

KNIGHT, DEATH AND DEVIL

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BERSERKER

BOOKS



Knight, Death and Devil

The heroic idea

By

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Foreword.

This book should herald the hero. In doing so, it must identify itself as hostile to its age. It should proclaim knights, death and the devil in a time of the masses, in a time that hardly seems worthy of death and in a time that gladly understands and forgives the baseness in man himself as "evolutionary-historical" and therefore has to make the devil himself resent his good wrath. What should such a book do in such a time? - It must speak of things from which the age has wrested their office: it must speak of the hero, and yet the age has long since chosen the more comfortable; it must speak of the hero's fate: the age knows only inevitable developments; of his passion: the age is hounded by desires; of his love: here the age first thinks of sex and then squints at its filth, or perhaps it points to social insurance, i.e. to public institutions, to a method of dealing with need. The book must speak of the hero's hatred: the age clamours, it does not bear hatred well, and as always, where something is rotten, it comes up with a foreign word: Humanity! - And so at every turn: the words of language may be the same, the will in the word is of a different spirit: a different one in the age there, a different one here in the book.

But what is received as the epitome of a life and living organisation wants to have its reality and presence and believes in its value. - Thus this book and therefore its confidence despite everything, especially in these times.

So be it!

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Part one.

The araft of the hero.

^HOM Heroes this book is supposed to herald, we must endeavour to grasp its essence. There must be a force in him that is quite alien to the age, otherwise there would not be so much blasphemy of the heroic in our time and among all those who belong to the spirit of the age. - Where does this power flow from the hero? Let it be said straight away: the hero always stands in the beginnings of the world - regardless of whether he is aware of it or not. His counterpart is the descendant. That is why all latecomers and latecomers hate the heroic, why the masses hate the hero Bismarck and know nothing about Beethoven. Enough of this: let's talk about the hero. He is in his infancy. Everything else follows from this.

For a long time, the hero remains in the age of cattle. He takes his time and trolls along, lazy and to himself. There is a heroic laziness, and perhaps only the hero has a right to be lazy for a moon. For the hero, being lazy only means not being able to participate in the work of others because it is not his own work. The Icelandic saga of Grettir the Strong tells of the hero's laziness with pleasure. The sagas also tell again and again of the hero's laziness: how he lives through the years as a "brute" - the Nordic man has never been precocious - how he lies by the hearth and rolls at the feet of the men when they enter the hall.

kick. Heroic laziness is resting in oneself: good-natured, lazy with words, indifferent to the goings-on in the house - that's the kind of brute who later goes berserk, that primal human outburst of rage and rampage. Just let them come to themselves first, then it's over with the brute! The sagas tell of how the hero finds himself in a young man's hour. Hatred and clan revenge, fervour for deeds and the desire for a stormy voyage across the North Sea, the urge to go far away, the longing for a destiny-these awaken the hero!

The hero seizes his life as a dare, his dare, his task. That says it all, he has awakened the lion of his destiny - only the hero has a destiny. He seeks a life of affirmation, a destiny that is to invent him faithfully and always the same. He wants to be the noble one who penetrates the forest of the lindworm, the true-born one who seeks the twelve works of the hero. He is not concerned with the reward or the cheers of the streets, he is only concerned with himself, that he remains faithful.

"I am undaunted, I have dared and will await the end."

(Ulrich von Hütten.)

This is how his confidence lives despite death and the devil. So he steps out into his morning. The hero has always been a beginning, what do we latecomers know of the freshness of such an existence? Who is more fatal than Siegfried and simpler than he?

The hero is simple because he is always at the beginning: "entangled in what he has inherited, unbound by what he has already thought and experienced, not to be tied down by the web of connections - so truly free!

The hero is always at the beginning of a world. That is the primal force within him. He cannot change

He does not think of himself as an individual, indifferent to what others are doing, averted from what others are doing, disdainful of the benefits and acquisitions of the day. This makes him hated by the crowd.

As a youth, the hero experiences his loneliness in the spitefulness of the crowd, until as a man the hero's loneliness has become his honour and pride. The hero learns that wanting a fate means arming oneself, that it means renouncing happiness, doing without much and giving the soft soul, which cries out for happiness like the hungry for bread, the hard stone. Grettir learns: "Happiness and masculinity do not coincide." - Every living man desires happiness, the hero most of all, because he is simple and loves life. But he has a destiny and an inexorable one; he knows that it is not his path that leads to happiness with other people. This was Lessing's experience when his cow died and his mother said to him: "I wanted to have it as good as other people, but it didn't go well for me." He walked through it, faithful to his fate like his king Frederick the Great, who said: "You have to give your soul a caning."

It doesn't help: wanting a destiny means becoming as big as your destiny - relentlessly big. "I want to reach into the jaws of fate", Beethoven said, and that's how he lived.

Through his solitude, the hero experiences the thought of destiny and therefore he has often been the silent one who knows himself to be unequalled, mostly related to the sea and the mountains and the oak tree.

That's why the hero loves the sea and travelling in the Viking dragon, that's why he climbs up into the mountains.

Above he feels eternal, the ares of the beginning

and senses what fills him alone: timeless power! - Hero and the universe - that is the deepest look into the day of events. This is how the lonely man experiences it:

"If I, Vtatur, stood before you a man alone, it would be worth the effort to be a man."

(Goethe, Faust.)

So out of power and desire, lust and suffering, comes the hero's unquenchable love for mountain and forest, river and sea.

And this too: because he is the lonely one who stands in the beginnings, joy and cheerfulness must also become primordially human to him. Heroic cheerfulness will undauntedly take the world as a giant toy. Heroic joy is the certainty of being indestructible, it is the rumbling exuberance of the armoured man, a laugh of health, the horseman's roll of a wild hansom - this beating of his whole reel into the redoubt in order to set up a cowardly joke and break a lance for it, this feast of all feasts, which the community of the indestructible celebrates at broad tables and in honour!

One must experience the heroic cheerfulness in the song of the Thrym, which the Edda has handed down to us; one must experience it in the many and varied works of the Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals; one must experience it in its primal health in Luther, who always liked to be cheerful and had his students of God's piety build a rule track! how he, standing in the very beginnings of a new morality, treats mild old powers as if they were rough toys: "My grace and greeting beforehand, most holy chair! Crack and break not before this new greeting, that I may put my name first and forget to kiss your feet. Cause

you will hear." - One must experience heroic cheerfulness again in Bach, when he celebrates his Vstern with timpani and trumpets that resound, as it were, out of the spring of a world; one must experience it again in Beethoven, whose joyful melodies often sound with a knotty vigour like the playing of the folk festival of a tribe of heroes: The primal humanity, the indestructibility of the hero, breaks out again and again in Beethoven's work. This is heroic cheerfulness. A heroic thinker of antiquity, Heraclitus, experienced the world as a game of Zeus. This is how the world will appear to the lonely man in his happy hour. Zeus is the hero who experiences his joyful day.

In painful and pleasurable loneliness, in the realisation of a powerful destiny, the hero stands in the beginnings of his world. He has dared to live a destiny, not to fear death and to be hated by many. He knows his riches, stretches out his arms and steps into them. That everything is still to be done, that all around is a beginning and confirmation shines everywhere - that is the heroic confidence, the confidence that only the pure, the noble-born know: Siegfried!

*

Who then is Siegfried more simply, and whom does the present understand less? does any of us present still know of the freshness of existence that is the hero's?

The fault is ours. We have given away all the freshness of the world in the 19th century, we have given away the folk song for the vperette hit, we have given away the proverb for the catchphrase of the newspapers and for the flippant speech of the people.

Berlin style. We have left the fairy tale to the cattle and hardly any to them, or we have misused it for symbolic nonsense. We have forgotten the dialect or never learnt it - is it any wonder that we are bald? This unfortunate 19th Century has succeeded in driving the freshness of life out of the Occident. Everything has withered or flattened under its hands: science and art, morality, world view and state life. The 19th Century has bred the uprooted and derailed man, the man without a dialect, the city dweller. It has turned peoples into masses and then created "heroic and anti-heroic doctrines for this chaff, which will create more and more chaff.

We have all been taught that we are chained into a long development and that the chain of development leads from progress to progress. In this belief - we must speak of the belief in development, not only of the idea of development - in this belief a disgusting arrogance has taken hold of the age: we have come marvellously far! - on the other hand, a burdensome renunciation, a dull certainty of being conditioned in everything: physically conditioned by development, spiritually conditioned by history. The natural and spiritual sciences of the 19th century. The natural sciences and humanities of the 20th century made every effort to guide the stream of knowledge, which ran deep and powerful in the times of Rant or Alexander von Humboldt, into the shallows. The thoughtful prudence with which Goethe and Alexander v. Humboldt looked into the natural world - the heroic nature-

The way in which they could have viewed things - how it has all degenerated into a mess due to the shallow understanding of Darwin's descendants! Darwinism, liberalism, scientific, governmental and artistic thought of the century - all many sides of an unheroic, uncreative attitude to life, honestly meant attempts at interpretation by a short-sighted, procreatively weak generation, if only this century had not seemed so exemplary in everything that its intellectual busyness and its busy division of labour brought about! If you look at them, all those who were so sworn to the spirit of the age, satisfied by the achievements of the modern spirit, be they artists, members of parliament, thinkers, researchers: they all belong to a hopeless breed of people, the middle class of the spirit, which is never quite right and never quite wrong, whose truths are so shallow and whose mistakes are so miserable that an opponent of this spirit, as soon as he is a creative person, must always swallow a suffocating aversion in the fight itself.

Today is the time to understand this 19th century as a whole and to realise that it is our duty to ruthlessly overcome it within ourselves. It was the most unfortunate of all ages, it has destroyed where others have established, it has been feminine, weakly blurring boundaries where others have created masculine and creative boundaries - so in the moral, so in the artistic, so everywhere. We will recognise it again and again in the future. -

In this it is furthest removed from the heroic view of the world: it has wrested from man the possibility of seeing himself in his beginnings. First natural

The power of the hero

scientific: The researchers in this field have not mastered the desire to turn their necessarily materialistic way of research, which has brought them their real successes, into a way of thinking, and not only for themselves - had they remained silent, they would still stand in honour - but they have produced world views from their scientific results, and as marked sons of this age have gone on the market with their world views and spoken to the masses and not only spoken: they have preached after-sermons and advertised various kinds of religious substitutes. In the end, one heard of monistic Sunday services. Where have we got to? What has brought us from height of serious reflection, which Rant's age knew as its duty, into the lowlands of vicious thoughts and naturalistic moral teachings?

If only the materialistic way of thinking of the 19th century had remained honest, if it had let matter be matter, if let man be matter - but it made the impotent attempt to turn the poor mammal, chained in developments, into a decent, liberal, enlightened citizen of the world, made a moral doctrine out of nothing and praised as exemplary. Now see his arrogance about Röhler-beliefs, traditional customs, about the farmer and the Rönigstreuen - after all, he is the enlightened city dweller who knows that all people are the same, that a development leads original animal to man and at bottom, everything that happens is movement in the material.

This is where contemporary spiritual science and philosophy of the 19th Century intervenes and continues the consideration. In the natural sciences

It was naturalism that made heroism impossible; here in the humanities it was what was called historicism. Was there anyone among the "famous" thinkers at the end of the 19th century who would have courageously stepped forward from the beginnings? The exemplary philosophers were university lecturers and were immersed in the history of philosophy. After all, they distinguished so and so many "types of world view", knew the history of a problem down to the last detail, but the question itself had slipped out of their hands. Was it not an unheard-of beginning for the leading professors of the age when a thinker pushed aside the existing thought and boldly placed himself in the beginnings? But is the conceptual foundation of a heroic world view possible without this boldness? The hero always stands in the beginnings of the world. But the age had surrendered to historicism and ended up doubting the knowledge of the one, valid truth at all: there is only one relevant truth, every time believes to possess the truth and yet only possesses its own truth, I^now there was no more uplifting task in the many chairs of teaching than to give the "analysis of man" of one time or another with the "finest empathy", to design this or that world view "in the most tastefully secure attitude" according to contemporary circumstances and life-historical data. But where was the passionate will, the deep scientific responsibility, the unhurried, creative labour of thought, the urge to advance and wrestle on one's own initiative until everything one has conceived stands in the eye of the truth, in the eye of the one, valid truth that is timeless?

If we could regain the vigour and passion of thought that the 19th Century has corroded - everything would be won! The naturalistic view would have been rendered harmless, a pastime for those left behind, historicism, the historicisation of intellectual life, recognised as impotent, a heroic world view would have become possible! That it may give birth to a new generation, stopping the disruption of all things! In its place as an organising thought, the theory of development, structuring the great context of the one, mighty day of the world, serving the researcher, would no longer be a tool for those who look down the drain and no longer a basis for a so-called scientific world view. Thought would be freed from the clutter and burden of "problem history", reflection would once again be in the freshness of repentance, the most lively teaching would have been won for us.

"He who thinks the deepest, loves the liveliest."

(Hölderlin.)

Siegfried always enters the morning of a world. The present age, however, with its oppressive consciousness, stands at all ends of development. The great mass of knowledge of the time, which modern man can no longer transform into his own fruitfulness, has produced nothing but arrogance of knowledge and abnegation. Siegfried, who lives his heroism almost unconsciously, is the antithesis of our time. Consciousness has made every fruit worm-eaten. I know a metropolitan man of letters who knew immediately after writing a poem that a "new period" had begun for him. He had lived his little life in the manner of life descriptions and literary histories in Pe

He was wedged into periods because he knew that the lives of important people were categorised in this way. So it has really come to pass, especially in educated Germany, that bland womanisers compare themselves with Goethe, that everyday adulterers refer to Wagner, that semi-mature philosophy students, because they have read about it, eloquently explain how they experience the "prinvipiruL inäiviänntioi"" "deeply painful" in themselves, that people who diligently set notes assure you that they are like the young Beethoven. - One no longer lives of one's own accord, one no longer feels according to one's own feelings, one never stands at the beginning of one's own creation, always in the reflection of a life that has already happened. We know about the hardship experienced by one or other of the greats, and we describe the shallow events of our own busyness with words that come from a great existence. In general, one constantly confuses the states of one's overstimulated nerves with "ideological ambiguities" - even Nietzsche is not to be confused with them - one categorises oneself, if one has read about it, among the Apollonian or Dionysian people, speaks of one's passions, where there are only depraved desires, makes much ado about the fact that one is struggling between God and animal if one does not find the strength to shape oneself. Rurz: the age has labelled all its poor things with words which its so-called education has gradually heaped up from the contemplation of great destinies, and where the nakedness of the times can only be covered with a foreign word, there the satisfaction of the "Zeitgeist" is at its fullest. Thus one divides the poor phenomena of the day, and speaks of extensive artists in contrast to the intensive ones.

stven, speaks of rationalistic and panlogistic world views, of this and that type of spirit and thus continually reveals that our time knows no world view of its own and is not certain of a spirit of its own making. We only know the many different "attitudes" that have been possible and will supposedly only be possible. One wanders through centuries in order to find the meaning of our present rule. The broad aim of this consciousness of time has flooded everything, because of its attitude it does not want to come to its own position anywhere, we will see it again later in the hustle and bustle of everyday life what we have observed here in the science of time: everything is an opinion on existing things. The spirit of attack is missing. One stands at all ends and knows nothing more of the courage of the hero who stands in the beginnings.

The hero and the story.

he hero is in his infancy. Does that mean he must lack a sense of history? That is not the opinion. History itself should show us the nature of the hero: the hero as an innovator, as a subversive who only wants to throw everything overboard - that has never existed. And even the cheeky and the shouty, whom the zeitgeist raves about as its "heroes" and praises in its newspapers, are distorted images of the heroic with whom the masses dwell. They have taken over in our time and there will be no salvation and no beginning until a future time has ruthlessly overcome them in itself. where there is an upheaval, one sees insolent people busy. It is therefore superfluous to give examples to the Germans of today. The insolence of an uprooted age pours out broadly and powerfully. The upheaval is as much a part of the ranks as of the state.

It was the word of a man who suffered heroically - he was concerned with every single soul -: I have not come to dissolve, but to fulfil. - This is how the hero has walked through history at all times. One of the greats of our people, Beethoven, is a testimony to this, what would the cheeky ones that the 19th. In his place, what would the cheeky ones that the 19th. century bred have done with the sonata form that Beethoven found? - They would have sought a contemptible catchword for the traditional form, a jarringly loud foreign word for their "music liberated from obsolete barriers" and would have

This is probably what has really been achieved today: the decomposition of creativity in musical art, the decomposition of melody, the well-known exciting noise for the urban people of this age. Don't misunderstand, it's not because of the sonata form or any other form. It is because an entire age, ours, has only understood how to dissolve outdated forms and has never found the strength to create a fixed form, a new form, for itself. The hero is different: he has never been a dissolver, always a fulfiller. Thus Beethoven: he did not dissolve the traditional form, he fulfilled it - and how fulfilled! The sonata had been a form of musical art in which the masters of a creative century had given away their world of sound; in Beethoven's case it became a creation of world view and passion, in which a hero bears witness to his destiny; we must remember him again and again in this book, for he was one of the greats who created a work whose power we present-day composers can hardly fathom. He grasped the heroic challenge as his duty, reached into the jaws of fate and, relentless as he was, struggled against the inexorable.

how painfully he looks down on the runes of our time! Beethoven wrote an Eroica, a work about a heroic life. It might seem that the will of our time is heroic like his: a "heroic life" is also to be found in the musical history of our time, but where dissolution prevails instead of commanding form, where a female-boundary-blurring age has achieved a so-called liberation from all form, i.e. has lost the male will to form, the heading is

"We always experience the same thing in the dozen catchwords of modern poetry, sound art and visual art: a complete dissolution and thus daily disintegrating phenomena, the last of which offer the state of brain softening, what is gained when one kind of decomposition raises its noise against the other? But this is where the age had to come to: it only knew how to dissolve, never how to fulfil.

Beethoven is an example of the hero who fulfils an inheritance. This is how Goethe saw it: "What you have inherited from your fathers, acquire it in order to possess it!"

And Goethe, the heroic and prudent one, with his aversion to all upheaval, who regarded all the achievements of the early 19th century with such suspicion, the representation of the people, the freedom of the press, the growing cities - let him be another example of how the heroic spirit confronts history and what has been handed down. Luther with his tenacious and harsh deliberation; Leibniz, the as yet unseen, with his conciliatory spirit; and so Bismarck, the fulfiller of the Prussian mission, so Dürer, the fulfiller of the Gothic runic spirit, so Grünewald, so badly misinterpreted as a "revolutionary", the earthy and spirit-fuelled fulfiller of medieval painting; so Rant, the fulfiller of an age of reason, so all truly creative people, all heroes - they fulfil the legacy of the ages, first grow into it and then powerfully beyond it, giving new content to future ages.

Heroic responsibility gives rise to a deep-rooted attachment to the heritage of the fathers.

The Nordic man, the Teuton, has always experienced it from the ground up, like a Luther, the hero who liberated us all to ourselves, as he struggles forward step by step in his heavy, burdensome force and then stops and asks himself: am I alone wise? - Then the heroic responsibility speaks in him, this heavy struggle in his conscience, which makes half of his life agonising for the hero. These are the moments of that silent outcry: my God, my God, why have you forsaken me? These are the moments in which the man must find his confirmation in his own breast alone, and these moments mark him for life. Hence this melancholy, which often refuses to go away, which Luther experienced to the point of collapse.

There is much more to be said about heroic melancholy. But melancholy is the hero's property and he is happy to conceal it.

Responsibility creates the man; where it is not, insolence and clamour thrive. The present has given up its inheritance of responsibility. In Germany, people mock the English nobleman who, although no longer a believer in the church himself, goes to church to set a good example to his people. The average Englishman sees here first of all the adverse: if he is a churchman, he thinks that going to church just to set a good example is unworthy and wrong; if he is unchurched, he thinks that a "free man" must confess his convictions. Both are also somewhat right. But what makes noise in Germany is not the opinion of the churchman, but the "strong conviction" of certain unchurchmen. There are so many unbelievers in our country who

derive from their so-called freedom the right to boast of their "progress" everywhere without being asked and to jeer at others. Where in such cases a certain sense of form often saves the Frenchman from unpolished behaviour, where in such cases the Englishman - even if it is often out of considerations of expediency - keeps his distance and does not interfere, the "fteigewordene" German has lost all sense of dignity, he must "speak his mind", as everyone has his constitutional right to do in our advanced age. It is disgusting: for these free people, freedom from the belief that they are rude does not mean overcoming an unpolished boorish behaviour. It is no great achievement to dismiss that which other fellow citizens continue to cultivate out of tradition and spiritual divinity; nobility only begins where freedom is as much as spiritual superiority and moral responsibility. That nobleman knows what it would mean to his people if he no longer went to church: their faith would be made worthless to them as a matter with which the educated man would no longer concern himself, and somehow the example of the educated man is nevertheless decisive. The responsible person knows that he is an example in many things and acts according to this knowledge. Should he, as a lord of many subordinates, as a nobleman, deprive his people of faith and tradition, in place of which they no longer have to put solid goods of the spirit? To be superior in spirit means to be responsible in courage! Responsibility is a major part of heroic love.

Conscience and responsibility are the basis of the hero's dedication to historical life. He knows himself in the judgement of his fathers and peers.

the night. "The silver figures of the ancient world" gaze upon him in the nightly hours of foreboding. He wants to be like the fathers, in the aristocracy of glory, in the heroic joy of being a multiplier of the realm and the inheritance of power. Whether they belong to the previous world or to the co-world, his equals and the skilful competition with them are important to him. For the hero, the thought of his people's history is the disciplinarian for responsibility and the armourer for valour.

And as he always measures himself against his equal and seeks him in the past and present, he finds that his Nordic fathers have remained true to heroism, the same in all twists and turns of fate. That is a heroic value: to remain true to oneself and always the same. From this view and will, all and man gain an eternal day of events; the thought of development can no longer exist before heroic realisation. For heroic realisation, everything is an eternal beginning, a first world day. History is the present for the blood that has remained pure, and the hero of his confidence lives in the mighty duration of events. - Heroic love flows from responsibility and confidence.

The heroic love.

^^Love is often the simple and quiet, often the exuberant thing about him. <vft it can hardly be felt and cannot be communicated to the unsuspecting. It flowed into the world from the eyes of the simple man who was our Raiser Wilhelm I. It streams into the world from the mighty deed of the Ninth Symphony: Be embraced, millions! - The princely man with "qualities more of the heart than of the intellect", simple and "royally noble" (Bismarck) on the one hand; the mighty man who had overcome all primal disputes on the other: they are wise figures in whom we become aware of heroic love in its fullness. Fullness of love may come from the richness of a simple heart as well as from the richness of an unquenched, imperious mind. But this name is not given to a yielding mood. Creative love is rare enough. It was and will be the wealth from the strength of every strong man.

How Luther turns lovingly and warmly to the weak, to those who stand aghast at the blow of his fist and are not yet equal to his realisation - the same man to whom the powers of his time have become an empty sound, perhaps only the love of the powerful is an act. what is called love of man is often worth no more than the feeling: let us stick together, then the individual will make better progress. But the love that a lonely man finds in himself above all his insight into the miserable

The love that makes us feel omnipotent - such love alone is worthy of the word love. Heroic love is love that works out of loneliness and powerful desire.

When talking about love, the age likes to use its buzzword and foreign word: humanity. By this it means first of all its "unprejudiced way of thinking", its misinterpreted "judge not, lest ye be judged" - humanity has thus become the general excuse for all indecision, for all dubious behaviour and for all moral half-measures. But its humanity means even more to the age, namely the series of legal procedures to alleviate the plight of the economically weak. Thus the conscience of the age is soothed. After all, concern for public welfare can be calculated to the penny. And so the age is right, terribly right: instead of effective love, calculable procedures have been established, and people are proud of it: the Middle Ages are far behind, the social idea is "marching".

And yet there was ever more genuine love in the world than in our time, and it was sincerely bestowed love, not love ordered by law. Do not misunderstand: it is not social legislation that is being criticised here; it is trying to protect the little man, who is a German, against the money man, who is an international. Let it be understood thus: it is just here that the wicked heartlessness of the international, inter-ethnic, ""völkisch rapi- tal is pointed out. Through the French Revolution, which unleashed the moneyed bourgeoisie, and in the "free play of forces" desired by liberalism, heartless capitalism has become possible, and with the omnipotence of metropolitan rapital far beyond the borders of the nation.

The love of earlier times has become powerless in the face of the bourgeois direction.

The active love of earlier times in contrast to the legal welfare care of our time - the English historian Froude sketched a picture of these contrasts in his biography of the English statesman Disraeli and thus came to elevate the morals of the Middle Ages far above our own. He describes English conditions, but the same applies to us Germans with only minor changes:

"Freedom in the modern sense, where human rights have taken the place of human duties, they did not seek such freedom and did not desire it; as in an army, each man had his own position under a hierarchy of power and prestige, and daily labour was hardest where power and prestige were highest. The earl lived in his castle from the yield of his lands. But the earl had to strike the hardest blows when he went into the field. In stormy times, he was stoic if he escaped the scaffolding of blood. He lived his property with the external splendour that belonged to his position; but in his house he lived as simply as his tenant, sleeping on a hard bed, eating rough, simple grub, knowing nothing of the good life and desiring nothing of it. The way of life was loyalty: loyalty of the knightly lord to the lord, loyalty of the lord to the tenant and of the tenant to the lord. - In the towns, crafts were organised in guilds and guilds; the price of food and the level of wages from domestic servants to field workers and craftsmen were determined by law according to principles of fair trade. Each

Trade had a guild council, and strict judgement was passed on wrong measures and bad goods. The miller could not adulterate flour, the price of wheat rose and fell according to the harvest; but the usurer who bought grain together to sell it later at an inflated price soon found himself in the hands of the henchman. For the cattle of the poor, apprenticeship was education and schooling, whereas the most perfect modern schooling is like plucking for gold. Boys and girls were all educated to do useful manual labour, through which they could later earn a decent living. The hardships and burdens that existed at that time were not limited to one class, but were borne equally by the great and the poor. A people in its health is a living entity like a human body. If the finger says to the hand: I don't need you, I'll go my own way, do what I like, leave what I don't need to deal with; then the owner of the hand will resent it. A commonwealth, the public good, demands that every class should do the work that belongs to it. When this or that, when individuals in large numbers begin to think and act only for themselves, to seek their rights and forget their duties, the dissolution has already begun.

"The fear of God has built up England, and never has a nation been built up by any other reverence. When the Roman Catholic Church collapsed, the fear of God lived on in Protestant form, until the Protestant faith, too, faded into mere opinion and ceased to be a way of life, we still read our Bibles and went to church, and agitated for the purity of the Church.

We were convinced of the importance of our faith and founded societies to spread it. But the faith itself joined the busy certainty that pleasure was enjoyable and wealth was power, and since our faith would regulate the things of the world beyond so well, we could well arrange ourselves to our advantage in this world; from the time of the Restoration onwards, landowners began to surround themselves with splendour and employers began to sell it at the highest prices. Selfishness first became a custom and then brazenly developed into a doctrine. Life became a race in which the "strongest" had a right to win. Everyone was to be made free and was expected to look after themselves to the best of their ability. The institutions continued to exist. Dukes, counts and lower dignitaries still wore noble crowns and owned land. Bishops were still the spiritual rulers of their parishes and the parish priest still represented the church in his parish. The trading associations continued to live in external splendour. But they all lost power and influence in the pursuit of prosperity. Competition became the only rule of trade and commerce; a new world view was invented to gild the changing times. Master craftsmen and labourers were led to believe that they could earn as much as the money men. They had been serfs, now they were free; happiness would come. But it happened that, for some reason or other, fortune failed to materialise. The houses of the upper classes became castles and their owners lived in seclusion, but the farmer from the village did not find his lot any easier because he no longer belonged to anyone. Since the

As the population grew, his wages fell to the lowest level at which he could barely feed his family. The workers in the city were no better off; when wages rose, the cost of living rose with them. Apprenticeships were abolished and the cattle were left in the dirt of the streets. Discontent broke out, and in an ugly way. People were told that they had to keep the peace and get by, that their labour was a commodity that they had to sell and whose value was determined by supply and demand; people could not change the laws of nature, which economics had finally discovered. - This theory of economics has now been driven to the utmost stars, but fifty years ago to doubt it was heresy, to deny it a crime condemned by all the newspapers. Lartyle had good talk of a "wicked doctrine": the race for wealth went on apace. Great fortunes were amassed as more and more of the world market opened up. The labouring class should have shared in the profits, and they were deliberately taught that they had gained as much as their employers. - The

The prosperity of the people, said the free traders and Manchester people, depends on their trade."

So much for the historian. - We are familiar with this theory of economics, the doctrine of liberalism, which was then also introduced to us Germans. We know this "fair competition", this "free play of forces", this "issser Isire, Isisser aller", we know this whole flat "utility" doctrine of the state, which only wanted to see the state as the "guardian of" property. It was the true doctrine of this century. It has incessantly and in

The revolutionary movement, with its unconvincing blind enthusiasm and schoolmasterly dogmatism, has let its cries for freedom and progress ring through the whole age until it is hoarse and hissing, has foamed with hatred of tyrants, has dripped with human rights and, from the beginning and throughout time, has achieved nothing other than to dissolve attitudes and endeavours and make demands in their place. It all happened according to Goethe's visionary words: "Before the revolution everything was endeavour, afterwards everything turned into demand." Liberalism has always been too weak to create. -

Liberalism here refers less to the state doctrines of the few better minds who thought liberally. Liberalism is understood here to mean more that which developed in the 18th century. Liberalism is understood here more as that which developed in the first century among the bourgeoisie of the Western peoples as a kind of middle-class world view, as a warm tradition of liberal opinions that always remain accessible to the modest brain. It is precisely a modest enthusiasm for male pride and the benevolent belief that all men are born to be free that belong to the true liberal. A more serious mind cannot think liberally at all. The great men who have been among us have never been warm and benevolent and have rather thought as Goethe once wrote: "The further one travels in the world, the more one sees that man is born to serfdom." Genuine knowledge of the nature of man has always brought deep shame to those who know. Only the intellectual middle class thinks liberally. Goethe could not even imagine such a thing as liberal thoughts and immediately suspected the "creative spirit" behind them.

art: "When I hear about liberal ideas, I'm always amazed at how people like to stall with empty words. An idea must not be liberal; let it be strong, efficient, self-contained, so that it fulfils the divine mandate to be productive!"

Liberalism is not understood here to mean a single political party. Liberalism here refers to a view that drew its intellectual foundations from the Austro-French revolution on the one hand and the English school of liberalism on the other, a view that promoted the flattest, most "heroic conception of the state, the contemporary right of the 19th Century has promoted. With the collapse of the obsolete state powers in the French Revolution, a school of political thought arose which, to use Disraeli's words, believed it could elevate a people by reducing it to a mass. The liberal view of the world - one must speak of such a view - is the view of the Western citizen, a doctrine of happiness tailored to the nearest ends of human contentment, which imagines the state to be like an extended choral society or a club for the betterment of society, and thus the art of the state like a more extended, more extensive organisation with boards of directors elected by universal, equal and secret suffrage, with well-distributed offices and powers, with recurring meetings, annual reports and festive seasons. It is from this well-behaved and in itself harmless conception, which must have been so beneficial to the soul of the German philistine, that the bliss so characteristic of every liberal originates.

belief and genuine liberal enthusiasm. The liberal is the warmly enthusiastic citizen who has the feeling that his very nearness, how much more the expression of his progressive sentiments and his unlimited benevolence for all classes and for all peoples, must have a gratifying effect. The liberal thinking of this occidental citizen wanted to make the most distant tribes happy with the press, enlightenment, public opinion, free trade and popular representation. In this contemporary thinking of the 19th century - which is possible within all parties and has not yet been ruthlessly overcome by any party - a satisfaction with the future is possible in liberal thinking, which has an insulting effect on every deeply prudent man; in liberal thinking a belief in progress is possible, which is an insult to every historical greatness.

Liberalism is the most "heroic attitude. That is why it must be considered so closely here. The heroic view is to take life as a task which every man should solve for himself. There is no such thing as a belief in progress in heroic thinking. It is enough to have looked once into the features of the mummy of the great Ramses, to have seen the will to rule in this forehead and nose and the statesmanlike arrogance in this entire skull formation, to give up forever the stupid idea of the progress of mankind. It is enough to have looked at the skull structure of our Nordic ancestors, at the languages of our Nordic fathers, at the structure of the Germanic languages, to realise that there have been creative periods of the human spirit, in comparison with which today we can only speak of regression.

The belief in the progress of humanity and even in progress through majority decisions is a defamation of the past that can only be excused by the sponginess of our time. Furthermore, the belief in progress is the renunciation of a self-organisation into something whole, the concession of the lack of the force that enters into the beginnings. At all times it has only mattered that men and peoples have a capable disposition, and disposition is always a beginning - a beginning which every man must want of his own accord. Attitude has never been a matter of human progress.

A heroic people wants its state as a powerful presence and feels the desire for power; it wants its state as a strong expression of its destiny. Liberalism has turned the state, which used to be a force of destiny, into a procedure; the hopelessness of every liberal view is that it sees the salvation of the state and even of "humanity" in nothing but procedures that are intended to serve the fulfilment and acquisition of the citizen. That is why it is so characteristic of liberalism that it praises and warmly recommends the impotent procedure of its universal, equal and secret suffrage, its two chambers, its "modern public life", as exemplary to peoples of very different nature and history, even to peoples of highly superior morals, and talks all the more warmly of human rights where at the same time it thrives on the acquisition of money. Until the French Revolution, the state was a force of destiny, to be mastered by men of destiny; since the French Revolution, the state has been a force of one.

The state's task is to ensure as much progress and benefit as possible in order to promote the happiness of "mankind". In connection with this, a new enthusiasm has become possible, the genuine enthusiasm of the 19th Century, namely that of belonging to a secure majority.

Liberalism never seized the state's duty to awaken conviction. Its "free play of forces" has never meant a call to a creative attitude and action, not trust in the creative power of heroic men - how unsuspecting liberalism was in its resistance and succession to Bismarck - its free play of forces has never been more than an opportunity to make money. Liberalism is the view of the wheeler-dealer and middleman who only ever thinks about his business when the sun is shining and the storm is raging. It is a genuine liberal view that led to the saying being embossed on German coins: "To stir brings blessing." This saying, which is so prostrate and bug-like after Rlang and Schrittmass, again speaks of liberal comfort:

"I enjoy the rolling carriages, the noisy sliding back and forth, the eternal running back and forth of scattered piles of ants!"

(Goethe, Faust.)

There are books that praise this pile of ants as the ultimate; they then speak of the "gospel of labour". But there is more upliftment in heroic laziness than in "work" understood in this way. "To labour brings blessing" is the "heroic

Slogan of a liberal-vest time. Kaust says: The deed is everything! That sounds and sounds different and is heroic spirit.

It is peculiar to liberalism that it chooses for its shallowness the catchwords that sound pleasant to the citizen's ear and thus really make up the citizen's ringlein: Representation of the people, liberty, equality and fraternity, progress, unprejudiced, free-minded, male pride before royal thrones, popular enlightenment - these are such words. Those in the know have seen through them as words of convenience to make money, as protective words for big business. That is precisely the wickedness of liberalism, that it has misused words that are valuable to the citizen for its free play with the forces of money. The liberal saying of our day: Free way to the brave - what does it mean more in this age than: Unrestricted advantage to the shrewd? Thus liberalism is fully to blame for the contamination of the age and is one of the phenomena which a future age must ruthlessly overcome.

Liberalism would not have grown into the disaster it has become if it had been a bunch of freedom-haters and people who were blind to the national economy. But they were just the chatterboxes "for the people". Behind these walls, full of proclamations of freedom and praises of bourgeois idioms and the shallowest of school slogans, behind these walls, the heap of rumour-mongers swarmed in silence, there thrived the shrewd of our founding era, who knew how to do it and where the civil code was still leaky, there thrived and thrives the eternally busy little people of middlemen and hagglers, whose morality is the acquisition of money, whose fear of God is the fear of God.

They are afraid of the stock exchange, their revelation is the so-called democratic newspapers, their runst is business, their science is business, their whole meaning of life is business and business and buying and selling, their socialising is business, their holidays are a nuisance. The free play of forces must again and again disrupt the conjunctures in which they fish in the doldrums, and their free speakers must again and again catch the bullfinches in the name of liberalism and philanthropy.

This is not the place to continue a battle of attitudes that Bismarck had exempted from the right and Lasalle from the left. Let it only be stated here that a future morality requires the ruthless overcoming of liberal and so-called democratic doctrines, which Goethe already rejected as uncreative.

If socialism had followed Lasalle, who argued so fiercely against liberalism and its "night watchman state", socialism would not have been in many ways just an intensified liberalism, our domestic life would be more unified and healthier and social democracy would not be on the verge of degeneration. Liberalism was seen through by socialists and conservatives, seen through by both as the shallowest, most irresponsible, most procreative state doctrine of all time. But conservatives and socialists lacked decisive things: The conservatives were capable-minded, but incapable of transforming the heritage of preserving forces into their own creative power. Their idea was not sufficiently imaginative to create the conservative worker in Germany that was needed.

in England. Bismarck had listened to Laffalle "and forged the socialist spirit from his responsibility into his spirit. The Conservatives fought him on this and preferred to negotiate with the Liberals. Thus they fought incorrectly and misjudged the worst enemy of state morality. They rejected what they should have seized for their own wealth, what the times offered creatively: the overcoming of liberalism. In this overcoming they should have struggled for the spirit of our manual labourers. However, they have remained the party of their profession and have not become the party of the clear-minded, which we have lacked and still lack for the recovery of the state.

The socialists, likewise, have degenerated from Lasalle to Marx and have become the offspring of liberal growth rather than living in their own right. They have blindly joined the democrats as social democrats and have failed to realise that the money-man who founds the so-called democratic newspapers thinks only of his money, never of the commonwealth, or that by commonwealth he means only a free trade area for himself and his kind. They have failed to realise that the conservative has to fight against the money-man just as much as the socialist, and that therefore the conservative must often understand the same thing by polity as the socialist. Thus socialism, for all its honest concern for the no man, has fought wrongly and blindly, and has often - this was the sin against itself - taken money from the money-man to fight against the conservative, who cares least for the "no man," but much for disturbing the murky waters in which he can fish.

Socialism has not led the working class to liberation from the rule of the big banks, which continue to do business, and thus has not brought real freedom to the worker. It has demanded the nationalisation of many things, but not of the monetary system. It has thus again and again given itself up as the henchman of liberalism and together with it has achieved what the English Conservative Disraeli feared of English liberalism in the year 1852: "if the liberals continue in their dubious progress, they may perhaps attain the desired end, but I believe they will be deeply disappointed with the result when they see that they have turned a kingdom of the first rank into a republic of the second rank."

Thus the socialist idea has so degenerated through its combination with liberal thought that its own advocates would like to be rid of their co-responsibility for our second-rate republic. They no longer sleep as soundly as before, and the republican Germans will now realise the truth of that other Disraeli saying: "The monarchy of the conservatives is more democratic than the republic of the liberals." - It had to be avenged that socialism was less an independent thought than a degeneration of liberal thought. Social democracy has thus remained a mass organisation that provides its long-standing members with offices in the "socialist republic" and thus ends up as a philistine bourgeoisie. It has failed to become a party of the workers. Instead of turning to creative work, socialism has contented itself with hatred of those who think differently.

The ly. The 20th century could have created a purposeful party life in Germany, a fruitful party striving, if the common struggle against the unrighteous, free game of the money forces and its doctrine, called liberalism, if this struggle against liberalism had been recognised by right and left as the first duty at the right time. The overcoming of liberalism in every single party and in the German people would have been necessary from the left and the right. Thus we would already have the new party life that we need at all ends. The old party life is pointless. Create our own!

We have been led far afield to the questions of state life. - From this it should be clear that the heroic view of the world must find its irreconcilable resistance in liberalism, that liberalism is the most "heroic way of thinking in history and that it dominates the age far and wide. Furthermore, this should illuminate: In no time have more catchwords of great length been used than today. But for all the clamour about liberty, equality and fraternity, the age has lost the effective sense of loyalty of earlier times. It has demanded institution upon institution with big words and has only had the effect of making selfishness more and more unleashed. Indeed, the researcher is right: once it had been unleashed in the age of revolution, selfishness first became a custom in the 19th century and then, without hesitation, a doctrine: the liberal doctrine of the state. Man was supposedly made free, but in reality unhappy and desperate. In the free play of forces, where the most cunning triumphs and not the most valiant, the peoples of the

Western world let loose all against all in the nefarious belief that this would increase the prosperity of the people. Thus this ly. This is how this ly. century has managed to turn an honestly nourishing people into a mass on the one hand and a conspiracy of big banks on the other. Thus the l-. Century understood how to turn the sense of loyalty of our fathers into public mistrust of all against all. The century supposedly brought freedom, but in reality it turned those who strived hard into those who demanded it, who in the end were left with nothing but daily promotion in all the terrible dependencies and inevitable circumstances of the time. Thus the stepped structure of the commonwealth, preserved by duty, has become a heap of ruins, watched over by the public distrust of all against all: for so long the structure has been undermined from all sides. In the siege of forces, a state built by duty has become something that can best be described as the legal slavery of all among all.

The difference in the state situation in the individual empires of the West is only a more-or-less; the slavery of all among all has become the unspoken basic law of the state everywhere. - Thus we can perhaps recognise today why Goethe could have a certain preference for the despotic form of government: "Despotism promotes the autocracy of everyone by imposing responsibility on the individual from the bottom to the top and thus producing the highest degree of activity." Goethe is certain of this: "If only order is maintained, it makes no difference by what means."

We will have to look at these things later in the section on statecraft. Here

The unfavourable part of the consideration of state matters should be taken in advance and dealt with in more detail, because the circumstances under consideration should teach us how, out of the spirit of the times of the 19th century, this whole change of times, this decline of all life, is spreading in all directions and, according to Goethe's words, is turning effective "endeavour" into empty "demand". Nevertheless, the spirit of the age, in its deluded schoolmastery, pretends to regulate everything through freedom and to make the world happy, and yet only takes away where there was something, kills where there was something alive, demands institutions to awaken rigid attitudes and thus only ever manages to alleviate an existing misery a little instead of seeking a real cure. - With all the doctrines of happiness of the 19th century, man has become empty of spirit, selfish and depraved, life without destiny, devoid of adornment, bare and really quite matter-of-fact.

we all walk about as if in a vast building of iron girders, a railway station concourse, where everything is jostling and annoying each other, where voices shout from traders and newspapermen, and there is a rush - the big clock moves - the whistle blows, one wants to go somewhere, into a city, where business is going on - the newspaper man shouts the latest events, one laughs, the other curses and one feels sick in a corner - so the man of this time hurries along life, as it were, always along an unadorned wall, until the skeleton stands behind a matter-of-fact projection of the wall, makes the catch and throws away the fragment. -

Was there once the sweetness of existence that an 18th-century man was still allowed to speak of? (Talleyrand: 6el "i gui n's pss vöoi avani

178- ue vouuslr pss 1s äouueur öe vivre.) was the world really once as Mozart experienced it? were once in the castles these joyful people who danced a gavotte and could dance so nobly? were once in the villages and huts these happy people, the farmers who sang a folk song and the girls who sang their songs?

"the spinners in the open air, the young maids when they weave lace."

(Shakespeare.)

Did this happiness ever exist?-----And this time The centuries of wickedness and tyrants, of slave souls and ignorant half-animals, and since then a great progress has taken place? - It must have been different. Those must have been the times that experienced giving love.

The giver of gifts from the wealth of his strength, his abundance assured, his hoard delighted - that is the loving hero: Siegfried.

"I spend myself in the service of the fatherland", Bismarck was allowed to say of himself: waste of his own characterises heroic love. The hero was never interested in reward, nor in the cheers of the streets. Ingratitude was always his only reward. "My people throw stones at my head and yet I only ever care for my people," said Frederick the Great. The hero does what is in him and demands reality and has never misjudged his fellow man: "I have learnt to live without the gratitude of the world, I have gained it and lost it and gained it again; I have lost it again - I make nothing of it, I simply do my duty", Bismarck had to say in the

Reichstag to the representatives of his fellow citizens.

The thanks of the world is a sound that barely penetrates the solitude in which the hero lives. That he returns again and again from loneliness and realisation to his people gives us a sense of the richness and the power of overcoming in him, which serves his love.

How immeasurable love must be when it demands from the motionless loneliness of the deaf Beethoven to the human world! The hero's existence is a great deal of renunciation and overcoming - we have surmised it. But are we able to appreciate the horror of renunciation that speaks from Beethoven's work? Gb we can appreciate the struggle of overcoming that must lie behind the creation of this Ninth Symphony? Until it has come to this "Joy, beautiful spark of the gods" in the last movement of the Ninth, to this "Be embraced, millions!" - until such love of the hero can break out, the nightly battles with death and the devil must have passed.

So the hero's love is often the crown he has won, the high mountain he has climbed, the new, certain spirit that an evening brings after a dogged, day-long struggle with fate.

The heroic faith.

^H^Why did the heroes take up the grim battle? Stones were thrown at them "nd just when they were lifting the burden of an entire race in the throes of their chest. They were blasphemed when they wanted to call their people to great deeds.

What was it that determined them to work again? - It must have been a faith so burning beyond all reality that the word of a church father could be used as a word of such faith: I believe it because it is so foolish.

because it is so foolish, because all the experience of the world refutes such faith, because it can therefore only flow from the overflowing of a heart, because it can therefore only flow in the heart of a hero - that is why men and women of a heroic nature have taken this faith and strengthened it to divinity and power.

Because all the present has become vile, the hero loves all that is righteous, that is why he wants a future generation that is no longer vile. Even more: he knows it well: the future generation will invent other baseness when it has already done away with the old. He knows: the struggle is eternal. And even if it were the case that in eternity the scales are equal, when a dwindling and a coming generation are weighed - no matter, the hero wants to be a beginning and to be a judge.

must believe, for the sake of his heroism, that he will one day be able to throw his mighty sword into the scales of the future generation for weight and honour.

Folly is the heroic belief, the hero may become a fool because of it: he doesn't want it any other way! He is the free man, to whom slavery is an abomination everywhere, and knows the law of the free, which Fichte proclaimed thus: "Only he is free who wants to make everything around him free and who, through a certain influence, the cause of which is not always realised, makes himself truly free." - It is a heroic belief that all the prowess in the world must one day become a refuge for the human race. The superior man cannot think of his people as anything other than free and equal. Thus heroic faith is an ennobling force, a love for the neighbour and the most distant, a compassion even for many imperfect and stooped things that long for the walk of the free. Fichte once spoke of this overflow of heroic love, this hero's foolish belief in a broad context of capable endeavour, as follows: "Whoever you may be, who bear only the countenance of man, you are nevertheless a member of this great community; through whatever innumerable intermediary links the effect may be propagated - I therefore also have an effect on you, and you therefore also have an effect on me; no one who bears only the imprint of reason, however crudely expressed, on his face, is there for me in vain. But I do not know you, nor do you know me r-o, as certain as we have the common reputation of being good and becoming better and better, a time will surely come when I will also be able to do you good and receive benefits from you, when I will also be able to think of your

heart will be tied to mine by the most beautiful bond of mutual free give and take!"

Is this not the love of Rembrandt, the German Christian, a faith higher than all reason, a victorious power of the eye, which sees the fellow-called even in the outcast and the leper! It is the deep compassion known only to the unfortunate, a heroic faith in the divine in the midst of infamy, a confidence born of the profound realisation that infamy is nothing, that it is a manifestation of the transitory, and that living faith flames like the glorious blaze that burns the body of a fallen hero.

It is the hero's deep humility that he does not want to know himself as the only nobleman, he wants to see his people as a people of equals. He is the lonely one who longs for fellowship with his people, who would rather complain to himself as unsociable and friendless than give up the belief that a people in noble fellowship is possible. Thus the full streams of his love flow, and his quiet hours are like the silent building of a Gothic cathedral. He imagines a Christmas when his festive people and he, as one of the multitudes, will go up to the cathedral - men and women, a high generation - where he will join in singing what everyone is singing and rejoice in the message that is to be proclaimed.

It is a royal thought out of suffering and a sense of dominion, out of an unquenchable spirit. It is a dream, but the king who dreams it wants to let it be a strength for his daylight hours. He does not want to despair of his people because he does not want to despair of himself, he wants to keep faith in a

He will not let go of the idea and bliss of a royal grace in the event, not even in the downfall. So it comes to a king. This is how Goethe believed in the royal faith:

"If anything has happened, you will still hear it in late days, it will always ring when the bell is struck. And so let this sound cheer you up, many, many! for in the end we are all pilgrims on our way to our destination."

Shall we speak of the hero's faith? - It has always been the hidden part of him. In faith and love, Beowulf suffered death for his people. The bright blaze of his burning made his downfall glorious. This is how the heroes have always fallen, and how the Röntge fell for their people.

The heroic faith of our Nordic ancestors was perhaps only fully developed by the teachers of Christianity. Our Nordic fathers walked the earth conquering: the youthful man is hardly inclined to deep sorrow. With Christianity came an insight into things worthy of pity in the Germanic North, a knowledge of suffering, a compassion, a listening to silent dying and thus an urge to help and share, even at the cost of many renunciations. The deep look into suffering has made the youthful Nordic man into a man who, after all the conquest of countries and peoples, has finally gained his deep soul. Perhaps it was Christianity that first gave the Nordic man the

Lulle of his mind. - Using a later example, one could say that the first movements of some of Beethoven's sonatas and symphonies, full of wild fury, came from the Nordic spirit; the second movements of the same works came from the Nordic mind, just as Christianity had opened it up. One thinks above all of the first and second movements of the Fifth Symphony, in which heroic destiny and heroic faith were at work.

The faith of the age is only briefly mentioned for the sake of contrast. On the one hand, the age recognises ecclesiastical faith, the Lchrsätzc faith, and this has always been unhclidic. On the other hand, time cultivates modern unbelief, which is usually much more ""heroic. - Airchen faith can be a force where it has not had to bend an upright mind. It is a force in thousands. It has to do with the nature of every way of life that is based on a firm certainty that it produces people of a worthy kind. Thus one experiences again and again that really faithful people, reliable master craftsmen, honest employees, rich people who feel humanity, belong to a Christian confession. This is the reason why every rural environment is so favourable. Every firm certainty shapes morality - we will recognise this better later. Every decomposition of a faith that is too weak to create a new, certain spirit leads to what the Ip. The result is what the 20th century has brought about: masses that have been incited, fornication, ever new demands to fill a void, degeneracy and decay in all areas.

You don't make a belief scientific, as monists and others wanted to do.

Faith will only come from living knowledge and monistic knowledge was stillborn and only possible in an age that has lost the power of thought, the power that the age of Rant possessed to mastery. The preservation of Kantian clarity of thought alone should have been enough to protect us from all the scientific substitution of faith. This does not even require a second rank. But the age is also weakened in its thinking. That is why some university teachers were able to devise new procedures for devotions to the material. To make this possible, they had to disguise the material a little. They blurred the boundaries of this concept and then invented the necessary foreign word for the matter. Now it flourished and had solved its world riddles.

Enough of the faith and unbelief of the time! Neither has proven to be creative, and that is the only question.

Believing in the right sense, that is: feeling connected with all and events, feeling necessary from eternity to eternity and understanding one's life as a path of confirmation through the One Day of events - only the hero is believing in the right sense, believing in fate. None of the people of this time are. They no longer have a destiny, they are stillborn and chaff.

Destiny.

is strangely ordered with the fate of the Melden. If we understand his vision of destiny, we understand him and his whole world.

When he wrote the Fifth Symphony, which is one of the most profound glimpses into the heroic, Beethoven spoke about the main theme of the first movement: "Thus fate knocks at the gate." He had already proclaimed the hero once before in the Third Symphony, the Eroica, and it had sounded more confident then: "I will reach into the jaws of fate!" And indeed, the Fifth Symphony speaks of dark realisation, darker than the Third. The hero and his fate had come face to face.

We have said that the hero grasps his destiny as a task, his duty. His love, his hatred, his responsibility, his loneliness - he understands everything as questions of fate about his value as a man and a hero.

"To want this death on the cross, to want this misery of the flesh, to want this agony of the soul, only that makes you a king!"

(Ibsen, Brand.)

The hero seizes his life as his task. The lion of his destiny leapt into his path, and already he is wrestling chest to chest, reaching into its jaws and yet at the same time fervently wanting to embrace it, his enemy, his friend - relentlessly

4"

against relentless wrestling, they wrestle and yet rejoice in the equal hull - the hull that is fought in the immense loneliness as in a desert.

The hero loves his destiny, proudly thin, when it wants to crush him, because it is his and he feels how it takes the hull seriously. The hero believes in fate because he wants his fate relentlessly, the relentless one. Free will - unfree will, that's how the hero's early days lumet kuum. how should the believer, the destiny-knowing man, be satisfied? because he stands in the beginnings, he knows that the hero's twelve works are his gun-toting virtue and his gun-toting call. because it belongs to him to be true to himself and always the same, he knows that his implacable destiny will remain the same - that is heroic realisation.

It is a saying of the knight that he often has to think about:

I went to the door out or in, so death stands and waits for me.

He has experienced the grimness that strikes all with the fist of the bone, that they break down in the midst of life. He knows that death stands and worries behind empty doors; and where they carry one away, the hero must harden himself around most: in him beats a loving heart. He rejoices in death for the highest, the living. But death gives his joy the glowing realm, which he wants to taste, so that he knows everything. Thinly, in the face of death, he grasps the living and feels how he has drunk from the mighty stream of events. - So it happens to him in the middle of his life that he becomes the knowing one who stands armed. From now on he lives more alive and knowing and his cheerfulness has become darker.

He remains the believer in fate: he hardly cares about the trickling hourglass. He must believe it: his fate will bring him his death, and if he has remained faithful like Beethoven until death, he will meet a death that is his death - so he may finish like Beethoven, for whom a thunderstorm raged that he was still allowed to clench his jaw in death.

The rest is silence! Do we still need words? Only the hero knows of fate - that is the pride that arms him. Look at them, the Nordic men of whom the Icelandic tales tell! On their relentlessly barren island, whose landscape is itself a symbol of destiny, they lived a strong life, and by virtue of their pure, Nordic blood they created a high morality in reality, before which we must fall silent. They believed in destiny and were extravagantly bold, they discovered Winland, which was later called America, they ventured the most daring voyages in their Viking ships, wrote the best of the Edda at home, founded a noble peasant tribe and maintained it through heroic laws, made it so that every individual and also the women of their tribe felt sworn to a lavishly bold heroism. They embraced their existence as a destiny, men and women, mothers and sons.

Heroic life can come from the thought of destiny alone.

The two things are intertwined in the hero's fate: the events of the world outside, the world that invades man in a thousand ways in order to destroy him, and the will for firm growth that rises up and lives inside the hero. The hero wants to be true to himself and always be the

Equal in every endeavour; thus he has a battle to fight, daily "and mightier from day to day" day, the struggle for himself and for himself, a struggle as it were on two battlefields, one of which lies within his own breast, where the hero's morality is at stake, and the other outside in the world and reality, where he is concerned that he should now work undauntedly into the life of his people that which he has struggled for within himself. - Intertwined in the hero's destiny are his nature, which he eternally desires, and the thousandfold power of the time into which he was born. Now he shall know his mission, now he shall hear from the surf of time the one clear call that tightens his sinews, the call that must awaken him from his deepest sleep, so that he sets out, still in the night, and suddenly knows where to go. Thus he receives confirmation.

This is how the ancients lived their destiny. That is why the deeds of our fathers all shine. This song by a mother from a bygone era has become a folk song and bears witness to the greatness of the past:

**I didn't bring them up to the beach, I didn't
even laugh at them, they didn't play on the
beach, I sent them up to the wild sea to see their
last child.**

**Dat eine stars den bittern Dood, dat Ander stars
von Hunger so groot, dat Drüdde worde
gehangen, dat Derde blöf up de wilde See doot,
dat Diste flöt achter dem Lande.**

This song and its manner can be regarded as evidence that a past time felt a destiny within and about itself. The destiny

The feeling of this song, this experience of the Nordic man, to carry an inexorability within himself and to face inexorability every day, has been lost to our time. - It goes without saying that even in our time individual people experience their lives as a destiny, it goes without saying that heroic lives of individual people are still possible today, but the experience of destiny and heroism as shaping powers of an entire culture, an entire unit of society - such a thing is impossible today. Heroism, striving in step with its time, was once possible; today it has become impossible. It is inconceivable that such a song, which was created out of gloomy destiny, that such a song as an expression of united feeling, as a common experience of existence, would be adopted by an entire tribe as a folk song. In this respect, such a song and many folk songs are proof of the certainty of destiny of earlier times, which still knew of heroic life. We must learn to make a clear distinction: we experienced individual heroism thousands of times during the world war, but it was not the spirit of the times that created the heroes. It was a spirit of old times, a spirit that had in it the struggle of men, the increase of the empire, loyalty to men, heroic hatred and old revenge on the hereditary enemy; it was an outburst that so astonished all contemporary rights that they soon began to talk about the reconciliation of nations and suspected the hero of being something "uncivilised", something no longer worthy of our "advanced civilisation". Men still exist, but the zeitgeist is feminine - that is the only thing that matters here. A sense of destiny is an expression of heroic times, a characteristic expression of our time is life insurance. And

In our time, all meaning of death remains a closed door.

We have become unworthy of our fathers who believed in fate. We have lost the courage to understand life as fate. It has to be said, using a word of the times: the 19th century has turned life, which was a fate for our capable fathers, into a technique. This is true in every implication! - There is another favourite catchword of the age: it wants to have invented the man of reality - as if there were any other man of action and reality than the hero! Here, as everywhere, one word is common to the heroic spirit and the spirit of the age; the will in the word is a different will on each side. The real man of the 19th century is the man of many processes, who takes life as technology, who considers himself a conqueror if he is a brute, a conqueror if he has money, a creator if he has "interested" a corporation in a new process - it is disgusting to see how modern German novelists lie on their stomachs before this genre. The literati had discovered that there was no more money to be made in what they call idealism and threw themselves into "reality poetry". In stage plays, they like to praise a certain type of "overcomer" as the man of reality and vitality, and in him one recognises the whole poverty of soul of the time: all someone has to do is have no conscience and thus lack any depth of soul, all someone has to do is "walk over corpses", and the crowd marvels at a "great overcomer", and the writer who puts the hollow figure on the stage.

presents itself as "proclaimed" and stands by Nietzsche. What our time calls overcoming is nothing but the lack of depth of experience. The "stepping away" prevents us from seeing more than the surface. What our time calls courage to face life is nothing but insolent presumption; he who lives without responsibility begins to praise his "robust conscience"; he who leaves a girl with a cow "strides over her" and despises Hamlet for his "weak" conscience. - Hamlet's insight: "The world is out of sight" and Tristan's curse on daylight and existence are born of her immeasurable vision of fate. The overcoming of the moderns arises so easily and without any masculine achievement wherever life is taken as a trial and where the strength to live a deeper destiny completely is lacking.

But one thing has been forgotten again and again by the "man of reality": that the respectful extension of human dominion outwards, into space, requires the equally powerful expansion of spiritual forces; that it is not enough to forge railways, steamers, aeroplanes and wireless telephones, that one must also forge one's soul, and all the more imperiously the more imperiously one subjugates the forces of space. Here it was missing! A heroic word of the French nobleman Montaigne says: "*^sime mieux korgier moQ äms yue cls ls meubler.*" The 19th Century has left it at furnishing its soul cavities: one was too powerless for any creative act of the mind, because from the thousands of procedures not a single power of the soul becomes. Thus, only theft remained to fill the hollow spaces and the creations were abominably fouled.

of the past in order to play the rich man. This can be seen in all areas of modern life, from architecture, which has built entire streets of our large cities like exhibitions of the styles of all times and peoples, to philosophy, which has become "eclectic" and here and there, in all ages and from India to America, has assembled its selection of ideas into impotent "systems". They have painted and cut in wood in the manner of the Japanese, imitated the old Gothic masters in their runes, have only poorly concealed the fact that Greco was once the watchword of rune contemplation and have all too clearly painted things in Greco's manner, but only out of rushed nerves, which they passed off as outbursts of artistic passion - in a word: they have furnished their souls with the past and with much-vaunted exotic pieces and moods, instead of forging them as they should be. And where the artists themselves did it in all styles and moods, the aesthetes of the time did it even more shamefully. They constantly replaced and rearranged the stolen furniture to furnish their souls according to the latest fashion, and anyone who could furnish without ever losing their taste was called an artist of life and lived to the full. The dispossessed sometimes resented the fact that they could not do the same.

It is also characteristic of our time that a man who points out that and how our attitude must change if there is to be a beginning of new efficiency is immediately questioned by the people of this time about individual proposals, about new draft laws or economic systems or even about his "standpoint" in the

The question of plant or animal rust. Everything expects this time of "new processes" and immediately demands "concrete goals" everywhere in order to "take a stand". This is the attitude of those who have no destiny and therefore can no longer see that new processes can change the phenomena of a decline here and there, but cannot prepare a new rise. But the man who knows about destiny has recognised that only a new attitude can bring about a change in destiny.

The heroic hatred.

^IH^If one wanted to measure the greatness of a hero's destiny, one could perhaps say: the power of his love "nd the strength of his hatred. The hero must know hatred and love, and the greater his heroism, the richer his love and the more lofty his hatred at the same time.

Hatred and high-minded hatred - the shrewd one who knows the age and counts on profit prefers to remain silent about hatred, no matter how hateful he himself may be. For if there is talk of hatred, the age clamours with its foreign words: objectivity, humanity! for the people of this age are not cold and not warm, only lukewarm.

Bismarck was once asked how he had slept through the night. Badly, was his answer, badly, I hated the whole night. - G this hatred of the hero, higher than all reason! this flame that wants to break out and clings to itself, fiercely, fiercely, until the time is fulfilled and the deed is ripe!

"I have hated all night" - O this grip of Thor on the handle of his hammer, so that the knuckles of the hand turn white, this splendour of heroic hatred, pelting into the world, so that the strong in their forests, the fathers, lose their breath when the oaks groan.

"I have hated all night" this great deed of hatred, which becomes creation, which, whether "they" want it or not, increases the richness of life,

this storm that announces the sun to the hero's people after the "night of hatred" and the day on which they are to work - what does the age know of creative hatred? For that alone is important: that a work be created. Whether it is accomplished by hatred or by love: no matter! What heroic hatred has already created for us! Should Luther have been humane? how disgusting this word next to this man!

"Human! Yes, this flabby word is known today as the last word on earth, with which every drip makes you silent if he cannot and does not want to create. If it's up to you awergenseelen, everyone will soon be a humanist!"

(Ibsen, Brand.)

Goethe tasted this disgust and thought his share when the idea of humanity was pushed too close to him, this shallow school wisdom with which the great Goethe himself was often associated in the liberal 19th century. He said: "The world will be a great hospital and one man will be another man's humane guardian." - Should Frederick the Great have been a philosopher, renounced Prussia's mission and made peace with Europe? He would have become a respectable philosopher, but the hero Frederick would have been lost to us! "The blows hit me so hard that I almost lose my senses," he writes to his sister, but he knows his law: "Since I am a king, I believed it was my right to think as a king." So wickedness had no part in him. After the death of his enemy Maria Theresa, he wrote: "I was at war with her and have never been her enemy." This is the superiority of a king

human, which is something completely different from the so-called (objectivity of the present. This Rönig thought in a royal way, but he was never humane!

How can a nobleman act without the deep, responsible certainty that he is doing the right thing, even against all the objectivity of the day, which cannot and must not act? What is all objective consideration when the great decisions are pressing, what is all objective consideration of whether a war is just when it is already raging at all borders? What is the point of all the reasonableness of a present, what is the point of the so-called rational reasons, the empty pros and cons that have always been so impotent against the creator of a future that is to be?

Frederick the Great once said: "If I had lived in the days of the ancient sophists, I would have been able to argue the pros and cons of every controversial issue like them. I would not have understood fun, I would have roared like a monster if I had run out of rational reasons." - What is all the objectivity of the one who contemplates against the roar of the one who must act? Consider this: he works the living reason of newly created reality into your life. And once he has done so, only then may the beholders speak their "objective judgement". Then perhaps it is time for contemplation.

That is why Bismarck was allowed to say with the calm certainty of the creator: "The abstract doctrines of science leave me completely cold." He will always have to confess, like Goethe, that "I can promise to be honest, but I cannot promise to be impartial." Like Goethe, the creator will always have to confess: "I can promise to be honest, but I cannot promise to be impartial." - The hero only cares about himself

constant conscience, and he may only take judgement from his equals, who know how to encourage the creators. In the judgement of equals, however, only one thing counts: the deed, the work - whether it was done by hatred or love: no matter!

Spinoza thought that hatred could never be a good thing, but what has hatred already created for us! One must read Rleisten's "Hermannsschlacht" and also his "Ratechismus für die Deutschen", these great deeds of heroic hatred, the immortal ones. Should he have been humane and objective when he saw the Welsh in Germany?

**"Colour all the places, all the places white
with their rnochen; which the rab and the fox
have spurned, give it to the fish;
Damp the Rhine with her corpses, let her leg
foam around the Palatinate and let it be the
border!"**

He knew how a heroic nation must confront its rebellious hereditary enemy, how it alone may confront him:

**"Strike him dead, the judgement of the world will not ask
you why!"**

From such hatred come the deeds that forge the fate of the world. The creative hatred of a Rleist is worth a thousand times more than the so-called philanthropy of the present day, this lame-duck lameness. A women's league for - I can't remember what - for culture or for progress or for culture and progress or for some other buzzword of the time has turned to humanity with the plea that the hubs should be

To stop giving lead soldiers as Christmas presents is to put hate into tender souls - the Frankfurt newspaper of the New Germans can only warmly recommend this example. -

One can cite reasons of taste against the lead soldiers; but this is not the aim of such a rounding off: what is aimed at is the slow, secret emasculation of our minds, and it is to be achieved by that stock of gossip of humanising idioms which want to portray hatred as something horrible and abominable and everywhere hatefully pursue the "power of hatred".

**"Pure words were as full of lies and cunning as the word
"love" is today, with which one covers his "willful
weakness and deceit with satanic cunning."**

(Ibsen, Brand.)

The age is feminine - we are realising this more and more. With feminine stealth the boundaries are all blurred, the landmarks are covered and hidden that have separated man and animal, man and woman, good and evil, people and masses, creative spirit and flathead, race and race, morality and morals. A great understanding and forgiveness and blurring is in the offing, and the scouts it has sent ahead are called: love of mankind, educated humanity, brotherhood of nations, free love, free play of forces, education of women, conscience of humanity, free path for the brave.

A woman seducer once revealed from his experience that blurred images and terms, skilfully put together, are the best seductive words: "Vzean", "star", "eternity" have seductive power. The age

is a woman, she loves blurred boundaries and is immediately seduced by talk of freedom, progress, eternal peace and such things. It is all these blurred slogans that have brought our time to the point where it has learnt - as has been aptly put - to be warmly concerned for the depraved, the criminal, the unstable, the imbecile, the whore and the work-shy, while the great creators, the people who struggled for fulfilment, have died in misery. Time wants to know nothing of these mute dead and eloquently points to the large sums it has paid for "cultural purposes" and praises its ministries for popular education, i.e. its institutions.

The whole age - as we have seen - cultivates institutions instead of attitudes and, when considering them, speaks a great deal of love of mankind; it claims to have overcome hatred. And yet it has never had the power to hate! The zeitgeist likes to take a scientific approach to hatred and declares it to be atavistic, a regression to the primitive human, indeed to the animalistic, a disgrace where it wants to stir in an "intelligent" person. An "intelligent" person should be too good for hatred, he should appear "objective", better: "objective". V these intelligent and educated people of the time: a wealth of knowledge and slack knowledge! like life, so is knowledge: a technique, a procedure, when it comes to the point, the admission: knowledge is power - which, however, means as much to the present as: the shrewd "at night!

You can speak in all tongues and have practised linguistics - especially in Germany people overestimate the multilingual - and yet

be insensitive to the construction of the German "main and heroic language" (Fischart), as an earlier era called the German language. One can have written the musical history of all peoples and still fail before a folk song. One can have studied the cultural history of all peoples and not realise how much *rulwr* speaks from the features of a peasant, and that the true spirit of the present is cultureless.

Why the examples: the present day squabbles a lot about education, pays large sums for a number of educational institutions, is as greedy for knowledge as it is irreverent and so enlightened that it has completely forgotten the shudder that Goethe called "the best part of humanity". Knowledge has become widespread, and yet, and perhaps for this very reason, the age has, for all its educational endeavours, given up the heritage of sentiment that our fathers acquired for a deaf nut. The educated of the present day have a curse upon them, because all their education is a furnishing of their mental cavities and nothing more. And it is precisely the educated who are overflowing with objectivity and humanity, it is they who have turned the lofty words "Love your enemies" into a loin-lame lack of conviction, who - as they have been correctly recognised - no longer find within themselves the strength to say no, because all boundaries have been blurred for them. The poetry of our time makes its products out of this slackness and this all-forgiveness. It sounds derisive when the technical term "heroes" is also applied to the stage weaklings of this poetry, to the weaklings who are to be understood humanely and forgiven everything. The force of the naysayer,

is missing, before all decisions - decisions forge the soul - before all-or-nothing, before all clear left-or-right, the age takes flight - Gabriel Schilling's flight!

The education of the age has played its part in this flight mentality, it has slackened instead of steeled, exhausted instead of refreshed, it has repeatedly nurtured the spirit of objectivity, which ultimately led to the flight mentality.

The level-headed calmness, the deep sense of justice of our Nordic blood, has thus degenerated in the course of our history into the senselessness of our age. The overly righteous prudence is a flaw in the German character. Rlostock recognised it as a mistake:

"Vtle was just against the foreign country another country like you. Don't be too just! They don't think nobly enough to see how beautiful your mistake is!"

Since Rlostock's time, it has become ever worse. Bismarck experienced it in politics and had to warn again and again: "The tendency to be enthusiastic about foreign nationalities and national aspirations, even if they are only realised at the expense of one's own fatherland, is a political disease whose geographical spread is unfortunately limited to Germany."

How much of the honour to be exercised on the native has been wasted on the foreigner! The wide open-mindedness, the simple and harmless sense of youthful freshness, has become the doom of the Nordic man; like Hans in Luck, the German man has gone through the history of the Occident - always giving up the better, native good for the inferior, foreign good:

We have given away the native runes for the Latin script - from which the Nordic spirit has again formed the Gothic, the German script - we have given away the hard, heroic stick rhyme for the soft end rhyme - which the heroic spirit has learnt to harden again - we have given away the high morals of our paganism for a Christianity that had degenerated, that had come to us in impurity from the peoples of the South. We have given away the high pagan morals of the Viking Age, just as we have given away the incomparable Nordic ribbon (animal ornament) for inferior southern forms of jewellery. We have given away the German concept of the state of the first German refiners for the concept of a Roman Empire of the German Nation, which was so wrong for us and which wasted our marvellous resources. As a result, we have exchanged our native German law for Roman law, thus laying the foundation for the misery of our present capitalist conditions, thus abandoning the German concept of royalty in favour of a foreign concept of majesty. Thus we have given up the Gothic rune of our Nordic blood in favour of foreign Renaissance art, thereby burying the shaft of the deeper sense of the rune. Thus in the 18th and 17th centuries we have again and again given up Germanness for Germanness and again and again only for Welshness, in the 18th century again "German manner and runst" for Greekness, German state-mindedness for cosmopolitanism and so on and so forth, and above all since the age of the Revolution, the diligent "endeavour" of our fathers against the clamorous "demand" of an age of the press.

At last we have reached the point where a straw hat or gloves and boots and other goods only count for something when they are stamped with I-onäon or ksris. Thus our cosmopolitanism, our ideas of humanity, our objectivity and humanity have made us odious and contemptible among the nations. Bismarck had warned and warned: "I would like to recommend to the gentlemen, who are so fond of seeking their ideals beyond their own, one thing as a guideline that characterises the English and French, that is the proud feeling of national honour, which does not so easily and so often lend itself to seeking imitable and admired models abroad as it does here with us." Hebbel had already recognised how contemptible our cosmopolitanism was: "What made us contemptible throughout Europe? Why were we given the philosophical title of honour? Probably only because of our precocious Rosmopolirism, which made us play the magnanimous among egotists and often gave us swords and scabbards at the same time. I think it would be time to bid him farewell; we need not worry that he will be engaged somewhere else, we can have the favourite back at any hour."

Truly, it is time to remember that one who wants to act must find the courage to decide and one who wants to act big must also find the courage to hate boldly. It is easy to present oneself as a citizen of the world and an all-understanding and all-understanding person if one finds the strength to say neither-or not and to say a firm no, and only he knows the overflow of love who has lived hate-fuelled days. The so-called

A lukewarm man's love of mankind is rather a rottenness of the soul. But the superior man also wants to live his hatred. Luther once said: "This life is not a health, but a becoming healthy, not a being, but a becoming, not a rest, but an exercise. Not everything glows and shines yet, but everything is swept away." - Such a healthy, exercising, sweeping force is all hatred, as it were a sense for recognising the world. The hater feels primordially human, and this is not a reproach, as the educated age imagines, but means: he feels red-blooded, primordial, invincible and, like Hagen von Tronje, laughing to death. -

Hatred is a sense of the soul. There is no whole where a sense is missing, and man should be a whole. The passions are all given to us for discipline, and a right hatred can draw the noble, because it is the hereditary enemy of all that is slack and weary. Only feel it, how it makes you alive when you bind your helmet more firmly, how it burns away all ambivalence and half-lust, all the stagnation of the soul, in one V7u, and forges a strong man out of you, who longs for action! You shall recognise them by their hatred, for a man is as good as his hatred.

The fact that our present is only capable of hatred is what makes it so pathetic. The hater has always been rich, because hatred is virtue.

"Give untamed those impulses, the deep, painful happiness, the arbour of the lagoon, the power of love, give me back my youth!" (Goethe, Faust.)

Heroic hatred is creative and victorious, even if it eradicates and burns! The hero is allowed to destroy because he knows he is in the beginning and has the courage to create. He is the tree that gives light

needs for its branches and must stretch itself and is the good tree that bears good fruit in its season.

The hero's hatred is creative, whether it burns in his breast or comes upon his enemy: the meaning is always the deed. But the most difficult victories are prepared for his hatred in his own breast and are called: the hero's morality, we will hear about it.

There will be no salvation and no beginning until our time of hatred has re-established itself. This requires a different education than that of our time. The education of our time has only ever been a lot of knowledge and has never been suitable for leading a life.

A time that was derided as old-fashioned spoke of "leading life seriously", as Goethe wrote. The word may still exist, but the meaning is lost. To lead one's life means to give things a law of their own accord and not to be determined by things. The man of our time may think he is giving the universe its law through the "gigantic development of technology", but how miserably man depends on his technology, his many processes. An Indian of pure blood can lead the life of a seeker in needlessness and almost without possessions, and this wisdom of the Aryan Indians, before which our scholars stand in awe, comes from people of the simplest everyday life, we would be fragments, would really prove to be the "factory goods of nature", before which Schopenhauer is so frightened, if we once had to live as simply as an Indian sage. Technology has already half consumed our souls, and this "age of technology" is still going on and we are quite far away

of being the masters of technology, who are just as capable of managing their own lives as they are of handling the thousands of new processes.

The epitome of a way of life demands of man that he has, as it were, struggled for the Platonic idea of himself, that he knows of his eternal law, so that in all twists and turns of fate he remains the ruler of his will and the shaper of his environment.

The man of our time calls himself, in his bastard language, "a product of the milieu" and in his writing has made every effort to depict the "milieu" that defines man quite precisely. The age knows no way of life that is masculine, it only recognises an attitude to all events that is feminine. One waits to see where "it" will lead and, since one considers oneself clever, one hopes to "cut a good figure" everywhere and "find the right position" towards all people and events. The man of this time reminds me again and again of the owners of the Raffeehaus in the period before a Reichstag election, who don't want to spoil things with anyone and therefore put forward a stock of skilfully chosen and non-committal phrases with an authoritative smile, taking a stand now on what their centrist guest is saying, now on what their democratic guest is saying, now on what their communist guest is saying. His complaisant nature and the secret ballot secure him, just as the people of our time are secured by their complaisant nature and their sleepy conscience. The owner of the Raffeehaus does not feel obliged to make any binding statement and the man of our time does not feel obliged to lead a life.

So despite all the skilful statements

These people have no sense of destiny, they do not understand what it means to shape themselves and their environment. To want a new certainty out of their own strength is alien to them. They stand in a thousand relationships and never at a beginning, they take a stand a thousand times on this and that, their whole life is a reaction to events and never an effect of their own power.

It goes without saying that every intellectual first takes his stand on what exists; but it depends on whether this constitutes his whole work or the greater part of his work, or whether it is in its infancy. Goethe and Rant are only the least explained when one describes how they recognised and overcame the rationalism of their time, and Plato's work is more than the overcoming of sophistical opinions.

The education of our age has only led us to re-evaluate, at best to re-evaluate. The education and upbringing of the 19th century. We have been objective where we should have hated, and forgiving where we should have condemned. In an able book from the year 1871, in which much is still out of date, in Pfizer's "Briefwechsel zweier Deutschen" (Correspondence between two Germans), the following words are written: "When Stapf had dared to attempt the well-known assassination of Napoleon at Schönbrunn, he believed that such an attitude was general among German youth and was taught in every school, no doubt because he felt and knew from Spain that nothing is more natural to a nation than hatred against the enemy and destroyer of its nationality. - But how reassured he would have been in this

relationship if he had known about our humanistic-philological education system."

This is not the place to discuss the benefits and harms of our humanistic-philological education. The second part of this book will deal with the aims of education. The education of the 19. Century education has wrested "the power of hatred" from us. That characterises it enough! Only this much may be said at this point, that English education, which aims at life guidance, is more suitable - even if many German educated people feel superior to English education. If the English school really teaches the young Englishman that other nations have been lucky now and then and have brought about this and that respectable state, but that only the Englishman is the man to whom honour is due, and that therefore to be English is all the more obligatory - has not the English school done right? - Let it be a lesson to us; that is, not to imitate, but rather to prudent judgement.

Only when hatred - heroic hatred - may be taught again will there be a beginning about Germany!

The heroic morality.

Held stands in the beginnings of a world. - At the beginning of the 19th century, which brought us "objectivity" and a sense of flight, lived the thinker who struggled most passionately, almost violently, for the heroic idea: Johann Gottlieb Fichte. His "Speeches to the German Nation" alone could be the source of a heroic German nationalism. - He understood the world as the sensualised material of our duty. To look into the world in this way means to stand in the beginnings: the world before us and the urge to His world within us, certain of our duty! This is how a destiny is shaped. He who has grasped the world as the sensualised material of his duty does not ask for the judgement of his fellow world and does not think what he has already thought, does not feel what he has already experienced, but begins his own day of confirmation. In this way, every hero could emanate an ethos of virtue that would have an effect on the life of the state and the mind. The hero wants to remain true to himself and always the same. Therefore, the principle of his actions could be as Fichte put it: "Act in such a way that you can think of the maxim of your will as an eternal law for yourself." This is the idea of strength that Wolfram von Eschenbach proclaimed in "Parzival". To forge the one, strong soul anew every day from the forces of his mind characterises the free man.

The *stäte* is not a possession: it is a task, the knight's shield office of which Wolfram speaks.

Only he who knows his will eternally and "boldly and coldly above the ruins of the universe" (Lichte) is equal to the task of existence. To overcome the instability within oneself, to wrestle with the doubts within oneself, to find the Ia and the No, to grasp one's all-or-nothing or, to use a certain transformation of Platonic expression, the white, steeply soaring and the black, the two noble beasts of the spirit and the senses, to rein in the chariot of his destiny for a strong, upward journey - that is morality, and who could be a more hearty charioteer than the hero!

It is up to us to become hearty like him. There is enough to overcome; first and foremost the zeitgeist that breeds in all of us, like a lindworm that only a whole man can slay. I fear: there is a whole breed of lindworms for each of us to overcome, if it is not already too late. The reeling spirit of the age will soon have eaten away at everyone's conscience, and then it will be too late! Then all the people will have become mass and mud, and life, which was a destiny, will be nothing more than a kind of excitement about what the next advertising drum of time will make. The devil used to be slower, now he sends his advertising drummers one after the other through the streets of the big cities, whose spirit has become omnipotent. He has already tried to persuade Fausten to think liberally, to choose excitement instead of fate and to become a capitalist:

**"I chose a capital city like this, in the Lerne
bourgeoisie grey, crooked little streets, pointed
gables, limited market, nohl, turnips, onions;**

Butchers' benches, where the butchers sit to feast on the fat roasts; there you are sure to find stench and activity at all times.

Then wide squares, broad streets, arrogant appearances; and finally, where no gate is restricted, suburbs extend without limit. There I delight in the rolling carriages, in the noisy sliding to and fro, in the eternal running to and fro of scattered heaps of ants. And when I lead, when I ride, I always appear at their centre, adored by hundreds of thousands."

But Faust recognised the masses of the cities:

"That can't satisfy me!

One rejoices that the people multiply, nourish themselves after their own kind, even educate themselves, teach themselves - and one only educates rebels."

Mephisto advertises once again:

"Then I, grandiose, conscious of myself, build a castle for pleasure in the funny place.

Woods, hills, meadows, fields, splendidly cultivated into a garden.

In front of green walls, mats, string paths, artful shadows, cascade falls, paired through rock to rock, and water jets of all kinds;

honourably it rises there, but at the sides it hisses and pisses in a thousand little things. But then I let the most beautiful women build familiar and comfortable little houses;

Spend limitless time there in the most lovely, cosy solitude. I say women, because once and for all I think of the beautiful in the plural."

Faust rebuffs him with the imperious words: "Bad and modern! Sardanapal!" - It befits

the hero to think of deeds, of rule and property - according to Laust, who has recognised that "Enjoyment makes you mean!", who has overcome the staggering spirit of the age within him. Our time has fallen into the spirit of staggering with skin and hair. That is why everything has become so stinking under its hands:

Dionysian pleasure has become something they call sliding dances - the educated have foreign names for them. Thus the nobility of the dance, which an earlier time possessed, has been given away for dances without grace. The noble unleashing of the senses, which was known in the old days, has become the various fornication procedures of the connoisseur - life a technique and thus also fornication a procedure, regulated according to supply and demand, capitalistically determined, with the real man of the time becoming objective, "pathos-less". The fornication of earlier times could still be an experience, had its own fun, its thigh-slapping pathos and its colourful gallows birds, who could sacrifice something so that it ended gloriously in a gutter in the grey morning - time has forgotten that too in its objectivity. The "dumb little brother" is miserable, he wants to feast:

**"If I had the imperial empire, plus
the customs on the Rhine, and if
Venice were mine, it would all be
lost, it would have to be ruined!"**

But at most it finds a few philistines who grin at the dumb little brother like a buffoon - they would never realise what exuberance is in him. Or it will find a few people with a criminal record who are willing to pay.

The great sensualists of former times are gone : Hafez is dead, and if he lived, the pure would be suffocated by filth. Franz Villon is dead - he was the comrade of criminals and became a murderer himself, but he remained an enthusiast and a poet all his life, what should he do today among the bald criminals who exploit scientific procedures? Till Eulenspiegel is dead, Franz Rabelais is dead - in our time, the juicy joke has become lascivious and the wit stale or salivating. Baron von Münchhausen is dead - people lie a lot today, but only for "practical" purposes. The dull little brother is dead, the boozing brothers, the Kommen Landsknechte, are dead.

**"If I'm shot, shot on the broad heath, I'll be
carried on long spikes, a grave is ready for me,
I'll be beaten with a lamb's tail, that's nine times
better than all the humming of the priests!"**

The last boom has long since faded. German beer is still flowing, but in other rhymes, the age has forgotten how to creatively shape its intoxication into a great joke by the grace of God. The intoxicated of the present betrays himself and the spirit of the age so disgustingly that the noble turns away. - The power to experience pleasure as a force of destiny is gone. Don Ivan has become impossible. There are some fops who think they are great seducers, they just overlook the fact that there is not much to seduce in the "modern woman" and above all that often only her purse seduces, not even her crease, what does the time even know about Don Ivan? - who sees his lust as his destiny

and enjoyment as its realisation, what does our time know of the courage it takes, with a sharp mind and noble blood, with a deep knowledge of guilt and atonement, to want to grasp life fully from the senses and courageously live through it in lust and iniquity until it is shattered by the handshake of the stone guest! After all, time is loin-lame and loin-lame people only know half pleasure and stale pleasures - with these it is easier to get past one's conscience, to which one passes off one's repulsions as "small missteps" and "flings". -

Don't misunderstand: the figure of Don Juan is not presented here as a figure of heroic life. Don Juan has never known the responsibility of nobility and is bereft of all that love which has been called heroic love. He is sacrilegious. But nevertheless: he is completely outrageous and, like Faust, sensual experience is "only a parable" to him. He is concerned with knowledge of the world, and he believes that he will one day be able to grasp knowledge through pleasure. He is aware of the curse of his kind.

Understand thus: It was given to an earlier time to see curse and greatness in such a figure, to sense fate, guilt and atonement in this life and to know about the retribution of that stone guest. Our time, on the other hand, does not outrage, it only lets itself go; it does not seek to recognise through the pleasure of the senses, it only seeks disgusting stimuli from a disgusting sensuality. Filth covers all contemporary activity. Sincerity is lacking in both enjoyment and action. And thus the sensual life of the time has also degenerated into the most disgusting sensual life of our history. - Don Juan's character should prove this.

In "Raiser and Galilean", Ibsen saw through the sensual life of our time; if a man like Raiser Julianus wanted to celebrate festivals of pure lust in the service of beautiful gods, instead of glowing women he would only find a pack of whores who want to be paid - because life, which used to be a fate, has become a process. The lust of the senses, like hatred, can come from base or noble blood, and in this, too, it is the same as with hatred: it depends on the form it takes. It depends on whether the senses have the man or the man has the senses, whether the black horse of the soul is more powerful than the ruler or whether the reins rest in a firm hand. The senses are noble, the mind can be vile. The black soul steed is as marvellous as the white one, the ruler can be a weakling.

Here are the victories prepared that confirm the hero. He is in his infancy and his senses are fresh, we have recognised: he is primordially human, i.e. red-blooded, whole, strong and undaunted, through his heart flows a wild man's blood, the creative is his nature, the procreative. To him, lust is a force of destiny, and the strongest lust is his masculine desire for woman. He is the earth-born man who thinks simply and is bent on bride-stealing: he believes that he is destined to be beautiful because he has the deeds.

Thus his wild blood may hurl him into the primal strife of the sexual and may make him wrestle for the meaning of man and woman, which is to be experienced, never to be fathomed. It is a primal quarrel and many fall, but it is a quarrel and a hero is quarrelsome. It is a quarrel of sensuality, which may become the devil's; but let the hero only

He will bind his helmet tighter, raise his armour and win the field. And on the field of sensuality, he will reap the rewards of his convictions. - Thus, in the struggle between these forces, since in a heroic life it is the work that counts first and the spirit of responsibility, moral tension arises. Morality is less a state than a struggle.

It is in the nature of sexual forces, which are part of the human being, that they want to break out without restraint. Therein lies the dubiousness of marriage for some men of heroic blood, even though the responsible man will experience monogamy as a task, the deeper the more powerful the male blood flows in him.

There is nothing to be gained by trying to conceal the truths of sexual life. It is indeed the experience of many a sensual man who has taken a wife that the charms of other women sometimes have a more powerful effect on him than the physical nature of his own wife. And it is the experience of many a woman who is a full human being that she has to wrestle with the wild forces of her blood if she wants to remain faithful. The essence of sexuality in man is the desire for an unrestrained outburst of the senses, even if it costs life and dignity, and this will cannot in itself be condemned, for it is part of our destiny to be alive. It must also be said that Don Juan and Lärmen live their existence as a destiny and that they are real people, more sincere in nature than the many slender and respectable citizens who imagine themselves to be righteous and are only miserable.

It must also be said that marriage can be a renunciation and is always a renunciation for individual human beings of a richly abundant nature - a renunciation of much vitality that is worth experiencing. It is in the nature of man that he wants to feel fully the forces which all work in him as one desire, that every force of his blood wants to have its experience, which should be rich. But it is in the nature of marriage that the two people who enter into it sometimes cannot call all the forces of the other to life, and if this is felt, there is a privation and from this a renunciation or there is a breaking off of the marriage-both can be heroic. It is to see only half of the hero if one forgets the growth of his fine body, which is half of his destiny. It is a heroic view of the world that expresses it:

"He who thinks the deepest, loves the liveliest."

(Hölderlin.)

As the living one, the hero goes his way and feels in all his senses that everything he experiences must become the wealth of his body and soul. Hence his pure joy in bodily vigour, his derision of all brain-men and all who mistrust the senses, his dislike of those who are not strong eaters, his irrepressible courage for every work of bodily strength. The vigour of his body, to which he awakens anew every morning, delights him more than any wisdom one can devise, even if one is not a hero. He also wants to experience his senses alive every day.

And yet the hero seeks all the cheerful happiness of closeness, however much he may long for it, only when he is sure of his work; but he seeks pleasure at the very last. The essence of morality and so

The question of sexual life and marriage is also determined for the heroic man by his work and by the thought of his people.

Thus a marriage must become for him the epitome of the noble moulding of life, for the heroic spirit knows the responsibility it has experienced, that unleashing never creates moulding, that unleashing itself drains the Nordic man of the strength of his soul. Don Juan remains a knight and Lärmen remains true to himself, but they have lived among peoples who lose nothing of the soul's strength when they burn their lives like torches at a festival. The Nordic man is the questioning man for whom it is most difficult. It is not easy for him to live beyond good and evil. He has to decide. He is faced with decisions throughout his life and must struggle for his freedom anew every day. That is why, in life and death, beauty often remains a distant epitome, like a rare celebration, and sometimes a longing for which he perishes. It seems that moulding beauty should not be a goal for him, that Dionysian pleasure is not in his nature; he must live in the stronger: in shaping from the most vivid power of the feeling of existence. The hardest hulls are prepared for him if he wants to be true to himself and always the same. The widest moral tension prevails in his soul. For the Nordic man, the powerful realisation of what is within him is called heroic life. Unleashing it weakens the moulding power of his mind.

Marriage is a goal of shaping the sexual - shaping alone is important if morality is to arise. There is still much to be said about marriage, because what has been said remains only a surface consideration.

The "great health" of the body and the soul is lacking in the "great health" of the body and the soul as long as marriage is not seen as the will for future generations. But there is not enough room for all this here (and I have had to look at things from this point of view in my books on racial studies and especially in the section "Race and Choice of Husband" of my "The Nordic Idea among the Germans").

The marriages of our time may not be considered here. They are often agreements of a business nature, often habits of convention, but rarely marriages of necessity and conviction. Marriage, however, is supposed to be a moral arrangement with a view to future generations, and morality is an arrangement based on conviction, not a mixture of convention and half-measures.

Nor is morality conditioned by the history of development, as the age likes to take it. The age sniffs around the primitive man, indeed even the four-handed man, and asks him about the nature of morality, then traces the whole origin of human morality from the group marriage and horde time of the primitive human packs to the patriarchal conditions of wandering hunter tribes, from there to the matriarchal conditions of settled tribes and so on through the changes in economic and agricultural conditions up to our present day.

One also inquires into the nature of morality among the natives of all parts of the world and likes to tell how, for example, the Bushmen call moral what the Central European calls immoral, and immoral what the Central European calls moral. People like to understand the disgusting things they do as

a relapse into primitive humanity, but in this case it is forgivable. There is much clamour about master and slave morality, about so-called social ethics; after all, an ethic of materialism and monism has been exhibited and extolled in all seriousness - I fear that in all this activity you have forgotten only one thing, namely, that morality is not here or there and does not come with outward gestures, but that it is "within you", coming out of conviction. The superior man knows it; therefore let him only stand before an *Ja-or-no*, before a decision, and he will wrestle for advice.

"Now turn inwards at once, you will find the centre within, in which no superior man may doubt. you will not miss any rule there, for independent conscience is the sun of your day." (Goethe.)

This means wanting to "think of his will as an eternal law for himself": to experience the mighty duration of the one day of the world as his day of grace.

Setting boundaries between God and the devil, good and evil, hatred and spite, love and slackness, between spirit and substance, between man and woman, between hero and wretch - that is man's work. Blurring boundaries is a woman's whim. The age sets out to blur where it finds boundaries, to understand and forgive where it should condemn and overcome itself. Its shallow idea of development helps it to do this. - The idea of development had its reason and its office, where it does good, but under the hands of the age it has become flat, value-obscuring and effeminate. It wants to pull its strings as a snail over hero and wretch, since both are four-handed

would have the common ancestor. The idea itself is not bad, but it does not explain the hero, not even the important one. A dozen lines of development do not explain a single attitude.

It is delightful to see how the people of our time virtually take refuge in the idea of development. If he is told that the person being praised is irrelevant, he places the person being discussed, driven into a corner, breathing a sigh of relief in a line of development and knows he is safe. The ram-path in the main line of a mountain range must often descend deep into the valley - the man of our time sees only the ram-path of his idea of development, the artificially constructed one, and takes such pleasure in it that he always looks at it and points to it and has not even noticed whether he was up on the heights, where the wide view shines, or whether he was down in the valley; He follows his pile-driving path, his developing thoughts, up and down again, and everything is always the same important path, the artificially created one in which he delights as the man of a time that has become toothless. - I was at an exhibition of the praised, authoritative expressionists and found metropolitan things in all the painting, namely morphine, cocaine, brain softening, excitement instead of destiny, the end instead of a beginning, the blurring of boundaries instead of design - all the familiar stains of the time, but nothing else, spoke about it to my companion, who had fallen for the trap, explained myself further in dialogue and finally had him at the "development" thought: expressionism had been necessary as a developmental setback against impressionism.

That's how far the runst observation of our time has taken us: the chime falls, the advertising drum beats, we marvel and marvel for some time, suddenly the "experience" has become conscious, categorised, and it is clear: this is exactly how the development had to continue. The latest was always necessary as a noise drum to drive away the penultimate drummer. - Time is right: the runst of the age can only be seen in terms of developmental history, and all the true runst of the 19th century was always just as necessary in terms of developmental history as every creative work, un-necessary, that is, un-needed, "made", comes from beginnings.

We have come a long way to ;ur Runst, which will be dealt with later. In the meantime, we recognise how everything is connected and how the day of the Runst may also be a great moral day, illuminated by conscience. Thus we can already sense how great Plato's thought is, for whom the good that is to be is the highest idea in which all other ideas participate.

The good that is to be, the virtuous and righteous, who should want to bring it into reality more than the virtuous, for whom everything is a beginning of creation, the hero!

He must not abandon the task of creating what is good. That is why he must not give up on himself, even if the blows hit as hard as hail, as they hit Frederick the Great. It is a heroic duty to preserve oneself. Giving up is the original sin.

And yet the hours are not rare in a hero's life when he thinks of an end, of his breath ceasing for eternity. These are the hours when death, like the nursing

seems to quiet the wild beat of the heart, and many a heroic man has surrendered to death before his time. Do we judge why? Do we judge the stiffening loneliness in which a hero can wearily struggle? Do we judge the hero's sore longing to be allowed to rejoice with many even once in a row and not always be the one who is different, whose different pace and growth tears him away from all coexistence with others? I think we can hardly imagine how horrible it can be to have to be an individual who is not allowed to participate in anything at all in the activities of others, who realises in the simplest things that everything is different for him than for those who are allowed to be fellow human beings; we do not know how much deprivation has to be overcome every day for a person to live the pride of the lonely, who lives in the great contexts of events, can become the destroyer of everyday life and the destroyed of everyday life and has to taste every day what it means not to be a fellow human being. It may even happen to him that out of the agony of being an other, he even accuses himself, as if the guilt of his isolation were on him, on him, who after all only lives his heroic destiny.

**"Am I not the fugitive? the unhoused one? the monster
without purpose or rest, who roared like a waterfall from
rock to rock, eagerly and furiously towards the abyss."**

(Goethe, Faust.)

The heroic manner, which hears the echo of events where others live harmlessly, destroys the hero's life and finally makes him so hated where he betrays the pride of the lonely. But to whom in all the deeds of his days this echo of events

The hours come when he wants to lay his whole world in ruins and destroy himself with it. Is it any wonder that the hero's features are often characterised by the concealment of horror?

The wildness of heroic blood must so often long for the peace of death. Instead of all hammering will and restless self-absorption, to find a stillness, removed from the echo of events - only the noble man experiences this longing to be like the stars or like the quietly changing year, to be redeemed like an unresisting part in the whole - that loosens the armour that wants to crush the breast. Then there must come the gaze into the void, which he must do who is concerned with the efficiency of his people, that insight into the ancestral, viciously defended baseness of all human activity. Then the devil seizes the moment and murmurs to the hero the word of his conviction, which is so easy to assert and the hardest to doubt:

"What is the point of eternal creation! To create nothing out of what has been created!

"Da Lst's vorbei." What is there to read about it? It's as good as if it hadn't been, and yet it drifts along as if it had. I loved the eternally empty in return."

(Goethe, Faust.)

The gaze into the void, the realisation that nothing can be wrested from baseness with all his energy, often destroys the courage of a hero down to the root. So it may happen that his courage no longer makes sense to him, that he who wants to be a beginning,

stands at one end, and then it's over. Then the gates open and a felled hero joins the fathers who dwell in Valhalla.

Whenever life no longer has a beginning, when somewhere there is only room for unheroes and wretches, when at some point a man can no longer stand up heroically, then a hero dies. It is better to die heroically than to live on as an unhero. That is the law of the free.

How often is a new beginning in the hero's life the rebirth from a night of death! How often a hero's laughter is the sound that chases away the memory of the silence of the grave. We do not even know from which abyss of nothingness the hero often rises. The rebirths are many, because the nights of death return. The hero must snatch his faith in himself from the claws of the devil after a bitter struggle. The most powerful fate is prepared for him, which is why he experiences death the most.

He may die if he no longer sees a heroic life for himself. But he must not give up. To live on as one who dampens the courage of his will, as one who remains silent where he should call for a fight, as one who plays the wise man where he should break out to the left and to the right - he must not! Abandoning oneself is the original sin of man, is ""heroic behaviour.

That is why it is the epitome of heroic morality to preserve oneself. Goethe proclaimed it as an iron law of the table:

"as on the day that gave you to the world, the sun stood to greet the planets, you immediately and continually flourished according to the law you set out to fulfil.

You must be like this, you cannot escape from it, as the sibyls and prophets have already said; and no time and no power fragments the moulded form that develops in a living way."

The moulded form of the living, the shaping of himself, is heroic morality, and from it comes the growth of man. He recognises it as his duty to be true to himself and always the same, and so his moral day must be a day of purity. To live in such a way that everything he does is determined, as it were, by the eternal law of himself, is to live heroically.

Part two.

The woman and the heroic thought.

he customs and morals of the present day clearly show that we live in an impure age and have therefore fallen into "creative times; we have dissolved everything and have been unable to mould anything from the conditions of our body. Thus we have entered the age which Lichte described as the state of completed sinfulness.

This state of perfect sinfulness is most clearly recognisable in the publicly authoritative woman of this time.

The woman mostly receives her destiny from the man, at least in all male, creative times. In a feminine age, such as ours, the feminised man leaves the destiny of woman more and more to her, and thus finally leaves the destiny of the whole spirit of the age to her. For this is certain: that a real development of morals, i.e. a creative age, an all-embracing endeavour which manifests itself in state and morals, in art and science, can only proceed from an age which at the same time gives woman a firmly defined sphere of destiny. It is better that the spirit of man should reign over woman, even at the risk of feminised men and unleashed women complaining of injustice - the all-individual work of an age must in each case prove its right to its injustice also over woman. Better

is that a masculine age creates something, than that a feminine age, which achieves nothing, is supposed to stand "justly" above the sexes. There have been capable women as long as a male age has spoken and written less of human rights than imposed its capable will on women. Woman as a species - we are speaking here only of the whole species of contemporary woman, never of individual, upright and clear women - woman as a species has been able to attain a certain dignity of being as long as she has lived firmly within the boundaries of a rank, a status, a valid moral order. Hence the clear way of life that can still prevail today among women of the peasantry and bourgeoisie, or among the officers and nobility. The confrontation with the rules of the class, often also the firm habituation, create here the sometimes so clear firmness, also the often so hard-hearted coldness and the now and then so perfect way of life, which give such women something like a venerable, almost historical value. Peasant women, officers' wives and noblewomen occasionally show us today an example of a way of life of which the contemporary woman is no longer a part. The narrowness of such a way of life is not hidden from us; but the fact that here, after all, design is at work is even less hidden. We can already surmise that feminine morality is only possible within a clearly defined moral life.

The woman of our day would like to be a "lady". It is all too easy to forget that being a lady must always be a second priority for the health of a nation, whereas being a mother must be the first.

film plays, where many fur coats are taken off and put on and where you even get the best insight into the undergarments of the "distinguished world", where you can also learn that this nobility also includes all kinds of immorality. - The girls of the middle class understand a lady to be a "distinguished appearance" who is dressed "Berlin-like". I heard the expression "Berlin-like" myself in the theatre of a medium-sized town from a girl sitting behind me who drew her friend's attention to an appropriately dressed "appearance". And really: everything that upholds the contemporary, genteel world must be Berlin-like. One could call Parisian fashion Berlin-like if it has passed through the taste insecurity of the Berliner, this un-Prussian. The age only socialises with Berlin-like people.

It is the same with the "lady" as with the "ravalier": the words are still there, the thing has long since become historical. The ravalier comes from the Nordic spirit. He is the knight who has become a courtier, the knight who has become a man of the world, the Teuton who has taken on the spirit of the creative times of France. What has remained the same is honour. Edmund Ro-stand has glorified the ravalier spirit one last time in his cheerful and wistful "L>rsno äe Lergerae" and has understood the chivalrous man correctly: His coat of arms must remain pure ! Let him lead a merry life, full of laughter and high spirits, let him love women and fight with men - his shield must remain pure! The ravalier was the last colourful manifestation of heroic spirit in a state of society.

-8 The woman and the heroic thought. The revolution has also erased its colours from the world.

The lady corresponded to the ravalier. She was not just an invention of Christian-Germanic stupidity, as Schopenhauer believes; she was an attempt by the chivalrous spirit to create the woman as a species into the shining image for which one conquers the world. It was the attempt of a spirit that was both knowledgeable and fond of love, that was experienced enough to know about the limits of woman, but was chivalrous enough and above all a knight to want woman as a lady. And so, for the sake of the man he loved, the woman created herself a lady, and with the law of chivalry and the firm boundaries of male law, she also took on the grace that was sung about. The period of the French Revolution also extinguished the charm of this form. It has been well remarked that the Revolution was never intended to make all men respectable - that would be a noble intention. In its spitefulness, the Revolution preferred to destroy the salon itself. Thus it drove out the ravalier and the lady and made the salon unrecognisable with the dirt of the street.

The 19. Century then made the shaping of a clear female lifestyle completely impossible. The publicly authoritative woman of our time is everything: knowledgeable, able to cope with all the thousand procedures of modern life, at home in all professions, a voter in the Reichstag and a member of parliament, a university lecturer and an artist - she has learnt to appear thoroughly Berlin-like, i.e. without grace, has learnt to mock old female virtues, to laugh at "prejudices", to break out of all bourgeois barriers with fessless misunderstandings and to be a woman of the world.

The woman and the heroic thought - are about to break out and have come to such a pass that one no longer knows whether she is not perhaps offended if one still wants to treat her as a lady at all, since her whole behaviour emphasises the emancipated, i.e. the loose one; and she is the loose, unchained one. Her movements without regularity already betray this. The man lets her rave, gossip in meetings, clamour in the Reichstag and spread herself in universities - it is disgusting!

But the sight corresponds to the "freedom" of our age. Goethe already saw the time coming in which we "subject everything to a confused arbitrariness that we call freedom".

And there is another feminine aspect to this age: the great importance attached to everything sexual. Libraries of immense dimensions could be created if one wanted to collect the "erotic literature" of the present. A true bibliophile needs a large space for his own library. There are people who devote all their time to every latest depiction of sexual matters. Just look at the plays, film dramas, novels and pictures that are so attractive: they are the endless, endlessly boring repetitions of often-repeated compilations of sexual life. For the thousandth time adultery, for the thousandth time the man between two or more women, the woman between two or more men, for the thousandth time the rutting woman, for the thousandth time the "great", the "dazzling" prostitute, the "dazzling, amoral" woman, we are tired of them, of all these things that, I don't know who, once so aptly called "glass beads for spiritual Negroes".

all this rubbish, heaped up from rotting shells of experience.

In many an environment, the heroic man of our time is left only with the life of the lomswikings, who abstained from sex altogether because they did not want to become effeminate. It is a marvellous thing to have the healthy power of the senses - the lomswikings knew this well - but it is the most marvellous thing to fill the world with deeds that intervene in events.

German youths often think whether there can be anything higher for a woman than love for the hero and love of the hero. When they have become men, many have learnt that the woman of the time prefers another to the present: the fop, the effeminate, who understands ambiguity and the mood of excuses, the half-darkened things. It is the unman who does most to the woman of this age, the well-dressed one who comes so quietly, goes so discreetly, can greet so politely when in public, can talk so covetously when in secret. He is the man of experienced caresses, also of calculated cruelties - all in his time: he is the skilful one, as all leeches and rogues are skilful. The woman of our time desires him.

There is another type of modern woman, the repulsive one, who thinks she is free even from men - she has lost the last feminine charm. She walks through the lecture theatres to obtain a doctorate, sweeps through party offices, attends executive meetings, is herself elected chairman and sent to the Reichstag. People are too familiar with this blow and prefer to keep quiet about it.

There are many varieties - the dignity of women is rarely felt. The woman of our time says it's because of the man. She seldom has the right to say so, but it is true. For until man has made himself and time into man again, woman will not find her new dignity. This will not happen without much clamouring about "injustice" - less often on the part of the real woman than on the part of those who have let go. Shaping is nowhere possible without a compulsion that is good and should be self-created - this is also the value of marriage. The shaping of a heroic morality will not be possible without the firm guidance of the woman. It should not emanate from the man as compulsion; all the better if it emanates from the woman herself as self-moulding.

Let the woman go quietly to the universities: we do not want to take her seriously, that is the way she is most likely to become stale. Let the woman announce lectures as a university teacher, but stay away from them as a man; and if you could obtain a hundred times more knowledge from her than from a teaching man, you must realise that manhood is more than knowledge. Only man's self-respect will be answered by a new dignity in woman.

Incidentally, this should also be noted here: at our universities, the transfer of knowledge is the rule, the acquisition of productive knowledge the exception. If it were the other way round, the illusory nature of female students and the inappropriateness of female university lecturers would have to appear immediately. This is not to say anything against the suitability of certain women for scholarly professions; at most, the questions that belong here are only hinted at. Since it is a question of female education, it would be necessary to

Insufficient consideration of these matters raises questions of health, custom and taste, the answers to which would have to go far beyond the present context.

Let woman also have the right to vote - the whole system of representation of the people has survived - let her have her doctor's degree, her name as a representative, and do not respect it; so it becomes nothing to her, for it is a part of the gracefulness of woman that she relates so much at bottom only to man; if she throws that away also and makes herself "completely free," then you will find in female dress a creature without grace, to whom the world is almost only a nuisance, and "there" itself serves only as a nuisance.

The words of the princess in Goethe's "Tasso" only apply to the masculinised laws of courtly life and only from within such circles of life:

"Man strives for freedom, woman for morality." In the primordial controversy of sexual life throughout the ages - it may appear otherwise on the surface a hundred times over - it has always been the case that the moulding has come from the spirit of the experienced man, the dissolution from the spirit of the degenerate woman. Goethe once wrote: "All laws are made by old men and men, young men and women want to be the exception, old men the rule." In all these things, however, it is important to remember again and again that a man can very well be a slave to the feminine spirit, a woman can very well belong to the masculine spirit of design. Only in this way can we understand the present, which has produced men and women, but has mostly moulded both into a feminine spirit.

A heroic man and one of the most manly men of all time, in this respect related to our Schiller and Lichte, the Englishman Milton, once out of his hard, Nordic spirit, outlined the heroic law of the sexes in this way:

"He only for God and they for God in him."

One would like to develop this word further as a basic law of heroic living in its entire sense. But in all the mockery of our day, Vloch seems to be far removed from the time of female morality.

"He only for God" - that is: living for a life of efficiency and confidence, for a moulding of his faith, knowledge and will - that is for the woman of the present the entertainmentless, the unquivering, the life without flirting and lying and concealing. "She for God in him" - that is to say, a woman's life with delight in her husband's labours, a participation in his working day, a lyre of his reading times, a pride in being this man's and the enjoyment of his pleasures, the possession of his senses, the refuge of his mind - that would be the meaning of this heroic word. In such a form, marriage would really have to be "the beginning and summit of all culture", as Goethe wanted to see it. Will it come to such a beginning and summit? Will a future generation become mature again to the liberty and custom that Tacitus saw in our Nordic ancestors, men and women?

It will be up to the man to choose first. If he decides to mould a new morality, he has also decided in favour of woman. Woman demands certainty and determination from man: let him give it when he has forged his soul,

Iö4 The woman and the heroic thought that she has become strong, then he will be able to determine the fate of the woman. Now he lets himself be dragged down by a feminine age. Let him reflect on his manhood! What is required of him is moulding, not the decay of all things that the age wants. He should measure the outline of a moral structure at right angles and determine it with certainty. Woman will thank him: the liveliest grace will be his. -

The unfortunate thing about the remarks that have just been unfolded is that they have to do only with the woman who is spoken of, with the woman who is publicly authoritative for the age, and that is not the woman whom one must wish for the healing of a people. Since the execution had to dwell on the true appearance of woman, it is apt to appear only negatively. It is therefore perhaps necessary to state clearly once more that in all that has been said, the premise remains that women of a worthy and capable nature live among us, to whom a condemnatory judgement cannot touch. Women of the peasantry, women of the bourgeoisie and of the nobility live among us an existence so surrounded by a clearly formed environment that the man of the time would have to stand ashamed if scorn had not taken the place of reverence.

Here, too, what was said when considering that Low German folk song applies: Especially during the World War we experienced the heroism of women in a marvellous way; the power of destiny of that song could not stand above what was experienced by women among us. But the direction of the zeitgeist did not and does not go in the direction of such a view of destiny, and in all these reflections the direction should be un-

The" woman and the heroic thought of our time. One can perhaps defend the assertion that women, like people in general, have always been more or less the same. But even if it were admitted that, judged by visible actions and obvious behaviour, men have always remained the same, the direction of the will-power of an age would still remain to be judged in every age. But this direction, the spirit of our age, has caused the negative statements.

However, the unfortunate nature of the unfolding circumstances goes even further, as does the appearance of a purely negative view. This may be due to a peculiar moral phenomenon of our time. Two things are noticeable when we judge the conditions of contemporary female life.

The one: From the moral world of our fathers, which for us is narrowly bound but clearly organised, the dignified, capable woman, who is an example of what was called the conduct of life, rises up into our time. The other: The counter-image of the loose woman, sketched above, stands in stark and mocking contrast to this image. It is perhaps in the nature of woman that these two types of female life must arise in a time like ours.

It is different with men: much less frequently do phenomena of male lifestyle emerge from that world of narrowly bound, yet clearly organised moral concepts. Entire male generations of the ly. With a kind of dogged consistency, whole generations of men in the nineteenth century set about destroying the old concepts. In contrast, however, a new generation of men in our time has returned to the epitome, or at least to insight and understanding.

long a blar design of a male nature, a gender from which perhaps something will emanate.

But the loose woman has not yet been pushed back by a creative urge of the age. The vigour is lacking, otherwise the epitome of feminine as well as the epitome of masculine morality would stand clearly before us. This is what we are looking for, and it makes no difference to this task whether a contradiction and dispute arises between those who, to their joyful certainty, have encountered more women of a worthy kind in their daily experience, and those who, to their disgust, have encountered more loose women in their daily experience.

if the above remarks appear negative - it is up to woman to live in such a way that we become affirmative. We measure the German woman by the timeless epitome of the woman of Nordic blood. Such a measure, however, determines the high demands, in comparison with which the contemporary environment is pitiful and often horrifying, we deny this present because we trust the German woman with a consciousness of value and a will for pure experience, which should contribute to the moralisation that must come.

v. Wilamowitz-Moellendorff writes at one point in the book "platon" (IhIh): "It was the Germanic tribes who first gave woman her rights and her dignity as a woman; if she now wants to become a man, she will take both away from herself again." The path of the Germanic woman goes via the soul; she derives more respect from her dignity than the woman who has been let go from her legal claims. The path of the woman who has been let go goes via the process, via all of these associations, rejections

The woman and the heroic thought are the solutions, programmes, paragraphs, protests, the use of which has already made the man so ridiculous. So today she is taking the wrong path that the liberal man paved in the 19th century. It is an embarrassing sight. The path of the Germanic woman will be her own path, for manhood and womanhood are two equal and incomparable creations, and the more feminine the woman, the more masculine the man, the healthier a nation. All "rights" of women remain procedures and will never create a new dignity for women, because dignity is something of the soul and not an institution. Only new dignity will give women a new grace.

But the nature of the Germanic woman was created with the most vivid grace. Even the sculptures of Germanic women left to us by late Rome bear witness to this. How nobly modelled is the Herculaneum woman in Dresden! But how much more than nobly designed is the Thusnelda in Florence! She shows us, through the Roman character that her sculptor gave from his nature, how the genuine nature of the Germanic woman asserts itself against the foreign nature of the sculptor, the wide possibilities and all the traits that the German man wants to find in the woman, so that, like his ancestors in the time of Tacitus, he can honour in her the "sacred and premonitory" that captures him, for the Germanic woman is given a charm and a grace that can capture a man in such a way that he transcends all desire that may take hold of him and becomes a beholder. The Germanic man, if he has not allowed himself to be robbed of the fullness of his being, cannot do otherwise, he

must believe in the "sacred and premonitory" in woman; it belongs to him as the timeless epitome of the woman born to him. It is peculiar to the Germanic nature that the questions of man and woman have not yet been resolved and all their spiritual bonds have not yet been seen when the sexual alone has been considered. And this says much that is joyful about the Germanic woman. This is the interpretation of that unspeakable promise which the German man conceals when he has experienced the essence of woman, given to him as an image, somewhere in the form and eye of a German woman.

When German manliness and womanliness, when both are seized by the will of a racially loyal - and that means for us: Nordic - organisation of life, then a German morality, this most necessary work, will arise for us.

The essence of morality.

It is only in a consolidated culture that women can find their way back to a clear way of life. But we lack the energy to create a culture - let's say in purer German: to create a moralisation.

It is not true that we possess a high culture, a high morality. Here we must learn to make a precise distinction: today there are probably many individuals of high morality, i.e. in this case, of a clear way of life and deep education. Germany perhaps had more of them than any other country. But firstly, these highly educated people, recognisable by their knowledge and self-education, are not the so-called leading personalities of the present day. You don't see them depicted in any magazine, they are the silent and often hushed up ones. Secondly, the morality of a people is not equal to the sum of educated people it produces. This is the real mistake in all considerations about the nature of morality.

I call the morality of a people the stock of education and self-education and conviction that is common to all members of the people. If we then take a close look at the morals of our Western world, we will see that many a tribe in Asia or Africa possesses a higher morality than the Western peoples. Thus it will be seen that the morals of our heathen ancestors, as they

Tacitus described and as it reappears centuries later in the histories of the Islanders, was so highly formative that we should fall silent before it.

If one looks at things in this way - and one cannot look at the question of the morality of a people in any other way - the crudeness of thought of liberalism becomes apparent, which praises the questionable achievements of the disgusting political life of our states to all peoples as exemplary and does not even realise how much higher than our conditions the morals of many peoples are, how unsuspecting and devoid of a true divine spirit the Christian-European conversion of pagans, for all its benign diligence, repeatedly stands before the straight growth of a so-called pagan nation, and how much purity of morals is thus destroyed anew. One may hear the explorers of distant continents speak of how the so-called converts are uprooted and degenerate into excrement.

We must recognise this and humbly learn to see in it a divine order of events: every morality of a certain time or of a certain people is based on a modus of convictions that are certain and sacred to every member of the people; every morality emerges from what one could call an all-individual striving, emerges from a faith to which all and everyone feel committed in pride and confidence. The Song of Hildebrand, the Song of the Nibelungs, the Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals and finally the whole, mighty morality of the Middle Ages - custom, faith, religion, science, state and

Individual man - everything was the expression of a great moral unity, an "all-individual endeavour", the symbol of which is the Gothic cathedral itself. In his books **"ks^obologie äes koules"** and **"Loies ps^vbologiirtes äe Involution cls8 xeuxles"** (both translated), the Frenchman Gustav Le Bon has given us a clear insight into this law of nation-building: only the all-individual belief, the firm certainty to which a time and a people raise and strengthen each individual cohabitant, create a morality. Only such a spirit creates peoples from natives or populations; and the dissolution of a morality has again and again deformed peoples into masses and again and again decomposed the all-individual endeavour through a so-called enlightenment, until a male people has become a female mass.

Morality is a way of life that is perceived as a duty by every member of the people. Le Bon calls his own people, the French, effeminate and inclined to mass education and praises the Anglo-Saxons, who knew how to awaken the individual endeavour in the least of the people - this is how Anglo-Saxon efficiency and world domination were created. We must recognise that there is no reason to praise and extol German education. It is indeed certain that the great creators of the German people are unrivalled and unattainable, and even more: that the great deeds of the spirit have only been possible through German character and will perhaps only be possible again through German character. But it is equally certain that we Germans have never known how to create a unifying morality.

Here we can learn and learn again from the Anglo-Saxons of creative times - less so from the Anglo-Saxons of the present. The Englishman of old succeeded in creating a morality out of the three epithets: common geuse, kuirness, ßentleillLQ - common sense, honesty, nobility. - All three are epithets that share in the highest values that the great men of the German spirit have established for themselves, but which are not these highest values themselves, as a Leibniz or a Goethe or a Rant saw them. But this is the unconscious, yet excellent insight of the experienced English mind, that in order to educate a whole people to an all-individual endeavour, it is necessary to create average epitomes of efficiency. In order to educate the inhabitants of a country into a nation, one must create for them the national idea, the obligatory faith to which all want to profess themselves joyfully and proudly, the central concept that makes them capable. Whether or not the individual upholder of the people grows beyond such a central concept, he must first fulfil it, fill it out, he must be rooted in it if he wants to grow higher. This is the exemplary value of the English national idea, this all-individual obligation to live as a true Englishman in order to be respected by his peers. That is why Bismarck also repeatedly felt a fondness for English people: "As far as foreign countries are concerned, I have only ever had sympathy for England and its inhabitants in my life and I am not yet free of it by the hour; but people do not want to be loved by us."

The fact that the England of today is already deep in decomposition and dissolution is not taken into account here - the growth value, as I want to call it, the growth value of such an all-individual popular idea has been confirmed in English history. And even more: with his highest epitome, that of the gentleman, the Englishman boldly understood how to participate in the idea of the heroic. - The German easily sees the narrowness in this epitome and has been told by English mockers that one only needs money and impeccable dress to be considered a gentleman. Certainly, some restrictions are justified. Self-monitoring (selk-"oLtrol) would not have been a high value for Beethoven. He was once arrested for being a tramp during his creative period and sometimes spat in his mirror. Moderate behaviour and temperate speech are not high moral goals, but they are nevertheless importantly educational for the average person and incalculably valuable as the epitome for an entire people. However, the epitome of the noble contains more: it contains the obligation to think and act as a noble, to be chivalrous and always manly and bold. It is certainly the nature and aim of the true German to be a nobleman, and there are many noblemen among us. But the Englishman of the creative times had understood how to present nobility to his entire people as the ultimate goal, to awaken an individual striving for it, and that is the decisive factor and the growth value that matters. That is why the nobleman Bismarck held the Anglo-Saxon and only him in such high esteem among foreigners, even though he was recognised ten times as a German.

statesman had to counter Anglo-Saxon intentions. The fact that the healthy aspirations of the Englishman no longer endure today, that even according to English judgement the "geotleivsi" is dying out, is not considered here. The model applies: the creation of an obligatory national idea.

We have never achieved this. Since the morality of a people is only the individual stock of common convictions, it is up to us to create this stock. We have enough educated, highly educated, learned and wise people among us and yet we do not listen to them. Now let us finally create our national thought!

It is a work for which we need the strength of more than one generation, for we are more divided than any other people on earth and most deeply divided where other peoples find their greatest firmness, in their confession of faith. We cannot discuss the question of individual churches and confessions here. The Nordic attitude of this book shows where it would like to find a path to salvation and in the further course, in the last sections of this book, its direction will be interpreted.

Here it should just be pointed out again that we Germans, with our unfortunate tendency towards so-called worldly thoughts and lame objectivity, will not get very far in matters of faith either. We laugh at the "Polish Mother of God" to whom the Pole prays: he wants to know no other and his faith has held his nation together. Here, too, what has been said about the middle epitomes applies, which alone create a nation and - to speak Darwinian - in the struggle for existence alone make it viable (survival of the fittest). Also the God

Faith must not want to penetrate the mind and conscience from above, it must also wrestle its way out of landscape and tribal nature, language and custom, as it were from the soil of a people, it must also absorb the growth value of the middle concepts and always prefer to be a little too this-worldly than too other-worldly. A "Mother of God" who is supposed to have a face for Poles as well as for Indians and Chinese is also an absurdity for piety, because piety is the penetration of all things of the environment into reverence and faith. The Polish Mother of God is a constant presence for Poles, who is able to speak from the fields and forests and all the equipment of the Polish people. Gorresglaube aims at the individual and the common at the same time and wants to unite the highest and the most distant; but it is human nature to start from the individual and the neighbour.

This is also the case with our Christian faith. It has not yet understood how to draw its strength from the soil of the German people. That is why its fruits are only half ripe. Only when we complete the work in an active spirit that the German mysticism of Eckhart and Tauler began in an overly contemplative spirit, only when the struggle that Luther raised as a statesmanlike seer against Rome, a foreign nation, has come to an end - only then will the German people's thought have found its *raison d'être*. This does not require many historical works on Germanism and Christianity, much spitefulness over and over, it only requires the "freedom of a Lutheran man", who is a master of all things, a master also of the doctrines that have come down to us from the degenerate late period of the Mediterranean peoples, from a

The people have come to us. All it takes is the courage to step into the beginnings.

But we do not dare to step into the beginnings, we are weary of spirit, burdened with history and too disheartened to look into the dawn. And yet we come from heroic blood, we speak the language that a heroic people has created for itself. But it is to be feared that it is only the words we still use: the creative power is missing!

The German main and heroic language.

We can see nowhere better how weak we are than in the language itself, which was still full of freshness among our ancestors.

If you want to learn about the richness of linguistic power, you must have explored the languages of our fathers, if you want to know what it means to live with a heroic spirit, to stand in the beginnings, full of creative power, you must be experienced in the linguistic structure of our languages. They have been called the Indo-European languages: they are the languages of tribes of Nordic blood who have always brought their languages and customs to foreign peoples from north to south and east as far as Asia. Most of these languages live on - they are the Indo-European languages - the Nordic blood of the "bringing" tribes may have mostly dried up long ago, the Nordic race itself and its tribes will be discussed later, here the creation of these languages will be considered:

They are called the Indo-European languages and have their own special character among the languages of the world. Here we can only say this much, that in their prehistoric times they created a special force for the tense, which other languages do not know. One must perhaps have travelled in languages of a different kind, such as the so-called agglutinative languages, in order to be able to recognise

H8 The German main and heroic language recognises what a spiritual deed the creation of the time word is, as our languages know it. From it bursts forth the bold grasp of the world, the desire to act and will, the joy of attack, which a heroic people feels at the beginning of all creation. It is a ridiculous endeavour in our scientific age to imagine the creators of our languages as semi-animal prehistoric humans. The creation of these languages must have involved a much bolder spirit than is appropriate to an age such as ours.

What a wealth of languages these peoples have created and developed again and again into the strongest individuality, and among the languages they have created are those which have thought the deepest, the Indian, the Greek and the German, the languages in which perhaps alone original creative thought was possible. The heroic spirit, the liveliest on earth, had to be the deepest at the same time and gave birth to the Vedas, Plaron, Leibniz and Rank.

"He who thinks the deepest, loves the liveliest."

The people of the present would not be able to form only a part of such linguistic creation, if one explores the Germanic languages, one stands in awe of this "power of forming", this luminosity of seeing and this pictorial power of a summarising gaze. These Nordic languages have lived in abundance and beauty and in pictorial lushness - every word, as it were, blossoming in the composition of the sentence, every sound born of heroic pleasure in the act of creating, a youthful striding in masculine power, the deep creative lust of which we today, we weary in spirit, can hardly imagine.

We still speak the words, but the power of the image is missing, the glow of the words is missing, the firm fugue is missing and all this because we lack the creative power, the masculine spirit. How ashamed we stand before Luther's language! We have lost the passion and desire for the word; we no longer hear: therefore nothing sounds to us; we no longer see: therefore nothing shines to us; we "change words" like money and goods, do not think of their ring, nor of the image in them, speak them hastily, which our fathers strode with restraint and do not know what we are doing when we speak German, German, i.e. the language that today perhaps only makes creation possible, because it is heroically created and the will in it is heroic.

French is called an analytical language, a language that breaks things down. German is called synthetic, summarising, synthesising, and this should be more than a mere observation, it should lead us to a deepening of our German-ness. It should teach us what kind of poetry and why such poetry, a poetry of the summarising view, must emerge from the German language if it is to be genuine poetry. In the linguistic spirit of French lies what the Norman Flaubert achieved and attained: the single word (*le mot propre*). This necessary word at the necessary play, as it were at its geometrical Vrt, is like a conception from analytical geometry, begotten of a sharp and subtle spirit of dissecting observation, from the French spirit of creative times. Hence the perfection of *Lovsr^*, which is based on the

The high road of the French linguistic spirit, created by the Norman Flaubert.

The German word is different: in true creation, it does not come from a decomposition, but from the pictorial power of an eye looking together, which is why there is no single word in German, rather something like a single meaningful image. The German word is, as it were, a stone that the observing German throws into the "sea of shapes" for the sake of the wide undulating circles - he also throws it in the necessary place, but he wants to loosen the waves of meaning. The German word is less a geometric place than a hint, a hint, a letting look, an open gate. Goethe once said that the Latin language impales everything - the German language is its antithesis in that it prefers to conceal rather than to speak to the end, it aims to swing on, not to impale. Goethe understood it.

- Germans are only worthy of their language if they can create. The German language wants to be a language of design, of creation. Italian can soon be spoken as a joy, French as a pleasure, English as an expression of confident vigour. - German can either be spoken abominably and without force, simply as a means of communication, as the German of the time does, or it can be spoken out of a feeling for the creative nature of the German language, for its clang and visual power and out of a spirit of responsibility: then one speaks well and in a manner worthy of the German language. - Many languages can soon be spoken adequately, German can only be spoken very badly or creatively, because the summarising spirit of the German language is the spirit of creation.

How did the 19th Century, this age of

press and freedom of the press, acted on the language! If we wanted to use the expressions of this book again here, we could say: The 19th century has turned the German language, which was a language of men of destiny, into the language of man with many procedures. Thus the German language has degenerated into a mere method of communication, and what Goethe saw coming has really come true in the course of the 19th century: "With freedom of the press one may no longer write."

People no longer like to write because newspaper reading has become the dominant form of reading. Haste, irresponsibility, a lack of ear for the pace and length of words, half-thought, slanting - this is the common spirit for newspapers and newspaper readers as well as for books and book readers. The testimonies of ancient Germanic poetry confirm how slowly and powerfully our fathers must have spoken - the farmer still teaches us this today - and how the word is thought down to the bottom of the sentence. Only those who are still able to find the sound of Nordic character in the echo of the individual German word know their German and only they should be heard.

To hear the clang of such linguistic formulations, Ernst Moritz Arndt may speak to us of German language:

"We have experienced enough what unfortunate fruits the neglect and contempt of our glorious mother tongue has borne us. He who does not respect and love his language cannot love his people; he who does not understand his language does not understand his people and can never feel,

which is the true German virtue and splendour; for in the depths of the language lies concealed all inner understanding and all the peculiarities of the people. Therefore, German men, speak German, and speak it well and truly German, and you will soon be completely different men than you are now through a silent, spiritual transformation that occurs in you of its own accord."

Arndt recognised it: you cannot speak German, speak good German, without thereby shaping yourself. That is the marvellous thing about Germanness, but also its danger and doom in the world, that being German is nothing given, in fact hardly something innate, but always something given up - we will see this clearly later. Every language can be treated by natives and foreigners as a method of communication, but German is most devalued by this. Every language can be spoken well by natives and foreigners, but in the case of German this requires creative courage.

The German language has been called a main or original language, and Fichte glorified it as such in his "Speeches to the German Clarion" and gave us the task of becoming the original people again and stepping into the beginnings of this original language. The language of the German people has been called the original language because it has remained the same in its faithful today as it was in the past. The Gauls and Franks, who lived to the west of the German seats, gave up their languages, adopted the Roman language, Latin, and remodelled it until it became the French language. They turned the French language into a polished weapon of the mind.

The German main and heroic language s23 was created, which anyone who loves duels must love. But it is no longer an original language, the meaning is red. In German I can see pictorially, meaningfully, clearly what B. Rücksicht is, Einsicht, Vorsicht, vor-bild, Sinn-bild, Be-griff, erfahren, erleben, ver-mehr-en, ver-wirk-lich-en, zer-gliedern, zerknirscht, ursprünglich, entwickeln - corresponding words of French are also empty rlang to the native, the word stems are dead, the language no longer drives anything green, it is no longer an original language. A word like "experience" in particular gives us a glimpse into the collective power of our language. It is untranslatable in its fullness. Experience would have to be translated with words like event, adventure, happening and the like. This means that the translation remains stuck in external relationships and is unable to express the summarised content of an event that has also become an enrichment of the soul - this is the case when translating into French, and also when translating into English.

Things are only slightly different in English than in French. English has lost most of its Germanic vocabulary, i.e. the vocabulary that it can feel, see, taste and smell, and in its place is a Romance vocabulary that gives empty sounds, bellows of language, no linguistic life, sounds of understanding, but no primal feeling. In Shakespeare's "King Lear", Rent offers his services to the king and says to him: "You have something in your nature that I would like to call lord." Lear: "What is that?" Rent: "Highness." - In English, this is sutbority - authority, i.e. a combination of four syllables that are associated in the mind with

nothing corresponds, nothing can correspond, to the word majesty. - And so compare the marvellous words porzias in the "Ruffian of Venice", which begin thus: "The kind of grace knows of no compulsion" with the English Ibe "zuslit^ ok merv)^ is not strsin'ä - again, original language stands against bastard language. The pictorial power of English has been extinguished, it is no longer an original language. German has remained the original language, thanks to the individual Germans who fought for its purity and thanks to the individual creators who grasped its spirit. - It is up to us to preserve it, for the future generation to take new pride and create a new language.

Those who really feel what the German language is, who know that the task it sets us is marvellous, decide and do their part.

Reflection on the essence of the German language must also give poetry the insight that it is a summarising spirit, just as the German language is a summarising spirit. It is "not at all" enough to depict the disordered world with disjointed words and sentences, as naturalism and impressionism have done in poetry, i.e. to say that priests are priests, weaklings are weaklings and whores are whores, or, if it comes to it, that all haves are wretches and all have-nots are beautiful souls, why the expense of printing costs? The monthly journals for forensic medicine or for neurology and the like have always offered me more than the whole of modern writing with its descriptions of today's human race. There I found the observations more genuine than in the writers of that time. Nothing is done with that,

The German main and heroic language 125 to say how the people of today feel, how slack to courage it is for the artists of life and the furnishers of their soul cavities; Nor is anything done by repeatedly praising the real man of our time in novels, by describing his feelings in poems, which are always only those true to the time of the year of publication of the volume of poetry, the dishevelled, stupid, impudent, cheeky or disgusting, meaningless or even the so-called passion-ridden feelings of the age. With all this nothing is done, with all this it is only said that people and things can be this way or that way, and said in such words in which the creative spirit of our German language has no part, because they do not come from the spirit of powerful synthesis, because the contemporary writers of our day cannot draw from the deep stream of language, but ripple as the impure in the shallowest places in the turbid. There is a lack of pure vision and the power to create, which must have a lasting effect on the most fleeting word and meaning:

"Draw the poet's pure hand, water will pool." (Goethe.)

The runst mentality of the age has always been dissolution and an upheaval in the sediment of all decomposition - so in poetry, so in the art of sound, so in the visual arts. we must linger a little longer on this as an example of a contemporary runst mentality.

The heroic guild.

^H^was this whole runst of the ly. From a distant perspective, one could perhaps say that the creative and constructive force of the West lasted until the French Revolution and with it the age in which heroism was possible, in step with its time. This will become clearest to us in its full extent in the section on statecraft.

In the visual arts, one could draw the line behind the Romantics, behind a Raspar David Friedrich (borderline phenomena: Leibl, Menzel), in the art of music behind Schubert and Weber (borderline phenomenon: Wagner), in poetry behind Rleist, Hölderlin, Novalis and Eichendorff (borderline phenomenon: Hebbel). The art of architecture, which is perhaps the decisive sign of creative times, had already died in the Rococo, still in the sweetness of existence of which Talleyrand spoke and which still sounds to us from Mozart. At that time, something in the world went out. - As in art, one could draw the line in philosophy behind Fichte, Scheling and Hegel (borderline phenomenon: Schopenhauer). All these thinkers have indeed erred, but they have erred greatly, erred out of creative urge, and it is creativity alone that matters. In the lively division of labour of the modern philosophical "anthill of ants", the pleasure and power of thinking has been stifled.

I am well aware that creative people have emerged after the aforementioned break, but they have usually felt themselves to be more or less passionately opposed to their time, such as Bismarck, Wagner, Leibl, Hebbel, Gohelf and the Germanic van Gogh, or their creative power was more akin to a pure and honest transformation of the great legacy of the times, as with Storm and Reller, with Brahms, with people like Feuerbach or Böcklin.

From a distant vantage point one can say that since the time of Frederick the Great and Ram, since the time of our classical and romantic thinkers and artists, no man has stood among his contemporaries who stood in the beginnings, vltur Bismarck was a pure hero, related to the sea, the mountains, the thunderstorm and the oak tree. From his mighty existence we can read the measure that should serve us to recognise how this century stands bare, bereft of great creators - and not only in our country, but in the whole of the Occident.

The 19th century - all contemporary trends of the 19th century - have been dissolving. The visual arts are a good example of this:

The 19th Century cultivated Impressionism in particular, i.e. a runst mentality that roughly corresponds to materialism. Impressionism, related to the disintegrating spirit of the French, has achieved genuine nationalistic works of art in the West, but never in Germany, because the German spirit is either "constructive or not at all". That is why it has the most difficult standing in the world. Construction has always been alien to German Impressionism.

It is characteristic of Impressionism in all its genres that it wants to depict things as they appear before it. "What floats in fluctuating appearance" should be reproduced in fluctuating appearance, what the eye has taken in, gliding over colour value after colour value, it should find again in the pictorial work. The world as it appears in colour should reappear as a picture with the same immediate freshness - no more and no less - indeed no more, indeed not any thoughts of the painter about the world, that would be evil. The artist should be the reporter of what he sees - that was the intention of an era whose world view was then called positivism. The result was a trend that, among the French, among the positivist French, with their traditional moderation and certainty of taste - which, however, are often only an expression of their lack of intellectual boldness and no particular merit - produced works of a masterly kind among the French: positivism corresponds to the French spirit. - In Germany, the same trend has also occasionally produced paintings with a cohesive pictorial effect, but on the whole only paintings that may be listed in prize lists, and ultimately also in art histories, but will not be counted among the legacy of the German spirit. It is a law of the German spirit and Goethe expressed it thus:

"And what floats in fluctuating appearance, fix it with permanent thoughts!"

Just as materialism and monism, which was so much poorer in thought, wanted to elevate the method, the process of visualisation to a world view, so Impressionism wanted to create a method of visualisation.

rhode, to elevate a process of seeing to a runstanschauung, to a runstanschauung in general. The deep contemplation of the essence of the creative in the artist was lacking in both painters, the power was lacking to consolidate what was seen into lasting thoughts. - In a certain context, one can say that Rembrandt was the greatest Impressionist, but the difference remains the same: For Rembrandt, Impressionism was a way of "seeing and creating" that had to serve his work, but never an expression of his mind. Rembrandt was the creative one, who was called upon to paint by his urgent desire, and of the world as it floats in fluctuating appearance, he proclaimed something moving in a quiet love. But for this unfortunate man, form itself is still the material, appearance is to him like a veil over the powers of fate. Thus, before the simplest drawing of a landscape, we sense how much pain and bliss, how much cloudbursts and darkness this lonely man has concealed.

The power of the mind alone creates the great works of the Runst, which are permanent thoughts. The great works are seen on the battlefield that stretches along the borders between people and the world. It does not depend on the fluctuating appearance and who sees it "without prejudice", all these things are like the idle guessing at appearances that the cave prisoners do in Placon's parable; it depends solely on the creative gaze into the appearance and on the power of the mind, which forges the work from fluctuating appearance and from the intrinsic feeling of a powerful destiny; the power of the mind forges the work from the fluctuating appearance and from the intrinsic feeling of a powerful destiny.

of the mind, which fights its heavy battle on the battlefield between itself inside and the world outside. The things of cognition and "forming" are basically all simple to the simple^ those who have ears to hear may hear them from Plato's theory of ideas and from Rant's critique of cognition and mould them into their own fruitfulness. But the creator must first be simple in order to learn to see the simple. The dissolution of the wavering appearance into patches of colour finally degenerates into manual skills and runst pieces and ends with us Germans, as it must end, in a Berlin-like brashness of brushwork, in which those who see a process in painting as being true to the times may take pleasure; those who seek the shaping of a destiny in the runst will turn away from it.

Impressionism has come to an end and made way for other forms of dissolution; we have experienced Expressionism, which claims that behind its foreign word lies the fact that we should no longer tamper with appearances, that the new runst has been discovered, that we should come and marvel and buy.

The drum rattles numbingly. But it is said that the wise men had seen this coming since the time of Symbolism and the hustle and bustle around Greco and had experienced Expressionism like Mephisto the disciple:

"But this time he's one of the newest, he's going to get mad without limits."

Expressionism, in a simple but for the masses always astonishing process, has turned the matter upside down, has taken the corner that Impressionism had grabbed at one end and turned it inside out.

He even spoke of a beginning of all runst through him. In truth, Expressionism - which, to no credit of its own, has also had a number of valid things caught up in its advertising clamour - is in truth the end, the complete dissolution, a purely metropolitan runst of painted brain softening, in the runst originating from the same spirit that was apprenticed to the natives here and there in dance. Expressionism is really true to the times and, as it were, in the right place as the figurehead of a feverish zeitgeist that has already exhibited itself with rocade, unnatural fornication, native music and the cries of cattle and is now praising its latest feverish heat to us.

Expressionism does not want to know anything about any given outside world, it expresses its so-called inner world, rather, it wants to express it, just as it hovers in fluctuating appearance as a drift of its imagination. Sometimes it succeeds very precisely in suggesting the real inner world, this substitute for fate, on a canvas or on wood, and nowhere else do we recognise the essence of the zeitgeist better: we have to give Expressionism credit for that. -

Since we also want to recognise these things seriously and want to judge them for our own fruitfulness, let us also consider them here. We are immediately struck by the fact that here, too, there is a lack of fixation, a lack of fixation on lasting thoughts - the age lacks the gift of creation, whatever it may begin. There is as little fixed in Expressionism as in Impressionism. This undulating, intertwined up-and-down of ideas, this ""divorced fermentation of inner images - that much can be given by Expressionism alone, and

Since he wants to make a virtue of his weakness, he pretends to want to give only the "spiritual", we recognise in him the extreme end of a feminine age: the blurring of the boundaries between all ideas is to be painted, painted, composed and set to music. The feminine state of the spirit is to become Runstgesey - that is the abyss at which time stands.

I once dreamt of a phonetic law that was a tree and had green leaves; another time I dreamt of the little word "of course", which I wanted to place quite clearly and as unavoidable in a sentence in a planned letter to my landlord; in the same dream this "of course" also appeared to me as a little tree that shot up in front of me in the middle of a narrow forest path and could not be avoided. Thus, in the stream of imagination left to its own devices, image intertwines with thought, image with image, thought with thought to form intermediate formations that the clear-headed will rarely manages to grasp. It is a woman's whim to want to make sense out of such ""separated intermediate formations of thought and imagination - Expressionism is feminine like the whole age. Impressionism could at least be a bully and bullies are something masculine.

But neither direction was creative - one has to say that Expressionism already "was": today it is fast. One of the main preachers of Expressionism had given me as his last trump card the assurance that he only knew five people who actually understood what Expressionism was. When I

asked him about the other four, he came up with something possible. - Expressionism was already there.

All metropolitan runst is a current of time and excitement, all creative runst comes from the lonely, who are of male spirit, who see the world as Albrecht Dürer saw it, according to Goethe:

"their firm life and manliness, their inner wetness and constancy."

This is the creative expression of a man and his world. - Expressionism also wants to be expression, but just as Rembrandt was also an Impressionist and yet the catchword is ridiculous for him, every catchword is ridiculous in the face of all great runes. The Gothic runst in its development from the Nordic looping band (animal ornament) to its demise in the southern Renaissance has always been something like expressive art. The expressionists also shout a lot about Gothic style to the masses, and yet how ridiculous the buzzword is, because Gothic style is a style of masculinity and permanence. It has achieved the impossible: to consolidate the high aspirations and eternal endeavours of the Nordic man, the whole stormy impetus of the Nordic soul, into permanent thoughts.

Truly, to the creative artists of Nordic blood the word of the Lord is spoken in "Laust" :

"But you, the true sons of the gods, enjoy the living rich beauty! Da" becoming, da" eternally working and living, embrace yourselves with love's fair barriers, and wa" hovering in fluctuating appearance, fasten yourselves with lasting thoughts!"

This is how the Nordic masters worked. This is how Rembrandt's love for every creature on earth created a work of the deepest Nordic Christianity. The cathedrals of German cities are built in this spirit. This is how Albrecht Dürer's masculine spirit tore a runst of constancy and inner measure out of the vature, as he put it. This is how Johann Sebastian Bach, the master of inner measure and constancy, set his fugues, which stride like the fate of a mighty man. This is how they all, the true sons of the North, enjoyed the vividly rich beauty and lived their "solid life".

We, on the other hand, are the people of an age that is weak in procreation, that no longer knows anything about creation. No longer able to speak, no longer skilful in any work of construction, without destiny in life, without a leader in the state, too weak to believe, too disorganised for real knowledge, spoilt for pleasure, too cowardly to overcome, a disgust to ourselves - this is how we drift on! Creative power is lacking in life and in the world.

We can see from the German Runst masters what it means to be an artist. Runst is not just the rendering of an impression, as Impressionism believes, not just the expression of an imagination, as Expressionism believes; Runst is above all else the shaping of a destiny.

This means that a person must have a destiny if he wants to create real fulfilment. One cannot simply sit down in a warm workshop with paints and brushes and then be quite industrious, while outside the great temptations and trials are prepared. - I was once in conversation with a sculptor about the English world

and had tried to make him realise how healthy the selfishness that had built the English empire was. I had tried to show him the temptation and the soul-forging force and danger of the idea of power. The execution occupied the sculptor completely; I sensed that. But suddenly he broke off, withdrew and said: "I could lose myself in such thoughts." - These are the wretched, the half-souls who don't want to lose themselves, who don't have what it takes to light their light at both ends, to use a Bismarckian expression. anyone who can't lose himself in the great objects of human life for a few workshop hours, where he should find himself richer, is - measured by his claim to be called an artist - no more than an important person.

It is not important that an artist should know about statecraft, certainly not; but it is important that a man who wants to increase the spiritual possessions of his people should not only move about in a workshop, but go out, live, want, wrestle with all the living things of the world, experience the powers of his time, recognise the people of his time through hatred and love. Painting is the second, living the first; only from living life does a destiny spring forth.

The heroic runst is solely the shape of a destiny and comes from a mindset - not from the flight of a work-force mentality, only from the mindset of a heroic man. Only he who has first forged himself into a hero will be able to create a work of Nordic runst. The divine ones who have lived among the German people have lived heroically enough to have forged themselves

and forge their work in the embers of a destiny.

The artists of this time are in a bad way: destiny and attitude are missing. Most of the artists of this time are only suitable for a well materialistic view: they are living beings who excrete runst.

In the course of a conversation with a busy painter who called himself apolitical, it came about that he, sitting quietly, told me that he didn't care ("didn't care") whether he was a French or German citizen if he could only paint. - Just being able to paint, that's the escape mentality of those without destiny, who allow themselves to act if they can only paint. It is to such people that Schiller addressed the word heroic outlook:

"Nobility is also in the moral world. Common natures pay for what they do, noble natures for what they are."

I now hear the objection a thousand times that fatherless and mindless people could be "great" artists after all. This may be true for many of those who are commonly cited as artists, for a dense swarm of singers, actors, painters, poets, musicians, film artists and tightrope walkers - but it is not true for Runst, who is born of a destiny; for to live one's life as a destiny means to have risen from the depths in which only the great powers of the mind still reign, it means to have reached and seen the "mothers" like Faust:

"Shaping, remodelling, the eternal sense of eternal entertainment, surrounded by images of all creatures."

Only the great observers who have experienced the realm of the mothers within themselves are, as Dürer says, "inwardly full of character" and must bear their manhood from the struggle with the forces of fate. They do not rest until they do the same as Goethe's earth spirit, to live "in the floods of life, in the storm of deeds" and "to have stood firm where the forces of their time roar in high surf.

The creator of great runes has always been the earth-born, who has experienced his nation and fatherland in joy or pain, often also in hatred, but always in passion, and who has been awakened from every sleep by the pounding of two earth forces. Like Faust, he was always undaunted:

"and what is allotted to all mankind, I will enjoy in my inner self, grasp the highest and deepest with my spirit, heap their weal and woe on my bosom, and thus expand my own self into their self and, like them, in the end I too will fail!"

Such is the case with the creator of heroic runest. He takes his stand where a beginning is to be made, and where it is most difficult, where a work of runst is always at the same time a work of spirit.

The artist of this time lacks the attitude. He must therefore put up with it - it is half disgusting, half amusing to see - how the masses, who are his corresponding fellow world, stare at him as a strange animal that excretes runst. One has become accustomed to it and does something about it, not to judge and to look again and again at the latest repulsions of the contemporary artist as the most exciting part of his newspaper, these artist marriages and their divorces, these artist "experiences", which the "great" artist then turns into the "great" artist.

or that play or even film - the philistine, the enlightened man of our time, goes through all this in detail like the natural history of enchantingly strange animals. The artist has to put up with being looked at in this way, or rather, he likes to put up with it, because this contemporary fame among the masses secures his income. -

One sometimes remembers that in a bygone age a great artist called out to his brothers in high spirits:

**"Human dignity has been given into your hands - preserve it!
It will sink with you! It will rise with you!"**

(Schiller.)

We begin to understand why for Plato the beautiful is not an independent idea, but participates in the idea of the good, the highest idea. This is the great artist's certainty that although the work of art rests in itself, blissfully beautiful, the art itself and its creators participate in the work of the mind that is to be.

For this reason, the creatives have never been runst-worshippers and have only ever despised the aesthete and "artist of life". The creative person will only ever experience all runst as the joyful shout of his peers. He will often dwell the shortest on his work of art, because the clamour of the great powers of opinion leaves him no idle hour. What is all the history of the Runst to him? - The hero always stands in the beginnings of a world where everything is open to creation and all confirmation shines.

What else do we know of heroic runst? And if it came, would we still have the freshness of the senses that

we are torn apart in all our senses by the thousandfold noise of the advertising drums and have long since lost our clear vision.

No example can teach us today better than that of our Mozart what the creative power and drive of the Ftic senses are. Precisely because Mozart is not the restless, tormented and suffering man like Beethoven, precisely because he did not create a musical world of wrestling questions and terrible realisations, precisely because he is - one could say - the pure creator, the prodigal in himself, precisely because of this he teaches our present more than anyone else.

The runt of the 19th. The runt of the first century has always stuck much more to the struggle of the questions of existence and has only rarely and only for moments understood how to create a complete runt work, as Beethoven understood it above all insight into the dubiousness of existence. The runt of the 19th century carried this fraction of Beethoven's world, the struggle and questioning, with it as an inheritance; only it also made this fraction poor and weak for itself. The run of the age got involved with a hundred "world views" and wanted to solve so-called humanity issues. Every play wanted to be a "problem play", every novel a depiction of one or other of the truths of the day.

With all the so-called problems, however, neither in poetry, nor in the art of music, nor in the visual arts had a truly creative act been achieved.

Mozart is always unrivalled to us as the ravishing creator of lavish abundance. Pure "problems", not this or that is "presented".

or this and that sonata wants to say this or that - it's always the same revelation of a captivating fullness of creativity.

"I am the waste, I am the poetry"

Let Goethe betray the Rnaben Lenker in "Laust". truly: the work of poetry is waste, the work of literature is waste and nothing else, whoever seeks something "behind it", some sentence comprehensible to the brain, is a barbarian and is, as Hölderlin says, "deeply incapable of any divine feeling, spoilt to the core for the happiness of the holy graces".

We are so spoilt to the core by the happiness of all true Runst that we no longer know what to make of Schiller's words about the nature of Runst:

"Slender and light as if springing from nowhere, the picture stands before the enraptured gaze."

The Runst is for us again and again only "a kind of philosophical view, only a statement on the questions of the time, only a description of the spirit and life of struggling people, only a "judgement on one's own self" (Ibsen), only an examination of the meaning of the world - of course, the Runst is all that too, but it should be much more: a revelation of how alive, blissful, all-dominating, self-wasting pure creation is.

What is overwhelming and beautiful is hidden from us all. That is why everything around us and within us remains so unadorned and we never feel "slim and light". That's why no one knows who Mozart is. The superficial see in him an inferior, the educated a perfect form, the stylish a perfect form.

connoisseurs of the master of German rococo - he is all that - but to most people he is a so-called pleasure and they are "enraptured" by him.

That one should be truly enraptured, carried away, a gift of the realm - only some suspect this, for Mozart is out of date, is not at all and in no way related to this age. He is the creative that we lack, the exuberant that we have forgotten, the festive of the earth of which we are incapable. He is the Creator, to whom everything shines "slender and light" under his fathoms, the self-wasting one, who above all the agonies of his everyday life thinks only of giving and who at the end of his life gave himself this requiem for the celebration of his death, before whom we tremulously ask: where did the knowing one take the abundance of such "giving" from?

Mozart's work is the purest creation and should therefore mean the purest bliss to us.

How poor is the musical art of our age compared to Mozart's! There is a lack of design, a lack of fullness, we have achieved a great din with multiply amplified and multiply scored instruments, but the musical artists of our time have never progressed beyond a flurry of notes in which the occasional shred of a clear manner emerges, beyond a fever of rang effects that one can be sure of with a certainty. They have repeatedly confused mass with meaning; that is why there is a "symphony of a thousand". They have tried all kinds of new sound techniques, right up to the sound tools of African or Asian peoples, they have gone through everything from the scales of the gypsies to those of the Vstasiats

and yet created nothing that could stand comparison with the attempts of the youngest Mozart in terms of creative power and fullness.

The century has led us into impotence and deprivation with all its great cries that only now is the time for great things. It is a racing sign of our time to first "interest" the press and set up a "programme" before any work is done: only now has the right truth been discovered, only now have the world's riddles been solved or justice and human rights and freedom been found. But the result was always void, the publicity greater than the work that was to follow. A Ropenikus once thought his work through an age before it seemed ripe to him. In creative times it was taken more seriously.

Germanness and the heroic idea.

But shall all this praise of bygone times be enough? do we want to return to the Middle Ages or to the time of our Nordic heroism? do we want to reintroduce the customs and institutions of a fallen world, restore state and church, jurisdiction and rulings and all the old conditions of the ancestors? - Far be it from us!

The 19th century has not passed us by without a trace: it was our destiny and the superior man loves his destiny despite everything. What is mortal, we do not want to drag along as a mummy through the ages; what is immortal, the attitude that the good of all times has created, that is what we want anew; we want the same thing that the 19th century wanted, but we also want much more than that. We do not want to repeat the Gothic runst and turn over thought mummies that have been thought through to the end; the runst should stand before the landscape just as unprejudiced as Impressionism, but the artist should again create a lasting thought from his vision and destiny that speaks to us of the power of "Gestalten", how powerfully the event can be seen, we want to experience that for our own courage. How many or how few steps Luther took beyond the Roman faith and how much must therefore be "believed" in order to be ecclesiastically valid is something that has been set aside for us, historically and historically.

Since" Germanness and the heroic thought
are worn garments and no longer animated: the
attitude of Luther, the courage to break with all the present
for the sake of the future, that is what we seek!

Let the old paternalism of state and church be done away with, but let the paternalism of the masses, the dishonourable and shameless, be done away with as well. Let the blind obedience of the old be done away with, but likewise the blind indiscipline of the new; the inflexibility of the old, but likewise the inflexibility of the new. Let us awaken to what is timeless, the loyalty to our own nature, the attitude of all the heroes who have done a work! We do not want to have Bach's lies repeated in a new musical art, but his creative seriousness and clarity; not Beethoven's sonatas, but the proud perseverance in the stormy passion; not the thought of a light, but the attitude that lets everything German flow from the eternal; not Goethe's runt form, but this strength and power of vision to make the most alien to one's own spirit; not Bismarck's concepts of the state, but the attitude to devour oneself in the service of the fatherland.

Vloch once said: it's all about the mindset. This must be created before it is too late. Only the courage of our Nordic blood can help.

It will be the most difficult work that any nation has ever begun, because we Germans are deeply immersed in this age of perfect sinfulness. We still retain something of the old thoroughness: we ignore nothing, we have waded into all the dissolutions and swamps where they are deepest. Goethe once said: "It is the barbaric character of the Germans,

that they become heavy over everything, that everything becomes heavy over them." Truly, we have become heavy over the most flimsy things, what is a Gallic game with the French is heavy over us and we become heavy over it. The many shallow adulterous farces, which one can enjoy and amusedly savour on the French stage because of their witty power - the Germans cannot grasp them so Gallic and cheerful, they become mean in Germany, as it has appeared with the language, so again here: the German has the hardest time on earth, he can only live nobly or meanly, he does not want to succeed in finding the cheerful middle. It seems that he cannot live beyond good and evil.

The German spirit has had to fight for itself the most and must always fight for itself the most. It has always been the most "tried" on earth, it has always been faced with many decisions, it has suffered the greatest losses and done the greatest deeds. That he could lose himself as he did was part of the best in him. That he could devote possession after possession as faithfully as Hans in Luck and almost forget his own self when he endeavoured to gain knowledge of other people's minds; that he could be so serious about losing so much even where there was not much to gain - that is not only his fault, it is also his open-minded, foolish heart.

French people are born French, English people are born English, Germans are born as trusting "citizens of the world" and then have to confirm whether they can forge themselves into Germans. To be French, to be English, can also be a moral achievement; to be German

1^ö Being German and the heroic thought always means having done a moral deed in itself. Many Germans only experience their Germanness abroad. That is why the appearance of the average Frenchman is not unpleasant, that of the average Englishman often pleasing, but that of the average German so questionable and often so shameful. Germanisation is missing: the proud awareness of being part of a common force and of being German at every moment. A Frenchwoman who respects the German spirit asked me whether the German will finally find his way out of world war and decline to a love of his fatherland and whether he will then still write and speak his language so carelessly.

It is difficult to make foreigners understand the dubiousness of all German averages, and even more difficult to realise the possibilities of conscious Germanity. The French spirit has understood how to create a pleasing form of behaviour for an entire people - there are people who say that this is a good Vberkellian achievement, and they thus indicate the limits of the French spirit. But the French spirit also knew how to educate an entire people to unleash their patriotic fervour and passionate love of their language, and that is an exemplary achievement, especially for us Germans. But what we call the French spirit, whether in its manifestation as geuie Isrin, or in the other as esprit gsulois - both are historical achievements thought through to the end, what we call the French spirit today is all a work of pre-revolutionary France: this applies from architecture down to the tasteful labels of French perfume bottles. Especially the

In the French spirit, we can see what the individual endeavours of an entire people were once capable of. But this spirit has been thought through to the end, is fully developed, is today already more a frozen formula than a joyful new creation.

The French are not a primitive people - as we have seen by looking at their language. One need only mention a figure like Bach or Rant, just one of the number of our great creators, to realise that the French spirit is too weak for such works. Its greatest men will only ever be comparable to the middle men of the German spirit.

It is in the German spirit that it sets itself the infinite tasks that will pave the way for an entire future. That is why the German spirit so often lives as a forerunner, as a firstling, as something unfinished; that is why it will only rarely be pleasing, rather questionable and full of striving on and pointing outwards. The completed and dormant, the further thought and thought-out is not his work - the departure, the striving, the gate that has been blown open, a beginning before all beginnings and a completion beyond all completions: this is how he seeks the world. That is why the achievements of the German spirit stand as tall as the Gothic cathedrals on our soil. That is why the works of the German spirit stride lonely from eternity to eternity, as it were, in the highly enclosed space, like the only passacaglia that Bach wrote. That is why the history of the German spirit is not a unity, not a gradual structure. - The French spirit has become so sparkling in the heightened competition from generation to generation, it is an inheritance, a passing on, a constantly renewed joyful endeavour from generation to generation

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148 Germanism and the heroic idea up to the age of the French Revolution, when the creative power of the West was extinguished. The French spirit has always been an admired tradition for the French, to which they have always rushed with joyful endeavour, like young ducks from the egg into the water.

The German spirit can hardly be inherited. That is why there is hope for it that it did not become extinct in the age of revolution and in the 19th century, for it never passed from generation to generation. The lonely creators of the German spirit never thought of inheritance, because they themselves had gained their pleasure in existence from the fact that they came from beginnings. To be German means to start from oneself again and again. This is the hardest work on earth, but the German spirit lives no other way. There has never been a tradition to the detriment and happiness of German history - to our happiness in the history of German intellectual life, to the immeasurable detriment of the history of the German state and its average inhabitants. Here again we see the dubious nature of the German being in the life of the nations and our task to bind the various fleeing forces of the soul to the one, masculine will.

The good tradition of the English spirit was the happiness of all average English people. We have already considered these things. But what is a happiness in the life of nations and of the state has proved to the Englishman a deficiency in the spiritual, a limitation - a limitation indeed to what is useful, which is always a clear value in the life of nations, but nevertheless the very narrowing limitation that comes from werr[^] olä Luglsnä, a land of musical art and folk songs, from Sha-

Germanism and the heroic thought 14- kespearean country, a world bank-and-warehouse, a powerful state, but one that has somehow been abandoned by many good spirits.

It is the same again: if one thinks of Beethoven, Grünwald, Mozart, Leibniz, one recognises the limits of the English spirit. The Englishman has walked through history as a counter-image of the German, never losing himself anywhere, indifferently passing temptations of the world view where the German would have lived a year of his spirit. The English historian Seeley once wrote: "It seems as if we had conquered half the world in a fit of absent-mindedness, while we were guessing, we did not tolerate that the newly acquired countries should somehow influence our imagination or our way of thinking in the least."

The Englishman's incapacity to lose himself, to forget everything for the sake of a shouting realisation, his rigid self-assertion where a broad open-mindedness of soul should have given him rich insight - all these statesmanlike virtues have become defects of the soul. For all the nobility of a true Englishman, as a German one is confronted with him like a brother of Germanic blood, whom at least once in his life one would like to tear out of his self-evidence, his origins and his best upbringing for his own sake, so that he might one day descend with Laust, the German, to the realm of the mothers and learn to look - to look instead of observe, to look instead of scrutinise, to consider, to choose, to look as one can look from a Hellenic and German spirit. The Englishman never loses himself, therefore he never wins himself, just as the German wins himself

150 Germanism and the heroic thought can. The Englishman has so tamed the passion of the experience of existence that it must serve him ;" good day's work, but it has thereby become reasonable, so that it is no longer a passion. Only the passionate man experiences the world as a world, the Englishman all too easily experiences it as his trade and his property. This must kill his knowledge and deadens his spirit.

There is no reason for us Germans of today to consider ourselves superior to the English. The average German experiences the world in a more shameful way - I don't want to go into it here. Since the most serious accusation that Hölderlin had to make against us Germans in his "Hyperion", since that time the accusers against us have no longer been silent and could no longer remain silent, because they saw how the 19. Century began to live itself out. And yet the same Hölderlin had to sing about the fatherland again and again, most beautifully in the song that begins like this:

"<I> Sacred heart of the peoples, O fatherland, all-tolerant like the silent mother earth and all-unknown, when even from your depths the strangers have their best."

The depth of the German spirit is its decisive inheritance. The breadth of experience of the German spirit is undreamt of by other peoples. The very concept and word Erlebnis are uniquely German and can only be experienced. To be German means to be called to a destiny, and because it means this, the appearance of the masses is nowhere more repugnant than in Germany. That is why the present age is the most ignominious time for the German. The Frenchman in the 19. century the Frenchman has become more hollow and vain, the Englishman more selfish and shallow, the German

But Germanness and the heroic idea are un-German and therefore contemptible. The German spirit must, as it were, demand the highest of itself, and it was precisely in the 19. Century most falsified. Is it surprising that Germany's reputation has sunk so low?

Heroic statesmanship.

^^^here is one thing above all: heroic statesmanship will only come from a hero, not from ministers and deputies of a majority and not from the emissaries of the masses.

It can only emanate from a man who, in the destiny of his own life, has deeply and purely experienced the landscape and tribal nature of his people and their tradition, custom and history, who has struggled for the meaning of the nation to which he belongs, as well as for the meaning of his own life, and who realises in moments of his "seeing" that he is the chosen and only one and that his time has come. He must have the insight of destiny and experience reverently as a grace that the questions which have led him to his destiny were born with him from his people; he must experience this certainty, which is only bestowed on some creative people, namely to be as old in one moment of life as the co-born age of his own people. Goethe experienced this in his own mind and once expressed it, and Bismarck's life was - whether he realised it or not - the life of such a chosen one. The idea of destiny in its interweaving of the world's hour and man's will opens up to us again and we sense how a hero might look into events. This is a silent experience of the hero as statesman: ready

to be to the destiny in which individual and national destiny are intertwined for good and greatness.

How richly blessed is a nation that is preceded to power by such a hero! He is the truly native of the people, the earth-born, who has the courage to step into beginnings, to uproot for the sake of new seed-land and to dry up swamps and to be active into old age like Faust, who, a hundred years old and blind at the edge of his grave, thinks again of a beginning. - Only the hero of such a kind will found a kingdom in which a people, "not secure, but free from activity" (Goethe, Faust), steeled to power, can live out their day of work and reading.

Heroic statesmanship emanates only from the hero and not from the eloquent, who know everything: statistics, stock market reports, public opinion, favourable opportunities and the requirements of the day, not from those who know how to do it, from the eloquent, who act important and make speeches, knowing quietly from their own experience that everywhere water is being boiled and everywhere there is a lack of it. Real statesmanship does not come from the doctrines of worldly happiness and is not formed in party trade, it does not come from the shrewd, who know how to lie with fine words for the public good, not from the shrewd, who have good and secret relationships with the few hundred money men of the whole world and know how to hold secret meetings and secretive dealings in supervisory boards - these are all the pests in the state. Nothing can be expected from the benevolent, the so-called free-minded humanitarians who want a lot of progress, from all these powerless people.

There has been much talk in our days about *sraarsleitung* and *Staatsleiter*, people have repeatedly pointed out with Schiller that majority is nonsense. Goethe's rallying cry has been cited, which uses the cowardly, disguising foreign words of majority rule so confidently and with the tone of inverted commas, as it were, and should therefore be repeated here: "Nothing is more repugnant than the majority: for it consists of a few strong predecessors, of rogues who accommodate themselves, of the weak who assimilate themselves, and of the masses who roll along without knowing in the least what they want." This is why Goethe, who was elected to the Weimar Parliament, never attended the sessions.

"But why are you so seldom present at our meetings?

I don't like to sweat for long periods of time, but I'm always on the lookout for the majority."

All these things are too well known. They should not be enumerated again here, above all because the discerning person knows the situation, but the blind person is usually also blind in faith, and not because views of state life depend less on the way we look at things than on our attitude.

In an examination of the state life of our time, which does not want to get lost in details, one must always remember the words of Goethe, which so unerringly capture all the phenomena of the 19th century and the present, and which have been used again and again in this book, must always come to mind: "Before the revolution everything was endeavour, afterwards everything was transformed into demand."

The truth of this prophetic saying has been clearly proven to us in the intellectual history of the century, and it is no less true in the history of the state: wherever a contemporary stood up in our age, he made a speech full of demands, dissolving the valiant endeavours of the fathers, and so that many speeches full of demands could be made, the age created the so-called people's representations with their demanding majorities and minorities. One stands before Bismarck as before a giant of prehistoric times, because he really was the last of a generation of creative statesmen. What has come to state leadership in the West with him or after him are all descendants of genuine statesmanship, either devious practitioners of the tricks of the trade that are reserved for the masters, as in England, or - what is much worse - well-behaved harmless people who do not even know what a trick is, as in Germany. Creative statesmanship, which had a heroic effect in England in the striving times, dried up there in the 19. Century just as dried up (borderline phenomenon: Disraeli) as the Prussian statesmanship of Frederick the Great or Bismarck.

Heroic statesmanship - to repeat - is resolutely creative statesmanship, is the bold statesmanship that knows how to awaken in a people something new and lively, a capable endeavour, and Prussian and English history offer their best Western examples of the past. One must have the courage to make a precise judgement: It is never and never heroic statesmanship that is content with satisfying the demands of public opinion

and to appease and to divert and calm the desires of other states. Such state leadership is nothing other than the racing sign of an age that cannot say no. It is the flight mentality by which we have recognised the times, and it is the "heroic state leadership which the German - this is a painful realisation - has mostly cultivated in this period. Bismarck once characterised the conception of the state that the German alone seems to know, and from which he wanted to tear him out, this conception of the average German as follows: "We do not engage in foreign policy, i.e. no active policy, but we confine ourselves to picking up the stones that fall into our garden and brushing off the dirt that flies at us as best we can". There is a lack of desire for power and therefore a lack of involvement in events. Bismarck once put it like this: "Our politics upset me, we remain driftwood, blown about on our own waters by foreign winds."

Statecraft is creation and, like all creation, comes solely from passion and the desire for power. Whether it is out of love or out of hate, it depends on the deed alone - we have recognised that! That is why statesmanship, heroic statesmanship, is not statistics, official experience or anything like that, and does not come to us from a handbook of political science or from warm party enthusiasm - we are not asking about any of that here; we are only talking about power, about increasing the empire and its morality.

Fichte, the heroic moral teacher, recognised this, and that is why he wrote a textbook on statecraft, parts of Machiavelli's steeling book, with his

Lichte was the manly thinker who struggled deeply and boldly for the heroic idea. Lichte was the manly thinker who struggled deeply and boldly for the heroic idea and who recognised that heroic morality will only exist where a people rejoices in its power.

The most powerful spirit of a people only comes from power. All human spirits desire reality, and where a spirit is powerful, it demands timeless power. People, men and nations, are measured by their thoughts of power. It is the master-at-arms in events, calling for confrontation. It is a serious word and one that has a moral judgement for the strong: Might is right. - This word means: You have experienced that life on earth is a struggle, and have seen how the armed are the victors - so arm yourselves! Whoever has correctly understood why might equals right and how moral this sentence is to the moral, must be made capable by insight; he must see the goal to which all state life should lead, this goal of attitude: Be a strong people of morality, so you acquire a right to power! If you are an efficient people, your power must become a right! If your power gives rise to morality, your right will be a privilege!

The German people have hardly ever felt the violence of a thought of power. This has been the despair and shame of so many of its strong sons. It is no use: he who has not felt this passion to dominate has not felt the fullness of earthly existence, has lived weakly where he could live strongly, has saved on life where he could consume himself, has squatted with the wretches where he could stand with the burning ones.

**"I win dominion, property, the deed is everything,
nothing is glory."**

Thus speaks Laust, and he would rather give his soul to the devil than renounce his deed, his dominion and his property. The German is otherwise a slave to all devils and spirits of renunciation - if only he would surrender to the spirit of dominion! It is so easy to describe property as robbery if you only know the power as a mass flood and mass consumption, if you do not know the power of the Normans to sail south with a few Viking boats and found states. It's so easy to call the rulers overlords and slave traders if you don't recognise the deeds that need to be accomplished in order to gain a piece of earth in the tropical land to feed your own densely populated people, how could anyone understand the will to rule that burned in Cecil Rhodes, the blond, blue-eyed Englishman with the vulture traits, for realisation! "I wish all this English," Cecil Rhodes said when looking at a Rarte Aftika. He had realised what expansion was: proof of a people's efficiency and vitality. He once wrote: "After reading the history of other countries, I saw that expansion was everything and that, since the surface of the earth is limited, the great task should be to take as much of it as we can."

So this man worked undaunted on the idea "from Rap to Rairo" as a smpirs-buil- äer, as the English say, as a Mehrer des Reichs, as we want to Germanise it. In such a life, it is not about money, an old age in prestige and wealth or anything else - the deed is everything here, not fame, here it is only about what Laust sees as his highest endeavour.

The empire's increase. In return, property has been conquered for the empire, so that "cattle, men and old men can spend their years of valour" on the multiplied earth.

The power that Faust acquires is a right, and the property that he acquires is not robbery, but an increase in the kingdom. This is the moral meaning of the sentence: might is right. This alone is the effect of heroic statesmanship, which is creation.

Such statesmanship has never emanated from parliaments - one should use the German word "Geschwätzhäuser" - in Germany. Representatives of the people have to deal with the "demands" of the present; that is, as it were, their value as a consultative voice and nothing more should be expected of them. To create the mindset of a capable generation, i.e. to work an "endeavour" into the present, has never been the work of a people's representation, always only the work of great statesmen.

That the right statesman may come to us! - That he would come to create, as he must create out of heroic love, out of heroic hatred and out of heroic responsibility, as he must create out of a hotly experienced joy in the landscape and tribal nature of his people, out of his Nordic blood and a mighty passion for power and the increase of the realm!

He has no easy fate prepared for him: The researcher starts from thought, the artist from the purity of his "seeing", and both come to works that carry their perfection in themselves, each according to its own kind - The statesman should start from reality, should tear a work out of a thinking of rivers and mountains, iron and steel, and the artist's work should be a work of art.

The hero is to tear a work out of the thousand forces and conditions, material and spiritual, of a country and a people; out of all the reality that only a hero can penetrate, he is to create a distant future. Only wicked impudence, which does not know what it is doing and should do, can push itself to such a work; or else it happens in such a way that the God-believing courage of a strong man stakes his life on it. "I am God's soldier," Bismarck said, "and where he sends me I must go, and I believe that he will send me and carve out my life as he needs it." - That is a good faith for a heroic man.

Recognising reality - this is the most difficult work of heroic statesmanship that requires a chosen one. It is shameful to think here of the real man of our time: he is the antithesis of the hero. The hero does not gain reality from a multitude of procedures and bustling activity. He is born on earth, to whom reality is related like his destiny. It comes to him from the purity of his being to know in which moment of world events he has stepped. Knowing the facts is not the first and only thing about him, it is his grasp of the facts that characterises him. He has dared to hear the call for his work from the events, that is the statesman's all-or-nothing. He must have the heroic courage to stake his whole life on one throw, and if this choice frightens him, he is not the right man. He must do the hardest thing in the world

He is prepared to accept the risk of being measured by success, because he knows the masses. His will is firm: "If we are beaten", Bismarck said at the outbreak of the war in 1866, "if we are beaten, I will not return here. I will fall in the last attack. You can only die once, and it is better to die than to be beaten." So the hero dares, for he knows he can only fill his life with this one purpose: that he may serve for the sake of distant generations. Any other choice would be flight and defeat; so he goes forward.

The passion for power leads him a sure way and his faith in God is deeper and new every day. In success and triumph, where the insolent becomes more insolent, the hero must become more humble than the believer in destiny. Bismarck once said what is important in statesmanship: "To hear the rushing by of the deity and to grasp a corner of his garment, that is all."

For the right statesman, his office is an office of the righteous; he wants to awaken the right attitude in his state and for his state in the next generation. The goal of the state is an independent morality, and the way to achieve this goal is to increase power both internally and externally; the morality and greatness of an entire people and the great thinking of an entire people cannot be found in a corner, it can only be found where the struggle for power is raging.

The aim of the state is to create a mindset and establish morality. This means nothing other than forging a citizen out of the philistine, out of the man of money-making and so-called cosiness - without a rough grip

it will not work! But the citizen should be - that is the task of the state; the citizen should become a man who knows what it means to be born on earth, in the midst of the struggle for existence of the great powers, who experiences it as a duty and a pleasure to be born into a great context of events and who feels a sense of belonging to a noble people, wherever he may be, with righteous pride. In this way, the obligation is created for him to be an example of the spirit in every moment of his life.

The will of a people to be a state is inseparably linked to their pride in being the first people on earth. Some so-called savage peoples simply call themselves "the people" in their language; the other peoples are somehow counted as foreigners, as non-human, as inferior, and that is, despite everything, a good thought that testifies to virtue. The Greeks despised all other peoples as barbarians. They were right to do so, for their pride created the high Greek morality. It is often repeated how the English put themselves first, believe England to be there for the salvation of all peoples and see all others only far behind, close to savagery - they do well in spite of everything, in spite of everything. This firm belief has made them great.

Dostoevsky's words apply as a law for the value of a people: "Every great people believes and must believe that in it and in it alone lies the salvation of the world, that it lives merely to stand at the head of all peoples and to lead them to the final goal which is destined for them all. The great conceit, the belief that one wants to and can say the last word of the world, is the pledge of the highest life of a people."

That we had such faith! But we are the objective ones, the harmless believers of a cosmopolitanism, the harmless followers of a brotherhood of nations, we are everything and nothing at all, a shrug of the shoulders for proud nations.

The coming statecraft, if it wants to be a creation, must forge a German nation again from the shapeless mass of Central Europeans that we have become - it will not work without the rough grip of a hard lust! All parties have realised how water is being boiled everywhere; in secret, the insightful of all parties admit that a house of gossip, no matter which electoral law it comes from, remains a house of gossip, and that no opinion ever comes from gossip about gossip. - What shall we do?

There is no shortage of world happiness doctrines in our time and there are enough dubious preachers around us. But there is only one thing we need to do to finally get out of all this misery: we must ruthlessly overcome the entire present age in all its contemporary manifestations within ourselves. It must start with each individual. The hardest work is to be done within us, and the conditions will only change with us; for every age has the conditions that it deserves. Some say that overcoming this is only a work of denial. This is admitted at first, although to deny a dissolution, a blurring of boundaries, a lack of conviction, in short a negation, means as much as shaping, delimiting, awakening conviction, in short: affirming. Richard Wagner once said that you only have to know clearly what you don't want,

then you are sure to create what you want in life.

That is the terrible admission and yet the only promising one of our days: The spirit of the age has so completely dissolved and decomposed the community of the house and the state, the attitude, the runst and world view, that we stand at one end, at the groundless sludge of the sediments of all times, at the most disgusting nothingness in history, and that therefore, if there is anything left of us, we must become a beginning, we must become a beginning, that if there are still men among us who can no longer breathe in the decomposed dregs of the West and feel within themselves the courage for the most difficult work of history, that we must then follow these men and step into the beginnings. It would be the rebirth of the heroic among us!

This is the question of destiny that has been put to us: You have heard of the decline and fall of great powers and have already made a kind of necessity out of it - do you have the courage to become the first counterexample? Do you have the courage to place yourselves a second time, by virtue of ruthless self-conquest, as a people in a beginning? - Whoever has once experienced this moment in the world, which is called our present, in its depths, cannot do otherwise: he must live his days in the certainty that both hang and hover and want to fall: downfall and rebirth.

Is there still time? Are we rejected or chosen? if we still had to choose? if it were still in our will? if it were so that we could boldly and coldly forge our own destiny? if we heroically wanted to place ourselves in a beginning as the chosen ones and, by virtue of our own will, could do so?

of our souls, which we forged ourselves, stepped into, to where the beginnings glimmer?

We can" if we find the right will. It is not new procedures that make us new, not new voting rights, not new institutions - only the heroic spirit of our Nordic fathers makes us new! It must be the "old true" of which Goethe speaks:

**"The true one was found long ago, has joined
noble spirits, the old true one, it sat on!"**

After all, we have become very experienced, very learned and very scientific. So let's do it properly and thoroughly! Our science should help us to rescue the old true from the dissolution and mud of the present. It should show us where the creative forces of our prehistory and history came from. It should show us the heroic race to which we owe the great deeds of our history. The doctrine of the Nordic man should be the foundation on which the education of future generations should rest.

For the first time in the history of the world, we men of the present have come to recognise the causes of the greatness and decline of nations. New orders in the state and in individual life must arise from such realisations. This is the first aspect of our present situation, from which a beginning must emerge if the beginning is to find its heroes.

The heroic race.

The eye for racial characteristics has been passed on to contemporary Europeans in a completely blurred state. The German in particular, who in any case has such a hard time training his eye to a pictorial gaze, the un-pictorial German, walks through the streets of his cities without reading anything out of people's stature, skull formation, skin colour or gestures, without suspecting that this or that fold of the eyelid, the shape of the cheekbone, the colour of the skin, the colour of the hair, the softness or tightness of the hair, this or that gesture - gestures are always an expression of the entire racially determined bone and muscle structure - that all these things are a glimpse into the natural history of Western man.

I lived in an area of Germany where a non-Nordic population remained on the inhospitable mountain heights after the Nordic Germanic tribe that had invaded from the north had driven them out of the inhospitable plain and the fertile foothills. It is a small, dark, dull tribe that has not yet produced a creative human being. I remember how an Italian of Western race whom I knew was horrified at the sight of this population at so much ugliness of stature and facial structure - the neighbouring Germans of Nordic blood noticed nothing: the pictorial gaze is missing, which in the spiritual aftermath of the war is a very important factor.

If the "educated person" finally opens his eyes at the sight of such groups of pre-Germanic colonisers", he speaks of remnants of Roman blood as if the real Romans had been Mongol relatives, or he speaks of Celtic indigenous peoples as if the riders had not been of Nordic blood: tall, blond and light-eyed.

We are woefully uneducated in matters of racial differences and the racial structure of the German people. The freshness of thought is lacking; a lack of creative vision, so characteristic of a calculating age, clouds all our perceptions, deforms our mental life in such a way that the rich organisation of the world around us cannot penetrate us at all. Our age, which is often called a scientific age, has, through its methods of cognition, which all necessarily transform what appears to the senses into a numerical expression - through its purely calculating approach, the age has brought it to the point of weakening our senses themselves, of dissolving the formative power of perception.

It should no longer be necessary to talk about the fact that there is not and cannot be such a thing as human equality. It should be an experience of the blood of every individual that racial difference causes fundamental differences in character, that therefore there can never be such a thing as equality of races and of peoples composed differently by race in character, aptitude and aims, only in Judaism has a people once become aware of the pervasive power of a clear racial idea. Thus

Judaism has worked with passion and tenacity among all its members to ensure that they can live scattered all over the world, that they can belong to the most diverse peoples, languages, creeds and classes and yet above all feel themselves to be Jews and feel that they belong to their particular blood. This is an exemplary work of a blood community and is based on the certain experience that racially different peoples are fundamentally different and separate and that only racially equal people can experience themselves and the world in the same way. The Jew knows that there is no such thing as "humanity"; he knows that peoples of different blood can only be separate-feeling, separate-acting, separate-wanting communities and that only the same blood can be the basis for something lasting. This is where his exemplary racial idea comes from. Disraeli, the Jew, wrote: "Race is everything, there is no other truth; and every race must perish that carelessly gives its blood to mixtures."

Every single race must think and act differently, must wish and want differently from all other races. If you look closely, you will discover that the same expressions in the same language must mean different things to racially different people; different races and people of different racial origins must misunderstand each other. This is what makes the governance of a racially mixed people, such as the German people, so questionable and so unclear and difficult as long as a single racial idea has not come to dominate as the goal of state thought. The German idea of empire - as we have already surmised - must be a Nordic idea.

there will be no empire at all. We must solve the racial question, insofar as it is an imperial question, and it necessarily is, we must solve it and find the answer in the German state of the Nordic race. Then we will have founded the empire that must remain with us. But we must first hold the key to world history before we can create Rlares, and here again the English statesman Disraeli, the Jew proud of his blood, may give us a hint. He once wrote: "The racial question is the key to world history, and it is only for this reason that history is often so confused, because it is written by people who did not know the racial question and the driving forces behind it."

Indeed, everything here is still in disarray, the confusion in historiography has not yet diminished, and the great masses have not yet heard of racial matters at all. Almost all scientific works still confuse race and language, race and creed, race and nationality. The views that are confused on all sides are the most widespread here. For example, one always speaks of Germanic and Romanic peoples as if they were different races, thus considering here the external characteristic of linguistic affiliation and must therefore overlook the fact that, for example, the heroic Corneille was of Nordic blood, a Norman, or that the marvellous Lionardo da Vinci was of Nordic blood, as were most of the creators of the Italian revival.

k There is really only one people among us who know about their blood and thus about racial matters in general, the people of Disraeli, the Jews. One must

They should realise this exemplary racial loyalty and learn from it for themselves: there are Spanish, Danish, English, German, and today also Japanese Jews; there are Catholic Jews, Protestant Jews, Mosaic (Israelite, Jewish) Jews, there are propertyless and rich Jews, there are ennobled Jews - but they know: each of them cares about their Jewishness and about the Jewishness of all others, and they remain loyal.

across countries, peoples, languages, classes and creeds, and despite no longer having its own living common language, the Jewish people have held together in faith in their "chosen" blood. For this reason, and quite understandably for this reason, the Jewish people have come to secure dominion over world capital.

And now a look at the peoples of the Nordic race, whose original homeland is central to north-west Europe: they have lost themselves in the world since time immemorial and have perished again and again in the racialism of other populations since time immemorial, elevating these populations in beauty of stature and spiritual power, but losing themselves and disappearing again and again in foreign peoples. The important book "Alteuropa" (I-2ö) by <L. Schuchhardt has examined these things archaeologically (and my books on racial studies provide further details). Since time immemorial, streams of Nordic blood have poured southwards and eastwards. Radiating out from the regions of the Baltic Sea, it has, as a victorious being, wasted its creative power in all the countries of our continent and beyond as far as India; it has brought with it arts, high morals, world views and inventions

and produced it wherever it came and wherever it lived,
and yet it has perished as a race everywhere because
it lacked racial consciousness, its own racial idea,

We know today that it was people of Nordic race invaded the
areas that were then called Greece the Ionian and Doric
migrations Look at the heroes, as Homer describes them,
and look at the gods they created in the image of their
bodies: they are of Nordic blood, tall, long-headed, blond
and light-eyed! Look at the sculptures that they have left us:
they show the bodies Thus these heroes invaded the
established peoples of the peninsula, first slaying and
exterminating what opposed them and enslaving
what wanted to remain under their rule But then they created
from their Nordic blood: the heroic morals of the Homeric
age, the temples and images of the gods and the poetry
that we honour. Still in the evening of the Greek fate, when
the Nordic blood was already drying up, Plato arose from
the blood of the Greek nobility, who received his name after
his heroic figure and his bodily strength, Plato, who is our
high master This Greece was a great deed of the Nordic
race

The Roman Empire, as created the statesmen and
generals of the Roman aristocratic families Again, it was a
racial act of Nordic people They were the nobility and of a
different blood than the plebeians, and marriages between
nobility and plebeians were initially forbidden, not because
of class antagonism, but because of racial antagonism.

But the Nordic blood that fought the battles of Rome, realised this masterly idea of the state and created the Roman Empire, this Nordic blood dried up on battlefields and seeped away and became polluted in mixed marriages - so here too the dawn broke. Even in the decomposing age of the Raisers, the Nordic blood still showed itself in the blondness of the degenerating Roman nobility; but the masses, the inferior ones, had triumphed and finally the degenerate mongrels of the late Roman metropolitan masses no longer understood the heroic mission of Rome and dissolved and decomposed and cried out for bread and games until there was a swamp of peoples around the Mediterranean - the same swamp through which Christianity first had to pass before it came to the Germans. Once again, Nordic blood had dried up and been wasted; a Nordic racial idea had not materialised.

The Riding invaded the southern peoples from the north and they were the second-to-last stream of Nordic blood - tall, blond and bright-eyed. The Rimbrians, the Teutons, ever new tribes of the Nordic race, dried up and bled to death on heroic journeys. And finally, already in the full light of history, the Germanic tribes, the youngest of Nordic blood, set out and were a marvellous people - Tacitus described them - a tall, blond, bright-eyed people, radiant in victorious strength of body and soul. The migration of peoples led them across the Occident to bold battles and lavish deeds. Wherever we follow in their footsteps, whether to Spain, where the Goths lived, or to Italy, where the Lombards and Goths lived and where the Normans later travelled - everywhere.

we see them in the midst of dissolution, in the nothingness of the ruins of nations and the decay of the south, founding capable states and erecting marvellous buildings. One must read the excellent book written by Albrecht Haupt on "Die älteste Baukunst der Germanen".

The Anglo-Saxons travelled from the mainland over to Britain, created a rich state life on conquered soil, a magnificent poetry, and later grew even more through the new influx of Nordic blood that broke into the country with the Danes and Normans. Anglo-Saxons today share in the power of the globe because they have grasped the idea of power, this characteristic of heroic state life.

The Germans prepared themselves to establish the imperialism of the Middle Ages - a mighty will and action had come over the Occident since the heroic race had sent ever new troops from their original seats on the Baltic Sea. The earth was filled with "mighty sound". - In the Normans of his "Bride of Messina", Schiller described the formation of the heroic race in a visionary way, as the Normans set off in Viking ships to conquer Sicily:

**"Those were given the mighty will and the
unbreakable power, armed with terrible
strength, carry out what the heart desires, fill the
earth with mighty sound."**

And Schiller has already seen the doom of such state foundations, which do not find their own racial and popular ideas:

**"But the great heights are followed by a deep,
thunderous fall."**

Must they fall, must the heroic blood dry up in Greece, in Rome, in Spain, in Longobard Upper Italy, in Norman Lower Italy? Must the tall, fair-haired Indians of Nordic blood, from whom came the rich formation of Indian thought, must they perish in the racial mixtures of India? Did the Germanic Varangians in Russia have to perish in the blood mixtures of Eastern Europe? -

It could not happen otherwise. One thing had been lost or remained unconscious from the beginning: the (source of the heroic force, the pure blood. The idea of race was missing. Thus, in Lower Iria as elsewhere, despite all the conquest, only the defeated remnants of the Mediterranean remained. Schiller recognised these facts and let the defeated race speak out:

"The foreign conquerors come and go, we obey, but we stand still."

Thus, in all of history, the ten times conquered slave peoples have remained standing, the conquerors have disappeared. The slaves never made the heroic demand that they only wanted to live as free people. They bowed down and hunkered down and lived on.

Thus in our occidental history the Nordic blood has wasted itself in giving, has done imperishable heroic deeds and yet has been absorbed into southern peoples and inferior races because the racial idea was lacking - the racial idea that has preserved the Jewish people through the centuries across countries, peoples, creeds and languages. - "Every race must perish that carelessly gives its blood to mixtures."

We are amazed at the outburst of heroic deeds that the history of the so-called Italian Revival tells us about: how were they possible from the mixture of peoples of the Mediterranean? Today we have found the key to world history: the proud nobility of the Italian Renaissance states, the proud artists of the Italian Revival, are of Nordic blood, either from the territories of the Lombards or from those of the Normans. Ludwig woltmann analysed these racial relationships in his book "Die Germanen und die Renaissance in Italien". From the evidence of the physique, skull formation, hair and eye colour and character of the great men of the Revival, it can be seen that they were men of Nordic blood. Thus the Rebirth could be interpreted as a new, later invasion and victory of the Nordic race. If you look at the portraits from the Italian Renaissance in the Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum in Berlin, for example, you can always recognise men of the Nordic race in these hard, long skulls and bright eyes, and nowhere do you come across facial features and body shapes such as we usually observe in the Italians living today. Giotto, Masaccio, Filippo Lippi, Donatello, Signorelli, Boticelli, Lionardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso - to name only the most pure-blooded - were of Nordic blood, Lolumbus, Galileo, the great men of later Italy, such as Alfieri, Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Lavour and Gari- baldi, also came from Nordic blood. Now we grasp the key to world history again, now we no longer wonder how

the great deeds of French history were also possible. One only has to read the French heroic poems of the Middle Ages, where the blond, blue-eyed barons and the beautiful women with white skin and golden hair are depicted again and again, as in Italy, so in France and so in Spain: the epitome of human beauty always equalled the epitome of Nordic physique, as we know that Frankish, Burgundian and Norman blood were the best forces in the body of France. Corneille and Flaubert, the two great Normans, were born to the French from Nordic blood. Ronsard, Poussin, Voltaire, Houdon, Montesquieu, Mirabeau, Pascal, Diderot, Luvier, Puvis de Lhavannes and also Müsset, Lamartine, Berlioz and Manet were of Nordic blood.

Now we are no longer surprised at the heroic attitude in the works of "Corneille", the noble Norman. Now we are no longer surprised at the un-French, not at all French, heavy-bloodedness of the great Flaubert, who was not at all metropolitan: he was a Norman, blond and blue-eyed. Faguet, who wrote Flaubert's biography, calls him a true Viking ("uv vrsi vilcioß").

But what if Flaubert himself had known where he belonged? what if the unclear feeling of being "German" (corul je suis "IlsilLitä") had grown into a clear realisation of his Nordic nature? what if all men of Nordic blood, be they Russian or Italian, English, German, French, Spanish or Scandinavian, if the people of the Nordic race had understood it? what if all men of the Nordic race had understood it? what if all men of the Nordic race had understood it?

would have been able to stand together, across all languages, classes, customs and continents, as the Jewish people have done? if the heroic race had succeeded in discovering, consolidating and passionately preserving its own racial idea?

It is pointless to develop this idea further. It has not come to a racial idea of the heroic race. The remarks here are only intended to prove the truth of the Disraeli saying, by the strangeness with which they confront us, that only he has grasped the key to world history who understands the racial question, but how strange to us all are the insights into the nature of the racial conditions of historical life! -

But these remarks teach us another thing: namely that the original sin of man, the sin of abandoning oneself, of disregarding one's own nature and thus losing oneself, seems to be inherent in Nordic man like a diabolical legacy. The Nordic man is rich, the richest man on earth, he has accomplished the great deeds of world history and of the spirit. He has acquired only too little selfishness and has given away more than a man is allowed to give away: he has given himself away out of careless courage. He has perished in foreign peoples, and where he has preserved himself in a people of the Nordic type, his people, he has - with the exception of the Englishman, who has found a national thought - walked through the ages as Hans in Luck, giving away his good self for an inferior foreign one. This is the original sin of the Nordic people. Only a Germanic people has been saved from giving up on itself by

his good selfishness: the Anglo-Saxons. It is for this reason, and understandably so, that they have become the rulers of the earth.

We need the science of the diversity of human races and, above all, the doctrine of the nature of the heroic race.

In the Occident (Central and Western Europe), there are pure and mixed crosses of Sudetic and Faelic races alongside less distinct influences:

The Nordic breed - tall, long-headed, narrow-faced with a pronounced chin; narrow nose with high nasal root; soft, light (golden blond) hair; receding light (blue or grey) eyes; rosy white skin colour.

The western breed (Mediterranean breed) - small, long-headed, narrow-faced with a less pronounced chin; narrow nose with a high nasal root; soft, brown or black hair; receding, dark eyes; brownish skin.

The Dinaric breed - tall, short-headed, narrow-faced, with a steep occiput; strong nose, which, with a high nasal root, protrudes far out, sinks downwards in the cartilage part and becomes quite fleshy towards the bottom; softer brown or black hair; receding, brown eyes; brownish skin.

The eastern breed (alpine breed) - short-grown, short-headed, broad-faced with an unexpressed chin; short, blunt nose with flat nasal root; hard, brown hair; forward-set, brown eyes; yellowish-brownish skin.

The East Baltic breed - short, short-headed, broad-faced with an unexpressed chin, rather broad, curved nose with a flat nose

Root; hard light (ash-blond) hair; slightly slanted, forward-lying light (grey, white-blue or blue) eyes; light skin with a grey undertone.

Each of the races of Europe has its own mental make-up, and they can be mixed in different ways, even in such a way that a mixed-blooded person has a Nordic nature and a Nordic disposition, for a person's disposition is another racial sign. The German people has blood from all the races of Europe in its body. In the more efficient times the German people was predominantly of Nordic character, today the darker racial components have gained a great deal over the old German character; today the German people is endangered, endangered, for this is certain: the valuable race, the constructive, creative, moulding, the bright, heroic race is the Nordic race. History teaches this, and a glance at the features of the great men of the West shows it.

We see it most clearly in France: it had a creative history and a creative spirit until it dealt the death blow to its better ethnicity, the Nordic components of its people, in the revolution. Here in the Revolution, the obedient and stagnant, as Schiller calls the lesser-raced dominated of a people, this "Nordic part of the French people rose up against the "foreign conquerors", the Frankish, Burgundian and Norman nobility, and not only against the nobility: so surely did the old racial antagonism work here that it was enough to be blond to be dragged onto the blood scaffold by the hands of the many lesser-raced people. France, once so prosperous, is today in slow decline.

is*

The victory of his morality - the blood of the heroic race is missing! It is moving to see how recognising Frenchmen, Nordic men, feel the end. The Nordic blood has almost dried up.

And another look at the racial conditions of history: every upheaval that emanates from the masses must be an upheaval for the lesser-raced sections of the people against the higher-raced ones, because the heroic race has never tended towards the mass spirit. Heroes are lonely and solitary and think for themselves alone - we have seen that. - Now look at the people whom the German upheaval of 1918 has washed into our state leadership, and compare these people with the men who had built up our empire - what an appalling decline in racial and male values, what figures, what faces, what gestures this upheaval has flushed out! It would be an instructive picture book, depicting the creative men who thought and created the German Reich, always next to the people who worked on the dissolution of the Reich idea and on its decline: the racial days would have to dawn on the least. Now, at last, the beginning must gleam before us, into which we can enter: the conscious and passionate seizure of the Nordic heritage, the old true, the commitment and the will to the heroic race.

The further research delves into the history of the peoples of the Indo-European language, the more it recognises the talent and beauty of the people of the Nordic race. Even the oldest grave finds, the oldest pieces of jewellery and implements bear witness to the overwhelming intellectual power of the Nordic race. The Norse sling band (animal ornament), from the

The spirit from which the entire development of the Gothic period comes is full of a powerful creative will and rich creative power. The Rlang instruments that have been found bear witness to the fact that the Nordic people had matured into a musical art in Germanic culture, in comparison with which the musical art of the other peoples of antiquity must pale into insignificance. Thus the powerful development of the Germanic art of sound is already heralded in the beginnings, in prehistory.

Not only the most talented, but also the most beautiful man is the man of the Nordic race. There the slender figure of the Norseman stands erect to the triumphant expression of the bone and muscle structure, to the marvellous proportions of the broad, powerful shoulders, the broad chest and the narrow, firm hips. The growth of the woman blossoms with narrower rounded shoulders and wider curved hips, but always in slenderness to the most charming grace. In the man the harder-cut face, in the woman the delicate face, in both the luminous, flushed skin, the blond hair, the bright, victorious eyes, in both the perfect movement of a perfect body! - a royal race among men! Thus the Nordic people have appeared as the jewellery of the earth, as the radiant rudiments of the joy of creation.

We are not surprised that the artists of the West have never formed the beautiful human being in their paintings and poetry in any other way than from the growth of the Nordic race. <p>Whether Italian, French or German poets and painters, they have all sought the epitome of the beautiful man only in the mould of the Nordic race. Can one imagine Dante singing of his own blond hair, Beatrice in the

would have seen the corporeality of the dark races? Can one imagine a Lionardo or a Dürer who sees his Christ as a broad-faced round head with dark eyes? The Nordic man is the measure of beauty; whether Italian or French painters, they capture the beautiful man as a man of the Nordic kind.

Why could many French artists, most clearly the Burgundian *puvis de Lhavan- nes*, create their images of women from the body of the Nordic race? They must have felt that non-Nordic femininity as a physical expression would not have reached where they wanted to point through the fullness of the spirit. As if one could sense a secret, a longing of the Nordic Lionardo da Vinci, one follows his hand drawings, which again and again depict the pure-blooded woman of the Nordic race, which again and again search anew for the Platonic idea of the Nordic woman, as it were, out of a vision of his soul, restlessly, with a deeply concealed desire and out of a nobility that only the Nordic blood confers, from which the glorious man himself is.

The Nordic man is the unconscious longing of all those who look, who want to find a nobility of humanity in reality, who conceal a passionate love, who bleed to death from love, to a race of men who live a heroic day, in abundance and power, in knowledge and works, alive in morality, alive to beauty, alive in wisdom and courageous in action.

To want, create and call for such a generation - that is the endeavour, that is the task we have been set for our own nobility.

The task.

his office is now prepared for the state; we know Goethe's testimony that before the revolution everything was an endeavour, after it everything became a demand. This will be repeated with every overthrow that emanates from the masses. The office of the state, if it wants to become a heroic state, is now to awaken a new endeavour, the endeavour to become exemplary German, to become the Nordic race. How the Nordic, exemplary German character is to prevail in the home and the state, in the individual and in the people as a whole, what individual changes are necessary for this, cannot be explained here. The first part of this book has outlined the goals; the second part outlines the moral foundations of a heroic state - when the will to be heroic has awakened, creative men will rise up in all areas. The Nordic way of life will have to prevail in elementary school textbooks and further in all education and training, until the course catalogues of our universities show that the doctrine of Nordic man, of his nature and nature and of his thinking, senses and desires, has become the foremost object of research and teaching. The Civil Code and the Penal Code must express a German law of Nordic essence. In a word: no area of bodily and spiritual life may be

where the overcoming of this 19th century and, even more so, the sincere endeavour to be heroic.

When the spirit of Nordic blood is once more strongly stirred and comes to clear expression above the clamour of the age, men will arise who will tell us how we must make our bodies strong and our senses Irish in the heroic spirit of the Nordic race, what we should tell and teach the cattle, how we should act and educate, sing and speak, build, research and speak justice out of a heroic spirit.

Once the sentiment of Nordic blood stirs again, the German women will live among us, from whom a heroic generation must come. From the timeless epitome of German femininity, the free mutual respect between man and woman, which is of a Nordic-Germanic nature, will be reestablished in the moral life of our homes and in the organisation of our public morals, and will become the vitality of our existence. The German woman is given tasks like no other. She is the guardian of the blood, from which the physical rebirth is to emanate. She is required to have the purity of experience that is due to the mothers of heroic men. She should live towards the purity of the Raffe and the heroism of future generations.

j In the organised structure of all individual endeavours, one gives meaning and value to the other, until manhood and womanhood, until law and public life, custom and faith, school and university, state and community, art and science, one like the other, are expressions of the one morality, the one morality that belongs to each individual people.

enjoyed with the pursuit of Nordic style gives value and dignity, and gives confidence and serene work.

We have recognised the growth value of a racial idea in the example of the Jews, the growth value of a national idea in the example of the English, like a distant goal, like an uncertain future of which one should not yet speak at all or at most among equals, so the development of a Nordic racial idea appears almost like a view of things refuted by all the facts. Will there be a Nordic racial idea, a blood community, a blood conspiracy of Nordic people of all peoples and classes? - That is a question that echoes in the lost world today. Moreover, it is in the nature of Nordic-Germanic man that he comes together to form tribes and special confederations and individual peoples. There will always be separate peoples and tribes of the Germanic language, and we Germans in particular, with our fatal tendency to "humanity thoughts", would do well to think first of the next, of the tribal land and tribal nature, and above all to do a work which must become the fteudige work of many generations: the grasping and consolidation of a German national thought. It is determined by the Nordic way and gives every smallest tribe the deepened awareness, an awareness of being unconquerable in pure blood, of being powerful in heroic pride in morality and of being combative as the "guardians of" the empire.

In this way, folk ideas and racial ideas of the German meet in the target image of the Nordic man.

Even the most ignominious figure in German life, even the philistine, must not make us fainthearted towards the goal. He must be shaken until he becomes a citizen, however agonising it may be to shake him and however miserably he will resist. The hard lust of the coming statesman of the heroic kind must also do its work on the philistine.

The philistine is the wretched person who says straight out that not everyone can be a hero, and then thinks about earning money and cosiness again. The philistine is the wretched person who tells every enthusiast, every accuser, every driven spirit, with broad clarity, that his cause is exaggerated and exaggerated. The philistine is on good terms with all those who, like him, scold and right their good part and say how lousy things are everywhere; but he immediately loses his cosiness and becomes impertinent when it is pointed out to him how every single German must act differently of his own accord if things are to improve.

The 19th century gave birth to the enlightened philistine. In the past, the philistine was intolerant, narrow-minded, dismissive and self-righteous. Now he is tolerant, slack-jawed, conciliatory, mercenary and howls with the wolves. He is a born liberal. He really has turned Christianity into his slave morality. Christianity means something to him that allows him to earn money with disreputable little businesses, that allows him to deal with all kinds of henchmen and accomplices; for he does not judge, lest he be judged. He believes in a God who sees through all five fingers, in some old sleepyhead god of forgiveness,

with whom he would one day find a warm home, even if he was "no saint". Not everyone can be a saint or a hero.

It is difficult to refrain from a tasteless tone when contemplating the philistine, for the provocative tastelessness of the philistine almost demands it. One would have to speak here of the philistine's beer mug, which he does not allow himself to be deprived of, even if the whole state trembles; one would have to speak of his cosiness, which gives the most miserable picture of human existence - enough of this: one knows the philistine, and among those who also think they know him, there are still many who are the closest philistines to themselves.

The philistine should become a citizen. That is the first impossibility for every Renner in Germany. But we must get to work! Here, too, it is only a belief that believes it, because it is so foolish; for the philistine persists - one might compare him to a rubber bulwark. He lives his persistent certainty that not everyone can be a hero. That is the sentence that he constantly and completely claims for himself. It is also the philistine who, in his enlightenment, is most likely to declare broadly that the German people are a mixed race and that striving for the Nordic race is madness, an exaggerated madness. And yet the philistine must be shaken. He must learn that all racial mixing of a people must not stifle the striving for the superior race; he must learn that a heroic spirit in an inferior body is itself a racial mark of heroic blood, that heroic striving remains the first race mark of the hero. - How many Germans

are of pure Nordic blood? That is a difficult question to answer. We Germans have become a mixed race. Does that mean renouncing the good blood in us altogether? Truly, the minor Nordic man who strives for the heroic is more heroic than the Nordic man who lives the same kind of days. In our age, the will to become a heroic race is almost in itself a heroic act, is at least such a steadfast resistance to all the darker heredity that circles in the German body of the people that a man's destiny can mature from this resistance alone. - Thus the citizen must be shaken, he must at least wish his cattle to share in the good blood heritage. The will to be kindred must be awakened in him. This is the noblest task of an efficient state.

It must not be forgotten that the philistine bourgeoisie is still often a good racial soil, that men can come from dull citizens of Nordic blood, once the mind is awake. There are modern novels and comedies that profit from making the bourgeois quite ridiculous. If one listens more closely, one realises that in such works the philistine bourgeois is intended to ridicule the real German essence, and always out of the corrosive wit that the big cities shamelessly breed. It should not be forgotten that in the bourgeoisie men grow up again and again in a dull environment who do not become philistines.

The task is to save them through education and to awaken in them the new endeavour, the will for the Nordic race and morality, we do not want to despair in this work, despite everything!

Only from a single endeavour, a joyful will on the part of all members of the people, will morality arise. Only a people's idea will found us the stronghold of a respected people. Only a racial idea makes a people eternal. Let the heroic spirit of our Nordic blood be our racial and national spirit at the same time. Heroic sentiment creates for us this firm certainty of being invincible as a moral unit and in our joyful striving together; we have seen how the morals of all times have always been built on a firm certainty, on a belief.

This is the unique aspect of our situation, that we have recognised the value of pure blood and, above all, that we know what great deeds we have to thank the Nordic race for and that we must therefore acquire their inheritance in order to possess it. It has been argued that the idea of race is an absurdity in our age of endless racial mixing, and that to speak of racial purity in the West is to speak of the purity of an ancient whore who has given herself to everyone. That is the right judgement from the point of view of the uncreative man, from the point of view of the man who only ever says how it is and never how it should be. But here lies the uniqueness of our age, and that is why we can step boldly and coldly into the beginnings: race is - Kantian speaking - not given to us, but given to us; if there is a guiding principle for the German future, it is this.

The heroic race was given as a gift from heaven at the time when Tacitus glorified it. This Nordic people lived throughout Germania, the heroic-born, pure and self-sufficient.

themselves, as Tacitus wrote - the youngest, freshest people of Nordic blood, a pure-blooded people, happy in their pure tribal life and Germanic freedom.

At that time in Iceland, Scandinavia, England and Germany, race was a given; we have given it up. It was given when the musical and pictorial art of the Occident was born out of the Nordic creative spirit, when the Reckentum and chivalry formed its essence and its honour, when the Nibelungenlied came into being, when German mysticism, by virtue of its Nordic essence, began to transform the degenerate Christianity that had been handed down; pure race was given when the German Raiserium came into being in mighty action and heroic devotion to deeds, when the spiritual edifice of the Occident was erected in all-individual striving.

In all the creative times of the Occident, pure race was unconsciously active. Only the 19th. It was not until the 19th. century that all its institutions and thoughts completely abandoned the drift of the past, arrogantly turning to all the latest doctrines about the nature and goal of our existence.

Perhaps this had to happen so that we could become a beginning, and we want to be a beginning! we want to know nothing of all our origins and accumulated lack of freedom and prove ourselves to be free. That is what the 19th. We do not overlook the fact that this century has left us the most difficult task: that we should ruthlessly overcome the century itself within ourselves in order to become truly free. - That our time can thus become a beginning and the most capable beginning in all history, that is its incalculable value.

In this way we can enter into beginnings, trusting in that which is most precious to us: the life-driving blood within us, from our Nordic heritage. This results in a moral law for the people and the state and for each individual, and this is how we summarise it:

Act in such a way that you can think of the direction of your will at any time as the basic direction of a northern racial legislation.

The philosophy of an earlier time searched for the "general legislation" that should be the principle of action for all people; the content of Rant's categorical imperative was still determined by the concept of a general legislation. Today we have become aware of the essential limits of earthly forms of existence, we have become aware of the brackets of the nation, the necessary walls that every special kind of nation must erect around itself to preserve its own being. The demand of our classical age that man should become a personality, a self-conscious man, has gained even greater power for us: a nation is only valuable to us if it lives its existence self-consciously; we know, therefore, that the most general legislation that can ever be conceived for the shaping of a reality is that which clearly and purely embraces a nation. If it is to be clearly willed and clearly formed, then the widest possible embrace of a special kind is that which establishes it as an intrinsic value, such an intrinsic law. And for us it reads like this:

Act in such a way that you can think of the direction of your will at any time as the basic direction of a northern racial legislation.

In such a sense, Nordic culture is a

Race and with her heroic Art abandoned
At such a moral and state law
the impossible would have to succeed. The people would
have to be made out of the masses, citizens out of
philistines, those with strong roots out of the uprooted,
organisation out of dissolution and joy out of despair.

Conscious of our Nordic blood - that is, conscious of its
richness and aware of its dangers - we must dare! Today
we know what dangerous things circle in the Nordic blood,
how the Nordic man can all too easily give himself away
with all his wealth to foreign peoples and foreign spirits. We
no longer want to be the foolish man, the Hans in Luck.
Conscious of our blood, that is what it means to be
imperious over ourselves, that we finally found the kingdom
that must remain with us. Conscious of our blood, that
should mean leading an attentive life, so that everything we
create becomes real and lasting, as Rleist interpreted the
liberator in the "Hermannschlacht", that is how we want to
become: We want to become wise of state, because we
have experienced that all the goodness of the Nordic man
is abused by the lesser race and the foreigner, sharp-eyed
and quite silent, because we know how dangerous the
childlike open-mindedness of the Nordic man can be; and
furthermore, like Hermann the Liberator, we want to
become men who can carry within themselves a strong
hatred that steels the soul, but we want, like Hermann the
Liberator, to preserve above all marvellous hatred the pure
love, the childlike, rich love of the Nordic man, always
conscious of the one thing that the Nordic race is the
nobility among men.

If such a splendour and beginning were to come upon us that we would become a heroic people, that would be the new earth of which the Edda proclaims, the morning after the twilight of the gods and the night and nothingness of this century. Then the prophecy would have proclaimed well:

**"Let me alight from the tide, the earth in fresh
green, the eagle soars over foaming falls, fish he
catches on soapy walls."**

The cool morning air of the beginning should blow around us on the day of the new heroism and the kingdom would be founded.

Afterword to the third edition.

When I was asked to prepare this book for the third edition, more than eight years had passed since it was written. I realised immediately that I had a work of youth before me, all the more a work of youth because the war years had prevented the writing of many of the thoughts in this book, even if, on the other hand, these very years had brought many new thoughts to the book. I immediately recognised that it would have been impossible to rework the book in the sense that I would have had to adapt it to my new insights. Instead, I learnt that sentence of Herakleitos of Ephesus: "We do not enter the same river twice." - What used to seem particularly important to me could now have lost some of its subtle importance here and there. Others might seem to me to be underemphasised. Here some things were too confidently asserted, there others too hastily decided, there others too timidly discussed. Judgements about this or that phenomenon in the life of the people, the arts, the state, etc. had more or less shifted for me, were based on other trains of thought or were now more clearly substantiated.

So I decided to scrutinise the book mainly in terms of the way it was written. But here, too, I proceeded as carefully as possible: I abridged where I found unnecessary repetitions or overly broad discussions, deleted where I felt the

Epilogue

Darstellung all;" , I have occasionally inserted a clarifying word or substituted a more descriptive word for another. On the whole, however, I have endeavoured to preserve the original version even where it seemed to me today to be overly youthful. Every age should retain the right to its own spelling. I have received enough testimonies from younger and older people to whom the book meant something, precisely in its language. These, too, have made me hesitate to undertake any actual reworking.

Lidingö (Sweden), March 1-28.

Hans F. R. Günther.

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