Letters to Matt Koehl from Savitri Devi

Part 10

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We now resume publishing selected letters from Savitri Devi to Matt Koehl with some of Savitri's earlier letters. We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi

Postmarked 25 July 1975

Dear Comrade Matt Koehl,

Let me first thank you for sending me so regularly White Power—which I delight in—and the NS Bulletin. As a payment for this I’ll send you (when it—at last!—comes out, that does not depend upon me), as many copies of my book (written 1968-71) started printing 1972 and only half printed yet for lack of money on my part to pay the printer. It is being printed, 3,000 copies and 100 copies “deluxe,” entirely at my own cost (in French)—Souvenirs et Reflexions d’une Aryenne (Memories and Thoughts of an Aryan Woman)—as you wish.

I’d like to send you at least $10. But $10 is 80 rupees which is the salary per month a pupil gives me for one hour’s teaching weekly. And I have already two private pupils all these weeks since the school “Alliance Française” is shut (May, June, July). Begins in August, if they give me a class. I get paid only at the end of August. I am struggling to meet the expenses of printing of this book of mine, and don’t know when and how I’ll get the heap of un-printed stuff I have into a printing press.

My book, in German, Hart wie Kruppstahl [Hard as Krupp Steel—Ed.], written 1961-63; my prose poems in English, For-Ever and Ever, written 1952-53. Another book in French, Tyrtaios the Athenian, etc., etc. If I die before I can get enough money to have these published, I do hope somebody will be kind enough to do it in remembrance of me.

I had planned to sell my gold jewelry for the printing of this book. Unfortunately, on l March 1974 at 8 p.m. in a scooter carrying me (or expected to carry me) a short distance from here, I was assaulted by a man who jumped in the scooter, with the agreement of the driver, who at once pulled down the flaps, gagged me, sat on me to keep me immobile, and stripped me of all I had: twenty-seven gold bangles; a heavy gold chain (some one hundred grams); a big gold ring, twenty-two carat gold: my savings of sixty years. The police never found the criminals, as I could not tell—not knowing it, not having noticed it—the number of the scooter.

That is why it is now so difficult for me to get my book out quickly.

I loved your two issues: 20 April and a later one about the events in Vietnam—in which you so clearly show what I have tried to show all my life, namely the more the human part played by our Führer—call Him “The Prophet of a New Age,” call Him a reappearance of the One-who-comes-back, when all seems lost. As I noted in The Lightning and the Sun (I have only one copy left) the Hindus called Kalki, the last incarnation of the divine spirit in our Time Cycle—the One who will destroy utterly that rot that we are taught to call “civilization,” and open the long “Age of Truth” (Satya Yuga) or Golden Age that will begin the next time cycle. He is the only successful man (God and Man) who fights against the stream of decay.

If our Führer had been He, He would have won. He could not win because he was not He but merely His Forerunner (as all “Men against Time” are), and probably the last one. It was too late already, thirty or forty years ago, to give back steady power to the Best, and save what was still worth saving on earth. And it was too early for the coming of a new cycle: the Best had not yet suffered enough to deserve it. (They are suffering now in the post-1945 hell which is the world, wherever you might go.) And it will go from bad to worse. That is the price for choosing hell, instead of choosing Hitler.

It began with Yalta and the three slaves of Jewry: Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin—the last, the least obnoxious of the three. Our Führer had said that “if” He ever made him prisoner, He would allot him as a residence “the best castle in Germany.” What a difference with the treatment the victors would have allotted Him had they been able to!! The three, plus that giggling, permanently drunken slut, Sarah Churchill much photographed with the trio. It will end with the rule of “Big Brother” Jew himself—the “Anti-Christ,” the Christians who happen to be also Aryans will call him (and the coming of the One, they will welcome as “Christ come back”).

But names mean little. All those who (on whatever pretext) raise their hand against Adolf Hitler and His rejuvenated Germany, or allowed their governments to do so without violent, active protest, will have to go down the drain. England will contain 50,000—or perhaps 20,000 only!—real Englishmen, Aryans (Anglo-Saxons and Celts) in some 300 years to come. The rest of her 200 million inhabitants (they’ll be 200 million by then in overcrowded slums) will be the children of shame and the descendants of those half-Negro babies one sees so many of (alas!) in prams in the streets of London—and of lesser towns! I saw two sets of twins in Cheltenham in 1962. (Was not allowed to land in England since I took part in the Cotswold camp and the birth of the WUNS.) And what will the 50,000 (or 20,000) English Aryans do? Curse Mr. Churchill—and gather regularly in the private solemnity of a . . . Hitler cult!—at last—and wait for the Avenger, and praise His ways.

What is the racially conscious Aryan humanity in the USA to do now? Keep fighting against integration, of course, and against drugs and propaganda. But, before all: LAST—have racially conscious Aryan children, and never allow the thread of pure blood to break: LAST, until the coming of the One, a thousand times more ruthless than our Führer was, who will destroy this “civilization” and open the “next” time cycle with an “Age of Truth.” (As there is at the beginning of every time cycle.)

25 July 1975

I told you I enjoyed reading White Power immensely, although I should much prefer Aryan Power. “White” is an ambiguous notion. Jews are mostly White. So are, or were, all Semitic people. On that very ground, in “racialist” South Africa, Jews flourish freely (own diamond mines) while the high caste Hindu with Aryan features (and not darker than many a South European) will not be allowed citizenship. Anyhow, I suppose “White” is good an expression in the USA under menace of being overrun by a Negro majority.

By the way, I was told it was a French slave dealer that brought, and sold, the first twenty Negroes to the USA. From twenty, they are now twenty million! And the Aryan masters of the day had no scruples in having sexual intercourse with the female black slaves—shame on them. The result you can see. If there ever was a man who needed lynching, it surely was that Frenchman who started the whole procedure of corruption.

The one thing I strongly object to in your paper is your calling Negroes “animals.” I love animals—all, but especially felines. They— and they especially—are beautiful. Negroes are not. That is the first thing I have against them: their flattened noses, thick lips, tiny high-set ears, and woolly hair. I never for an hour believed in man descending from “the ape.” I’d rather think it far more likely that apes (especially of the big size) are descended from man—and the Negro, so similar to them that it seems incredible at times, could well be the intermediate stage in the process of decay. That is why there are Negro tribes that cling onto bits of genuine tradition, without the slightest knowledge, of course, of what they are accepting—theoretically.

I protest against your lumping ugly people (and so often criminal ones on top of that) with the innocent (always) and, in the case of certain species, such as the feline tribe, supremely beautiful living masterpieces of Nature. It is insulting to animals.

Now I entirely agree with that correspondent of yours (who signed “A Friend of Animals” but did not give his name) who wrote in a letter quoted in White Power some time ago that, if vivisection is not to be entirely suppressed, it should be entirely suppressed on animals of any species, and restricted to criminal two-legged mammals. (Not merely Negro, but White also.) An Aryan who works against his race is worse than a non-Aryan enemy. And one of the best things my exalted Third Reich did (in my eyes) was to replace experimentation on innocent animals by experimentation on actual or potentially dangerous people. I have from the start congratulated the German doctors of the Great Days who did so.

Personally, I never take any medicine that has been found through experimentation on animals or tried on them—and would not take any to save my life. And I never accepted any type of vaccination or inoculation. I managed to slip through up till now and am nearing seventy. (Shall be seventy on 30 September 1975.) Was vaccinated against smallpox—without my consent—when I was eight days old, and never since. And when I was born—30 September 1905—weighing 930 grams (not even two pounds) being not a seven month, but a six and a half month old premature baby, doctors said would live “a few hours at the most.” And here I am, alive and kicking, seventy years later. That’s “science” for you.

In my eyes the great problem here in India, and in the USA (and, I should say, all over the world) is the population problem. The danger the real Aryan is faced with, is being out-numbered and finally submerged by a heap of inferior specimens of the two-legged mammal, who breed like mice. The solution (again, in my eyes) is for the strong who, for some reason (hereditary illness or weakness in the family; admixture of alien blood, be it several generations back, etc., etc.) complete life-long abstinence; refusal of sex under any form (which does not necessarily mean refusal of “marriage” as an association of co-fighters for the same cause, as has been from the start my own association with a Hindu Aryan). For the masses and the weak, unable to control the organs of their body, sterilization of all but a certain quota of the inferior races and of the diseased among the ones of better stock.

Man should be and remain a minority species—but a beautiful and healthy species—in a world with endless forests and heaps of wild animals. In India, there should be not 600 million people and only a few tigers, but perhaps 100 million tigers (and other big cats) and from five to ten million people—a million or two Aryans, and the rest to help them and work for them. Making beautiful clothes, jewelry, all manner of artisan products they excel at producing. And no industrialization, for which their people are unfit. Import the few indispensable items, if any.

In the seventeenth century, France was on four fifths of her territory still covered with forests. Now? Let the forests of old Europe grow again, and none but the healthiest, the strongest, the best Aryans in Europe breed lavishly—and maintain their restricted numbers through a dangerous life (war or other means) not through that disgusting way of cheating Nature which they call “family planning.”

If our Führer’s parents, seeing that their three first children had died one after the other, had resorted to “family planning” to avoid pain and disappointment to the “poor mother,” as our sentimentalists would put it, Adolf Hitler would not have been born! It is not necessarily the elder children who become the glory of a family.

You can, if you like, publish whatever extracts of my letter you deem able to interest Aryans of the U.S.A. and attract them to the Hitler Movement.

You might find a lot of my writing “pessimistic.” And so it is, and must be. There is nothing to be “optimistic” about in this dust-bin called the modem world. But we should remain the gold and diamonds that an evil fate cast into the dust-bin, but that remain gold and diamonds. Remain, and last; wait (be it centuries) untarnished for the age in which our Führer (forerunner of the Avenger) will receive divine honors in every Aryan home, and in which the Aryan will be (and deserve to be) honored by the whole world—as he is here traditionally.

The word “Aryan” means “noble” and “master,” as well as is the name of people of our race. And its contrary “Anarya” means “ignoble” and “infamous.” The words have that sense in the Bhagavad-Gita, in the beginning of the Second Chant of which Lord Krishna thus characterizes Arjuna’s hesitation to fight, even in a just war: “What are these ‘un-Aryan’ (=ignoble) words of thine?”

Excuse this long, too long letter. But I write so seldom.

With the everlasting greeting of the faithful.

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

P.S. Mr. Mukherji came here and spent a day or two. Going on 72 he is still as alert as ever. I showed him the latest issue of White Power. The two best ones about our Führer, 20 and 30 April, I lent to my landlord, Mr. Sharma, a sympathizer, and he never gave them back. Lent them to someone else and they got lost. A pity. I was treasuring them so much. He liked the paper very much.

Again, with the everlasting greeting,

H.H.!

S.D.M.

Am enclosing a sketch of three of my cats now lying on my bed beside me. The fourth is in a chair further away. Admit they are better looking than the specimens the faces of which appear in White Power under the name of “animals”!!

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 11

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi

27 April 1977

Dear Commander,

The day before yesterday was Rudolf Hess’s birthday—his 83rd (was born in 1894, if my memory does not fail).

I chose that day to send you, registered, by air mail, a copy of the book I wrote, in French this time (to comply with the desire of our French comrades, who had told me: “Why don’t you for once write in our tongue?”) from 1968 or 69 to 1971. I have been working hard—as hard a possible—all these years to finance the printing of that book—Sourvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne, Memories and Thoughts of an Aryan Woman—which cost some $2,350 in US money (and I suppose that is cheap compared to US rates). One or two sympathizers sent me $100 or $200 now and then. The rest I earned myself, through private lessons. A private lesson is paid here—when one gets one at that price!—20 rupees—some $2.50 (or a little more or a little less according to the exchange rates). From the school where I teach French I get—when there are no holidays; during long Summer holidays, Christmas and Easter holidays, and our local holidays of one or two days I am not paid at all, being “locally recruited staff” (not “sent from France”)—I get, I say, some 200 to 250 rupees a month, that makes some $20 or a little more (save during holidays, like now, from May to August).

That is why I could not, all these months, send any contributions to the Cause I love. Now the book is out—at last (after six years’ struggle!). I am sending you a copy and shall, as my contribution (the $88 one you mention) send you more—although the postage is very costly, I can soon send you a package of 9 books, and more, later, when the cheaper edition of 3,000—this edition was only of 100—is ready. Surely you know people interested in our philosophy who can understand French. (There is one at least, Herr Zündel, in Toronto, Canada, but I lost his address. Could you check it up?) There must be more in the USA. There is, in the book, an allusion to a letter written to me by Commander Rockwell on the necessity of being “realistic” in connection with appeal to the public (sorry, I cannot find the exact page).

The book, as you will see, is absolutely outspoken—no concessions whatsoever to values which are not ours—for it is not for the masses but for the few (as the dedication shows). By this you see, although I seldom write to you, I am not inactive in my lonely little corner far away. At my age—I shall be 72 on the 30th of September, and with one eye that can hardly see (after the operation I had for “glaucoma” on 9 October 1976)—I can hardly do anything else.

I used to be able to exchange views with my late husband, when he would come and spend a few days in Delhi. (There are allusions to him also in my book.) Now, this is all over: he passed away, here, on 21 March 1977, the Vernal Equinox, from “heatstroke.” I miss the sight of him standing—or sitting when he no longer could stand—at the open door of my tiny flat (one room, and a small space at the entrance) and after the reciting of the twelve main names of the Sun, and of the old Aryan greeting of Him—in Sanskrit—his chanting of whole passages of the Bhagavad-Gita, the book of Aryan philosophy—preaching not “non-violence,” but violence in absolute detachment, and in the “interest of the universe” (not of the two-legged mammal including all his varieties!) which the élite among us should study. He wished to die. “Better die than get born after 1945,” he used to say. And his one other wish was not to get born again, but merge into “cosmic consciousness.”

Personally, I wouldn’t mind being born again—again being sixteen, again being twenty, and thirty! But surely I dread being fifteen months old—and two years, and three—again. I can remember very far into my past, can clearly see myself in my perambulator (which my mother gave away when I was less than two), can remember the flat in which my parents lived until I was one and a half, the furniture, the two windows on the front of the flat, from which a rubber ball escaped my hold, once, and from which I desperately called it back: “You come, come, come!”

I spoke only English, my mother’s tongue, until I was five or six. Children pick up other languages by playing with other children of the place where they live—but I never played with other children—until practically forced to in school. I did not like them. Found them “silly,” and their games of no interest. I should not like to go through that very beginning of life again, especially not to be born in a family in which people did not love animals—we always had a cat. I probably inherited from my father my love of all felines. Nor in a family in which they would force me to eat meat—as I have seen other people—not my own parents, thank goodness!!—do to their children. I was allowed to refuse all food cooked with meat from the very beginning because it “put me off.”

Differences with my father started during the First World War—I being “on the German side” (because King Constantine of Greece was said to be) and also because of the awful behavior of the Allies to Greece—the blockade ten months long, the bombardment of Athens—to force her into the war on their side. My father was for Venizelos, on the contrary.

But this letter is getting out of proportion. Forgive me if it bores you and tell me when you received my book that I might send more (if you can use them).

With the best of wishes,

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

PS: Why don’t you write to me C 23 South Extension II, New Delhi, 110069 instead of at the school [Alliance Française].

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 12

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi

2 August 1979

Dearest Commander Matt Koehl,

This is to thank you most heartily for sending me White Power and the N.S. Bulletin so regularly, although you know I am living too poorly to be able to subscribe to these—and other!—papers. Every White Power is to me a gust of fresh air.

I especially enjoyed your leading article in White Power no. 92. Yes, our “enemies” are ourselves. And I believe we should all ask ourselves the question: “Am I doing all that is possible to distance myself from whatever is, all around me, but shares in the Money Power?” You speak in your article of the effects of brain-washing through mass media that so many people look upon as “indispensable” in our modern age. Let me tell you for one that I never had either a radio or a TV set or a stereo or any such appliances. Not even records—for I am not particularly musical.

Among the fifteen families which occupied the five storey building in which I was brought up in Lyon, France, my parents were the only people who had no radio. Radios were the grand novelty in those days—the 20s. But it just did not interest any of us three—my father, my mother, or myself (I was the only child).

The only time in my life I listened to a radio was in Calcutta during the 1939-1945 war. Mr. Mukherji and I had also no radio. But we would go upstairs to our landlord’s—Mr. Sarvashikari—who had one, and listen—to the Führer’s speeches. Although it was forbidden in British India to listen to the German radio. But we did. And many other did also—even people who did not understand German, just for the pleasure of hearing the Leader’s voice (the Leader whom his Hindu admirers held to be an “Avatara”—a God, an incarnation of Vishnu, the Preserver of the Universe, come down to Earth for Earth’s salvation).

Once and only once—on the 22nd and 29th of March 1966, in Montbrison, France, I went out of my way to see one someone else’s TV screen (I never had any) the war between the Southwestern people of thirteenth century France, and the “French,” i.e., the people of the North of France—Albigensians against Catholics (1208-1244). The film was at once forbidden for it resulted in the separatist Southwest of France—the PNO, i.e., Occitanian National Party—seeing the number of its followers multiply by five or six million a week.

So, as you can see, I do not wish to see [the movie] Holocaust even if it does “pass” in India—it has not passed yet, anyhow.

[Omitted is a discussion of a lost order of books placed by one of Savitri’s friends in India to the NSWPP’s book service.]

Could you, as said above, send her [a friend in India] no. 92 of White Power, c/o Savitri Devi Mukherji, C 23, South Extension II, New Delhi,110049? I could have given her my copy, but my cats have damaged a page or two of it with their claws. (They are little tigers. But I love them. They are so beautiful!)

I am afraid that things have to grow much worse in the USA before the man in the street—the average American Aryan, who is as much of a two-legged mammal as the average European—will cry out in misery and terror: Hitler was right! Wish we Americans had helped HIM, instead of fighting on his enemies’ side!” Like all men, the Americans will have to suffer in order to learn. And the worse the better, and the quicker. They should suffer till they all curse Roosevelt and Bernard Baruch and the B’nai B’rith, and whatever ideologies or beliefs in the name of which they were induced to support the, in WW II (and send Russian millions of tons of arms and ammunition, thousands and thousands of tanks via Murmansk.) Don’t I remember it!!

You also speak of drugs, and tobacco, and what not as superfluous things in your article. It is not to boast, but just to show that all these are not necessary—anything but—that I tell you that personally I never “tried” and of these things that seem to attract so many people. I was offered a cigarette when only fifteen and refused it. “It will make me cough,” I said. “Oh yes, but afterwards, when you get used to it, it will be nice.” I said, “I am damned if I ever go through any sort of inconvenience—specially an irreversible one—for the sake of an hypothetical ‘pleasure’—the ‘pleasure’ can go to hell!”

On the very same grounds, I refused from the start not only all drugs and alcohol (save an occasional mouthful of Samos or Santorini or Porto) and sex. The latter was given to people in order they should have children—not as a pastime. I was not attracted to children—would have had a few only for the sake of the race, and in that case would have taken a Nordic partner.

My husband was fair-skinned and had Aryan features, as do quite a number of Brahmins. All said, it would not have been a “mesalliance” to have a family of fair-skinned Brahmins with our ideas—as he was himself. But he himself told me that one should not start such an experience for purely ideological reasons, without ever having had the slightest attraction to babies and family life. And I believe he was right. Moreover, that out Führer himself would have told me the same, had he known me well. (What Nietzsche writes about women is true of 99% of them. But there is the 1% who is there for a different destiny—and with different aspirations.)

A few days before he died, Mr. Mukherji told me he “regretted nothing.” He often used to say that “after 1945 it is better to die than to be born.” And that he “didn’t want to be born again.”

I would not mind being born again if I were to be one of an Aryan family, kind to animals, vegetarian (as I have always been from childhood) and not opposed to me ideologically. I’d like to be sixteen again—and twenty-five, and thirty. But I must say that I would not like to be four or three—a toddler—again, or an infant. And one has to dirty one’s napkins [diapers] before one grows up and gets ideas. It is the way of all living creatures. And we are living creatures.

But my letter is getting too long. Excuse me if it has bored you. (I’m afraid it has.)

Shall send you a few books in French if you can sell them, as my contribution to the expense of sending me White Power.

I am now—slowly—writing another book: Ironies and Paradoxes of History and Legend (or something like that). But I have not gone yet beyond Chapter 1, “History and Legend,” and I am starting Chapter 2 on “The Lies of History” (a lot to say, for lies begin with old records—i.e., with Antiquity. Nothing new under the Sun.)

It will take time to write because I am now half blind (cataract) and getting old. I’d like to finish it before I die, but do not know whether I shall or not. I’ll soon be full 74, going in for 75 (born in 1905).

With all best wishes and with the two words of Faith and Power,

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 1

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Below is the first installment of selected letters fron Savitri Devi to Matt Koehl, then of the National Socialist White People's Party [NSWPP] now called the NEW ORDER. Savitri and Koehl began their correspondence in 1963 and continued it until her death in 1982.

We wish to thank Matt Koehl for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

Alix, par Lozanne

20 April 1982

Dear Commander and Comrades:

On this, our Führer’s 93rd birthday, I am glad my right hand (a year ago totally paralyzed) can now write—with difficulty, but I hope clearly enough for people to read.

Let my first words be a renewed expression of devotion to Him, the One who, in the depth of today’s universal decay of this “civilization” of quantity at the expense of quality, of exaltation of the lowest and ugliest types of the two-legged mammal and the sickly, physically and mentally decadent (alas) among the noblest race, at the expense of the healthy, beautiful, and innocent creatures of Mother Nature—forests and animals (aristocrats of the land and seas) and of the dwindling number of those human beings worthy of the name anthropos, which in Greek means “the one who looks above (anô + thrôpei) and not below”—the only leader also, who based His teaching, not upon any “necessities” of the moment alone (as the Communists do), not upon any real or supposed requirements of “man” alone (as the two “universal” religions rooted in Jewish history and tradition—Christianity and Islam—do), but upon the divine, eternal laws of LIFE itself—the same on this Earth, our Planet, and on every planet in cosmic Space (one, perhaps, in a million) where life exists. (For example, the mixture of races is catastrophic as much on any life-bearing planet whirling around one of the “suns” [i.e., stars] of the Milky Way, as here on our Earth.)

Our Führer grossly underestimated the wickedness and the influence over the British people of those two warmongers: Halifax—more unforgivable than anyone, being an Earl, i.e., an Aryan of noble descent—and Winston Churchill the Jew (son of an Englishman, Randolph Churchill and a full-blooded Jewess, Jeanette Jerome, daughter of a Jewish stock broker from New York; and according to Jewish law, anyone born of a Jewish mother is a Jew). Adolf Hitler spared the retreating British army at Dunkirk, and held out his hand over and over again to the “sister” nation hoping she would be wise enough to choose peace.

Maybe some future writers of history of this speck of mud and water—our Earth—will criticize him as not being enough of a “politician” on account of that. But “Starry space, fathomless and without end or beginning, proclaims Him to be the divine mouthpiece of Its own eternal wisdom.”—Chapter 5 of my only (yet unprinted) book in German, Hart wie Kruppstahl [Hard as Krupp Steel] (written in the early sixties) is called “Die Weisheit des sternhellen Weltraumes” [“The Wisdom of the Starry Heavens”]. This is probably the best—the truest—sentence I ever wrote. (Also read the last pages of my “cat book” Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, being the True Story of a “Most Objectionable Nazi” and . . . half a Dozen Cats. (I sent a copy of that book to Opal Soltau once. I lost her address. If you can give it to me—and ask her to lend you the book.)

I am very unhappy here. Was from 4 October 1981 in Germany. (A German friend had paid my passage but the German authorities expelled me: they don’t like “objectionable Nazis,” and here, as I have nowhere to live, they sent me against my will, first to a hospital and then to this old people’s home. I refused any kind of treatment and had none (Gott sei dank). But I want my freedom back—an independent room, alone, cook my own food, not be “served” (I hate it).

I can speak. A young French comrade came today to interview me, with his recorder.

Could I—if on a holiday in the USA—bring money to the Movement by my speeches? I would gladly do so. (I am easy to feed, strictly vegetarian and next to nothing in quantity.) Only hate neon lights (hurts my poor eyes) and radios, transistors, TV and all such noises. Modern music gets on my nerves.

My friends are trying to find an independent room for me. I don’t want an “institution” with rules and regulations. I hate people serving me, pouring my coffee or giving me my food. I want to serve myself.

If I can’t find a room, then back to India is the second best. I curse the day I left my freedom and dear little room in New Delhi.

Thanks for the White Power issues.

I wish I could do something for the NSWPP.

With the best of greetings

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 2

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Here is the second installment of selected letters from Savitri Devi to Matt Koehl.

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

Alix, par Lozanne

5 May 1982

Dearest Commander,

I have no words to thank you for your kind letter and for the latest issue of The National Socialist. Nothing—not even my immediate departure from this place (with its “neon” lights in the corridor from 6 a.m. which hurt my poor half-blind eyes—the room doors here being made of glass)—not even finding an independent room-kitchen of my own, where I could cook my own food—like in New Delhi—prepare for myself a cup of real Greek coffee (the sugar cooked and boiled with the coffee powder), and the fact of being away from this atmosphere of sick old women—nothing I repeat could have given me as much joy as your outstanding, objective, and brilliant article: “Hitlerism, the Faith of the Future.”

Powerless, condemned to non-action (for I can only walk with the help of a stick or a frame, and write with much strain, and am cut off from all daily contact with comrades ever since I was foolish enough to leave New Delhi and the one “Gleichgesinnte” [sympathizer] I had there [the “French” woman—in fact half German and half Norman—of whom you know]), I got from you, through your prophetic vision of tomorrow (and your passionless description of today) and immense, more than personal surely, but also personal feeling of victory—for every triumph of Hitlerism (and every defeat of the outdated Near Eastern myth that I hated all my life) is also my triumph, and my sweet revenge, for its dishonest victory over the Gods of our race—the Germanic ones as well as the Hellenic and Roman ones.

I read your article with tears of delectation and wild joy. For a time I lost sight and consciousness of this old women’s “home” and felt all around me, spreading over the old and new continent and the smoking ruins of the Old Order, those I called for with all my heart in 1945. And from their midst I felt the strong, unfettered youth of tomorrow (or of some day in the future, never mind when) rushing forth with my own War cry—or its equivalent—“Hitler or Hell!”

I’ll be dead and forgotten for decades—and perhaps centuries—yet I’ll be alive (we’ll all of us be alive) in the new, and very old, the eternal atmosphere of our Führer’s “New” Order (not so “new” as it looks!)—“unsere neue Auffassung, die dem Ursinn der Dinge entspricht” [our new order, which corresponds to the original meaning of things] (Mein Kampf). Our spirit—His spirit (see Mein Kampf, German edition, 1935, page 507)—will inspire the new Sturmabteilungen [Storm Troops]: “It is Christianity that brought into the free world of Antiquity the spirit of spiritual terror . . . Now terror can only be broken through greater terror”—terror in the service of cosmic truth and everlasting natural values, against terror in the service of lies.

Did I ever have the opportunity of telling you how—and where, of all places—I became, in 1929 (nineteen twenty-nine), conscious of my allegiance to our Führer? I was in Greece, preparing one of the two books that anyone has to write who wants the highest doctor’s degree (Doctorat diplôme d’Etat, different from “Doctorat de université”—the former alone giving one, if a French citizen, which is not my case, the right to teach in a French University). I always had, from earliest childhood, hated the Christian values: love of all human beings, of any race, any state of health, any character; indifference to animals and trees—which I love; forgiveness, etc. But I liked the Greek Orthodox Church (where I had been christened) for its pageantry and especially for the fact that it was it that, during the long night of Turkish rule (1453-1830)—and even longer if one includes the many Hellenes that were not included in the narrow boundaries of 1830, had “kept the Greek people together.” The church was the continuation of Byzantine Christendom, and why my logical English mother (descended from Jütland Vikings) asked me, now and then, “Why do you go to church at all, since you regret [the loss of] the old Gods, and look upon the dogma as ‘rubbish’?” I used to reply: “Out of faithfulness to Byzantium, the Seat of Greek culture for over 1,000 years.”

In Greece, the contrast between the ruins of Heathen days and the churches always impressed me. At last, early 1929, I was decided to underline that contrast and oppose Christianity, but—out of honesty—I first wanted to experience what sort of an impact on me the birthplace of the Christian faith would have: Palestine, in those days under British rule.

I joined, as a third-class passenger, a Greek pilgrimage going there for a stay of forty (40) days and a little more: we were to sail, via Rhodes Island, in early April and come back, via Cyprus, late in May. Third class women passengers were lodged in Saint Dimitri’s monastery, in a large room near the belfry. I was 23. Had followed (in the papers) the NS movement in Germany with great interest and sympathy; had been most sorry, in November 1923, that the rising Leader had not been able to seize power (I had then been 18 years old), but I must be honest and confess that my main motivation was—ever since 1915—hatred of the Allied Powers, for the disgusting way they had treated Greece: landing of the French in Thessaloniki in 1915, blockade of Greece by the British for 10 months or so, 1916, after blaming the Germans in 1914 for marching through “defenseless little Belgium.” I naturally looked upon the Versailles Treaty as a piece of infamy, the only just treaty after WWI being that of Sèvres—10 August 1920—although it did not give Constantinople (old Byzantium) to the Greeks (the British had promised it both to Greece and to the Russians during the war, as they had Palestine both to the Arabs and to the Jews).

We landed in Jaffa. I was at once aware of the typically “near Eastern”—Semitic—atmosphere, in contrast with even that of Greece—where the Orient is alive in many details of everyday life—and where the people traveling to Italy (let alone France or England) say “I am going to Europe.” We went “up to Jerusalem” in cars and there it began: I saw—then and throughout the pilgrimage—marks of pious enthusiasm (or servility?) that utterly shocked me: old widows and young maidens, matrons, old and young men (even men!) lie flat on their bellies and kiss the earth of the “holy” land wherever they were told that Jesus or any of the persons closely associated with him “had passed.” And although I kept quiet, my inward reaction was violent: “Holy Land, my foot! As though, for a Hellene, there could be any foreign land holier than Greece—or for a Frenchman or a Germany any land holier than France or Germany! And this land—stolen from its original inhabitants the Canaanites by a pack of bloodthirsty invaders that all civilized Antiquity, from Egyptians and Babylonians to Romans included utterly despised!”

And I thought of the spiritual grip of that near-eastern desert people, on the noblest nations of the West. I remembered masterpieces of European art inspired by Jews of the Bible—Michelangelo’s “David” and “Moses”—and, long before, the Old Testament scenes on splendid stained glass windows in Gothic cathedrals. Who shall free us from the ubiquitous, unseen master of Europe, from Greece to Iceland: the Jews—whom our fathers, unfaithful to their own Gods, accepted, through bribery (mostly) in the South, through fire and the sword in the North, slowly (the Prussians were still Heathens in the fourteenth century AD. So were the Lithuanians)?

And suddenly it dawned on me: “That German Leader still struggling against the Versailles Treaty . . . in his eyes important as it be, that side of his struggle is not the main one. He wants to free his people and all those of the same broad “Indo-European” stock, from the not merely economic but cultural and spiritual Jewish bondage. Maximo (the Greek shortening for my original name Maximiani, Maximine in French), are you so dull as not to have understood that yet?”

And the logical answer to this, on a street of Jerusalem where I was walking about alone outside the time the “pilgrims” were expected to gather: “If so it be, ‘He’ is not only the Germans’ Führer; He is mine—ours—also!”

I went back to Greece. Tried to speak. Met a few individual admirers of Emperor Julian (360-363 AD) like myself, but hit my head at every step against the statement: “Greece owes the fact that she kept her national integrity in spite of over 400 years of Turkish rule to the Orthodox Church.”

I longed for a civilization centered on Aryan Gods. There is only one—multiracial, it is true, but in the only sense multiracialism is tolerable: a pyramid of separate races and racial shades, that are, thanks to an immemorial Caste system forbidden to interbreed (and even to interdine) and the Aryan, separate too, of course, at the very top. I do not think that there are more than 20 million real fair-skinned Aryans in the roughly 1,000 million or more inhabitants of “India,” both “Pakistans” (East and West), and Ceylon. Few, you may think. I say “many” (if one remembers that Aryans came to Northwest India in several waves, of which the most recent was sixty centuries (6,000 years) ago—contemporary of oldest pre-dynastic Egypt.

I went to India—knowing nobody there—in 1932 (came back for one month in 1935 to take my Doctorate degree, and went back at once). I joined, as soon as I discovered one, an Indian (Hindu) organization fighting Christian and Muslim missionaries, and Communism. Its founder, Satyananda Swami, agreed I should speak of the Führer to Aryan Indians. He held Him to be an Incarnation of the God Vishnu—of the Hindu Trinity! I worked for years with this organization. Met A.K. Mukherji on 9 January 1938. He gave me his name on 29 September 1939. Died on 21 March 1977.

On Saturday—in three days’ time—I’ll be, as for the last 37 years, fasting from sunrise to sunset in memory of the disaster (8th May 1945).

What you say in your wonderful article about the necessity of the disaster, so that the “new” Idea might come through and conquer free from all traces of the Old—is very refreshing. If that be the case, of course, we should not look upon the awful recent past—the collapse of the Third German Reich—in the same mournful way.

Yet, I am with all my heart and soul looking forward to the collapse of The Order in whose name the Third Reich was—is still—so widely hated and slandered. I am longing to see the former great Allies, or their successors and admirers—the successors of those arch criminals of Yalta—at each other’s throats.

It is so dull here—comrades so seldom come.

In September (or when?) is the yearly Congress of the NSWPP? I believe I thought of something: The Movement is in great need of money I read in White Power. I can see badly, can walk only with the help of a frame or stick, but I still have all my head and can speak. Do you believe that if it were possible for me to go (as cheap as can be) to the USA and lecture there from place to place for the NSWPP, I could gather enough money both to pay for my passage (of course) and to give the Movement a few thousands?

It would be so satisfying if I could be still good for something in spite of my disability! I need—and categorically refused any—neither doctors nor treatment. They are against my life principles: whoever is (like me) no longer fit to go about healthy and strong and in possession of all his or her natural means, should be left to die. No hospitals either for me under any circumstances! I was dragged to one here, by force, by the French police on 14 January 1982 but declared from the start that I rejected any medicine (save the “Pilocarin” drops for my eyes) and was left in peace—and given the strictly vegetarian food I insisted upon (I never ate meat in my life) and pretty little of it, as I always ate very little, and one course only.

My torture is neon lights (here also) and radios and TV which I simply hate. I never had such appliances at home. My mother was the only tenant in a five storey building to have neither. Only during the war, Mr. Mukherji and I would go and listen to the German news and the Führer’s speeches on the German radio, which in British India was an “offense” punishable by imprisonment. But nobody ever reported us.

I begged the Indian Ambassador in Paris (wrote to him) for an Indian passport to go back to New Delhi as India does not accept people with foreign passports who are over 75 years old, and would send me back if I tried to go. But I have not had an answer—not yet at least.

Thank Robert Günter for his flattering review of The Lightning and the Sun, but please tell him not to describe me as a “post-war National Socialist” which I am not. The books I wrote on NS subjects, Gold in the Furnace (1948-49), Defiance (1950), Pilgrimage (1953), The Lightning and the Sun (1948-1956), For Ever and Ever (1953, not printed), Impeachment of Man (1945, printed only in 1959 or 60), Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess—The True Story of a “Most Objectionable Nazi” and . . . Half-a-Dozen Cats (1957-58) are all post-war—although my first book after my two Doctoral “theses”—L’Etang aux Lotus, impressions of India—was written in 1935 (printed in 1940) and sufficiently obvious for an adversary to have discovered my true faith through it.

I wrote in 1937 a book called A Warning to the Hindus and dedicated it not to any Indian but to the memory of Emperor Julian (360-363 AD) and a later one in 1940 Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity and books about Sun worship as understood through Pharaoh Akhnaton of Egypt (fourteenth century BC): Akhnaton’s Eternal Message, a pamphlet (1940)—Joy of the Sun (1942)—A Son of God (1942-45)—Akhnaton: A Play (1947) and an unfinished story of Tyrtaios the Athenian begun in 1960 or so—unfinished for lack of finding Tyrtaios’ War Marches written for Spartans in about 670 BC.

Until the collapse of the Third Reich there were plenty of people more qualified than I to write about the excellence of National Socialism. I raised my voice when all was apparently dead—in the invincible feeling that what is rooted in eternity can never die.

Do excuse me, dearest Commander, for this long letter, badly written with a paralyzed hand. (I just cannot use my healthy left hand to write with, however much I tried to.) Excuse me for speaking so long about my old experiences both of Palestine and India. But it is ironical for a young girl who being of mixed nationalities had nothing to fall back on save her unmixed Aryan race, to become awake to Hitlerism in Jerusalem, of all places!

And my message to the Hindus, “Don’t do what opportunist leaders (Constantine in 313, Chlodwig the Frankish king in 498) did in Europe. Stick to your Gods!” I did not say because of the presence of many from the non-Aryan masses: “the Gods we Aryans brought here 6,000 years ago from the hallowed North.” To give that message, I say, was to me such a joy—be it only a “second best” for I should have liked to speak of “return to Aryan religion through Hitlerism in Europe.”

It must have been in 1937 or so, in East Bengal, I lectured to crowds before endless rice fields, in the shade of coconut thickets. People came on foot in the burning sun from far-away villages to hear the “memsahib” [White lady] defending Hindu Gods and values. In one of these lectures I translated into Bengali our Führer’s words: “Jede große kultur der Vergangenheit ging nur deshalb zugrunde weil die ursprunglich schöpferische Rasse am Blutvergiftung abstarb” [Every great culture of the past perished only because the original creative race died of blood-poisoning] (Mein Kampf, 1935 edition, page 324).

I had purposely not told whose the quotation was—in order to see the effect.

At the end of my speech an old, fair-skinned, grey-eyed Brahmin—a priest in some village temple, probably—came and spoke to me: “Those words you quoted against caste-mixing were wonderful!” he said. “Out of which of the Shastras (i.e., the oldest sacred writ in India) did you quote them?”

To the man’s amazement and to that of the listeners gathering around us, I said: “Out of a modern ‘Shastra,’ written in 1924!” And I added: “You heard of Adolf Hitler, the German Leader?”

“Yes.”

“These are his words.”

“Then he is a Hindu, not a Christian. There is a Christian mission in our village—English missionaries. They preach all castes (i.e., races) should mix like ‘kulshun’ (rice and vegetables mixed up). Is that why the British, people say, are turning against him although He wants no harm to them?”

Another time, in early 1939, I spoke of Him as I often did, and of Emperor Julian, of Hypatia (370-415 AD)—lynched by a Christian mob in 415 in Alexandria, and of Wittukind the Saxon. It was in Assam, near Sadya, only 15 miles or so from the Chinese border—on the frontier of the Yellow world. I felt as though I were avenging them all. Those were lovely days.

With admiration and regards,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 3

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Here is the third installment of selected letters from Savitri Devi to Matt Koehl.

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

Alix, par Lozanne

7 May 1982

Dearest Commander,

Do please excuse me for writing again. But I can’t help it.

Your beautiful article helps me. You mention ironies of history. And there is a book about a modern Jewish lie call The Hoax of the Twentieth Century. As I read over and again the first part of your article—concerning the mythos at the bottom of Western civilization—I think of a perhaps even greater hoax, and not a Jewish one, this time, but one whose fathers were perhaps even more contemptible than full-fledged Jews: the hotch-potch fraction of degenerate mankind that formed the first believers in the type of Christianity preached after the death of Jesus, by Saul-Paul, in the seaports of the Greek world: Thessaloniki, Corinth, Ephesus, etc. There were a mixture of decadent Greeks, Jews that had rejected their own race and tradition with all the “taboos” of the Mosaic Law, and cross-breeds of these with every variety of Mediterranean scum. I prefer a racially genuine Jew to that!

And it is to be noticed that the core of Jewry never accepted the stuff Paul-Saul preached: the stuff was beneath the true sons of Abraham—good enough for the “Goyim”—and useful merely inasmuch as it could, in the long run, help to keep the Goyim in perpetual spiritual slavery.

Did you ever hear of that erudite Frenchman Robert Ambelain?

If not, try to acquire, at any cost and by any means, his books on the origins of Christianity, publisher Robert Laffont, 6 place Saint-Sulpice, 75006 Paris. Those I possess are in New Delhi, with my friend (our friend Mlle. H—). I have re-ordered them here in France but up till now only got one: Les lourds secrets du Golgotha [The Weighty Secrets of Golgotha]. The two others, written in the seventies, are: Jésus, ou le mortel secret des Templiers [Jesus, or The Fatal Secret of the Templars] and La vie secrete de Saint Paul [The Secret Life of Saint Paul], and. There is a fourth one in the same series (“Les Enigmes de l’Univers” [The Mysteries of the Universe]) whose title I do not know, but which must be as passionately interesting as the three just mentioned.

Ambelain is—as far as I can tell—no Jew whatsoever but neither is he any of us—anything but. He is—like my long-deceased Aunt Nora, my mother’s elder sister, an admirer of the Jews, but not for the same reason as she. In her eyes they were “God’s own people” destined to rule the world from Jerusalem after the second coming of Jesus and the Last Judgment. This was to her “Bible truth” and I, as a child, was to read to her a chapter of the old and a chapter of the New Testament, and not make any comments of my own—not “discuss with my Maker.” The result was that she made me hate this precious “God’s own people” and their “Jealous God” along with them. Ambelain just likes the monotheistic idea and is moved by the Jewish struggle against Rome. While I am on the Roman side decidedly, he goes and dedicates one of his books “To the dead of Masada”—the last spot of Jewish resistance (in 73 AD), i.e., three years after the fall of Jerusalem (and there are more risings even after that, the last under Emperor Hadrian (132 AD which ended in 135).

But that has naught to do with Ambelain’s scholarship and informative genuineness.

To him Jesus (Yeshuah) is the eldest son of Judah of Gamala, son of Ezekias, and like he, a leader of Jewish resistance against Rome, no spiritual leader of mankind at all. Nazareth did not exist until the 8th century AD. And Joseph is a convenient myth, to push into oblivion Jesus’ real father, at a time when Paul’s type of Christianity had conquered the Roman State. The Gospels accepted today were all written in the 4th and 5th centuries AD.

Paul, says Ambelaim—and he proves it—though a perfect Semite, was no Jew, but a member of the large Herodian stock—a grandson of Herod “the Great” and one who acquired his “Roman Citizenship” through that pro-Roman Idumean family. He made up his (successful) brand of Christianity out of bits and pieces from various older mystery creeds of the near East (and Ambelain proves that also!).

According to Ambelain, Jesus and Juda of Gamala (or Galilee) and [Jesus’] grandfather are all genuine descendants of David, the 11th century BC king of the Jews, claiming against Rome freedom for Palestine and restoration to power of the dynasty of David. The Crucifixion, just one among many executions of “résistants”—political opponents to their rule, and the “Resurrection”—the appearing before Jesus’s followers of . . . his twin brother (Thomas, in Hebrew taoma, plural taomim, means “twin”).

And there are many more things explained in those scholarly books by one well-versed in Hebrew, Aramaic, Latin, Greek, and History of the Near East and of Rome and Greece.

It took 400 years to make the decadent mixed people of the Empire to pin their faith in a genuine Jewish “maquisard” [guerilla], interested only in his own people, and take him to be “the Lamb of God sacrificing himself for the sins of mankind.” The Jews themselves were much too cunning to believe the story. So were the genuine Greeks (see how the Athenians laughed at Saul-Paul, Chapter 17, Acts of the Apostles). So were the proud and beautiful people of North Europe. They were forced into it and kept throughout history the uncomfortable feeling of inner contradiction—to this day. Read Gustav Frenssen’s Der Glaube der Nordmark.

I am glad the hard core of our faith—the most thoughtful among us—have always been untouched by the hoax, personally already living in the coming Hitler order.

What an uplifting feeling!

With warmest regards,

Heil Hitler!

Yours,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

 Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 4

Edited by R.G. Fowler

In this fourth installment of selected letters from Savitri Devi to Matt Koehl, we find valuable clarification of Savitri Devi's attitude toward the crude occultist mystery-mongering with which she has been associated. The advertisement of The Lightning and the Sun to which Savitri refers below reads as follows:

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

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

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

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

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

Alix, par Lozanne

24 May 1982

Dearest Comrade Matt Koehl,

I do hope that, now, my two letters in answer to your magnificent article “Hitlerism, the Faith of the Future,” have reached you. I read and re-read your article several times and always with an immense feeling of elation. All absorbed by your insight into a future which we all dream of to be as glorious as you foretell, I just forgot to thank Robert Günter for this sober and convincing—up to the mark—review of the second edition of my The Lightning and the Sun, printed yevious quarterly of the WUNS for enclosing the same.

I thank the WUNS and comrade Günter all the more, since, a day or two ago, I received (with no explanatory letter enclosed) a typed paper advertising, along with many interesting books published by Samisdat, my own The Lightning and the Sun.

What a difference between Günter’s account and this perhaps well-meaning (from a purely profit point of view) but otherwise utterly idiotic thirty odd lines of advertisement in the paper I received lately and sent to my French friend Miss H— (half German and “ganz in Ordnung”) in New Delhi so that she might write to Zündel, less bitterly, less angrily, but far more efficiently than I ever could, and “tell him off,” for allowing such swill, such “tommyrot,” to appear in a paper printed by his firm. The very title of the stuff is calculated to excite the curiosity of half-learned fools (the majority of two-legged mammals of any race including ours, unfortunately): “Hitler Cult Discovered in India—Shocking exposé of the tangled roots of Nazism, for every one to see: Hitler’s Guru”!!

Then comes an abominable hotch-potch of misquoted or utterly distorted sentences of mine, for example this “pyramid”?! connection of Nazism through “Pharaoh Akhnaton and the ancient cult of the Sun”—or this enumeration of the basic tenets of Nazism: “human sacrifice (!!!), vegetarianism, Aryanism.” And last but not least: “Read Hitler Guru Savitri Devi’s 448 page illumination of the occult (!) wisdom of National Socialism . . .”

Fancy that sacrilegious joke for the sake of cheap publicity: calling me (16½ years younger than He, and just one of the most insignificant among his rank and file disciples) our Führer’s “Guru”! A Guru is in Sanskrit a spiritual master. I never was and never can be anybody’s “Guru”! A Guru must be a self-realized person, i.e., not only knowing intellectually, but conscious of the identity of his or her innermost being with the Supreme Soul—Param Atma—or Soul of the Universe with all its galaxies without end or beginning. Adolf Hitler’s only “Gurus” could be—the Gods themselves—the Cosmic Forces.

Could you please, dearest Commander, first ask Samisdat Publishers [address omitted] to send you a copy of that advertisement of many books (Nazi secret weapons, flying saucers, and what not) and of mine. Then tell Zündel, after examining it yourself, the utter insanity of the advertisement concerning The Lighting and the Sun. (Pyramid Connection!!! In Akhnaton’s time [fourteenth century B.C.] the Pyramids of Giza, let alone the elder “stepped” ones of former dynasties—were older than the Roman ruins of Europe are today. That Akhnaton wished to restore the purity of the old worship of Ra, the Sun’s name in pyramid building times, that is another thing altogether. As for “human sacrifice,” it has nothing to do either with Pharaoh Akhnaton or with us.)

The idiot who wrote those thirty odd lines of publicity to rouse the average fool’s love of “mystery” and “the occult” has made me, unfortunately, appear ridiculous. I can’t accept such a treatment, not for Samisdat to sell my book for fifteen dollars, and not if it were 1,500! Please tell Zündel. I don’t want to lose my balance and quarrel with comrades.

What do you think of my proposal (in my letter)? Do you think it could be profitable?

I have a French passport and a Greek one both in my maiden name: Maximine Portas.

Later on I shall have to forsake them, for I can only go back to India with an Indian passport as I am over 75 (77 soon).

More next time. Please write soon for on 22 June 1982 I’ll be spending a few days away from here at friends’.

With the Best of all greetings,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

[P.S.] Could you please give me Opal Soltau’s address? I’d like to write to her.

Thank you

Heil Hitler!

S.D.M.

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 5

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

Traunstein [Bavaria]

[Early August 1982]

Dearest Commander Koehl,

A couple of days ago I received, with heartiest thanks, no. 284 of the NS Bulletin.

I read therein of the cowardly assault on our French young comrade Marc Gillet. I do not know in which hospital in Nice he is laying—otherwise I would write to him directly from here.

Could you forward a few words of friendship from me to him? You will probably know where he is.

Can you please send me the address of Opal Soltau? I should like to write to her after all these months.

Thank all the Gods I am out of the dreary, depressing old women’s “home” in France! I ardently wish I am never again pitched into such a place, or into any “medicalized” establishment of any sort. I have never felt anything but abysmal contempt for the medical profession, based as it is on criminal “research” on innocent, beautiful, healthy animals. Sickly, diminished human beings should be left to die in peace without silly attempts to “help” them. Attempts to “help” me only irritate me and increase (of this be possible) my lifelong wild enmity against decadent modern society.

I loved your issue of White Power in which stood that article about the Spartans of old. They were people according to my heart—people who had no time for sickness, weakness, vice, or deformity—the most beautiful of the Hellenes, who were a Nordic people like the Germans, Anglo-Saxons, and early Romans, of before the Empire, i.e., before the days they caught all the vices and sicknesses of the Near East, ending up with Christianity, with which they finally infected the best people in Europe: the Germans. Had only Widukind won in his struggle with Karl der Sachsenschlächter [Carl the Saxon-Butcher, i.e., Charlemagne] and chased Christianity out of Southern Europe as well, completing the heroic work of Emperor Julian!

I just read—at the Schraders—a booklet on Giordano Bruno, burnt alive on 16 February 1600 after they pulled out his tongue. That is the stinking foreign faith forced on our continent!

My friend Mlle H— sent me a packet of books and old photos I valued very much at one of my French addresses. The packet contained four copies of my “cat book,” Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, or the true story of a “most objectionable Nazi” and . . . half-a-dozen cats, of which now I do not possess a single copy. One is at Zündel’s. If he cannot reprint it quickly (I am told he cannot) can he hand it over to you for reprint, if possible along with my book Impeachment of Man? Both these are short (100-200 pages, about). The cat book has nine beautiful cats’ photos. The other one has a beautiful tiger’s photo with the words “animal aristocracy.”

I am so upset that this parcel from New Delhi got lost on the way.

My eyesight is getting worse every day. If possible I should so like to be able to meet you and our USA comrades before I lose my sight altogether and let myself die (better dead than blind!).

I think I could come over to the USA this year. I am prepared to pay my own journey—partly at least; I have some 800 or 900 DM (German marks)—if my speech can help in any way to strengthen the pan-Aryan Idea in the USA. I should also like to meet Opal Soltau.

Hoping conditions are now improving for the NSWPP, I beg to send you the very best of greetings.

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 6

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

[Mid-August 1982]

Dearest Commander,

I was so glad to read, last week, in the issue of White Power you so kindly sent me (and which reached me opened and restuck up—some people in Europe are inquisitive as you can see) about the “NS demonstration on 20 April 1982” in Moscow of all places!—the young people who took part in it being “children of high-ranked officials of the Marxist party,” according to reliable information. Children do not necessarily share their parents’ faith, especially in times of transition between two types of civilization such as those in which we live: Many “saints’” fathers, known among the faithful of the Christian churches through their sons or daughters, were anything but Christians. And nearer our days, Dr. J. Goebbels’ father was anything but a National Socialist. (In the earliest pages of the Goebbels’ Diaries, the words “blow-up with father”—“Krach mit Vater”—appear over and over again.)

I also read with great pleasure the fact that the NS National Headquarters in Arlington have been saved from confiscation, the tax money claimed by the federal government having been handed over on the day it was due (under threat of expulsion). Thank the Aryan Gods, and thank our numerous comrades who were lucky enough to be able to contribute to the raising of that enormous amount. I was unfortunately not among those privileged ones: My tiny pension, from the French National Security, for having worked as a Gymnasium (secondary school) teacher in France for nine years (1960-1969)—in India, for my teaching at the Alliance Française till 1979, I had no pension, as I was “local staff,” i.e., recruited in India not sent from France—my pension, I say—2,350 Francs every three months—i.e., about 783 Francs a month—was no longer mine: the wretched “old women’s home” into which I was pitched against my will on the ground I had “no family in France” took nearly the whole of it. I had only one tenth, i.e., 235 Francs, about 45 dollars every three months.

Now I have a few hundred Marks from friends. So I shall be able to pay my own journey to the USA. What does it cost? (The cheapest way naturally.)

I am so glad Beryl Cheetham wrote to you. After a long time of our work, as a growing number of people here in Germany, she has found a new secretarial job in a Munich firm, but lives in Erding, some half an hour away from the city by bus. She works on a computer.

She certainly would love to accompany me to the USA. But she has only just begun working in her new job and will not have a holiday worth its while till late summer or autumn 1983. I do hope I shall be dead before then, but I want to fight for the holy Aryan Cause—by speech at least, now that I can no longer hold a pen between my paralyzed fingers—till my very last breath. And I pray to all the Gods: never again an “old women’s home” nor a hospital nor any kind of medical aid for me. The latter I flatly refused all my life—even after the French police—picking me up from the staircase where I had been waiting in vain for an absent friend, on 14 January 1982, dragged me to hospital in spite of my vehement protestations.

Always remember, and tell all who know me: I have the old Spartan scale of values: health and struggle for Truth and Beauty or death!, fathomless contempt for the humanitarian tommyrot. I by far prefer the beautiful innocent kings of the jungle—lions, tigers, leopards, and the rest, including wild (or tame) cats, and cobras!—I had two in the house I occupied in Jallundhar (Punjab) in 1936 and gave them milk, which they love!—to decadent specimens of the two-legged mammal. Twice (1935, 1959) I caressed an adult tiger.

With the greeting of the faithful,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

[P.S.] Excuse me for the scribble—my eyes and hand are no better.

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 7

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

Prien

29 August 1982

Dearest Commander Matt Koehl,

Many thanks for the very interesting Bulletin, and the call to our misled comrades of different false tendencies. I lent the NS magazine containing your beautiful article to an old German comrade well-versed in English. I presume he has been lending it to several more people. When I come to the USA you can give me another copy.

When can I come? I remember well there is every year a gathering in September; at what time of the month does it generally take place? I should be grateful, if you could tell me when (about when) I am to come in order to be as useful as possible and on the broadest scale. I have many things to say which I believe would be of interest to our comrades and in general to all Aryans of the USA. And I would, naturally, at every speech make an appeal for money for the NSWPP. “L’argent est le nerf de la guerre” [Money is the sinews of war]. You know how true is that old French saying.

I shall ask for a visa for three months and then go back to India—dear, tolerant India where I was free, and which I never would have left, had I only realized the conditions in Europe, now, 37 years after the damned war (a plague on the men responsible for it, and the dark devilish money powers behind them!).

I have nowhere in Paris where to stay for more than a couple of days. And here Frau Asmus, having other obligations, cannot keep me long. So please write and tell me as soon as you can about when I am to come over and by what means (ship or plane—which is the cheapest?). When I used to travel, in my youth, between France and Greece every year, I used to take a “deck ticket without food” and live on bread and olives. It was no use paying for food when I eat as little as I always did and yet do, and when I don’t even touch anything containing a drop of meat gravy or any animal fat (lard, etc., bacon). Can one take such a ticket on any ship sailing say from England to the USA? If not, I suppose a plane would be cheaper—what does the cheapest plane ticket cost? If not beyond the little money I have, I’ll pay for it myself. My present passport, till I get an Indian one, is in my maiden name, which you know.

Who will be the person inviting me to the USA? Ask Opal Soltau. She has cats—whom I adore. The authorities will find that quite natural for me to be “invited” by such a person.

I hope you (or she, or both) will come and pick me up on landing. It would be frightful if the wrong people—pretending to be you, as I have such poor eyesight—caught hold of me and sent me where I don’t want to go!

I hope—I have already stressed it—I shall never be forced, against my life-long will, to see a doctor or to go to any hospital or old-women’s home of any sort. If ever I “get worse” do please let me die in peace without “medical help,” which I flatly refused in France and shall always refuse as being against my “Spartan” conscience.

Please receive the best of all greetings.

Heil Hitler!

Yours as ever,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 8

Edited by R.G. Fowler

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving these letters, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them, and Bastian Thoemmes for his help with a couple of German words.

—R. G. Fowler

Prien

3 September 1982

Dearest Commander Matt Koehl,

I was very glad to get your letter of 26th August—I only received it today, 3 September 1982—anniversary of the declaration of war by England and France (“for the sake of Poland”) on the Third German Reich. Where is Poland today? In spite of thousands of silly Christian-like Germans who daily send food, clothes, money, any kind of help to the people who, before and during the war, treated their countrymen so atrociously. See D.L. Hogan’s book Der erzwungene Krieg [The Forced War—Ed.]. No, I have no time for the Poles whatsoever unless they be “of the right sort,” as some are, but very few. The man who printed my NS leaflets and posters—1,200 of them—in 1948 was a Polish count [Count Potocki of Montalk—Ed.], who stuck up for Adolf Hitler, calling him “Poland’s only real friend”—there are always exceptions.

I am delighted with the prospect of visiting the free USA—Europe is—alas—a vast concentration camp—worse and worse every day. In the days I first came after the war, it was definitely better than now (“tout est relatif!” [“all is relative!”—Ed.]). One could speak then without “being careful the neighbors will not hear.” One held secret meetings, provided one was clever. And even the German police—in the service of the Allied Occupation—was German at heart. On 16 and 26 December 1954 my room was searched by three policemen. They saw the Führer’s picture next to my bed on the table. Made remarks as you can imagine, but that was all. They confiscated the manuscript of Pilgrimage and kept it. The Staatsanwalt [public prosecutor—Ed.] wrote to me a year later—1955—to tell me he had dismissed the case brought against me “wegen Staatsgefährdung” [for endangering the state—Ed.] and that I could go and collect my things, including the Pilgrimage ms. I went and collected it and asked the higher-ranked member of the German police, who received me (I remember his name) what he thought of the yet unprinted book. He answered, “I personally like it—be it a hundred times ‘NS stuff.’”—“Ja, es ist vor allem eine brennende Huldigung an unser Vaterland” [“Indeed, it is above all a glowing tribute to our Fatherland”—Ed.]. Which German official would dare to say such a thing today?

I’ll speak of today when I am free to do so under the starry banner.

I don’t believe Miss Cheetham will be able to come. She was unemployed and only got a new job recently—she has a secretarial job and works on a computer.

But that is absolutely no problem for me. People all imagine that I am far more handicapped than I really am and need medical or other constant “care,” while in reality I don’t. I can perfectly well help myself as long as I have my chair (with wheels) to push along before me when I must walk. I can cook my own food, fried potatoes nice and brown, or just peas or carrots boiled and then fried in a frying pan in oil or butter, or salad. Never more than one course and little of it. I like to serve myself because others always give me four times too much, and I hate wasting good food. I wash myself, dress and undress myself alone. Only need a quiet place, dark and quiet, head either towards the North or towards the East, to sleep. I never had a radio or a TV set and don’t want any. Frau Asmus with whom I am just now staying has a radio, but I never hear it. She listens to it in her room.

I can perfectly well sit in a railway carriage without anybody accompanying me. Only I cannot at the same time carry my suitcase and push along my chair, say when standing in line for a railway ticket. And, of course, if some thief picks up my suitcase and runs away with it, I cannot run after him or her.

My real disability is not my paralysis but my eyesight. My eyes cannot stand blinding “neon” lights. And I see people’s faces as through a thick fog, not distinctly—and only through my left eye. The right one is lost or as good as lost. That is why I’d like, on landing, someone I know, or can recognize me, to pick me up.

On my way I’ll visit a few comrades in France—and (if I am allowed to land) in England. If I have a letter (not on an obvious NS paper of course) assuring the English authorities that I am going to the USA and am only on a short visit to England, it might help. I’ll ask for a three months visa for the USA. My passport is in my maiden name. But I want, if I can, to get back my old Indian nationality which I had by marriage to A.K. Mukherji on 29 September 1939.

You are perfectly free to republish Defiance, Gold in the Furnace, or any of my books you care to reprint. Perhaps the “cat book”—“the true story of a ‘most objectionable Nazi’ and half-a-dozen cats” and my Impeachment of Man. I do not want a single cent of “royalties.” You please keep all the money you might get through the reprinting of my books for the NSWPP. I give it to you with all my heart.

Your lecture program (itinerary) enchants me. I’d love to see Florida—and the Pacific Coast also—from which I could go back to India via Japan and Thailand. Lovely. I hope I shall not disappoint you. I’ll speak in full sincerity and stress that the ideas are mine and expressed at my own risk. I don’t want any of our comrades, or the NSWPP as a whole to be held responsible for any blunder or questionable statement of mine. If any word of mine be looked upon as objectionable by the authorities, I am prepared to suffer for it alone.

With the very best of all greetings:

Heil Hilter!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

[Omitted are the names and addresses of several of Savitri’s acquaintances—Ed.]

Letters to Matt Koehl

Part 9

Edited by R.G. Fowler

This is the last known letter from Savitri Devi to Matt Koehl. Savitri died less than a month later, on 22 October 1982, just after midnight, at the home of her friend Muriel Gantry in Sible Hedingham, Essex, England. (On Savitri’s death, see Muriel Gantry’s “The Last Days of Savitri Devi,” a selection from her letters to Beryl Cheetham.) We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving Savitri’s letters to him, photocopying them for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish them.

—R. G. Fowler

[Munich]

26 September 1982

Dearest Comrade Matt Koehl,

I have been here at Frau Ederer’s—a fine fighter for truth against all manner of calumny heaped against Germany ever since 1945 and already long before—from the day I had to leave Prien, as Frau Asmus herself had to move.

Frau Ederer is expecting people of her family—son and grandchildren—very soon so I have to go also from here. Am expecting to be on next Friday and Saturday—1 and 2 October—in Lausanne (Switzerland) with G.A. Amaudruz [address omitted—Ed.] and then go to Paris to see a few friends, but don’t know yet where I could stay there. I wrote to Saint-Loup [address omitted—Ed.] and to a couple of other comrades but have yet no answer. I am also waiting for an answer from an English friend [Muriel Gantry—Ed.] who has a cottage of her own and where I could stay till early November. I hope I will be allowed to land after twenty years.

In case I cannot, could I come over to the USA a little earlier than expected? Would you yourself, whom I have not yet seen, but whose features I know from photos and which I could recognize in spite of my defective eyesight, come to pick me up at the airport or boat (the cheapest)? Landing all by myself would be of no inconvenience to me if at least my eyesight were normal. I don’t want the wrong people to pick me up, taking advantage of my incapacity to find out that they are none of my comrades, anything but. Excuse me if I seem stupid, but the many “gangster stories” one hears have made me feel nervous (mißtraurish).

I have followed the happenings in the Near East, especially Lebanon, all these weeks. Those happenings—given the fact that most people are or pretend to be softhearted wherever the two-legged mammal of whatever race is concerned—are looking for us, against our enemies. The Money Power is, of course, anything but “soft-hearted,” but might be, in its own interest, forced to take “public opinion” into account. The latter should be cleverly stirred.

I am enclosing a leaflet showing you the plight of unfortunate Germany in the clutches of the persecutors of her natural élite, which is the élite of our race. A faithful German SS officer, William Schubert, one among thousands, served ten long years as a prisoner in Siberia, and was released in 1956, twenty-seven years ago. The Russians who took him to the border told him. “Stay in East Germany where you are now free. There—i.e., in West Germany—they’ll pitch you into prison again! The unfortunate SS man, however, would go—wanted to see his family after ten years. After two weeks he was arrested by the West German authorities: sentenced to prison for life. Is still behind bars now, 1982. That is Europe: one great KZ Lager [concentration camp—Ed.]. From the USA—if still alive—I want to go back to India where one is free.

With the best greeting

HEIL HILTER!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji