the forms it once abandoned) but a return of Germany and the Germanic world in general, to Tradition, grasped in the Nordic manner in the spirit of the old sagas including those which, like the legend of Parsifal, preserved, under Christian outward appearances, the unchanged values of the race and the imprint of eternal values in the collective unconscious of the race.

He wanted to restore to the German peasant ‘the direct and mysterious apprehension of Nature, the instinctive contact, the communion with the Spirit of the Earth.’ He wanted to scrape off ‘the Christian varnish’ and restore in him ‘the religion of the race.’<sup>125</sup> And, little by little, especially in the immense new ‘living space’ that he dreamed of conquering in the East, to remake from the mass of his people a free peasant-warrior people, as in the old days when the immemorial *Odalrecht*, the oldest Germanic customary law, regulated the relations of men with each other and their chiefs. It was from the countryside which he knew still lived on, behind a vain set of Christian names and gestures, pagan beliefs from which he intended one day to evangelise the masses in the big cities: the first victims of modern life in whom, in his own words, ‘everything was dead.’ This ‘everything’ meant for him the essential: the capacity of man and especially of the pure-blooded Aryan, to feel both his nothingness as an isolated individual and his immortality as the repository of the virtues of his race. He wanted to restore this sense of the sacred to every German—to every Aryan—in whom it had faded or had been lost over the generations through the

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<sup>125</sup> Rauschning: *Hitler m’a dit*, p. 71.

superstitions spread by the churches as well as by an increasingly popularised pseudoscience. He knew that this was an arduous and long-term task from which one couldn't expect spectacular success, but whose preservation of pure blood was the *sine qua non* of accomplishment because, beyond a certain degree of miscegenation (which is very quickly reached), a people is no longer the same people.<sup>126</sup>

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<sup>126</sup> **Editor's note:** This is another subject that white nationalists are reluctant to approach with due honesty. See for example my article 'White nationalism has something in common with the FBI' published on my website on 6 December 2022, and 'Anti-Nordicism' by Heinrich published on January 8, 2023, also in *The West's Darkest Hour*.



## Chapter IX: The reversal of anthropocentric values

*Awaken, shake your chained forces  
Let the sap flow in our dry furrows  
Make sparkle, under the flowering myrtles  
An unexpected sword, as in the Panathenaea*

—Leconte de Lisle ('L'Anathème,' *Poèmes Barbares*).

Demographic growth is, as I have tried to show, both a consequence and an ever-renewed cause of the development of technology: a consequence of the preservation, thanks to the perfection of medicine and surgery applied on an ever greater number of people who normally shouldn't be living. Demographic growth is also the result of the efforts of inventive minds to create means of satisfying the needs of a population that is multiplying. It is a vicious circle and all the more tragic because it can probably only be broken on a global scale. It would be criminal to encourage, among the noblest and most gifted peoples, a decline in the birth rate. That would expose them to give away to human varieties qualitatively inferior to them but dangerously prolific and whose demography is out of control. No one was more aware of this than Adolf Hitler, and he gave it a place in his politics that it had never had under any regime, even a racist one, in the past. And it is perhaps in this, more than in anything else, that the blatant opposition of the Third German Reich to the leading trends of the modern world appears.

These tendencies are expressed in the hundred thousand times repeated slogan 'Live and let live' applied to men of all races and all degrees of physical or mental health or illness, but to man alone. It is the contrary precept that our protectors of the sacrosanct two-legged mammal apply to quadrupeds, cetaceans, reptiles, winged animals and the forest. From this viewpoint, it is a question of 'letting live' that doesn't hinder the indefinite expansion

of any variety of man, and only favours this expansion. This seems to be the case in Communist China where only ‘useful,’ that is to say exploitable, animals have the ‘right to live.’ The eternal glory of Adolf Hitler—and perhaps the most striking sign that he embodied the man against time, the man of the last chance for recovery—is that he transvalued this order of things. It is his glory forever even during the war to ‘let Nature live’ and protect, as far as possible, the forests and their inhabitants; taking a clear stand against vivisection and rejecting for himself all meat products and dreaming about gradually abolishing slaughterhouses ‘after victory,’ when he would have had his hands free.<sup>127</sup>



Albert Bierstadt's *Sierra Nevada*.

It is his glory that he has, in addition, mocked the misplaced zeal of lovers of pedigree dogs, cats or horses, indifferent to the purity of their offspring. He applied pedigree to man in the name of the human elite: the very principle that had, for millennia, regulated man's behaviour towards the beast and the tree. ‘Let live’ only what didn't hinder the flourishing of this elite; ultimately, only what favoured it. Or at least he did all that was materially possible in a world where, despite his power, he still had to reckon with constant opposition. I recalled above the encouragement given by the Führer to the German birth rate. The German people, at once the most gifted in the West, the most disciplined and the toughest in war, were to be the main reservoir of the future European aristocracy. Hadn't it already been the reservoir of it the people

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<sup>127</sup> Statement by Adolf Hitler to J. Goebbels, 26 April 1942.



from whom, along with the Franks and the medieval lords, Europe had emerged? (except for those of Scandinavian origin who are also Germanic). This reservoir had to remain inexhaustible. Now, 'the exceptional being in a family is often the fifth, seventh, tenth or twelfth child'<sup>128</sup> and the limitation of births leads to the downfall of the strongest peoples. This, remarked the Führer,<sup>129</sup> brought the end of the Ancient World by numerically weakening its patrician houses in favour of a plebeian population that unceasingly multiplied and provided more and more faithful followers to Christianity. It was therefore necessary to honour the mothers of large families. But it doesn't follow that, like our friends of man, Adolf Hitler contemplated with satisfaction the idea of an Earth indefinitely exploited by an indefinitely increased population. Even in Germany the systematic encouragement of the birth rate and the protection of the healthy, good-bred child was coupled with a severe selection policy which, even before the seizure of power, the circulation of *Mein Kampf* had revealed to the public.<sup>130</sup> The law of the Third Reich, which was the very expression of this policy, provided for the sterilisation of the incurably ill, the sick, the deficient, and Germans of mixed non-Aryan blood—Jewish or otherwise—who were in danger of transmitting their physical or mental infirmities or their racial inferiority to their descendants. It formally prohibited, under penalty of forced labour, any marriage or extra-marital sexual relations between Jews and Germans or people of 'related (*artverwandt*) blood.'<sup>131</sup>

Strict, as we can see for the people as a whole, it was even more so for the members of this elite corps—a true Nordic aristocracy from all points of view—represented by the SS. They were required to marry. This was a duty to the race and also an order from the SS Reichsführer, Heinrich Himmler.<sup>132</sup> And they were asked to have as many children as possible. But they could only choose a wife with the permission of the SS Bureau of Races (SS Rassenamt) which examined the girl's family tree with the

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<sup>128</sup> *Libres propos sur la Guerre et la Paix*, page 74.

<sup>129</sup> *Ibid.*, page 254.

<sup>130</sup> *Mein Kampf*, especially pages 279-280 of later editions (1935, 1936, etc.).

<sup>131</sup> Nuremberg Laws of September 1935.

<sup>132</sup> Order No. 65 of 31 December 1931.

utmost rigour, as well as her state of health and that of her antecedents. And if they had to give life profusely, they also had to be lavish with their blood on every battlefield. They were entrusted with missions that demanded the most sustained courage, the most superhuman endurance and the most total disregard for suffering and death. It is enough to compare the losses suffered by these men on all fronts, but especially on the Eastern Front, with those of other German military units and the best foreign armies, to feel how little the life of an elite individual—and even more that of any individual—counted in National Socialist Germany when it came to serving the Reich.

Their birth rate was encouraged all the more so because the physical and psychological quality of the parents was perfect. It was true that no pure-blooded German man or woman should try to deceive nature by using contraceptives, depriving the race of an exceptional subject. ‘Do we know what we lose as a result of limiting births? The man who was killed before his birth is the riddle.’<sup>133</sup> But, on the other hand, war, that the Führer foresaw, even ‘after victory,’ would remain almost permanent on the edges of the conquered territories as it had been on the shifting borders of the Roman Empire—war, ‘the natural state of man’<sup>134</sup> as he put it. War took charge and would continue to take charge of limiting the number of adults, so much so that an SS family could only foresee the probability of survival if it had at least ‘four sons.’<sup>135</sup> In other words, to the dream of perpetual peace in a stunted world, where Man would have made Nature the servant of his pleasures and health, Adolf Hitler opposed the dream of permanent struggle or ‘perpetual revolution’: both the joy and the duty of the Strong standing alone amid universal decay. To the comfortable law of the least effort he opposed the old Law of the Jungle: the ideal of life both overflowing and precarious: life in danger. To the formula that a ragged, emptied, pretentious and lousy youth was soon to diffuse in the nightmarish world that followed the collapse of the Reich (‘Make love! Don’t make war!’) he supported the law of the old

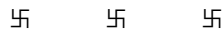
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<sup>133</sup> Words spoken by Adolf Hitler in a table talk on 19-20 August 1941 (*Libres Propos sur la Guerre et la Paix*, page 29).

<sup>134</sup> Rauschning, *Hitler m’a dit* (op. cit.), page 22.

<sup>135</sup> *Libres propos*, page 74.

English aristocratic law: ‘To breed, to bleed, to lead’—procreate, shed blood, become the leaders.



One of the most depressing features of the Dark Age drawing to a close is, certainly, the disorderly proliferation of man. Malthus, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, had already pointed out the dangers of this, but only from an economic point of view. Our optimists today try to answer him by evoking the new possibilities of exploiting the land, and even the sea which, according to them, would allow the human population of the planet to increase fivefold or even tenfold without worry. But the dangers remain and are becoming more and more apparent, because the overall increase in the number of people is no longer arithmetical but geometrical. And it seems that now, more than a quarter of a century after the defeat of National Socialist Germany, the point has been reached beyond which nothing, other than a gigantic external intervention, can stop it.<sup>136</sup>

The Führer, more than anyone else, was aware of the catastrophe that the overpopulation of certain regions of the earth already represented and not only because of the inevitable push, in the more or less short term, of the hungry. What he feared most of all was the gradual disappearance of the natural elites, the racial elites, under the rising tide of biologically inferior multitudes, even if here and there some dikes could be erected to protect us. At least in our time it is generally the least beautiful and least gifted races that are the most prolific. What the defender of the Aryan elite also feared was the lowering of the physical, intellectual and moral standards of generations to come. Thus, his programme for the purification of the German people (and, if he had won the war, of the peoples of Europe) included, in parallel with the sterilisation of

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<sup>136</sup> **Editor’s note:** Savitri Devi died before neo-Malthusian predictions of so-called peak oil began to become popular. My great hope is that, if neo-Malthusians are right, at least 6 billion humans will die an unnatural death due to energy devolution: a global catastrophe that would take from thirty years to a century to unfold. See for example Chris Martenson’s *The Crash Course: An Honest Approach to Facing the Future of Our Economy, Energy, and Environment* (2nd Edition: March 1, 2023).

incurable people who were able to justify their existence by some useful work, the pure and simple physical elimination (without suffering) of those who were only human in form, such as monsters, idiots, mentally retarded people, lunatics, etc.<sup>137</sup> The programme was conceived in the sense of a definitive return to healthy Nature. It was conceived in the spirit of Lycurgus, the lawgiver of Sparta, and it is known that Lycurgus' laws were dictated to him by the Apollo of Delphi, the Hyperborean.

This programme was beginning to be implemented. Unfortunately, the fierce opposition of the Christian churches, resulted in a postponement of the drastic measures it contained. Adolf Hitler was too much of a realist to confront head-on, in the midst of war, the prejudices that eleven hundred years of Christian anthropocentrism had embedded in the psyche of his people. This is how the ten thousand or so mentally retarded in the Bethel asylum near Bielefeld survived the fall of the Third Reich... unfortunately. It remains true that the physical elimination of human waste was, together with the sterilisation of the incurably ill but still usable as economic factors, an essential aspect of Adolf Hitler's fight against decadence. The pure and simple suppression of medicine and preventive hygiene was, logically, another aspect. And it would have been another aspect in a victorious Germany which would have dominated Europe, and would have had nothing to fear from the threat of prolific multitudes, massed in the East, under the command of leaders who had identified the old cause of Panslavism with Marxism-Leninism. Given the tragic reality of this threat—the overpopulation of the whole Earth—putting a brake was needed.

In a talk of 15 January 1942, the Führer alluded to the alarming increase in the population of India: an increase of fifty-five million in ten years<sup>138</sup> all the more alarming, one might say, because in this remote and last bastion of a properly Aryan religious tradition it is the low castes, the aborigines and Eurasians—the

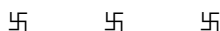
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<sup>137</sup> **Editor's note:** The only one of my friends with whom I could comfortably discuss racial issues had a sister with the most severe Down's syndrome. She was virtually incapable of returning home if left alone close to her house: an IQ less than that of a dog, but the family let her live until she died a natural death.

<sup>138</sup> *Libres propos*, page 203.

non-Aryans and half-breeds—who are multiplying at the most insane rate. The Führer continued: ‘We are witnessing the same phenomenon in Russia.’<sup>139</sup> They were dealing with the direct threat of indefinitely increased masses which risk submerging and dissolving in their bosom the future German colonists. They are Aryan masses, no doubt but not Germanic that the fate of history has set against the Germans from the Middle Ages onwards, sometimes mixed with Mongolian blood. This is a danger for the German people and for the new world that the Führer dreamed of founding: the pan-European, if not pan-Aryan, Empire dominated by Germany. Adolf Hitler wanted to avert this danger, and he was well aware that banning preventive hygiene measures wouldn’t be enough. Therefore, according to Rauschning’s report, he had envisaged more radical measures still in the spirit of the immemorial Law of the Jungle, the struggle for life which the superior man has to apply above all to other men of inferior quality because they are his real rivals on Earth—they, and not the noble beasts, aristocrats of the forest, savannah or desert; neither the trees, the ornament of the soil.

‘Nature is cruel,’ declared the Fighter against Time, ‘so we have the right to be too. At the moment when I am going to throw into the hurricane of iron and fire the flower of Germanism without feeling any regret for the precious blood that is going to flow in torrents, who could dispute with me the right to annihilate millions of men of inferior races who are multiplying like insects and whom I shall not, moreover, exterminate but whose growth I shall systematically prevent—for example by separating men from women for years?’<sup>140</sup>



These measures through which he hoped to be able, outside the Germanic world, to check overpopulation characteristic of the Dark Ages, represented only one aspect of his activity against this Age. A parallel, more visible and more brutal action—such as the much-maligned and misunderstood *Einsatzgruppen*—was later to complement it. While the Führer’s wisdom must be presented as a

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<sup>139</sup> Ibid.

<sup>140</sup> Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler m’a dit*, (op. cit), pp. 159-60.

return to the eternal principles, his methods are reminiscent of those of Antiquity in the total absence of ‘conscience’ and hence of remorse both in him, who was responsible for them, and the men who applied them. The suppression of human waste among his people is reminiscent of the summary treatment in Sparta of unwelcome newborns, whom the ephors deemed unworthy of being raised. And the action of his *Einsatzgruppen* in Poland and Russia is singularly reminiscent of that of the merciless Spartan *krypteia* among the Helots.<sup>141</sup> Both were, above all, actions of preventive defence implemented against a swarming of defeated people that the mere awareness of their numbers incited to raise their heads, and to assure that nothing could push them to set up a force against their conquerors.

An enthusiastic statement by the Führer shows his eminently revolutionary attitude and his contempt for the modern world which, he knew, was doomed and which he dreamed of destroying. He said: ‘Well, yes, we are Barbarians, and we want to be Barbarians. It is a badge of honour. We are the ones who will rejuvenate the world. The present world is near its end. Our task is to tear it down.’<sup>142</sup> That is: to destroy it in order to build on its ruins a world in accordance with eternal values, with the original meaning of things.<sup>143</sup> One can compare the action of the *Einsatzgruppen* against the Jews in Germany and in the countries occupied by the armies of the Third Reich with that of the *Einsatzgruppen* in the Eastern territories. In both cases, according to the instructions given by Reinhard Heydrich in May 1941 to the leaders of the latter, the aim was to ‘mercilessly destroy all past, present and future opposition to National Socialism’<sup>144</sup> that is, to eliminate as many actual or potential enemies of the new Germanic faith and Empire as possible. In both cases, the action revealed a scale of values in complete opposition to all anthropocentrism. War is, in itself, the negation of any anthropocentric faith or philosophy: especially war between men of different races and civilisations, some of whom

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<sup>141</sup> **Editor’s note:** See the essay on Sparta in *The Fair Race*.

<sup>142</sup> Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler m’a dit*, p. 160.

<sup>143</sup> *Mein Kampf*, German edition 1935, page 440.

<sup>144</sup> Quoted by André Brissaud in *Hitler et l’Ordre Noir*, 1969 edition, page 319.

regard the habitat of others as necessary, or favourable, to their development.



Reinhard Heydrich

Himmler remarked that the Anglo-Saxon pioneers in North America had ‘exterminated the Indians and only wanted to live on their native land.’<sup>145</sup> And the fiercest anti-Hitlerites are forced to admit that he was right, and that there is no ‘respect for the human person’ in the attitude of the founders of the US towards the native Americans. It is all too easy, after the fact, when you have installed your democracy over the entire surface of a continent practically emptied of its inhabitants, whose race you have destroyed in the most cowardly way by alcohol, it is easy then, I say, to proclaim that the age of violence is over; to forbid others to carve out a ‘living space’ for themselves as you did it for yourself and, should their effort end in failure, to bring them before a parody International Tribunal as criminals against humanity.

That is easy. But it is an indictment of lies; of bad faith. It also denotes a secret and sordid envy: that of the dwarf towards the giant; the plutocrat in search of new markets instead of the warrior capable of frank and detached violence. In both actions—the *Einsatzgruppen* in Poland and Russia and that against the Jews everywhere—the leaders of the Third Reich had men from conquered countries treated as the founders of the US had treated the Redskins, but with less hypocrisy. They openly admitted that ‘the tragedy of greatness is to create new life by treading on corpses.’<sup>146</sup> It doesn’t matter the quantity of corpses if the new life is

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<sup>145</sup> See Kersten’s *Les mains du miracle*, page 319.

<sup>146</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l’Ordre Noir*, (op. cit.) page 309.

closer to its divine prototype; if it is more faithful to the supreme values than the life that is disappearing. And they sincerely believed it was, or would be (and indeed it would have been, if Germany had won the war).

Moreover, they acted and made others act without hatred or sadism. To the American prosecutor Walton, who questioned him during his trial after the disaster, the SS *Gruppenführer* Otto Ohlendorf, Commander-in-Chief of *Einsatzgruppe D*, declared that a man ‘who showed pleasure in these executions was fired.’<sup>147</sup> This means that these executions were considered in high places, as well as in the ranks of the SS, an unpleasant necessity. A task to be accomplished without hesitation, certainly, but without joy as without disgust; with serene indifference in the interest of the German Reich and soon Pan-Aryan, which was also ‘the interest of the Universe.’<sup>148</sup> In the mind of the Supreme Leader, Adolf Hitler, the expansion and transformation of the Reich was to initiate a global recovery in the traditional sense of the word. But if, in practice, a so-called People’s Commissar, a Slavic Communist,<sup>149</sup> was killed as an ‘enemy of the Reich’ as well as a Jew, it remains true that there was a nuance or difference in meaning between these two actions. The Slavic Communist was—just like any Communist as well as many non-Communists such as those nationalists of the Polish intelligentsia who were also shot by *Einsatzgruppen* commandos—considered personally dangerous. By killing him we eliminated an enemy, real or supposed. There was no time to examine each case and to see whether, perhaps, some valuable individuals might not, in the long run, have been led to join the new German-dominated Europe.

The Jew, in addition to the danger he could represent, and often did represent personally, was considered dangerous in his very essence. He belonged to the people whose historical role was to spread untruths and counter-values: a source of subversion and of anti-nature. With no ‘chosen people’—the exact antithesis of the Aryan and especially the German—neither Marxism nor Jacobinism nor Christianity (that ‘Bolshevism of Ancient World’ as the Führer

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<sup>147</sup> Ibid (op. cit.), p. 324.

<sup>148</sup> *Bhagavad-Gîta*, III, verse 25.

<sup>149</sup> Many of the People’s Commissars in Soviet Russia were Jews, but not all of them.



so aptly put it) or any of the forms of the superstition of 'man' and his 'happiness' at any price, would have come into being. They symbolised the victory of the Dark Age, which the initiates know is inevitable, but which they strive to postpone as long as possible if they have a fighting soul. Their elimination was, even more than that of the people of all races who had believed their lies, a challenge. For the Jew was the 'unclean' element. In more than one speech, Himmler likened it to the parasitic insects whose presence degrades the most beautiful hair and the most robust body. And he saw its suppression 'not as a matter of ideology but as a matter of cleanliness.'

And yet... if there is an order to the leaders of the *Einsatzgruppen* to mercilessly eliminate the enemies of National Socialism (including the Jews, of course), there is no German document proving that the 'final solution of the Jewish problem' meant the total physical liquidation of the Jews. Consider the famous Protocol of the Wannsee Conference of January 18, 1942 in the course of the trials set up after the war. With bad faith concerning the SS, the SD (*Sicherheitsdienst*) and the Gestapo, they translated as 'extermination of the Jews in the German living space' the sentence which means 'repression of the Jews outside of German living space' (*Zurückdrängung der Juden aus dem Lebensraum des Deutschen Volkes*).<sup>150</sup> It seems that, at first, it was only a question of repression and not of indiscriminate extermination—and this, despite the anger of the Jews of the whole world and the resounding 'declaration of war against the German Reich' launched from New York at the beginning of August 1933 by Samuel Untermyer when there was still no oppression or persecution in Germany. And despite the call by Wladimir Jabotinsky, future head of the Jewish terrorist organisation Irgun Zwi Leumi, in the Jewish magazine *Mascha Rietsch* of January 1934 for the 'extermination of all Germans.'

This seems to be all the more true since before the war, the *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* (RSA) Subgroup IV 134 was itself involved in close cooperation with the Haganah, the underground Zionist organisation, in sending Jews from the Reich to Palestine which was then under the British Mandate, despite the opposition of the

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<sup>150</sup> Quoted in full by Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? Aber Wohin?*, 1954 edition, page 187.

government in London. Thus, in 1938 and the first months of 1939, almost four hundred thousand Jews left German territory, in full agreement with the National Socialist authorities.<sup>151</sup> (I am not talking about those who left without being forced to, from 1933 to 1938, or before 1933.) Moreover, the famous Nuremberg Laws of September 1935, which best reflect the spirit of Hitler's revolution and the purest Aryan racism, while denying Jews (as indeed all non-Aryans) the possibility of acquiring German nationality and forbidding them 'to fly the German colours or to hoist the national flag of the Reich,' gave them the right 'to hoist the Jewish colours.' The exercise of this right, it was specified, was 'placed under the protection of the State'<sup>152</sup> which proves that at that time, despite their historical role as 'ferment of decomposition,' Israelites were still considered in National Socialist Germany as foreigners to be distrusted and kept at a distance, but not as 'vermin' to be destroyed.

Things would change in 1941 and increasingly in 1942 as the Second World War became more relentless and more 'total.' And this, above all, thanks to those 'millions of non-Jews, friends of the Jews' that Samuel Untermyer had foreseen almost ten years before: the collaborators in their fight to the death against the Third Reich. As early as May 1940 the massive attack by the British air force, deliberately directed against the German civilian population, began. The English general Spaight boasts about it in his book *Bombing Vindicated*. And the deluge of phosphorus and fire only intensified after the US entered the war, turning entire German cities into infernos night after night. It is estimated that about five million German civilians, women, old men and children, died during these ferocious bombardments: crushed under the smoking rubble or burnt alive in their shelters invaded by the liquid, flaming asphalt that poured in from the molten streets.<sup>153</sup>

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<sup>151</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l'Ordre Noir*, page 307.

<sup>152</sup> Article 4 of the Third Nuremberg Law.

<sup>153</sup> See Thomas Goodrich's *Hellstorm, the Death of Nazi Germany, 1944-1947* (Aberdeen Books; first edition, 10 Junio 2010).

The Führer hadn't, as early as 1933, the day after the 'declaration of war' by several of their number in the name of all of them, interned all the Jews in Germany as he could have done then. (If, by the mouth of its responsible representatives, any nation declares war on France, won't all the nationals of that nation, domiciled in France, be immediately interned?) He felt strong enough to be generous, and besides, the light side outweighed the unforgiving side of his psychology. He had let all those who wanted to go—go with their money which they immediately used to turn world opinion against him and his country. He had done everything, tried everything, to make it easier for them to put down peaceful roots outside the Germanic living space. But no government had agreed to welcome them *en masse* into its territory or colonies. Now it was war. And it was a Jewish war, as they proclaimed to anyone who would listen: a war waged by Aryans, whose (misunderstood) sense of self-interest, narrow and jealous nationalism and above all that superstition of 'man' inherited from both Christianity and Descartes, had been exploited by Jewish propaganda for years: a war against the Germans as 'enemies of humanity' and against the National Socialist worldview as 'the negation of man.' It was hell unleashed against Germany by the Jews in the name of man.<sup>154</sup>

No one, of course, except those who 'live in the eternal,' can claim to know the innermost thoughts of Adolf Hitler. However, it is logical to assume that the hardening of his attitude towards the Jews, which began in 1941 and continued later, was a violent reaction against the superstition of 'man' and all the morality

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<sup>154</sup> **Editor's note:** On this point I differ not only from Savitri but from all those obsessed with Jewry who comment on racist forums. American white nationalists, and this passage from Savitri, blame Jewry as the primary factor of this catastrophe. But Jews aren't gifted enough to hypnotise mankind since their subversion cannot enter the Islamic world, China or India. It is *the Christians* of the countries that declared war on Germany who surrendered their will over to evil, and their atheist children who still live under that axiological sky. Savitri, as I have already said, didn't have a perfect understanding of the historical role Christian ethics have been playing in Western history (see *The Fair Race*, Deschner's *Christianity's Criminal History* and our forthcoming anthology of various authors that I will compile after publishing this book by Savitri).

that goes with it, in the face of the daily and ever-increasing horror of the ‘phosphorus cleansings’ as their perpetrators, the Anglo-American bombers, called them.<sup>155</sup> If this was the application of the man’s morality, bent on crushing National Socialism by burning alive Germans, women and children included, the people who had acclaimed it and brought it to power, then why hesitate any longer to oppose it to the very last consequences, the immemorial morality of the Jungle: that of the struggle to the death between incompatible species? The Führer may not have ordered the massive suppression of Jews, without distinction of sex or age, both in the conquered areas of the East (where they were very often confused with the most dangerous snipers and saboteurs) and in the concentration camps. But he allowed his most radical collaborators to act—such as Goebbels, whom he had severely reprimanded<sup>156</sup> the day after the well-known night of the popular pogrom of 9-10 November 1938, known as *Kristallnacht*. Heinrich Himmler and Reinhardt Heydrich merely executed the suggested measures for which the Führer accepted full responsibility.

I have said it over and over again: there was nothing new about the Führer’s New Order, the one he wanted and which, unfortunately, the pressure of the Dark Forces of the whole world had to crush before his installation. It was the oldest possible order, the original order of things firmly based on the eternal truths which dominate and condition that particular manifestation of Being, life. But its resurgence in our late stage of the age of untruths and even later could never happen except through combat. This is why the idea of relentless combat, of ‘perpetual revolution’<sup>157</sup> is inseparable from Hitlerism. It underlies both the most positive creations in all fields and the most implacable defensive measures against the corruption of the race or the regime’s saboteurs. Hitler’s intolerance is, even in its aggressiveness, only a defensive intolerance: a reaction, as I have tried to show, against the millennial intolerance of Judaism and its jealous God. It is also a reaction against the no less jealous entities (universalism, democracy, etc.) that an increasingly Judaized world believes. Hitlerism itself is, even in its

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<sup>155</sup> Sauvageon, a post-war author, gave this cynical title to one of his novels.

<sup>156</sup> Grimm: *Warum? Woher? aber Wobin?* (op. cit.), page 84.

<sup>157</sup> Rauschning: *Hitler m’a dit*, page 59.

conquering momentum, nothing but a movement for the defence, protection and resurrection of the fundamental values of Life denied in the West for centuries. It is the defence of the ideal Order, more or less apparent in the most venerable ancient societies, against all miscegenation, all levelling, all backward selections, all unnatural reversals: the disintegrating pressure of what is commonly called 'progress' and that is ultimately nothing but the ever more insistent affirmation of anthropocentrism.

Anthropocentrism is, I repeat, unthinkable outside the Dark Ages.

When I speak of its constructive aspect I don't especially have in mind the spectacular material, social or even cultural achievements of the German Third Reich: not the restoration of the national economy (almost overnight), not the various initiatives or institutions that might be called 'philanthropic,' the aid to mothers and children, the distributions of coal to the elderly during the winter, the cruises to the Balearic Islands or the Canary Islands organised for factory workers on paid leave, or the royal four-lane autobahns which ran as far as the eye could see into the splendour of the restored forests. All this was just one of a series of obvious signs of the victorious revolution, a series that was only just beginning. Other signs, less obvious and more subtle than the first, were already appearing in all areas of life. Newborn babies were increasingly given beautiful Germanic names, evocative of a legendary past. Furniture, at least in some privileged homes, such as those of SS members, was decorated with symbolic motifs whose occult influence was felt even by those who couldn't explain it.



Hans Schmitz-Wiedenbrück: *Familienbild*, 1938.

But however important they may have been they were, again, only signs. This wasn't the revolution. The real revolution—unique among the political upheavals of all centuries since Antiquity—was the return to the sources under the command of a qualified Chief and Master: both initiate and strategist, and supreme holder of political authority: a prophet of the new (or rather eternal) doctrine and founder of the corresponding visible order. The real revolution was an effort to restore a traditional society, hierarchically ordered according to the intangible values of all time; resting firmly on the earth while it carried its elite of race, character and knowledge beyond the human, as the plant with long serpentine stems holds its mystic lotuses, hatched in the light, on the surface of the pond, far above the nourishing mud. The European, if not pan-Aryan society that the Führer wanted was to be no other than this. Politically centred around the Great Reich, that is to say, Germany, supplemented by the conquered areas in the West and especially in the East, this society would have been dominated by the Germanic elite of the SS to which would have been increasingly incorporated Aryans of non-German origin judged worthy of forming, together with their blood brothers, the warrior aristocracy of the new world. And at least part of this young aristocracy would have been—was, in fact, already—a spiritual elite, an initiatory group linked, through the intermediary of a very ancient tradition, to the primordial tradition.

Governed from 1933 onwards by the incarnation of the divine liberator, who returns unceasingly and, in the following years, by that of his paladins whom he would have designated, the Reich was to become once again what had been centuries before Christianity and before Rome: the soil of the old Germanic tribes, a 'holy land' in the esoteric sense of the word, the cradle of a civilisation nourished by the radiance of a powerful centre of initiatory achievement. And it is well known that this new Aryan civilisation, with its Germanic elite, was inspired by the same principles as the old society of Vedic and post-Vedic India, at a time when the caste system still corresponded effectively to the natural hierarchy of men. In both cases, at the root of the whole social structure, is the same notion of irreducible congenital inequality between human races: an inequality which no religious or philosophical anthropocentrism can attenuate, and which is the

duty of the wise legislator to reinforce, if possible, but never to fight.

The gulf which, in the mind of the Führer, separates the Aryan worthy of the name from the sub-humans is reminiscent of the gulf which, in the Sanskrit Scriptures, separates and opposes the Arya from the Dasyu. According to Rauschnig, the Führer goes so far as to speak of a ‘new variety of man,’ the result of a real ‘mutation’ in the scientific and natural sense of the word<sup>158</sup> that would ‘far surpass present-day man’ and would move further and further away from ‘the man of the herd’ who has entered ‘the stage of decay.’<sup>159</sup> It seems that he saw this mutation—like the initiation of the ‘twice-born’ of ancient India or the freemen of pagan Greece into the mysteries—as the culmination of a hard series of tests. He felt that it was too late to impose such asceticism on the mature generation. It was the youth, the ‘splendid youth’ that Adolf Hitler loved so much, the youth whose destiny he was still trying to guide ‘in the centuries to come’ by writing his political testament under the thunder of the Russian guns, who had to undergo it and emerge transformed, hardened, embellished, elevated to a higher level of being: a level that an elite within the elite had yet to exceed.

It was in the fortresses (Burgs) of the warlike and mystical Order of the SS—those veritable nurseries of Western Kshatriyas—that the masters-at-arms and spiritual masters of the new aristocracy were to educate the young candidates for superhumanity. ‘My pedagogy is hard,’ declared the inspired Lawgiver of the new Aryan world. ‘I work with a hammer and loosen everything that is dumb or worm-eaten. In my Burgs of Order we shall grow a youth before whom the world will tremble; a violent, imperious, fearless youth that will know how to bear pain. I want nothing weak or tender in them. I want it to have the strength and beauty of the young beasts—the innocence and nobility of Nature.’<sup>160</sup> And further on, still in the same conversation with Rauschnig: ‘The only science I shall require for these young people is self-control. They will learn to tame fear. This is the first stage of my Order: the stage of heroic

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<sup>158</sup> Ibid., page 272.

<sup>159</sup> Ibid., pages 272-273.

<sup>160</sup> Ibid., page 278.

youth. From this will come the second degree: that of the free man, of the man at the centre of the world, of the ‘god-man.’<sup>161</sup>

What was this god-man, this man at the centre of the world, the nature of which seems to have completely escaped Rauschning as no doubt many of the Führer’s other interlocutors? What was it—what could it be—if not what the sages, in the traditional sense of the word, call ‘primordial man’ or ‘Edenic man’: he who has succeeded, precisely through his ‘self-mastery,’ in identifying himself with the centre of his being and who has thereby rediscovered his original innocence because ‘while acting, he is no longer acts’?<sup>162</sup> But there was another ‘future stage of manly maturity’ or higher degrees of initiation of which Adolf Hitler was ‘not allowed to speak.’ There were revelations which were to come later, ‘long, perhaps after his death.’

He knew that his death—as well as the death of the whole universe of truth which he was recreating by iron and fire—would be indispensable to the ultimate accomplishment of his mission. He had had, at the age of sixteen, an extraordinary intuition. I should say: a vision. He seems never to have expressed to anyone the depth of his thinking nor the magnitude (and horror) of what, from the angle of the eternal present, his inner eye could discover of the immediate future of Germany and the world; nor the profound—more than human—reasons which made his fight necessary despite the old certainty and the increasingly obvious prospect of inevitable collapse. He never expressed any of this because metaphysical knowledge, which alone justified everything he could have said, is, like all such knowledge, incommunicable. Among his most devoted collaborators only those who, like Rudolf Hess, weren’t aspects of the one who comes from the past, but were nevertheless initiates, could follow him. They needed no verbal or written transmission to grasp all that in the Führer’s secret thought, though impenetrable to discursive intelligence, wasn’t beyond their level.

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The absolute rejection of ‘free and compulsory’ education—the same for all—is another of the main features that bring the

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<sup>161</sup> Ibid., page 279.

<sup>162</sup> *The Bhagavad-Gīta*, IV, Verse 20.



society that Adolf Hitler dreamed of establishing, and already that of the Third Reich itself, closer to the traditional societies of the past. Already in *Mein Kampf*, the idea of identical education for young men and women is rejected with the utmost rigour.<sup>163</sup> It isn't possible to give the same education to young people whom Nature has destined to different and complementary functions. Similarly, one cannot teach the same things, and in the same spirit, even to young people of the same sex who, later on, will have to engage in unrelated activities. To do so would be to burden their memory with a heap of information which they, for the most part, have no use for while, at the same time, depriving them of valuable knowledge and neglecting the formation of their character.<sup>164</sup>

This is also true when they are children of the same couple. It is even more so when they aren't. To realise this, it suffices to think of the incongruities resulting from the mania of a uniform education in a country of multiple races and cultures. Adolf Hitler saw in this sinister nonsense one of the most alarming symptoms of the universal gangrene of anti-Tradition. He wanted people to be taught only what was good and desirable for them to know, to hold the place in the human hierarchy that they should occupy by their heredity, race and innate personal abilities. Few thinkers have attacked, as vehemently as he, the 'civilising' action of Christian missionaries in Black Africa and elsewhere; their obstinacy in imposing on the people of other climates a ridiculous dress<sup>165</sup> and values which serve only to unhinge them and make them rebels. Few have been as categorical as Hitler in condemning a uniform general education, distributed indiscriminately in primary schools, to the children of the masses, even European—even German! He considered the superficial study of foreign languages and the sciences to be particularly useless for the great majority of the sons (and even more so for the daughters) of the folk. In Hitler's opinion, one should be satisfied with teaching just enough of these subjects 'to put on the right track' those pupils who would take a genuine interest in them and prolong their schooling.

But there is more, and much more. In a European society dominated by its Germanic elite, such as the Führer would have

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<sup>163</sup> *Mein Kampf*, pages 459-460.

<sup>164</sup> *Libres propos sur la Guerre et la Paix* (op. cit.) pages 309 and 344.

<sup>165</sup> *Ibid*, page 309.

rebuilt, education, culture and even more the practical probability of advanced spiritual development had to regain its secret character—properly initiatory—which they had had in the most remote antiquity, among the Aryan peoples and others: the Germans of the Bronze Age as well as in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and India. They were to be reserved for the privileged.

Emerging in the heroic age of National Socialism, these privileged people were necessarily drawn from all classes of the pre-Hitler society. It couldn't be otherwise in an age when 'class' no longer corresponded to the purity of blood and its inherent qualities. But these soldiers of the first hour were to form, little by little, together with the young people rigorously selected and hardened in the Burgs of the SS Order, the asceticism of the body to form an aristocracy henceforth hereditary and strongly rooted and itself hierarchical. These members of the elite corps among whom the most beautiful and valuable sons of peasants, the most brilliant academics of good breeding, and many young representatives of the old and rigid German nobility, were to gradually merge into a true caste: an inexhaustible reservoir of candidates for superhumanity. And, I repeat, in this new nobility of the Western world were to be admitted also those Aryans of other nationalities for the Great Reich, but also the return of the whole Earth to a life based on traditional truth. And he alone could be the instrument of this recovery *in extremis* if any somewhat lasting recovery was already impossible. The Waffen SS could have been the barrier against the immense enterprise of subversion represented by Marxism, including the contingents from some thirty countries such as an Indian Legion and a *Britische Freiwilligen Korps* or English Legion of St. George. 'Great empires are born on a national basis but very soon leave it behind.'<sup>166</sup>

Total freedom of education was thus to be the privilege of the elite of blood and character, the natural elite, and of those whom it would admit into its bosom. And it would admit fewer and fewer of them as, thanks to the rigorous racial selection of which it was to be the object, it would rise higher and higher above the less pure, less perfect masses. Ultimately, completely freed from all humanitarian and scientific prejudices, the future Hitlerian civilisation was to grant to the inferior races of conquered

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<sup>166</sup> Ibid page 344.

foreigners—whom the Führer designated in advance as ‘modern slaves’—the blessing of illiteracy. And wherever certain knowledge and quality of existence were deemed necessary or advantageous, it had to encourage the acquisition of ‘a degree of instruction for each class and within the class for each level.’ And this was to be done even among the elite, which, I repeat, was to have stages corresponding to innate capacities for development and action.<sup>167</sup>

In several talks the Führer confessed to owing much to his opponents, especially to the Catholic Church, whose solid structure and durability he admired and, within the Church, the Jesuit Order, with its spiritual exercises and iron discipline. He confessed to having borrowed from the Freemasons the practice of secrecy, that very thing which made them strong and dangerous in his eyes. He wanted to beat the Jews ‘with their weapons’ and declared, correctly, that ‘he who learns nothing from his enemies is a fool.’<sup>168</sup> But these contributions, however important they may have been, would never have been enough to give true Hitlerism the traditional character which I have tried, throughout these pages, to bring out. They wouldn’t have sufficed because the Church and the Freemasons had been cut off from the primordial tradition for centuries; and because the Jews, as a factor in the organised levelling of all non-Jewish humanity, couldn’t represent anything but anti-Tradition: the inspiring and directing brain of social subversion. Something else was needed, no longer in the pseudo-religious and pseudo-racial community that National Socialist Germany had to combat: but a powerful, effective, genuine link with Tradition that secured and maintained the initiation.

If one thinks of the total rejection of modern prejudices, by which Hitlerism opposes all political doctrines of our time as well as of the centuries immediately preceding it; if one remembers the dream of universal hierarchy, based above all on blood and, if one considers this resounding negation of the Jacobin idea of the ‘rights of all men’, one cannot help but compare the spirit of the Führer with that of the ancient legislators. In connection with Adolf Hitler’s suppression of idiots, mental defectives and other human waste and the biological selection carried out by the SS elite, I have evoked the laws that the Delphic Apollo once dictated to Lycurgus.

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<sup>167</sup> Rauschnig: *Hitler m’a dit*, page 62.

<sup>168</sup> *Ibid.*, page 266.

The secrecy of all science in the future Hitlerian civilisation and the efforts already made under the Third Reich to limit, as far as possible, the misdeeds of general education—that ‘most corrosive poison’ of liberalism—evoke the curse that, thousands of years ago and in all traditional societies, was aimed at all those who would have divulged, especially to people of impure blood, the knowledge that the priests had given to them. Let us recall the very old *Laws of Manu* and the formal prohibition of teaching the science of the sacred books and the incantatory formulae to the Shudras (and, even more, to the Chandalas, Poukhasas and other people of mixed blood).<sup>169</sup> The Shudras weren’t allowed to learn the sacred books. The most severe penalties were imposed in ancient India on the Arya who uttered a secret text in the presence of a man of the servile castes and on the Shudra, or half-breed, who would have heard it even without having listened. Similar laws existed among all the peoples still attached to the original Tradition—all science being, at that time, still sacred and secret.

In his galling book, which is full of unintentional tributes to the Führer—the most malicious criticisms are, in fact, unnoticed praises—Hermann Rauschning describes Hitlerism as ‘the irruption of the primitive world into the West.’<sup>170</sup> In reality, it isn’t the primitive world that is at issue here but the primordial world before any break with the more-than-human Tradition. The real savages to whom the Christian alludes are by no means primitives but degenerates: precisely what the West, which has just rejected the last of its Saviours, is heading for. The civilisation that the latter would have founded, if Europe hadn’t shown that it was already too late, had all the features of those powerful recoveries that occur throughout the cycle, each time shorter, but always inspired by the same nostalgia for the increasingly unthinkable golden age, the age of truth. Certainly, irresistible forces, essentially telluric, possessed the fascinated crowds at the call of Adolf Hitler. And the grandiose night parades by torchlight to the sound of war songs, drums and brass bands gave off a real collective spell.

Why not? This too was part of the art of awakening immemorial instincts, of returning to Nature with its depth richness and innocence after centuries of lies and emasculation. Despite this,

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<sup>169</sup> *Laws of Manu*, Book IV, 80-81.

<sup>170</sup> Rauschning: : *Hitler m’a dit* page 287.

it wasn't 'the drumming of the savage peoples' that, as Rauschnig writes, dominated the shifting structure of the Third Reich and above all the thinking and aspirations of the Führer and the great leaders of the SS Order. It was the eternal 'music of the spheres' of which Plato spoke, mute to carnal ears but everywhere present: subtle, indestructible, hovering even over Germany in flames, even over the degraded Europe after the disaster of 1945. And those who were (and are) able to grasp its rhythm heard it and were to continue to hear it after the defeat—even before the dwarfs disguised as 'judges' of the post-war kangaroo courts; even at the concentration camps of the victors; even in the consumer society imposed on the dismembered Reich and the colony of the United States named Europe: a society with empty arsenals and full pantries as demanded by the Jews, who hadn't forgotten anything but, alas, learned a lot since the Weimar Republic.

That which is eternal cannot be destroyed. And the initiate is the one who lives in it and acts in the name of the principles that govern the universe. A Hindu who, at the beginning of the Second World War and even before, had hailed in the person of Adolf Hitler an 'avatar of Vishnu' and the 'chief of all Aryas,' told me that he recognised him as such by the fact that he wanted to give back to the caste system its original meaning and then extend it to the whole world. In him, he said, had reappeared the One who, a few thousand years ago, declared to the hero Arjuna: 'From Me have emanated the four castes created by the different distribution of qualities.'<sup>171</sup>

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Despite the polemics that the name of the Führer still unleashes, more than a quarter of a century after the disappearance of his physical person, his initiation into a powerful esoteric group, in direct connection with the primordial Tradition, is no longer in doubt. Certainly, his detractors—and there are many—have tried to present him as a man driven to all kinds of excesses. Or they saw in him a master of error, a disciple of black magicians. But their criticism is suspect because they all take the 'moral' viewpoint—and a false morality—since it is supposedly 'the same for all men.' What

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<sup>171</sup> *The Bhagavad-Gîta*, IV, Verse 13.

repels them and prevents them *a priori* from recognising the truth of Hitlerism is the total absence of anthropocentrism and the enormity of the ‘war crimes’ and ‘crimes against humanity,’ to which he is historically linked. In other words, they reproach him with being at odds with ‘universal consciousness.’ But universal conscience doesn’t exist; it has never existed. It is, at most, the set of prejudices common to people of the same civilisation, insofar as they don’t feel or think for themselves, which means that it isn’t ‘universal’ in any way. Furthermore, spiritual development isn’t a matter of morality but of knowledge: of direct insight into the eternal Laws of being and non-being. It is written in those ancient *Laws of Manu*, whose spirit is so close to that of the most enlightened followers of the Führer that ‘a Brahmin possessing the entire Rig Veda’ (which doesn’t mean knowing by heart the 1009 hymns which compose it but the supreme knowledge) ‘would be stained with no crime even if he had slain all the inhabitants of the three worlds, and accepted food from the vilest man.’<sup>172</sup> Certainly, such a man, having transcended all individuality, could act dispassionately and, like the sage spoken of in the *Bhagavad-Gîta*, ‘in the interest of the universe.’ But it doesn’t follow that his action would correspond to a man-centred morality. For nothing proves that the interest of the Universe sometimes doesn’t require the sacrifice of millions of men, even the best.

It shouldn’t be forgotten that, whatever the initiatory training he underwent later on, it seems certain that the future Führer was already between the ages of twelve and fourteen, and perhaps even earlier, in possession of the fundamental directives of his historical ‘Self’. Hitler had already shown his love for art in general and especially architecture and music, German history and history in general. He was an ardent patriot hostile to the Jews (whom he felt to be the absolute antithesis of the Germans) and let us remember his boundless admiration for all of Richard Wagner’s work. It seems certain, from the account of his life up to the age of nineteen given by his teenage friend August Kubizek that his great, true ‘initiator’—the one who awakened in him a more than a human vision of things before any affiliation with any esoteric teaching group—was Wagner, and Wagner alone. Adolf Hitler retained all his life the enthusiastic veneration he had, barely out of childhood,

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<sup>172</sup> *Laws of Manu*, Book Eleven, verse 261.

devoted to the Master of Bayreuth. No one has ever understood or felt the cosmic significance of Wagnerian themes as he did—no one, not even Nietzsche who had undoubtedly gone some way towards knowing the first principles. The creation of *Parsifal* remained an enigma for the philosopher of the overman who only grasped the Christian envelope. The Führer, on the other hand, knew how to rise above the apparent opposition of opposites, including that which seems to exist between the music of *Parsifal*'s 'Good Friday Enchantment' and the 'Ride of the Valkyries.'



He saw further ahead. Behind the poetic setting of Wagnerian drama, Hitler welcomed 'the practical teaching of the obstinate struggle for selection and renewal'<sup>173</sup> and in the Grail, the source of eternal life, the very symbol of 'pure blood.' And he praised the Master for having been able to give his prophetic message both through *Parsifal* and the pagan form of the Tetralogy. Wagner's music had the gift of evoking in him the vision not only of previous worlds but of scenes of history in the making; in other words, of opening the gates of the eternal present. And this from adolescence, if we are to believe the admirable scene reported by August Kubizek which would have taken place following a performance of Wagner's *Rienzi* at the Linz Opera House, when the future Führer was sixteen. The scene is too beautiful not to take the liberty of quoting it in full.

On leaving the theatre in Linz, where they had just seen a performance of Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*, the two young men, Adolf

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<sup>173</sup> Rauschnig: *Hitler m'a dit*, page 257.

and Augustus, instead of going home took, even though it was already past midnight, 'the path leading to the top of the Freienberg.' They liked this deserted place because they had spent many a beautiful Sunday afternoon there alone in the middle of nature. Now it was young Adolf who, visibly upset after the show, had insisted that they return there, despite the late hour or perhaps because of it. 'He walked on,' writes Augustus, 'without saying a word, without taking my presence into account. I had never seen him so strange, so pale. The higher we climbed, the more the fog dissipated...'

I wanted to ask my friend where he wanted to go like that, but the fierce and closed expression on his face prevented me from asking him the question... When we reached the top, the fog in which the city was still immersed disappeared. Above our heads the stars were shining brightly in a perfectly clear sky. Adolf then turned to me and took both my hands and clasped them tightly between his own. It was a gesture I had never seen him do before. I could feel how moved he was. His eyes shone with animation. The words didn't come out of his mouth with ease as usual, but in a choppy way. His voice was hoarse and betrayed his upset.

Gradually he began to speak more freely. Words poured out of his mouth. Never before had I heard him speak, and never again was I to hear him speak as he did when alone, standing under the stars. We seemed to be the only creatures on earth. It is impossible for me to recount in detail the words my friend spoke to me that hour.

Something quite remarkable, which I had never noticed when he had previously spoken struck me then: it was as if another 'I' was speaking through him, an Other in contact with whom he was himself as upset as I was. It was impossible to believe that he was a speaker who was intoxicated by his own words. Quite the contrary! I rather had the impression that he experienced with astonishment, I would even say with bewilderment, what was flowing out of him with the elemental violence of a force of nature.

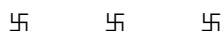
I daren't pass judgment on this observation. But it was a state of rapture in which he transposed into a grandiose vision, on another plane, his own, what he had just experienced in connection with *Rienzi*. The impression made on him by this opera had, rather, been the external impulse



that had compelled him to speak. Like the mass of water, hitherto held back by a dam, rushes forward, irresistible, if the dam is broken, so the torrent of eloquence poured out of him in sublime images. With an invincible power of suggestion he unfolded before me his own future and that of the German people...

Then there was silence. We went back down to the city. The clocks in the church towers struck three in the morning. We parted in front of my parents' house. Adolf shook my hand. Stunned, I saw that he wasn't going home but back up the hill. 'Where do you want to go again?', I asked him, puzzled. He answered laconically: 'I want to be alone.' I followed him for a long time with my eyes while he went up the empty street in the night, wrapped in his dark coat.<sup>174</sup>

'And,' Kubizek adds, 'many years were to pass before I understood what that hour under the stars, during which he had been lifted above all earthly things, had meant for my friend.' And he reports a little later on the very words that Adolf Hitler pronounced, much later, after having recounted to Frau Wagner the scene that I have just recalled, unforgettable words: 'It was then that everything began.' That was when the future master of Germany was, I repeat, sixteen years old.<sup>175</sup>



It is curious, to say the least, that this extraordinary episode—which, apart from its resonance of truth is guaranteed by Kubizek's ignorance of the superhuman realm—hasn't, to my knowledge, been commented on by any of those who have tried to link National Socialism to occult sources. Even the authors who have—quite wrongly!—wanted to attribute to the Führer a 'medium' haven't, as far as I know, attempted to use it. Instead, they

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<sup>174</sup> Auguste Kubizek, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund*, 1953 edition, pages 139-141.

<sup>175</sup> **Editor's note:** The greatest of all failings of the American racial right is precisely that they don't take racialism as an incipient religion, impregnated with the numinous (cf. my 11 December 2021 Wagnerian post 'Time here becomes space' which I will soon put in another of my anthologies).

have insisted on the immense power of suggestion which he exercised not only over crowds (and women) but on all those who came, even if only occasionally, into contact with him: men as coldly detached as Himmler; soldiers as realistic as Otto Skorzeny, Hans-Ulrich Rudel or Degrelle. Kubizek tells us that he had the distinct impression that ‘another I’ had spoken through his friend; that the stream of prophetic eloquence had seemed to flow from him as from a force alien to him. Now, if the adolescent speaker had nothing of a ‘medium’ about him; if he was in no way possessed by ‘an Other’—god or the devil, whatever; in any case not himself—, what then was this ‘other I’ who seemed to take his place during that unforgettable hour on the summit of the Freienberg under the stars.

Understandably, August Kubizek didn’t dare to pass judgment on this. However, he speaks of an ‘ecstatic state,’ of ‘complete rapture’ (*völlige Entrückung*) and the transposition of the visionary’s experience ‘to another level that suits him’ (*auf eine andere, ihm gemäße Ebene*). Moreover, this recent living experience—the impression made on him by the story of the 14th-century Roman tribune translated and interpreted by Wagner’s music—had been, the witness tells us, only the external impulse which had led him to the vision of the personal as well as the national future. In other words, the opera had served as the occasion for the adolescent’s access to a new consciousness: a consciousness in which space and time, and the individual state that is linked to these limitations, are transcended.

This would mean that the ‘other plane’ of the young Adolf Hitler was nothing less than that of the eternal present and that, far from having been possessed by an alien entity, the future master of the multitudes had become master of the Centre of his Being.<sup>176</sup> That he had, under the mysterious influence of his initiator—Wagner—taken the great decisive step on the path of esoteric knowledge and undergone the first irreversible mutation, the opening of the ‘third eye’ which had made him an ‘Edenic man.’ He had just acquired the degree of being corresponding to what is called, in initiatory language, the little mysteries. And the ‘other I’ which had spoken through his mouth of things that his daily conscious self was still unaware of, or perhaps only half-perceived

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<sup>176</sup> **Editor’s note:** What Carl Gustav Jung calls ‘the Self’.

‘as if through a veil’ a few hours before, was his true ‘I’ and that of all the living: the Being with whom he had just realised his identification. It may seem strange to the vast majority of my readers—including those who still venerate him as ‘our Führer forever’—that he could, at such an astonishingly young age, have shown such an awakening to supra-sensible realities. Among those who aspire with all their ardour to essential knowledge, how many are there who grow old in meditation and pious exercises without yet reaching this level? But if there is one area where the most fundamental inequality and the most blatant appearance of ‘arbitrariness’ reigns, it is this.

*God places his august sign on the forehead of whoever pleases him;  
He has forsaken the eagle, and chosen the birdie,  
Said the monk. Why did he do this, who shall tell? Nobody!*<sup>177</sup>

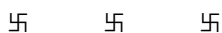
There is no impossibility for an exceptional adolescent to cross the barrier opened to the mind in search of principled truth and initiation into the little mysteries. According to what is still told in India about his life, the great Shankaracharya was one of them. And twenty-two centuries earlier, Akhenaten, king of Egypt, was also sixteen years old when he began to preach the cult of Aten, the essence of the Sun of which the disc is only the visible symbol. And everything leads us to believe that there were others, less and less rare as we go back to the cycle in which we live the last centuries.

If, on the other hand, one sees in Adolf Hitler one of the figures—and undoubtedly the penultimate one—of the One who returns when all seems lost; the most recent of the many precursors of the divine incarnation or of the last messenger who is to end this cycle and usher in the Golden Age of the next, then all becomes clear. For then, naturally, he was an adolescent and before that an exceptional child whose sign was enough to awaken his intellectual intuition. So, it isn’t impossible to think that, from his school years which he spent as a pupil at the Benedictine abbey of Lambach-an-Traun in Upper Austria, the magic of the Holy Swastika—a powerful cosmic symbol or immemorial evocator of the principal truth—seized him, penetrated him, dominated him; that he had, beyond the exhilarating solemnity of Catholic worship, identified with it forever. The Reverend Father Theodorich Hagen, Abbot of

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<sup>177</sup> Leconte de Lisle, ‘Hieronymus’ in *Poèmes tragiques*.

Lambach had, thirty years earlier, engraved this sacred sign on the walls, the woodwork and every corner of the monastery, however paradoxical such an action may seem ‘without counterpart in a Christian convent.’<sup>178</sup> And as he sang in the choir the young Adolf, nine years old in 1898, ten years old in 1899, had ‘right in front of him’ on ‘the high back of the abbot's chair,’ in the very centre of Father Hagen’s heraldic shield, the ancient Symbol destined to remain forever attached to his name. It is natural, then, that he should have been aware very early on, in parallel with his opening up to the world of Essences, of what had to be done in this visible and tangible world at the eleventh hour, a ‘recovery’—or even only to suggest one: to sound the last and supreme warning of the Gods in case the universal decadence was irredeemable (as indeed it seems to be). And, as Kubizek reports, there is every reason to believe that this was the case, since even at the time of his extraordinary awakening the future Führer spoke of the ‘mission’ (*Auftrag*) he was to receive one day, to lead the people ‘from bondage to the heights of freedom.’<sup>179</sup>



If we now ask ourselves what influence, apart from that of Wagner’s music and the less immediate but still living influence of the Swastika, could have helped the young Adolf to acquire so early the power to transcend space and time in this way, we are immediately led to think of his only childhood love: the beautiful Stephanie, with her heavy blond braids wrapped around her head like a soft, shiny crown.<sup>180</sup> Stephanie to whom he never dared to speak because he had ‘not been introduced to her’ but who had become in his eyes ‘the female counterpart of his person.’<sup>181</sup> August Kubizek insists on the exclusivity of this very special love: the ‘ideal’ plane on which he always remained. He tells us that the young Adolf, who identified Stephanie with the Elsa of *Lohengrin* and

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<sup>178</sup> Brissaud : *Hitler et l'Ordre Noir*, page 23.

<sup>179</sup> Kubizek: *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund*, page 140.

<sup>180</sup> The name Stephanie evokes the idea of a crown (*Stephanos*, in Greek).

<sup>181</sup> Kubizek: *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund* (‘die weibliche Entsprechung der eigenen Person’), p. 88.

‘other heroine figures of the Wagnerian repertoire’ didn’t feel the slightest need to talk or hear her, as he was sure that ‘intuition was enough for the mutual understanding of people out of the ordinary.’ He was satisfied to watch her pass by from afar; to love her from afar as a vision from another world.

Once, however, on a beautiful Sunday in June, something unforgettable happened. He saw her, as always, at his mother’s side in a parade of flower floats. She was holding a bouquet of poppies, cornflowers and daisies: the same flowers under which her float disappeared. She was approaching. He had never looked at her so closely, and she had never seemed more beautiful. He was, says Kubizek, ‘delighted with the earth.’ Then the girl’s bright eyes rested on him for a moment. She smiled carelessly at him in the festive atmosphere of that sunny Sunday, took a flower from her bouquet and tossed it to him. And the witness to this scene adds that ‘never again’—not even when he saw him again in 1940 in the aftermath of the French campaign at the height of his glory—did he see Adolf Hitler ‘happier.’ But even then, the future Führer did nothing to get closer to Stephanie. His Platonic love remained like that, ‘weeks, months, years.’ Not only did he no longer expect anything from the girl after the gesture I have just recalled, but ‘any initiative she might have taken beyond the rigid framework of the convention would have destroyed the image he had of her in his heart.’<sup>182</sup> When one remembers what role the ‘Lady of his thoughts’ played in the life and spiritual development of the medieval knight and when we know, moreover, what deep links existed between the Orders of Chivalry and initiatory teaching, one cannot help but connect the dots.

August Kubizek assures us that, at least during the years he lived in Vienna with him, the future Führer didn’t once respond to the solicitations of women, didn’t associate with any of them, didn’t approach any of them although he was ‘bodily and sexually quite normal.’<sup>183</sup> And he tells us that the beloved image of the woman who, in his eyes, ‘embodied the ideal German woman’ would have supported him in this deliberate refusal of any carnal adventure. It is instructive to note the reason for this refusal, which Kubizek reports in all simplicity, misunderstanding the implications of his

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<sup>182</sup> Ibid., page 87.

<sup>183</sup> Ibid., page 276.

childhood friend's words. Adolf Hitler wanted, he tells us, to keep within himself, 'pure and undiminished,'<sup>184</sup> what he called 'the flame of Life.' In other words, the vital force. 'A single moment of inattention and this sacred flame is extinguished forever'—at least for a long time—he wrote, showing us the value the future Führer attached to it. He tried, unsuccessfully, to elucidate what it is. He saw in it the symbol of the 'holy love' that awakens people who have kept themselves pure in body and spirit and who 'are worthy of a union destined to create a healthy offspring.'<sup>185</sup> The preservation of this 'flame' was to be, he wrote, 'the most important task' of that 'ideal state' which the future founder of the Third German Reich thought of in his lonely hours. This is undoubtedly true. But there is more to it than that.

There seems to be in this, on the part of the young Adolf, a deliberate refusal of sexual life—not, of course, for vain 'mortification of the flesh' but with a view to the use of the sacred flame of life in the conquest of the higher states of his being and, finally, the unthinkable beyond the being and non-being of Dante's supreme heaven: the One of Plotinus, the Brahman of the Sanskrit Scriptures. The revolution he was already meditating on could only come 'from above,' the only true revolution: the overthrow of anthropocentric values that are nothing but the product of the laughable vanity of a fallen man. He knew this and, no doubt, more than one knight aspiring to 'God'—that is to say, the knowledge of the supreme principle—resisted the temptations of the senses by evoking the idealised image of his Lady. Just as Dante was accompanied during two-thirds of his ascent to the successive paradises by the radiant Beatrice: whom he had only glimpsed twice on the material plane without ever having spoken to her. So Adolf Hitler, we believe, climbed the first rungs of spiritual development beyond the stage he could have reached without her, accompanied inwardly by the blonde Stephanie. He saw in her some of the great female figures of Wagnerian drama: the German woman *par excellence*, the living Germany. It was only natural that she should embody in human form the suggestive power, the symbolic eloquence, of both the music of the Master of Bayreuth and the immemorial Swastika.

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<sup>184</sup> Ibid., page 280.

<sup>185</sup> Ibid.



It is known that at one point Beatrice steps aside before St Bernard to guide Dante in the final stages of his ascent to the summit of the successive paradises.<sup>186</sup> One wonders who, after Stephanie, helped Adolf to climb the highest rungs of secret knowledge, and when he climbed them. Was he still living in Vienna? Or in Munich? Or shortly after his decision, upon the announcement of Germany's surrender in 1918, to 'become a politician'?—as was the case with at least one other world-changing initiate, namely Christ himself, around the age of thirty?<sup>187</sup> Or earlier? Later? It is almost impossible to answer this question with any certainty. Two things, however, are beyond doubt. The first is that throughout his life the Führer continued to bathe in the spiritual atmosphere of Wagner—even more so than Nietzsche—and draw inspiration from it. 'I know all of Wagner's thoughts inside out. At the various stages of my life I always return to him,'<sup>188</sup> he once told Hermann Rauschning while he found that, in Nietzsche, although this thinker had 'already glimpsed the overman

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<sup>186</sup> René Guénon: *L'ésotérisme de Dante*.

<sup>187</sup> **Editor's note:** This mention of the fictitious Christ, a subversive figure from the pen of the Jews who wrote the New Testament means that, like Hitler himself, Savitri never reached full enlightenment as Nietzsche did. Right before becoming mad, in the last page of *The Antichrist* he wrote: "The "holy" history should be called by the name it deserves, the *cursed* history; the words "God," "saviour," "redeemer," "saint" should be used as terms of abuse, to signify criminals."

<sup>188</sup> *Hitler m'a dit*, page 257.

as a new biological variety, everything is still floating.<sup>189</sup> I repeat: Wagner, himself initiated to the highest degree—his work is proof of this—was the true spiritual master of Adolf Hitler.

The second certainty is that, either directly through the *Thulegesellschaft* or before his first contacts with it—in Vienna perhaps—with those having the same concerns, dreams and above all knowledge of the same order, Adolf Hitler knew the old hyperborean tradition: according to Guénon, the source of all others, within which he received his supreme initiation. The fact that he was one of the ‘descents’ on earth (in Sanskrit: *avatara*) of the One who returns in every age of tragic decadence, to fight against the tide of Time and attempt a recovery, didn’t exempt him from the secret teaching of the masters of a particular form of the tradition. Regarding them, from whose tutelage he could easily escape as André Brissaud suggests,<sup>190</sup> it wasn’t taken for granted that he would never enter into conflict and they had their part to play in his awakening. Other very great figures of the past, who have left their mark on history have had masters even if they quickly surpassed them. One would have to have been a member of the Thule Society to be able to say exactly what distinguished its teaching from that of other initiatory organisations or those claiming to be such. This isn’t so important if, as Brissaud seems to think, Hitler very quickly freed himself from the influence of any master or masters he might have had—apart, of course, from that of Wagner whose music, both epic and initiatory, underpinned his entire life and even accompanied him beyond death. After the announcement of the Führer’s tragic death in 1945, German radio played the last part of Richard Wagner’s *Götterdämmerung*.

His dream was a hierarchical German Empire and beyond it, a hierarchical world according to the spirit of Tradition: a ‘caste system on a planetary scale’ to use the expression of a Hindu, an intelligent admirer of the German Third Reich. Hence, too, his efforts to create the Order, ‘a veritable lay priesthood’ as Rauschnig wrote, which was to be the guardian of Tradition at the top of the social pyramid of the Great Reich and, after the inevitable collapse, at the top of the faithful survivors.

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<sup>189</sup> Ibid., page 273.

<sup>190</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l’Ordre Noir*, page 109.





*Valhalla in flames*, is an 1894 depiction by Max Brückner, one of the original set designers for Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*.

This Order, as I have said, was the Schutzstaffel or 'Echelons of protection,' commonly referred to by its initials—SS—which the Führer wanted to be both 'militant' and 'triumphant', concerned above all with the defence and expansion of the Aryan elite's strongholds in this world, separating it from the rest of mankind as the chosen ones; the initiated separated from the uninitiated, as in all traditional societies. Without the existence of such an Order the transvaluation of values, including the material plane, was inconceivable.



## Chapter X: Hitlerian esotericism and tradition

‘The fools scorn Me when I take on human form.  
My essence, supreme source of beings, escapes them.’

—*Bhagavad-Gita*, 9, verse 2

There were, of course, echelons among the elect. Curiously, the name of this elite of physical health and beauty, of warlike courage and, more or less, of secret knowledge whose initials are known only to the vast public means, as I said above, ‘echelons of protection.’ I believe I also mentioned this about the *Ordensburgen* (Castles Order) in which the military training, political and to some extent metaphysical education of the SS, took place because Hitler’s worldview is inseparable from the metaphysics that underlies it. This is so true that a critic of National Socialism and René Guénon’s work could say that the latter was ‘Hitlerism minus the armoured divisions.’<sup>191</sup>

Not all the candidates—I should say novices—of the SS were trained and educated in the same Ordensburg. And not everyone in the same Ordensburg was taught the same way, especially in the higher echelons. It depended on the tasks for which they were considered suitable within the elite itself. The elite consisted of several organisations, from the most visible, *Waffen* (Armed) *SS*—the most famous one too, because of the superhuman heroism it demonstrated so many times during the Second World War—to the most secret one, the *Ahnenerbe* (Heritage of the ancestors) founded in 1935, and all the more difficult to know because many of its documents were destroyed ‘before the arrival of the Allies in Germany,’ and because ‘the members of this organisation who survived the collapse of the Third Reich remain

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<sup>191</sup> Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier: *Le Matin des Magiciens*, ed. Gallimard, 1960, p. 326.

silent with a strange resolution.<sup>192</sup> It is at least logical to think that it was probably the *Abnenerbe* which, in Adolf Hitler's Black Order, was the repository of Tradition—and more particularly certain sections of the *Abnenerbe* for it included many, including fifty-two scientific sections dealing with research.<sup>193</sup> According to Wolfram Sievers' statements before the victors' tribunal in Nuremberg, to which we owe this precision, the same Institute 'carried out or commissioned more than one hundred large-scale research missions.'<sup>194</sup>



Wewelsburg Castle, located in Büren, Westphalia.

The nature of some of these investigations reveals a clear interest in esoteric matters. The symbolism of the harp in Ireland was studied, as well as the question of the survival of true Rosicrucians: in other words, of initiatory groups still possessing the integral tradition of the Knights Templar (that the first Rosicrucians are said to have inherited). The physical and mental structure of human specimens of different races was studied—the Nordics, with the special care one can guess—to ensure that the concept of heredity and race, so fundamental in Hitlerism, was given its full value. Systematic and sustained efforts were made in all research aimed at revealing to the Germans the glory of their own historical or pre-historical Antiquity, their Middle Ages and at highlighting the importance of the corresponding sites. Without denying that there is a part of esoteric truth in Christianity and Judaism itself, and in all

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<sup>192</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l'Ordre Noir*, page 283.

<sup>193</sup> Ibid., page 285.

<sup>194</sup> Ibid.

religions or philosophies that are closely or even distantly related to Tradition, the emphasis was on the traditional form of the Germanic peoples. Traces of this can be found in the symbols engraved on rock from the earliest prehistoric times and, after the bloody eradication of the cult of Wotan by Charlemagne and his successors, even in certain rites practised in the Middle Ages by the Chivalrous Order or the Holy Vehm. It would be interesting to know whether the latter, which hasn't ceased to exist as a secret organisation has, or has had at any time, any connection with the Thule Society.

Heinrich Himmler was the head of the SS: the man whose career, so much decried outside Hitlerian circles, is marked more than any other by the detached violence that signifies a higher quality of being, albeit 'in a veiled way.'<sup>195</sup> His speech of January 1937 contains his only public or semi-public reference to the *Abnenerbe*. He extols the high importance of archaeological discoveries by the Institute of that name in Altchristenburg, East Prussia: the uncovering of several layers of ancient Germanic fortifications, refuting the view that East Prussia was a Slavic land. But there is more. He advocates the restoration and maintenance of cultural centres dedicated 'to German greatness and the German past in every region where there is an SS company.'<sup>196</sup> One of them is the Sachsenhain near Verden, where 4,500 boulders, each transported from a Saxon village, had been erected one after the other, on either side of the paths in the middle of the forest, in memory of the four-and-a-half thousand Saxons who were beheaded there on the banks of the Aller, in 782, by order of Charlemagne because they persisted in refusing to accept the foreign god he wanted to impose on them. The other is the site of the Externsteine: impressive vertical rocks marking one of the world's great spiritual centres near Horn, and the sacrosanct place of worship for the ancient Germans. On the top of the highest of the rocks, in place of the ancient golden Irminsul torn down in 772 by the soldiers of the same Christian conqueror, there now flew, victorious and liberating, a symbol of the reconciliation of all the opposing aspects of German history in the consciousness of its profound unity: the red, white and black swastika flag of the Third

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<sup>195</sup> Ibid., page 283.

<sup>196</sup> Ibid., page 284.

Reich. These examples show that it wasn't only a question of culture but of knowledge or, for the Germans in general, of national culture. And for the initiates of the SS Order, in particular the *Ahnenerbe*, secret knowledge of the great cosmic truths was apprehended through the traditional symbolism that the Germanic peoples knew and a silent minority preserved it. For, and this is a point worth noting, despite the very strong 'pagan' current underlying Hitlerism, manifesting itself above all in the unreserved rejection of all anthropocentrism such as the whole personal God, there was never any question of rejecting or even underestimating anything in the ancestral German and European heritage which did honour to the Aryan genius.

The Führer had, says André Erissaud, 'the feeling'—I would say, the certainty—that the Christian religion in particular had little to do with truly transcendent values.<sup>197</sup> However, the whole of Western civilisation is at the same time 'recent' and 'Christian.' We must never forget this. That didn't, however, prevent Hitler from admiring Charlemagne: the *Sachsenschlichter* or 'terminator of the Saxons' as Alfred Rosenberg, Johann von Leers, Heinrich Himmler and a good number of other great dignitaries saw him. Instead, Hitler saw in him the conqueror with the immense will to power, and above all the first unifier of the German people: the one who, alone at that time, had the idea of the Reich even if he had used the artificial unity of 'faith' to impose it, even if this faith was the Christian faith, a foreign faith. It will be remembered that Adolf Hitler insisted on the dissolving action of Christianity in the Greco-Roman world, and that he called it 'pre-Bolshevism.' But it doesn't matter what this faith was (and still is) if it was the cement of a conquering Germanic Empire and, later, the occasion for the whole flowering of art that we know. Insofar as this art is beautiful it presupposes, in any case, a certain knowledge of what is eternal. The Führer thus accepted with respect, as a German heirloom, a replica of the sword of the Emperor of West.<sup>198</sup>

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<sup>197</sup> Ibid, page 111.

<sup>198</sup> **Editor's note:** I have been very critical of American white nationalism on my website, but hardly of German National Socialism. It is time to realise that Hitler and his followers weren't perfect. To win the war *you must know what you are fighting against*. Both the most populist National Socialists like Goebbels, and today's white nationalists,

Hitler also admired the great Hohenstaufen emperors, especially Frederick Barbarossa, the one who should come back and who had come back in him (alas, for a short time!). He also admired Frederick II, *Stupor Mundi*, in whom so many of his contemporaries had thought they saw the Antichrist (as men nowadays, blinded by propaganda, see in the founder of the Third Reich the embodiment of evil). He admired Frederick II of Prussia, Bismark, and all those in whom the conquering spirit of the German people had found expression and whose cultural mission—and much more than cultural—he didn't harbour doubts. And Heinrich Himmler himself, while paying a brilliant tribute to the Saxon warriors, martyrs of the ancient national faith in Verden in the year 782 of the foreign god, professed a veritable adoration of Emperor Henry I and exalted the Knights of the Teutonic Order—not because they had brutally forced the Slavs (and eventually the Prussians) to accept Christianity, but because they had, by the sword, 'prepared the way for the German plough,' making possible the German colonisation of vast territories in the east.<sup>199</sup>

What was eternal in the warrior religion of Wotan and Thor, and before that in the immemorial Nordic religion of Heaven, Earth and the Son of both, which Dr Hermann Wirth studied and was to survive in Christian esotericism and in esotericism itself? The latter has, in parallel with the teaching of the Churches, continued throughout history to have its initiates, fewer and fewer in number,

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emphasised Jewry. But since the Semitic hydra also includes Christianity, Islam and even what happened to the Romans during the Punic Wars, Nietzsche's 'Law against Christianity' alluded to in footnote #187 must be implemented in what we might start calling Kalki's Reich. Rosenberg, von Leers and Himmler were closer to the truth on this point than the Führer himself! But their movement failed because, like Savitri, they didn't fully understand how infinitely toxic *everything* related to Judeo-Christianity has been, including its secular offshoots. If they had been genuinely wise they would have seen that *the Christians on the other side of the Atlantic* were their main foe. This means that all these esoteric and archaeological raids looking for the Aryan Grail, where it was not to be found, were a fool's errand. The Grail is anti-Christianity or, to put it in more positive terms, the transvaluation of all Judeo-Christian values back to Greco-Roman values.

<sup>199</sup> The Prussians were still pagans, that is, faithful to their Germanic gods as late as the 14th century.

no doubt, but always present and sometimes very active. One counts, among them, immortal creators such as the great Dürer and later Goethe, Wagner and to a certain extent, Nietzsche. And it is known that Frederick II the Great, king of Prussia—the hero *par excellence* of the Führer—was Grand Master of the Old Prussian Lodges. The deep significance of the ancient Irminsul, the Axis of the World isn't different from that of the Cross detached from all Christian mythology; that is, from the history of the torture of Jesus considered a fact. The point of the venerable Germanic symbol is aimed at the North Star, which represents the 'One' or supreme principle and its curved branches are supposed to support the circle of the Zodiac, symbolising the Cycle of manifestation, moving around its immobile centre. There are in some very old churches in Germany even crucifixions in which the cross itself has the curved branches of the pagan Irminsul, the whole suggesting the fusion of the two religions in their highest and most universal symbolism. On the other hand, according to Professor von Moth of Detmold, the Fleur de Lys, linked as is well known to the idea of royal or imperial power is, in its form, a somewhat stylised replica of the Irminsul or Pillar of All, having a polar and axial significance. All legitimate power comes from On-high and the Swastika, also 'essentially the sign of the Pole' and of 'the vivifying role of the Principle concerning the cosmic order' (René Guénon: *Symboles fondamentaux de la Science sacrée*) is connected thereby to the Irminsul and the Cross.<sup>200</sup>




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<sup>200</sup> **Editor's note:** Savitri's and my different views stem from our upbringing because Christianity destroyed my life (cf. my autobiographical work). Not only do I dislike esotericism, but I believe that most esoteric people have gone seriously astray. I am indebted to those who taught me to think scientifically, like the old sceptical authors of the paranormal who showed me the way out of my former belief in parapsychology. It makes no sense to want to combine Irminsul, a sacred pillar-shaped object that played a role in the Germanic religion of the Saxons, with the Christian cross. That double thinking cost the Third Reich its brief life because the Anglo-Americans, much more than the Jews, were its main enemy. To boot, after the catastrophe of 1945 American white nationalists would continue that doublethink: trying to save their race by keeping Christianity.



Who were the Hyperboreans? And if they really existed, where did their territory extend? The more or less evocative allusions made to them by the ancients—Seneca in his *Medea*, Pliny the Elder, Virgil, Diodorus of Sicily, Herodotus, Homer (in the *Odyssey*), the authors of Genesis and especially the enigmatic *Book of Enoch*—are rather vague though all referring to the Great North. The evocation of the extreme ‘whiteness’ of the Hyperboreans, of the unspeakable beauty of their women and the ‘extraordinary gifts of perspicacity’<sup>201</sup> of some of them, would make one think of an Aryan race immensely superior to the average of the present-day Norsemen, which isn’t surprising since it concerns a past that is lost in the mists of time. But there is more. Lokomanya Tilak, a Hindu scholar and sage,<sup>202</sup> has in his book *The Arctic Home in the Vedas* linked the oldest tradition of India to a region located in the high latitudes, knowing both the long polar night, the midnight sun and the aurora borealis: a region where the stars neither rise nor set, but move circularly along the horizon.

The *Rig Veda*, which he studied especially, and from which he draws most of the quotations in support of his thesis, is said to have been, as well as the whole of the Vedas, revealed to these ‘Aryas,’ i.e. ‘Lords’ of the extreme Septentrion and preciously preserved by them during the migrations which, in the centuries, gradually brought them into India. Tilak places the abandonment of the Arctic homeland at the moment when it lost its temperate climate and verdant vegetation to become ‘icy,’ that is to say, at the moment when the Earth’s axis tilted by more than twenty-three degrees, some eight thousand years ago. He doesn’t specify whether the island or the portion of the continent thus struck by sudden sterility was swallowed up, as the Thule legend has it, or continues somewhere in the vicinity or within the Arctic Circle. Nor does he mention the steps that the repositories of the Eternal Veda—the Wisdom hidden beneath the sacred texts of that name—had to take between their Arctic homeland and the first settlements they founded in northwest India. And as his work isn’t addressed to initiates he says nothing about the underground initiatory centres,

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<sup>201</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l’Ordre Noir*, page 58.

<sup>202</sup> Born 3 July 1856; died 1 August 1920. He was a Brahmin from Maharashtra of the Chitpavan sub-caste.

Agartha and Shamballa, which are so often mentioned in the secret teaching of the Thule Society to its members: a teaching that Alfred Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess, Dietrich Eckart and presumably through the latter, Adolf Hitler himself received. Agarthia would be the centre placed ‘under the wheel of the Golden Sun,’ that is to say, the one to which the contemplatives who refuse in advance to participate in the affairs of this world are attached: that of the sages whom I have called ‘men above Time.’ Shamballa, on the other hand, would be the spiritual centre of men ‘against Time’: initiates who, while living in the eternal, accept to act in this world ‘in the interest of the Universe’ according to the unchanging values or, to use the Führer’s own words, the ‘original meaning of things.’ It is, of course, to this second centre of the Masters of Action that Adolf Hitler would relate.

Remarkably, the names of Agarthia and Shamballa ‘appeared several times on the lips of more than one SS leader during the Nuremberg trials, and more particularly, the SS leaders of the *Ahnenerbe*.’<sup>203</sup> This organisation, among others, sent to Tibet ‘an expedition led by the SS ethnologist Standartenführer Dr Scheffer.’<sup>204</sup> The fragments of his reports, which exist on microfilms in the National Archives in Washington, seemed ‘extraordinary’ to André Brissaud, who read them. Why such an expedition? Certainly not to try to find, in Central Asia, ‘the origins of the Nordic race’ as Brissaud seems to think. During the Third Reich even schoolchildren knew from their textbooks—some of which, such as that of Klagges and Blume, *So ward das Reich*, were remarkable—that this race had spread from north to south and east, and not vice versa.<sup>205</sup> What Dr Scheffer and his collaborators wanted, no doubt, was rather to try to penetrate the mystery of Agarthia and Shamballa; perhaps to try, with the help of the heads of a spiritual centre where it manifests itself, to get in touch with the principle (for it is a principle, not a personage) that René Guénon calls the ‘king of the world.’<sup>206</sup> This seems all the more plausible since, among these sections of the *Ahnenerbe* whose work was classified as a ‘secret affair of the Reich’ one section included, in addition to the

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<sup>203</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l’Ordre Noir*, page 59-60.

<sup>204</sup> Ibid.

<sup>205</sup> Klagges & Blume, *So ward das Reich*, page 15.

<sup>206</sup> René Guénon: *Le Roi du Monde*, page 13.

study of ancient languages, cosmology and archaeology; the study of Yoga and Zen and another was focused in 'esoteric doctrines and magical influences on human behaviour.'<sup>207</sup> Moreover, it wasn't only with the initiates of the Forbidden City of Lhasa (and perhaps with the Dalai Lama himself) that the spiritual elite of the SS Order—which was that of a new traditional civilisation in the making, if not currently in gestation—sought contact. To my humble knowledge, there were also similar meetings in India that few people in the West suspect, quite apart from the political conversations that may have taken place with certain Hindu leaders such as Subhas Chandra Bose, before and during the Second World War.

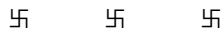
Since 1935 a cultural magazine, *The New Mercury*, had been published in Calcutta very ably edited by Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji in collaboration with Sri Vinaya Datta and some others. The Führer's speeches of which the official press, both in English and Bengali, reported only excerpts were spread *in extenso* especially if they were, as was often the case, of interest beyond politics. One of them, which particularly caught my attention at the time, dealt on the subject of architecture and the nation. But the said journal also published studies on everything that could tend to bring to light a deep, non-political connection, going back very far between the traditional Hindu civilisation and Germanic civilisation as it had existed long before Christianity, and aspired to be reborn. These studies revealed, in addition to the indispensable archaeological erudition, serious knowledge of cosmic symbolism. Several of them were, needless to say, centred on the Swastika.

They seemed to show, indirectly, the exceptional character of a great modern state which recognised as its own a sign of such universal significance; engraved it on all its public monuments, and printed it on all its banners. At the same time, they suggested the aspiration of this great State to renew contact with the primordial Tradition, from which Europe had already detached itself for centuries, but of which India had kept the invaluable deposit. I have no evidence that the *Abnenerbe* played any part in the publication of the *New Mercury*. This seems to me all the less likely as this special section of the SS was itself only founded in 1935, the same year as the said magazine. But I know that the latter was at least partly financially supported by the government of the Third Reich. The

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<sup>207</sup> Brissaud: *Hitler et l'Ordre Noir*, page 285.

founder and editor of the periodical, Sri A.K. Mukherji, remained in close contact with Herr von Selzam, the German Consul General in Calcutta, as long as he remained in that post. And this official representative of Adolf Hitler gave him, on the eve of his departure, a document addressed to the German authorities in which it was specified in no uncertain terms that ‘no one in Asia had rendered the Reich services comparable to his.’ I saw this document. I read it again and again with joy and pride, as an Aryan and a Hitlerite, and as the wife of Mukherji. I can’t say whether or not the services referred to therein went beyond the rather narrow confines of Mukherji’s activities as editor of a fortnightly, traditionalist journal, both Hindu and pro-German. But the journal lasted only two years. The British authorities banned it towards the end of 1937, shortly after the definitive turning point in the evolution of British policy towards the Reich.<sup>208</sup>



The opinion that Adolf Hitler was an agent of the diabolical forces, that his initiation was only a monstrous counter-initiation, and that his SS Order was only a sinister brotherhood of black magicians, is—without a doubt!—widespread among anti-Hitlerians more or less daubed in occultism, and there is no shortage of them. The most convincing argument against it seems to come from India. In the West, the confusion in terms of knowledge of the principles is such that it’s difficult to say whether there is still a group that can legitimately claim a true filiation with the Tradition. There is therefore no point of comparison between the attitude of true initiates and that of charlatans. According to René Guénon, practically all societies in Europe that claim to be ‘initiatory’ nowadays would be classified under the latter heading. However, it is their members who make themselves heard, who agitate and take a stand against Hitlerism, as Louis Pauwels and the Jew Bergier in the magazine *Planète*. Incidentally, I don’t know of a single

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<sup>208</sup> **Editor’s note:** In Mexico, the authorities were even tougher on *Timón*, the magazine edited by José Vasconcelos and subsidised by the German embassy: the government closed it down in 1940 after only four issues. Spanish-speaking intellectuals are hypocrites because they don’t really believe in freedom of the press.

European group interested in esoteric doctrines that isn't anti-Hitler. I could be wrong, of course; I would like to be wrong on this point. But the same isn't true in India. For one thing: One is faced with a completely different spiritual landscape there. Instead of dealing with groups with more or less initiatory claims, moving amid a huge profane society infatuated with experimental science, 'progress' and concerned above all with its material well-being, we are in the presence of a traditional civilisation very much alive despite the growing influence of technology. The man of the masses, not poisoned by propaganda since he still enjoys the 'blessing of illiteracy' (to use an expression dear to the Führer), thinks more about it than the individual of the same social level in the West. He thinks, above all, in the spirit of Tradition as witnessed by the young Sudra whose story I recalled at the beginning of these memories and reflections.

The Hindu who has been to school, and even the one who has studied in Europe or the USA, isn't hostile to Tradition. He is familiar with the idea of natural hierarchy, biological and therefore racial, intimately linked to the karma of each individual. And in the vast majority of cases he lives according to the immemorial rules of his caste even when the progressive government of a so-called free India has proclaimed the abolition of castes and imposed universal suffrage. In some cases, of course, he brings back subversive ideas or shocking habits back from his contacts with foreigners. But then he is scorned by his own and orthodox society turns away from him. And since the government has no power to force matters it has to accept the situation, whether it likes it or not.

As for the traditional initiatory groups and the isolated masters of true secret science, they continue to exist as in the past: in silence, unnoticed by the general public. They keep themselves, in principle, out of the whirlwind of politics and don't give press conferences. At most, a word, a reflection formulated with a visitor who respects the Tradition, even if he isn't an initiate himself, can sometimes let us guess the earthly sympathies of this or that sage. There are also, as is to be expected in an age of universal decadence, people who profess spirituality and groups who claim to transmit the so-called initiation without having a shred of a right to it. There is no shortage of charlatans in orange tunics or naked, with their bodies covered in ashes who hang around temples, especially in places of pilgrimage: living by begging or swindling, posing as gurus

to credulous widows. They are rascals but of small scale and limited harmfulness.

Infinitely more dangerous are those individuals or groups who work to bring to India the anthropocentrism inherent in religious or political doctrines influenced more or less directly by Judaism or by the Jews. By this I mean all those individuals or groups who, under cover of a false fidelity to Tradition preach egalitarian principles, democracy, and the horror of all violence even if it is detached when this is exerted against 'men.' Whereas the monstrous exploitation of animals and trees by man hardly disturbs them, I am thinking of all those who claim to pay homage to the true ancient wisdom by obstinately denying any natural racial hierarchy, condemning the caste system to the core and preaching the 'right' of people of different races to marry each other. I am thinking of those who would like to replace, among Hindus, the old caste privileges with privileges based on 'education' in the Western sense of the word and the concern for the social, economic and the improvement of the living conditions for the masses. I am thinking of the organisers of the Parliaments and the advocates of a fusion between East and West at the expense of the spirit of Tradition, which was originally common to both, and which only Hinduism has preserved as the basis of civilisation. I am thinking of the missionaries of a universal morality centred on 'man,' as conceived by both the Christian and the rationalist West.

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I have always, however, been pleasantly struck by the understanding I have encountered, as a Hitlerite, among orthodox Hindus of all castes. I have related the episode of the young Shudra, with the beautiful historical name of Khudiram, who showed more sense of true values—and a more accurate appreciation of Adolf Hitler's role—than all the democrats of Europe and America put together. I have quoted Satyananda Swami, the founder of the Hindu Mission, for whom the creation of a common Hindu front against the clutches of Islam, Christian missionaries, and Communism counted even more than strict observance of orthodoxy. The latter held our Führer to be the 'incarnation of Vishnu: the only one in the West.' I could multiply my recollections

and recall the admirable Brahmin of Poona, Pandit Rajwadé, so versed in the work of Nietzsche as in the sacred texts. He professed the deepest admiration for the 'Chakravarti king (universal ruler) of Europe' who had come to 're-establish the true order' in a world adrift. I could relate the words of another unusual man—less literate perhaps, but gifted with a strange power of clairvoyance—whom I met at the beginning of the war in a friendly family of which he was the guru or spiritual master. This wise man said to me: 'Your Führer can only be victorious because the gods themselves dictate his strategy. Every night he divides himself into two and comes here to the Himalayas to receive instructions.' I wondered what Adolf Hitler would have thought of this unexpected explanation of the German army's victories. I then said to the holy man:

'It is, in this case, unquestionable that he will win the war.'

'No' he replied, 'for there will come a time when his generals will reject his divine inspiration and disobey him—will betray him!'

And he added:

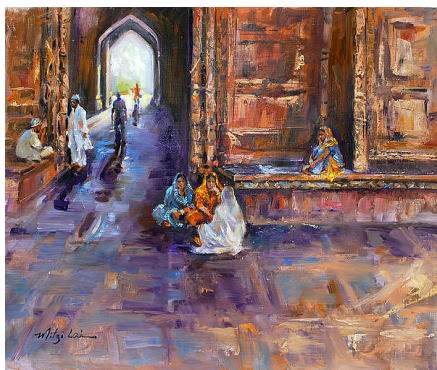
'It cannot be otherwise; if he is an Incarnation, he isn't the supreme Incarnation—the last of this cycle—Alas!'

But that's not all. How could I forget the atmosphere of the orthodox Hindu families with whom I am most familiar? For instance, the house of one of my brothers-in-law then still living and a physician at Medinipur<sup>209</sup> with whom I was staying during the Norwegian and early French campaigns? They all enthusiastically accepted my suggestion to go to the temple of the Goddess Kali—the 'House of Kali' as we say in Bengali—to give thanks to the One who both blesses and kills for the triumphal advance of the soldiers of the great German Reich. We went in procession carrying offerings of rice, sugar, flour, fruit and garlands of scarlet flowers in the absence of the bloody sacrifice which the family rejected as much as I did. I can still see myself, surrounded by young people who were also proud of their Aryan ancestry, standing before the terrible Image with the curved sword. Inhaling the smoke of the incense, lulled by the haunting musicality of Sanskrit liturgical formulas, I sometimes closed my eyes to better see in my mind's eye, like a grandiose fresco, the parade of German armoured

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<sup>209</sup> Still often written as Midnapore, a city in West Bengal.

vehicles along the roads of Europe. I lived intensely my role as a link between the oldest living Aryan civilisation in the East and this Aryan West that Adolf Hitler was conquering to regenerate it. Then I looked at my nephews, nieces and the young Brahmins, their neighbours and fellow students, who had accompanied me. And I dreamed of the day when I would finally see the new emperor—the eternal emperor—of the *Twilight* lands (*Abendland* = West) awake and rising from his mysterious cave and when, greeting him with my outstretched arm, I would say to him: ‘Mein Führer, I bring you the allegiance of the elite of India!’ It didn’t seem an impossible dream then...



How could I forget the general joy in Calcutta—and no doubt in the rest of the peninsula—at the news of Adolf Hitler’s troops entering Paris or, some twenty months later, at the announcement of the lightning advance of our allies, the Japanese, to the Assam border and beyond? The kids themselves, newspaper sellers, their faces radiant, triumphantly threw to the public the names of the captured cities—Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Rangoon, Mandalay, Akyab, Imphal in Indian territory—one after the other. The colonial government had banned listening to German radio. People who could hear German were listening to it illegally. I know Hindus who listened to it without understanding a word just to hear the voice of the Führer. They felt that the One who spoke to the Aryan world in an ‘Indo-European’ language unknown to them was also speaking to them—at least to the racial elite of their continent.<sup>210</sup>

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<sup>210</sup> **Editor’s note:** Compare this holy euphoria with the way the Americans and the British reacted to Hitler’s divine voice! It needs to be



But that is still nothing. What is most extraordinary is that this cult of the Führer survived, in this country, the collapse of the Third Reich. I found it alive during my stay in India from 1957 to 1960 and I found it again, to my joy, and despite intensified Communist propaganda, in 1971: and this, I repeat, especially in the circles most faithful to Tradition. In the book she devoted to India, the collection *Petite Planète*, the orientalist Madeleine Biardeau, herself hostile to our *Weltanschauung*, is obliged to note: 'In no country,' she writes, 'have I heard more praise for Hitler. Germans are praised for no other reason than that they are his countrymen.'<sup>211</sup> And she is also forced to admit that Hindu resentment of British rule—now finished anyway—isn't enough to account for this worship. The scholar has, underhandedly as one would expect it, an explanation that is suitable for her. The Hindu, she says, feels and honours the presence of the Divine in all that is 'great in evil.' In other words, he is free from the moral dualism that still underlies, almost invariably, the value judgements of Western man. This is certainly true. But it doesn't suffice as an explanation. The only justification for the praise of an Aryan leader, a stranger to India, lies not in the fact that the Hindu easily transcends moral dualism but in the reason for this fact. This is to be found in the Hindu's attachment to Tradition, not elsewhere; in his acceptance of sacred knowledge with full confidence even if he hasn't acquired it himself. It is in the name of this more-than-human science that he finds it natural that, under certain conditions, what on the average human scale would seem 'evil,' isn't. It is in the light of the doctrine of necessary violence, exercised without passion 'in the interest of the Universe', of Life, not of 'man'—in the light of the *Bhagavad-Gita* that proclaims the innocence of violence—, that the orthodox Hindu can see in Hitler something other than 'the incarnation of

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iterated until it is understood: Christianity fried the brains of the Aryan man to the extent that, after the Second World War, he handed over their *Abendland* to the Jews! To save the white race from the anti-white war of extermination that the entire *Abendland* is suffering it is imperative to repudiate the religion of our imbecilic parents. If whites of modern times were not the greatest scum of all time, they would have been as euphoric about the German advance in Europe and beyond as these children untainted by the lethal Semitic-Christian poison.

<sup>211</sup> Madeleine Biardeau, *L'Inde*, collection *Petite Planète*.

evil.' Moreover, it is impossible not to be struck by the similarity of spirit between Hitlerism and not, certainly, the philosophies of non-violence but the most rigorous and ancient Brahmanism. Both are centred on the idea of purity of blood and the indefinite transmission of wholesome life—especially the life of the racial elite that can emerge in the man whose self-mastery raises him to the rank of a God. Both exalt war in an attitude of detachment—‘war without hatred’<sup>212</sup>—because ‘nothing better can happen to the Kshatriya’, or the perfect SS warrior, ‘than a righteous combat.’<sup>213</sup> Both establish on the Earth, as do all traditional doctrines, a visible order modelled on cosmic realities and the very laws of life.

This worship of the Führer, surviving in India despite so much enemy propaganda well beyond the disaster of 1945 is, moreover, proof—if one needed one—that Hitlerism, stripped of its contingent German expression, is attached to the primordial or Hyperborean tradition of which Brahminism seems to be the most ancient living form. It is related to it by what has, despite the imposition of Christianity, survived in Germany in a very old and properly Germanic traditional form, deriving from a common source of the holy Arctic Fatherland of the *Vedas* and the *Edda*.

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<sup>212</sup> This is the subtitle of a post-war book on the career of Feldmarschall Rommel.

<sup>213</sup> The *Bhagavad-Gita*, Song II, verse 31.

## Chapter XI: Incurable decadence

No longer gigantic, like unto the Spirits, proud and free,  
But servile, crawling, crafty, cowardly, envious,  
Frozen flesh where nothing stirs or trembles anymore,  
Man will swarm anew under the skies.

—Leconte de Lisle (Qäin; *Poèmes Barbares*).

An impure air embraces the globe stripped  
Of the woods that sheltered it in their sublime mantle;  
The mountains, under vile feet, have lowered their summits;  
The mysterious heart of the ocean is defiled.

—Leconte de Lisle (L'Anathème; *Poèmes Barbares*).

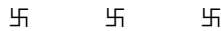
As I have tried to show in another study,<sup>214</sup> all religious or political leaders whose action is directed against decadence, against the false values inseparable from the childish overestimation of 'man,' fail in the long run even when they appear to succeed. This is so because decadence is the true direction of Time against which no one should expect, during that cycle, to remain victorious forever. Despite this, some manage to establish a civilisation that is linked, in its basic principles, to some particular form of Tradition. They do this at the cost of certain necessary compromises on the exoteric level which ensure the permanent enthusiasm of the crowd to them, the consequence of spectacular success. Legislation based on their teaching still governs States, if not continents, centuries after their death. And although their work is crumbling and disintegrating all the more rapidly they have left something visible, something pitifully sclerotic—sometimes even degenerate—but at least historically significant. *But there are others whose creation against the guiding trends of their time ends with them.* This happens when inspired leaders refuse those compromises which are the indispensable conditions of success in this world. It also happens whenever such

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<sup>214</sup> *The Lightning and the Sun*, published in 1958.

leaders live and act in a doomed age, when no rectification of any scope is possible any longer, no matter how worthy and skilful the initiator may be.

Only Kalki, the last of the avatars of Vishnu, can be successful in a battle against the tide of Time. And this success will then be total, consisting of nothing less than that absolute transvaluation of values that characterises the end of one world and the birth of an unknown and unthinkable world. Accompanied by unprecedented destruction, it will signify the end of the present cycle: the end of the Dark Age, from which nothing good could come; the end of this cursed humanity and the appearance of conditions of life and means of expression similar to those of every Golden Age.



The leaders who have led, or will lead, some phase of the eternal struggle ‘against Time’ after the limit point where a last great recovery would still have been possible—after what Virgil Ghéorghiou calls ‘the twenty-fifth hour’—haven’t been able and won’t be able to leave behind them anything in this visible and tangible world, except a handful of clandestine disciples. And these have, and will have, nothing to look forward to—except the coming of Kalki... He who returns for the last time in our cycle has many names. But He is the same under all of them. Now He is known by His action, that is, by His victory over all followed by the dazzling dawn of the next cycle: the new Satya Yuga or Age of Truth. The defeat in this world of a Leader who fought against universal decadence, and therefore against the tide of time, is enough to prove that this Leader, however great he may have been, wasn’t Him. He may well have been Him in essence: the eternal Saviour not of man but of Life who returns innumerable times. But he was certainly not Him in the ultimate form in which He must reappear at the end of every cycle.

Adolf Hitler wasn’t Kalki although he was, essentially speaking, the same as the ancient Rama Chandra, Krishna or Siegfried: the Leader of a true ‘holy war’, of a ceaseless struggle against the forces of disintegration, the forces of the abyss. He was, like every great fighter against the current of Time, a forerunner of Kalki. He was, still in essence, the Emperor of the Cave. With him

the latter reappeared, intensely awake and in arms, as he had reappeared before in the person of various great German leaders, especially Frederick II of Prussia whom Adolf Hitler so revered. But this wasn't his last and final reappearance in this cycle. In both cases he had awakened to the sound of the distress of his people. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the action he had, with his faithful barons, dashed a few steps out of the cave. Then he returned to the shadows, the omniscient ravens having told him that it was, despite impressive signs, 'not yet the time.'

Frederick II founded the Old Prussian Lodges, through which the more-than-human truth was to continue to be passed on to a few generations of initiates after him. Adolf Hitler left his admirable Testament in which he too exhorts the best to keep their blood pure, to resist the invasion of error and lies—of the counter-Tradition—and to wait. He knew that the 'twenty-fifth hour' had come, and long ago. At the age of sixteen, as I have already mentioned, he had a premonition of his own materially useless but necessary struggle. As a German, as an Aryan, a man conscious of the excellence of the Aryan race, although he was an integral part of it he was eager to defeat the world arrayed against him and his people. He was striving with all his strength, with all his genius, for the building of a superior and lasting society: a visible reflection of the cosmic order, the Reich of his dreams. And he was striving against all hope, against all reason, in an inordinate effort to stop at all costs the levelling, the dumbing down, the disfigurement of the most beautiful and gifted variety of men; to prevent forever its reduction to the state of a mass without race and character. And he struggled, with all the bitterness of an artist, against the shameless destruction of the living and beautiful natural environment in which he rightly saw an increasingly patent sign of the imminent victory of the Forces of disintegration. Since he was a combatant against Time, he clung to the illusion of total victory and, despite everything, of an immediate recovery to the end. He clung to it, I repeat, as a German and as a man; as an insider, he knew that this was an illusion, that it was too late already in 1920. He had seen it, on that extraordinary night on top of Freienberg in 1905. And the real leaders of the Black Order—in particular those of the *Abnenerbe*, aware as he was of the inevitability of the cycle that was nearing its end—were already preparing, before 1945, the clandestine survival of the essential, beyond the collapse of National

Socialist Germany. And we who follow them and him also know that there will never be a Hitlerian civilisation.

*No, hope no more to see us again,  
Sacred walls that couldn't preserve my Hector.*

I remember this verse that Racine puts in the mouth of Andromache, in scene IV of the first act of his tragedy of that name. And I think that the grandiose parades to the rhythm of the *Horst-Wessel-Lied* (the anthem of the NSDAP from 1930 to 1945), under the folds of the red, white and black swastika standard and all that glory that was the Third German Reich, are as irrevocably past as the splendours of prestigious Troy: as past and as immortal because one day Legend will recreate them when epic poetry is again a collective need. He who returns from age to age, both destroyer and preserver, will appear again at the very end of your cycle to initiate the Golden Age of the next cycle. As I have recalled in these pages, Adolf Hitler was waiting for him. He said to Hans Grimm in 1928: 'I know that I am not the One who is to come,' that is, the last and only fully victorious Man against Time of our cycle. 'I only take on the most urgent task of preparation (*die dringlichste Vorarbeit*) for there is no one to do it.' One incommensurably harder than he will accomplish the final task—the task of rectification—on the ruins of a humanity that believed all was permitted because it is endowed with a brain capable of calculations: a humanity that largely deserved its fall and loss.

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What does it mean to speak of the irrevocable impossibility of rectification in the sense in which a devotee of the cyclic theory of History would understand this idea? It means the continuation of the course of events and currents of thought, and the evolution of the human and non-human world, as we have known it for as long as there has been history. That is to say, as long as we have been able, with the help of relics and documents, to construct for ourselves an idea, as non-arbitrary as possible, of the past. We can hardly go back more than a few millennia, if we want to confine ourselves to history proper, to a more or less explainable human past. We can only look back a few tens of thousands of years, starting with mysteriously preserved art objects whose meaning and

use we ignore, but whose obvious perfection we nevertheless admire.

A few years ago I saw, in the small museum of the chateau of Foix, a flint statuette of such a model and such an expression that none of the masterpieces of Tanagra surpasses it in beauty. The anonymous sculptor who left this marvel lived, the guide tells me, 'some thirty thousand years ago.' What did he want to do, no doubt spending several years of his life giving a soul to this insignificant fragment of the hardest stone there is? Did he want to represent a deity, to create a concrete form that helped him and others to concentrate the mind, the first step towards the realisation of the unthinkable? Did he want to immortalise a beloved face? Only those who live 'in the eternal' and who can, through a created object, enter into effective contact with its creator could say. I cannot. But I do know the deep impression that this statuette left on me: the impression of a forbidden world, separated from ours by some impenetrable veil, and of a quality far superior to ours: a world where the average man, the simple craftsman, was so much closer to the hidden Reality than the greatest of our relatively recent artists (not to mention, of course, all the producers of 'modern art!'). Thirty thousand years! In perpetuity without beginning or end, that was yesterday.

Unlikely as it may seem, my earliest clear memories are of the time when I was between one and a half and two years old. I can see the flat my parents lived in at that time, with its furniture. I can easily relive the impression made by certain knick-knacks, and several episodes connected with the child's car in which my mother used to take me for a ride. But these memories, which go back to, let's say, 1907, seem to me hardly older than the first film, *Quo Vadis?*, that I saw in April 1912 since it was preceded by *Newsreels*: one of which, the most important and the only one that I remember, was none other than the famous sinking of the Titanic. If I were to live for several centuries I would undoubtedly put the memories of my tenth and my fiftieth year 'on the same level' in the way that pre-dynastic Egypt and that of Pharaoh Tjeser, the great king of the Third Dynasty, seem to me, in the fog of time, to be almost contemporary. Thus all that I can say of the more or less remote milestones that scientists, specialists in prehistory, discover along the path of creative men is that they evoke the whole of a

past in which all that counts for me is the particular beauty that strangely surpasses the present that I see around me.

I was taught that prehistoric man was ‘a barbarian’ of whom I would be afraid if, as I am, I found myself by the effect of some miracle in his presence. I doubt it very much when I think of the perfection of the skulls of the Cro-Magnon, of superior capacity to those of the most beautiful and intelligent men of today. I doubt it when I recall the extraordinary frescoes of Lascaux or Altamira; the rigour of the drawing, the freshness and harmonious blending of the colours, the irresistible suggestion of movement and especially when I compare them to those decadent paintings, without contours, and what is more, without any relation to healthy visible or invisible reality, which the cultural authorities of the Third Reich judged (with good reason) to be suitable for furnishing the museum of horrors.

*There is no worse enemy of the beauty of the world than the unlimited proliferation of man.* There is no worse enemy of the quality of man himself than this proliferation: it cannot be repeated too often that a choice must be made between ‘quantity’ and ‘quality.’

The history of our cycle is, like that of any cycle, the history of an indefinitely prolonged struggle between quality and quantity, until the victory of the latter: a complete victory, but a very short one since it necessarily coincides with the end of the cycle and the coming of the Avenger, whom I have called by his Sanskrit name: *Kalki*. If I say that the heroic but practically useless attempt at recovery represented by Hitlerism is the last, it is because I know of no force in the present world able to stop universal decadence. Despite all the power and prestige at his disposal, Adolf Hitler was unable to create—recreate—the conditions that were and remain essential for the blossoming of a Golden Age. He could neither suppress technology nor reduce the number of people in the world to anything like one-thousandth of what it is today; that is, practically to what it was during the centuries before our Dark Age. It is possible and even probable that, victorious, he would have tried to do so, gradually. But his victory would have had to be complete and not only on a European but on a world scale, and there would have been no power on earth to rival his and to thwart his work. But then he would have been Kalki Himself, and we would now be living at the dawn of a new cycle. He needed



technology, and at least a growing German population, to carry out his fight against the tide of time under the present conditions.



If, like many of his great predecessors who left behind them new civilisations, he had been partially successful in material terms, his work would hardly have lasted at all simply because it was set in an era so close to the end of the cycle. Everything suggests that it would have deteriorated in a few years given the sordid selfishness and stupidity of the vast majority of our contemporaries, even of the best races. A skilful cook cannot make an appetising and healthy omelette with rotten eggs. However atrocious it may seem to us, with its immediate and distant consequences the military defeat of 1945 was still better than the galloping degeneration of a Hitlerian

civilisation that appeared too late, after the definitive closure of the era of possible, albeit ephemeral, rectification.

Even in the collapse of the Third German Reich, even during the horror of the last days of the Führer and his ultimate followers in the Chancellery Bunker, under the blazing inferno that Berlin had become, there is a grandeur worthy of the tragedies of Aeschylus or the Wagnerian Tetralogy. The combat without hope and weakness of the superhuman hero against inflexible Destiny—his Destiny, and the world's—replayed itself there, undoubtedly for the last time. The next time it won't be giants or demigods but miserable dwarfs who will suffer the inevitable destruction: billions of dwarves, banal in their ugliness, without character, who will disappear before the Avenger: like an anthill destroyed by a lava flow. In any case, whether or not we survive the painful childbirth of the new cycle, we won't be among these dwarfs. The ordeal of 1945 and especially of the post-war years—seductive prosperity—will have made us, the few, what we are and what we remain. And in the roar of unleashed power that will mark the end of all that we so cordially despise, we shall greet with a shiver of ecstasy the Voice of divine revenge, whose triumph will be ours even if we must perish.

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So what is left for those who now live, devoted body and soul, to our ideal of visible (and invisible) perfection on all levels? On a global scale, or even a national scale, absolutely nothing. It is too late. The twenty-fifth hour has come and gone, too long ago. On an individual scale, or at least on a restricted scale, we must preserve, insofar as it is still within our power, the beauty of the world: human, animal, vegetable, inanimate; all beauty. The elite minorities must be defended at all costs: all the noble minorities, whether they be the Aryans of Europe, Asia or America, conscious of the excellence of their common race, or the noble trees threatened with the atrocious uprooting by bulldozers for multitudes of two-legged mammals, less beautiful and less innocent than them.

It remains to watch and resist, and to help any beautiful minority attacked by the agents of chaos; to resist, even if it only delays by a few decades *the disappearance of the last aristocrats*. There is

nothing else one can do, except, perhaps, to curse in one's heart, day and night, today's humanity (with very rare exceptions) and to work with all one's might for their annihilation. There is nothing to do but to make oneself responsible for the end of this cycle, at least by wishing it ceaselessly, knowing that thought—and especially directed thought—is also a force, and that the invisible governs the visible.

You, who are one of us—sons and fathers of the Strong and Beautiful—, look around you without prejudice and passion, and say what you see! From one end of the earth to the other, the Strong are retreating before the weak, armed with ingenious malice; the Beautiful before the ungainly, the deformed, the ugly armed with deception; the Healthy before the sick, armed with recipes for combat taken from the demons with whom they have made a pact. The Giants give way to the dwarfs, holders of divine power usurped through sacrilegious research. You see all this more clearly than ever since the disaster of 1945. But don't think that this dates from 1945. Certainly not! The collapse of the Third German Reich and the persecution of the Religion of the Strong, which has been raging ever since, are the consequence of a desperate struggle, as old as the fall of man and the end of the Age of Truth. They are the recent phases of a gradual and inexorable loss of ground, which has been going on for millennia, and is only more apparent since our fruitless effort to stop it.

Consider the trees. Among the Strong they are the oldest. They are our elder brothers: old kings of Creation. For millions of years they alone possessed the Earth. And how beautiful was the Earth in the time when, aside from some giant insects and the life born amidst the oceans, it only nourished them! The Gods know what enthusiasm seized me, on my return to Germany in 1953, at the sight of the resurrected industries of the Ruhr basin! In every cloud of nitrogen peroxide that billowed in fiery volutes from the chimneys of rebuilt factories, I greeted a new and victorious challenge to the infamous Morgenthau Plan. And yet... an image haunts and fascinates me: that of the Ruhr basin at the time when the future coal which, along with iron makes it rich today, existed 'in potential' in the form of endless forests of tree ferns. I think I can see them, these fifty-metre-high ferns, endlessly crowded together competing in their strength in their push towards the light and the sun. It was night between their innumerable shafts, so thick

was the evergreen ceiling of their entangled leaves: a humid night, heavy with the vapours arising from the warm blackish mud in which their roots were immersed: a night that the wind, blowing through the gigantic foliage, filled with a harmonious wailing or that the torrential rains filled with a din. Everywhere one finds coal mines today where such forests then extended. But there is for me an even more nostalgic image. It is that of the forest of many species, populated by colourful birds, reptiles beautifully marked with brown, pale yellow, amber, ebony and mammals of all kinds: the forest of the hundreds of millennia before man appeared on our planet, and the forest of the time when man, few in number, wasn't yet the harmful beast he has become. The domain of trees was then almost everywhere and it was also the domain of animals; it included the domain of the oldest and most beautiful civilisations.

And man, to whom the dream of dominating Nature and overturning its balance for his benefit would then have seemed absurd and sacrilegious, found his numerical inferiority normal. In one of his most suggestive poetic evocations of ancient India, Leconte de Lisle has one of his characters say: 'I know the narrow, mysterious paths / That lead the river to the nearby mountains / Large tigers, striped and prowling by the hundred...' <sup>215</sup> It would have seemed to a superficial observer that, despite the hunting, the sacrifices, and the extensive use of wood in the construction of houses as well as ships, the animal species and the forest species could count on an indefinitely prosperous future. However, even at that relatively early date man had become 'the only mammal whose numbers continue to increase.' <sup>216</sup> In other words, the balance that had been maintained for so long between all living species, including man, had been upset in favour of the latter.

It is curious, to say the least, to note that this expansion, still slow, but inexorable of the two-legged mammal, begins, according to the estimation of researchers, 'around four thousand years before the Christian era,' <sup>217</sup> that is, according to Hindu tradition, a few

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<sup>215</sup> Leconte de Lisle, 'Çunacépa' (*Poèmes Antiques*).

<sup>216</sup> 'Der einzige Säuger, der sich in ständiger Vermehrung befindet' (*Tier*, 11th year, No. 5, page 44. Article 'Die Überbevölkerung droht als nahe Weltkatastrophe').

<sup>217</sup> *Tier*, eleventh year, No. 5, page 44. Article: 'Die Überbevölkerung droht als nahe Weltkatastrophe.'

centuries before the beginning of the Dark Age, or Kali Yuga, in which we live. This isn't surprising. The Kali Yuga is the age of universal and irremediable decadence. Or rather, the age during which the irremediable decadence, imperceptible at the dawn of the cycle, accelerates until it becomes, in the end, vertiginous. This is the age in which we are increasingly witnessing the reversal of eternal values in the lives of peoples and the persecution, ever more relentless, of those who want to continue to live according to the values of the human elite. That is, the elites of all traditional civilisations which, originally, were always biological: the ways of the entire animal and plant world. This is the age in which, contrary to the primitive order, quantity increasingly takes precedence over quality; in which *the Aryan worthy of the name recoils before the masses of inferior races*, increasingly numerous, compact and uniformly daubed with compulsory education. It is also the age when, on the other hand, the aristocrats of the jungle recoil before the average (and less than average) man: less handsome and strong than them, decidedly apart from the perfect archetype of his species than they are from that of theirs.

This isn't the triumph of Man in the sense in which we understand that word, the god-man of which there is sometimes talk in certain remarks by Adolf Hitler, as Rauschning reported them. This man died, mostly in the uniform of the SS on all the battlefields of the Second World War, or in the dungeons of the victors of 1945 or hung from their gallows. If, exceptionally, he survives—or if, born after the disaster, he breathes among us, adorned with youth—it is in the strictest clandestinity. He lives in a world that isn't his and which he knows will never become his, at least until the day when the sleeping emperor will come out of the shadows where he waits, and rebuild, the visible in the image of the eternal. Until that day the overman, or at least the candidate for overmanhood, knows that he is and will remain the vanquished, the one who has no place anywhere and whose action remains useless, heroic though they may be.

The man who reigns today—the victor of 1945 and, before him and with him, the winner in all the decisive conflicts of ideas of truly global importance—is the insect-man. Innumerable and increasingly uniform, banal despite all the contortions to make himself look original, irresistible by proliferation without limits, he takes possession of the Earth at the cost of all beings that change

relatively little while he is being degraded more and more quickly during this cycle, and particularly during the Dark Age. It is again the verses of Leconte de Lisle—that nostalgic singer of all the beauties destroyed by the inexorable march of Time—that come back to my memory when I think of ‘this worm weaker than the grasses’ of the Ancient Forest but strong in the omnipotence of its intelligence dedicated to the work of disintegration, the work in reverse of the ideal order. The poet addresses the Forest which seemed to last forever, and says:

*Like a swarm of ants on a journey,  
That one crushes and burns, yet still they march,  
The floods will bring the king of the last days to you;  
The destroyer of woods, the man with the pale face.*<sup>218</sup>

Words that are true if the white man was indeed, until the middle of the 20th century, the only destroyer of the forest as well as of the fauna. But the negro and the swarthy man of every hue have, with grim enthusiasm, hastened to follow suit and pursue with a neophyte’s relentlessness: the war of man against tree and animal. They put themselves in the service of the white man not necessarily and not always Aryan and believed his lies, accepted his money and assisted him in the work of destruction. They killed for him the elephants whose ivory he traded; hunted or trapped the big cats whose magnificent skins he wanted, and imbued with the anthropocentrism newly learned in his schools and proud to possess at least some of his technologies, they continued the butchery after he had grown weary of it.

It is all mankind that is guilty of the usurpation of the soil at the expense of the forest and its ancient inhabitants—all except the few individuals or groups, always in the minority, who have protested against it all their lives and proved, by everything they have said, written or done, that they had taken a stand for the animal and for the tree against man of whatever race he might be. At the root of this indefinite usurpation is, without doubt, technology, which is, it must be admitted, an expression of Aryan genius. Even in Roman times, when unfortunate wild animals were captured by the hundreds and thousands to be sent to their deaths in circuses, the massacre of African, Asian and European fauna

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<sup>218</sup> Leconte de Lisle, ‘La Forêt Vierge’ (*Poèmes Barbares*).

never reached the proportions it was destined to reach in our time thanks to modern methods of hunting, and in particular to firearms. But technology in all its forms, including this one, has developed only as an advantageous solution to the problems of survival of increasingly compact masses of men. It is only beyond a certain numerical limit that man, of whatever race, becomes a scourge to all that lives on the land he inhabits. And if this man is of one of the inferior races (generally, alas, the most fertile), he is a dangerous rival to the nobler races: a veritable plague in every respect.

The passage of the poem quoted above reminds me of the title of a book published in France a few years ago: a cry of alarm at the idea that what will be, in a generation or two, the amplitude of human expansion on the surface of our unhappy planet: *Six milliards d'insectes*, i.e. six billion two-legged mammals with the habits and mentality of the termite mound.<sup>219</sup>

Forests are mercilessly uprooted by bulldozers so that a human settlement, certainly less beautiful than it, disappears to make way for 'laughter, vile noises, cries of despair.'<sup>220</sup> More than that: it is a habitat stolen from the noble wild beasts as well as from the squirrels, birds, reptiles, and other forms of life that always perpetuated themselves there in perfect balance with one another. The action which suppresses it for the benefit of man, that insatiable parasite, is a crime against the universal mother whose respect should be the first duty of a so-called thinking being. And it is almost consoling, for those who think and aren't particularly enamoured of the two-legged mammal, to see that Mother Nature sometimes reacts to this outrage by manifesting herself in her terrible aspect. A thousand families are installed on the levelled, weeded, asphalted site, torn from the forest. And in the next rainy season the slaughtered trees are no longer there to hold back the water, and with their powerful roots the rivers overflow, dragging ten times as many people from the region and all the surrounding areas in their furious rush. The usurper is punished. But this doesn't teach him anything, alas, for he multiplies at a dizzying rate, technology being there to counteract natural selection and prevent

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<sup>219</sup> **Editor's note:** At the time of editing this book the world population has exceeded 8 billion: double compared to the time when Savitri was writing her book.

<sup>220</sup> Leconte de Lisle, 'La Forêt Vierge' (*Poèmes Barbares*).

the elimination of the sick and the weak. And it will continue to deforest, to subsist at the expense of other beings.

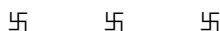
But it isn't only the beasts, the birds of prey and in general the free-living beasts, that are the victims of man's indefinite expansion. The number of domesticated animals itself—except for those representatives of those species that man especially breeds to kill and eat them or to exploit them in some way—is rapidly diminishing. This is because technology has changed the nature of man in highly mechanised countries, and has removed the salutary restraint on human proliferation which, a few decades ago, was still imposed by periodic epidemics.

Humans are sometimes punished in an unexpected way, such as the man and woman whose punishment was reported in the journal of the *Société Protectrice des Animaux* of Lyon without publishing their names. Parents of a six-year-old boy had, despite the child's cries and pleas, pushed the dog out of the door of their car, which had devoted all its love to them, and then set off again at full speed and arrived at their holiday destination, settled into a hotel and fell asleep without remorse. But serene justice was watching. The next day, the two unworthy people found their only son dead. In a pool of blood he had cut his veins with his father's Gillette. On the bedside table they found, written in his childish hand, a few words: his verdict against them and all those like them, something to remember day and night for the rest of their lives: 'Daddy and Mommy are monsters. I can't live with monsters!'

This act of heroism by a very young child couldn't, alas, give the unfortunate beast back its lost home. But it has symbolic value. It proclaims, in its tragic simplicity, that in this world of the Dark Ages, almost at its end, where everything belongs to man and where man belongs more and more to the forces of the abyss, it is better to die than to be born. It is similar, in its essence, to all the glorious suicides motivated by an intense disgust with the environment that was once respected, if not admired. For all vileness, especially all treason, is cowardice. It is similar to acts of heroism—suicides or, sometimes, murders requiring even more despair than suicide—motivated by the awareness that the inevitable future, the consequence of the present, can only be hell. I am thinking, in particular, of the words that the sublime Magda Goebbels addressed to the aviatrix Hanna Reitsch a few days before giving her six



children the poison that was to save them from the horror of the post-war period: 'They believe in the Führer and the Reich,' she said. 'When these are no more they will have no place in the world. May Heaven give me the strength to kill them!' In the world the Führer had dreamed of, cowardice—and especially cowardice coming from Aryans—would have been unthinkable. The boy whose death I have recalled would have been at ease there, for he only wanted to live among people as noble as himself (and no doubt his ancestors). He would surely have felt, in the Defender of eternal values—like himself a friend of animals—a leader worthy of his total allegiance. But the last attempt at recovery had failed, fifteen years before his birth. The present world, the post-war world, was revealed to him in the person of his abominable parents.



On the other hand, the old bond of affection which so often linked a man to his horse or ox—his faithful working companion—exists less and less. The French peasant, whose attachment to his oxen was sung by Pierre Dupont not so long ago,<sup>221</sup> now uses a tractor. The European farmer has either preceded or followed him in this 'progress.' The farmer in the 'underdeveloped' countries will sooner or later follow him, thanks to the technological assistance from the USA, or the Soviet Union, and intensive propaganda. Cows will be used less and less, except as a beast of slaughter. The horse too, alas! Of course, the 'good old days' allowed for many cruelties. I clearly remember the indignation (and hatred of man) that I felt as a child at the sight of the brutality of certain carters, both in the city and in the country. And venerable Antiquity—including ancient Egypt, the gentlest, along with that of India—has left us some examples of scenes which have nothing to envy those which, between 1910 and 1920, provoked my impotent anger and my mother's verbal intervention. Among the images of daily life that are spread out on the walls of an Egyptian tomb from the 28th century b.c.e., there is one that represents a man beating a poor donkey that, with its long ears flattened back, its large eyes full of terror, seems to be begging him. The 28th century was already

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<sup>221</sup> One remembers the well-known song: *I have two big oxen in my stable, two big white oxen, marked with red...*

the Dark Ages despite all the technology used, by the elite, for the construction of the Pyramids of Giza.

I have alluded to the hunts of Antiquity and the bloody games in the Roman circuses as well as to the vivisection practised, as far as I know, as early as the 6th century b.c.e. at the instigation of the scientific curiosity of certain Greeks. But the world has, on the whole throughout this cycle, gone from bad to worse. Apart from the great misery of donkeys and dogs in Eastern countries and in particular in Muslim countries, we could mention the treatment inflicted on cats, and especially black cats, in Western Europe in the Middle Ages and up to the 18th or even 19th century. I refer to a long practice of nameless abominations<sup>222</sup> *whose effect in the invisible has been, perhaps, to render the continent, collectively, responsible and unworthy of any recovery during this cycle*; in particular, unworthy of Hitlerism which could have delayed, by a few decades, the spiral of degeneration. One might also recall the resurgence of vivisection which coincided with the revival of interest in experimental science in the 16th, and especially the 17th and 18th centuries and since. It is unfortunate that this infamy, which has reached frightening proportions in the last century and in our own time among peoples with rotten souls due to Christian and rationalist anthropocentrism, has spread to all the countries; that is to say, to the whole world. To cite only one example, the Indian Government has, in recent years, encouraged the export of thousands of monkeys knowing full well that they would be subjected to criminal experiments (which the government no doubt considered praiseworthy since they were carried out 'in the interests of science' and therefore of 'man'). And on the soil of India itself, since the so-called independence of the country, various research centres exist, in particular cancer research, in whose laboratories the same horrors take place as in those of Paris, London, Chicago or Moscow.

The proliferation of man is, as I have said, at the root of the mechanisation of life: an unthinkable process because it is perfectly superfluous in a population as sparse as it was a few millennia ago. Medical technology, placed at the service of invasive anthropocentrism, is contributing more and more to the

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<sup>222</sup> See Dr Fernand M  ry's books, *His Majesty the Cat* and *The Cat*, in which it is recalled that the unfortunate so-called 'diabolic' animals were 'crucified, flayed alive, thrown screaming into the braziers.'

proliferation of man by acting against natural selection. This is a vicious circle that must be broken at all costs. We, the Aryan racists, the followers of Adolf Hitler, were and are the only human beings who are serious about breaking it by giving free rein to natural selection. But since the twenty-fifth hour had already sounded many years, if not centuries, before 1933, we couldn't keep the power and win the war. The process of the gradual debasement of man, together with the extermination of the noblest beasts and the destruction of the forests—the process of the desecration and uglification of the Earth—continues. It can only continue, given the mental attitude of the men now in power.



## Chapter XII: A call for the end

*And thou, divine Death,  
where everything returns and disappears,  
Receive your children into your starry bosom,  
Free us from Time, Number and Space,  
And give us back the rest that life has disturbed.*

Leconte de Lisle. ('Dies Irae': *Poèmes Antiques*).

It is worth repeating and insisting that the pullulation of man threatens with death (slow, but certain) the most beautiful and gifted of the human races, especially that which interests us above all others: our Aryan race. This is inevitable, unless intervention in the opposite direction, and in time, is directed by legislators and supported, if necessary, by force. It is inevitable, I say, for the simple reason that the inferior races are by nature far more prolific than the others. A racial elite can only survive if it keeps its blood pure. And it is clear that even then it can only continue to play its natural role, which is to command, if it is part of a civilisation which, unlike today's democracies, rejects any idea of giving priority to the greatest number.

As soon as one accepts the principle of universal suffrage—one man, one vote, whatever the man—; as soon as one attributes to any man (of any race, even the least beautiful and least gifted, and even of any level of personal degradation) an immense value, superior by the mere fact that he is 'a man,' to that of the noblest animal or tree, one puts the human elite in danger. And the threat of impotence, of deterioration, and finally of death, which is thus brought to bear upon it, is all the more formidable because preventive sanitary techniques prevent infant mortality and epidemics from keeping in check the tendency of the inferior races to swarm at the rate of the rodents.

If nothing is done to slow down the rate of reproduction of these races at all costs, and if moreover a higher and higher minimum of education is imposed on them, it will automatically be they who will have the last word in a world governed by ‘the majority’—they, or rather a few raceless and faithless demagogues skilled in manipulating them, and behind them the international Jew. For he is the eternal enemy of all racism, except his own. But if, as everything suggests, the twenty-fifth hour has really come, there is no one before Kalki himself who can initiate and guide such an impulse. What our beloved Führer, the precursor of Kalki, didn’t succeed in doing amid a Nordic majority with the collaboration of more than a million SS fighters—the warrior and mystic elite of the world, totally devoted to the Aryan cause—, no one will succeed in doing anywhere. No one, except Kalki, the last ‘man against Time’ who must close this cycle...



What I am saying here about the decline of the Aryan isn’t confined to India. It is a fact observable in any country with a multiracial population, in which the State opposes the promotion of superior ethnic elements instead of encouraging it at all costs and by all means. This is particularly evident in any country with a multiracial population in which the state clings to democratic rule, where power rests with the majority.<sup>223</sup> It is something that, in an

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<sup>223</sup> **Editor’s note:** Democracy is the worst of political systems, as Plato saw in his *Republic*. Already in modern times, John Stuart Mill came to discover that when it is society itself that is the tyrant—society collectively—it exercises a more formidable social tyranny because it leaves fewer means of escape from it. And Alexis de Tocqueville wrote in *Democracy in America* that the kind of oppression that democratic nations use is altogether different from anything that has ever existed in the world. The French aristocrat added that his contemporaries will find no prototype of this in recorded history. In vain did Tocqueville search for an expression that would adequately convey the idea he had of this new socio-political animal, and said that the old words ‘despotism’ and ‘tyranny’ were inappropriate. We are dealing with a new form of social control. Tocqueville’s observations left a deep imprint on the thinking that Mill would express a little later in *On Liberty*. Mill observed that despite claims of the contrary democracy doesn’t protect the interests of

ironic twist of fate, is increasingly threatening to take hold in Britain itself as a growing multitude of non-Aryans of the most diverse races, and people of no race at all, peacefully invade and swarm.

I have been forbidden to visit England since my participation in the Hitler camp at Costwolds in August 1962. The situation created nine years ago or more by the presence on British soil of almost two million Africans, Jamaicans and Pakistanis, not to mention the Jews who had arrived as early as 1933, was already alarming if not tragic. And according to the echoes that I have been able to hear, it has only worsened since then as no measures have been taken to expel all these non-native elements. Non-Aryans, and especially Africans and Jamaicans (the latter, originally African Negroes too), are multiplying at a rate nine times faster than the average European Aryan. It is clear, therefore, that an absolute ban on even one new immigrant would surely not be enough to stem the danger to Britain's very fabric. Assuming that not a single non-Aryan, Negro, Jew or Indian Sudanese who has been converted to Islam (for that is what a 'Pakistani' is) lands in England from now on, it would make no difference to the situation in the long run in the country which has madly given itself the mission of fighting Hitler's racism with arms. It wouldn't change anything because, I repeat, the non-Aryan immigrants who are already settled in England multiply much faster than the English. All further immigration being, let us assume, forbidden, the numerical proportion of the Aryan to the non-Aryan population of Great Britain during the next few decades and would nevertheless shift in favour of the non-Aryans.

We must also take into account the inevitable mixing of races, all the more frequent (and more revolting) because, to the growing perversity of the men and women of the advanced Dark Ages, we must add the influence of a whole literature designed to arouse and maintain a morbid sexual curiosity. Today, yesterday, ten years ago and more, it is (and was) not uncommon to see in the streets of London some beautiful blonde Englishwoman pushing in front of her a child's carriage in which rest one or sometimes two little Euro-African half-breeds. You can see them even in small towns (I have seen them in Croydon, Chettleham and elsewhere). It

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*all* but simply for the interests of the *majority* ('two legged mammals' is Savitri's pejorative term of what I simply call 'Neanderthals').

would only be possible to put an end to these shameful and unnatural unions and this production of half-breeds, by changing the mentality of a youth that has so far been increasingly indoctrinated with anti-racism while taking radical measures for the definitive removal—if not the physical elimination—of current or potential undesirables. If they are to be kept alive and their labour used, all half-breeds should be sterilised without exception as well as Aryan women guilty of crimes against the race: for once they have been impregnated, even once, by foreign seed, they are no longer safe (there have been cases in which the child of a very acceptable husband bore a dangerous resemblance to the lover whom his mother had left long before his conception). And all Negroes, Jews and other non-Aryan elements should be forced to leave the national territory, or at least to live there only in exceptional cases and then subject to laws and regulations that keep them in their place—such as the famous Nuremberg Laws of September 15, 1935 that protected the racial integrity of Germans under the Third Reich.

But for this to be possible, Britain would have to have a dictatorial government of the same type as that of Germany in 1935, and inspired like it by the ancient faith in the excellence of blood purity. Can it ever hope to have one? Such a Government was able, across the Rhine, in 1933, to come to power legally by relying on a majority of voters (and what a majority!) in universal suffrage. It was able to do so because the German people, without having the racial homogeneity the Führer dreamed of, at least had sufficient biological unity to feel their interest linked to that of the Aryan blood. If nothing is done, and done soon, to remove the non-Aryans in Britain from participation in public affairs, it is clear that, given their soaring numbers, they will play an increasingly decisive role in the country's internal and external politics and its cultural life. (The theatre, cinema and television already seem to have long since become the 'reserved hunting ground' of the Jews, without whose approval nothing is played.) The Aryans will eventually have to abdicate the position of leadership. Originally, democracy was conceived only among equals, and there were neither Negroes nor Jews in England. To remain pure of blood they will have to take great care that their children's minds aren't contaminated by the increasingly insistent influence of the multiracial school, radio, television, cinema, the press and books



(especially textbooks). In a word, all the means of dissemination that the majority, hostile to all racial pride, have taken more and more firmly in hand. What is certain is that their numbers will diminish more and more, and especially diminish in proportion to those of men of other races who will then call themselves, without having any right to do so, 'the English people.'

Eventually, they will be a hundred thousand, fifty thousand, twenty thousand scattered over the whole surface of the British Isles, then overpopulated with half-breeds of different shades. The English will be drowned among some hundred or two hundred million robots, generally dark-skinned, with the most varied features. They will be the only creatures in this termite mound worthy of the name 'man' in the sense we would use it. But the world of that time will have no use for such creatures. Perhaps they will cultivate in themselves a belatedly awakened Aryan consciousness. Perhaps they will manage, despite the distances, to meet from time to time in small groups, and talk nostalgically about 'old England,' now deadlier than the Athens of Pericles. Perhaps, at some pitiful meeting on some historic anniversary, some man of knowledge and insight will arise and tell his brethren of the race the remote and deep causes of their downfall.

Behold, he will tell them, we are paying the price of the folly of our ancestors. They are the ones who, in what was once our Empire, encouraged the propaganda of the Christian missionaries, compulsory vaccination and the adherence of the 'literate' to democratic principles. They stubbornly refused the hand sincerely extended to them by the greatest of all Europeans: Adolf Hitler. In response to his repeated offer of alliance and his promise to leave us the domination of the seas, they unleashed the Second World War against him, drowned his country in a deluge of phosphorus and fire, and burned alive nearly five million of his compatriots, women and children, under the burning rubble or in the shelters where the liquefied asphalt of the streets penetrated in fiery streams. We are paying the price for the crimes of Mr Churchill and all those who believed in them and fought against National Socialist Germany, our sister, the defender of our common race. These men, you may say, were bona fide but short-sighted. That may be so. But that doesn't excuse them before History. Stupidity is itself a crime when the interest of the nation, and especially of the Race, is at stake. We cannot do what our fathers did and escape punishment!

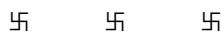
The punishment will be to have some woolly-haired, simian-faced Christian as Prime Minister of Great Britain: a descendant of equatorial African immigrants and perhaps named Winston after the gravedigger of the former British Empire. The punishment will be to live amid a brownish, camel-headed England—also, at least in large part, woolly-haired—whose former inhabitants, the legitimate inhabitants, the Aryans, whether Normans, Saxons or Celts, will number as few as the native Americans on the reservations do today in the US.

Then, perhaps, groups of true Englishmen, more obstinate than the others in their resentment, more combative if not less desperate, will burn, every 8th of May, some effigy of Churchill purposely grotesque: his big puffy, plump face, furnished with the legendary cigar and smeared like that of a clown; his big belly stuffed with gunpowder. May 8 will, indeed, at last be recognised as the anniversary of the shame of England as much as of the misfortune of the sister nation; once hated, now adored with all the passion that accompanies remorse that we know is useless. Perhaps these same Englishmen, and others, will publicly worship Adolf Hitler, the Saviour whom their ancestors of yesterday rejected and whom their ancestors of today—our contemporaries—still insult. Perhaps there will be, among the dwindling number of Aryans throughout the world, a militant minority, serene, almost happy in its unshakeable loyalty, who will worship him while waiting to become (they or their descendants) the bodyguard of the Avenger he hinted at but wasn't: Kalki. But all late repentance and retrospective devotions will remain ineffective, both in Europe and among the Aryan minorities in other countries, especially in an increasingly Jewified and negrified America. Nothing can save the youngest of humanity's noble races from the fate that must befall as a consequence of the crimes committed or tolerated by too many of its representatives under the influence of anthropocentrism of the wrong sort.

There are all kinds of crimes, the wages of which have been accumulating for millennia: crimes against animals, crimes against the massacred forest, against the impassive sea sullied by all the filth of invading industry; crimes against all human aristocracies, especially against the Aryan race itself, against the Germans in Europe, against the purest Aryas in the Indies, in Asia, in the name of Christ or Christian values; in the name of Democracy or

Marxism, always in the name of some faith or philosophy invented and spread by Jews.

It is already too late to regret the past. We should have thought about it before the Second World War—and not unleashed it! And before the over-industrialisation of the West, then of the world; before the intensified massacre of forests and wild animals, and all the horrors committed or permitted on the beast (always innocent) in the name of man's interest or simply amusement. We should have thought of this before the irresistible progression, the geometric progression, of the pullulation of the two-legged mammal at the expense of its quality, the ultimate source of all evils and all degradations. It is already too late, not to mention the time when the degeneration of man, under the generalised rule of Chandala, will be an accomplished fact. There is little for the elite to do. There is only to maintain, against all odds, their faith in eternal, non-human values; to curse those men whom the powers of the abyss have chosen as instruments of their inevitable victory and, with all their strength, with all their thirst for beauty and justice, to call upon Kalki, the last hero 'against Time,' the Avenger of all his glorious precursors: He who must succeed where they have all failed and bring about the end of this Dark Age. Whenever one passes through an overcrowded countryside, where quickly built houses and fields for the feeding of the human multitude stretch out indefinitely in place of the felled forests, one need only try to get in touch with the impassive and hidden principle of action and reaction, and pray intensely: 'Return, O patient Lord, the earth to the jungle, and its ancient kings! Treat man, individually and collectively, as he has treated them and still treats them!'



Man, once an integral part of Nature, and sometimes its crowning glory, has become the executioner of all beauty, the enemy of the universal mother, the cancer of the planet. Even the superior races no longer create symbols. They have replaced, or are increasingly replacing, temples and cathedrals with factories and medical research centres. And they decorate their public squares with caricatures made of cement or wire. The music that their young people like, the music that they let blare out of their

transistors all day long as a background for all their activities, all their speeches, all their remaining thoughts, is a bad imitation of Negro music.<sup>224</sup> Perhaps the last great collective Aryan creation in the West was that of the German Third Reich, with the architects of the new Chancellery and the Nuremberg Stadium; the sculptors Arno Brecker and Kolbe, and the interpreters of Wagner; in particular, the extraordinary conductor Fürtwangler. It was the result of a prodigious upsurge of the whole of Germany under the inspiration of the supreme artist, Adolf Hitler, against the tide of world decadence. This momentum was abruptly interrupted, after only six years, by England's declaration of war on Germany. Everything that the non-German West has produced recently that is truly great—in France, for example, the work of Robert Brasillach, Henry de Montherlant, Céline, Benoît-Méchin and Saint-Loup—has been, in one way or another, affected by the spirit of the Reich. There is, moreover, from one end to the other, a deep pessimism like a prescience of the inevitable death or the decline of the West already announced by Spengler.

I have, in 1971, found in India more echoes than ever of the expression of my passionate expectation of the Kalki avatar and the end of the Dark Age. Others await it as I do, and they too don't feel that there is anything to deplore at the thought of the end of man—except for those few whom the last divine Incarnation will welcome as collaborators, deeming them worthy to open with him the Golden Age of the next Cycle.

There is no reason to be saddened by the idea that the innumerable ugliness that we see spreading everywhere, on every continent, will one day be definitively swept away along with those who have produced them, encouraged or tolerated them, and who continue to produce new ones. There is no need to be saddened by the fear that the old and beautiful human creations—the Pyramids of Giza, the Parthenon, the temples of South India, Ellora, Angkor, Chartres Cathedral—may well be swept away along with them, in the colossal fury of the End. The ugliness that man has accumulated, the desecrations of the Earth of which even the best races have been guilty in this century of universal decay, neutralise by far all that the genius of the Ancients has produced that is

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<sup>224</sup> **Editor's note:** This includes the music listened to by most of the false defenders of the Aryan race, the so-called white nationalists.

greatest and most beautiful. They make us forget the winged bulls of Babylon and Assyria, the friezes of the Greek temples and the Byzantine mosaics, and tip the scales in favour of the disappearance of the human species. Moreover, eternal works no longer belong in today's world. We do not even see them anymore. The ugly glass and steel buildings for offices, erected recently in the centre of Athens around the Place de la Constitution, completely hide the view of the Acropolis from anyone standing in the square. The frame of the four-thousand-year-old cities is destroyed. Lycabettos, three-quarters stripped of its beautiful pine forest, is no longer Lycabettos in the eyes of those who knew and loved it fifty years ago. And so it is everywhere. It is, or will be tomorrow on a planetary scale, the realisation of the sacrilegious dream of Descartes and all the devotees of anthropocentrism. It is the triumph of the immense human anthill over the savannah, the desert, all the terrestrial spaces where the superior man could still be alone and, through visible beauty and contact with the innocence of private life of the word, commune with the Eternal.

When will the inevitable Avenger come—he who will restore order, and put every being in its place? Is it my devotion to him that makes me so fond of all the forces that seem to want to crush this insolent worm that is man? Is he who, in April 1947, made me greet the sight (and the subterranean roar!) of the Hekla in full eruption as one greets the divinities in the temples in India and, in an ecstasy of joy, intone in Bengali the hymn to Shiva: 'Dancer of Destruction, O King of the Dance'? Was it he who urged me to walk all night along one of the seven lava flows, under a pale violet sky, flooded with moonlight, streaked with green aurora borealis fringed with purple, barred by a long black cloud of volcanic smoke: a sky against which the craters hurled their jets of flame and their incandescent quarters of rock?

Was it he who, in the uninterrupted roar, bursting from the bowels of the trembling earth and sometimes bursting into sudden mouths of fire, made me recognise the sacred Syllable *Aum*: the very one which I had heard, and was to hear ever since, with adoration, coming out of the mouths of lions? Was it the more or less obscure consciousness that they were themselves of the race of the One who returns from age to age and, like Him, defenders of the beauty of the earth—the avengers of the Strong against all anthropocentric and therefore egalitarian superstitions, and in

particular Christianity, then newly imposed on the proud Germanic people? Was it this conscience, I say, that prompted the Vikings of Jütland, my mother's ancestors, to sing their hymns to Donner and Thor alone in the middle of the fog, on the raging North Sea, joyous to hear, in the rolls of thunder, the answer of the Gods?

Perhaps. What is certain is that I have always been for the superior man, the strong, the conqueror except the European invaders of the New World (with the spread of Christianity miscegenation took, especially in Latin America, unprecedented dimensions); against the pacifist, benumbed in his pleasures and against the 'scientist,' working 'for humanity' at the expense of innocent beasts; for the SS and against the Jew and his servants more contemptible than himself.

Almost forty years ago I came to the Indies, seeking the tropical equivalent of Aryan and pagan Europe: that Ancient World where enlightened tolerance reigned, and the cult of the Beautiful drawing its very essence from the true. I have come and remained there; I have left and returned, always as a disciple of Adolf Hitler, the modern face of He Who Returns, always animated by the spirit of the fight against Time which he embodies, with all his glorious predecessors and with Kalki, the victor who must one day succeed him and them.

Now that there's nothing else to do, my comrades, live with me in ardent anticipation of the end of this humanity, which has rejected us and our Führer. *Mankind isn't worth saving*. Let it go, buried under the ruins of its hospitals, laboratories, slaughterhouses and nightclubs. I quote to you the verses that Leconte de Lisle addresses to the Virgin Forest, burned, uprooted, shredded by man: 'Tears and blood will sprinkle your ashes / And you will spring from ours, O Forest!' These are words of anticipated joy for me. I also remind you of the words of Goebbels at the time of the collapse of this Reich for which we lived: 'After the deluge, us!'

All that remains is to wish, to call with all our might the Deluge—the End, to make ourselves personally responsible for its coming, wishing for it day and night. I would desire it, I would call for it, even if I were persuaded that none of us—including myself, of course; including those whom I most admire and love—would survive it. The world is too ugly without its true Gods, without the sense of the sacred in life, for the Strong not to yearn for its end.

My comrades: join me, and let us echo with Wotan the Song of the End: *Eins will ich: das Ende; das Ende!*<sup>225</sup> The world without humans is far and away preferable to the world in which no human elite will rule anymore.

*Savitri Devi Mukherji*

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<sup>225</sup> I want one thing: the end; the End!

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