Letters to Miguel Serrano from Savitri Devi

28 March 1980

by Savitri Devi

Edited by R.G. Fowler

German Translation

Russian Translation

What follows is the first of three surviving letters from Savitri Devi to Miguel Serrano, the renowned Chilean diplomat, author, and Esoteric Hitlerist. These letters will eventually appear in a volume of Savitri’s correspondence. We are publishing them online now to encourage comparative studies of Savitri Devi’s and Miguel Serrano’s ideas.

I wish to comment on two interesting characteristics of this letter.

First, the letter reveals that Savitri’s and Serrano’s versions of Esoteric Hitlerism developed in relative indpendence of one another. Because she knew little Spanish, not to mention her failing eyesight, Savitri apparently never read El Cordón Dorado: Hitlerismo Esotérico, the first volume of Serrano’s Esoteric Hitlerist trilogy and the only one published during her lifetime. Savitri is also under the impression (perhaps mistaken) that Serrano had not read The Lightning and the Sun and Souvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne before writing El Cordón Dorado.

Second, the letter, along with statements in And Time Rolls On (see note 2 below), refutes Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke’s completely unfounded assertion that in the early 1960s, “Savitri Devi began to influence Ernst Zündel in the direction of Holocaust denial” (Hitler’s Priestess, 206). Although Savitri’s books did report the views of some who disagreed with aspects of the standard Holocaust story, Savitri makes it clear that she herself believed (until 1977), that approximately six million Jews were killed by the Third Reich and that the methods of extermination included gassing.

According to Zündel himself, whom I interviewed on 29 October 2001, Savitri resisted all his attempts to disabuse her of these views. According to And Time Rolls On, her mind was changed only by reading Arthur Butz’s The Hoax of the Twentieth-Century.

We thank Miguel Serrano for preserving Savitri’s letters, photocopying and mailing them to us, and premitting us to publish them. Thanks also to Bastian Thoemmes for his proofreading.

To make this letter more readable online, I have broken up some of Savitri’s longer paragraphs where such breaks seem natural. The notes, naturally, are mine.

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi

28 March 1980

Dear comrade and friend,

I am writing in English as you tell me you do not read German (a statement which I can hardly understand, as among the letters you sent me, some are in German). I could write in French if you prefer or—with some clumsiness—in Italian.

Unfortunately I have not studied Spanish. I can understand a little of it on account of my knowledge of Italian and French, languages that helped me when I was in Spain (1960) although I mostly spoke German there, being the guest of the late Otto Skorzeny.

I should very much appreciate a copy in French of your book on “esoteric Hitlerism.”1

In my eyes, even though Adolf Hitler “decided to become a politician” at the end of World War I, He never succeeded in doing so. Otherwise He never would have ordered 10 kilometers between His advancing army and the fleeing British Expeditionary Force, in 1940. Any “politician”—any political-minded army chief—would have ordered His soldiers to accelerate their pace and capture (or wipe out) the whole British Expeditionary Force, not allowed them to embark at Dunkirk, in safety.

But the Führer was much more than a politician. He was an Incarnation of the divine Energy that fights to save whatever still appears to deserve to survive, be it in this dark age. So He held out His hand—not once, but again and again—to England. England chose to listen to her Jewish misleaders instead of to Him, and rejected the sincere, friendly gesture.

For that, she shall die—not the glorious death on the battlefield, but the slow, nauseating death through blood-mixture and all manner of vice. Within less than 300 years to come—unless there be a miracle—there shall be no more England. My mother’s compatriots (my mother was descended from Jütland Vikings) will have given way before teeming millions of mongrels (a hotch potch of Jamaicans, Africans, Pakistanis, Jews, and degenerate English women) with nothing in common with their forefathers, except that they might well still be “Christians.”

The few remaining pure-blooded English Aryans—50,000? 20,000?—foreigners in the land of their ancestors, will gather on the eighth of May and curse Mr. Churchill, and on the 16th of October, and pay homage to the martyrs of Nuremberg, and on the 20th of April, and sing hymns to the glory of the Race-Saviour, Adolf Hitler, and bow down in shame and in grief before His everlasting Presence, that those fools of 1940-’41 rejected.

The real reason—to me—why we did not (could not) win the war (and that is the point I put forward in my book The Lightning and the Sun, written 1948-56, reprinted last year by Samisdat Publishers [address omitted]) is that our Führer was not the last great Incarnation of the present Time cycle, but at the most the one before the last. He was “both Sun and Lightning” all right (all fighters against the current of decay are; have to be) but He had in Him “too much Sun, not enough Lightning,” because only the last one (the one the Hindu Scriptures call the “Kalki” avatar) will be equally Sun and Lightning, and will win, and open a new Time cycle, beginning, as all Time cycles do, with a “golden Age” on the ruins of this wretched one.

You must know Franz Pfeiffer, also living in Santiago. I believe I sent him the last copy I had of The Lightning and the Sun. I also sent him a dozen copies of my French book Souvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne. Do please ask him to give you one.

The new book I began is hardly getting on as I am suffering from a “cataract” on both eyes (shall soon have to be operated at least on one eye—the right eye—or shall not see at all any longer. I shall be a full 75 years old on the 30th of September this year).

Mr. A.K. Mukherji—of whom Herr von Selzam, at that time Consul General for Germany in Calcutta, had written that “no man in Asia has rendered the Third German Reich service comparable to his”—would be going on for 77, were he still alive. He died here in Delhi, on the 21st of March 1977—a fine, fair-skinned, Aryan-featured type of Indian Brahmin, fully conscious of the identity of values of Hitlerism and traditional Hinduism.

Your letters—to and from Manfred Roeder—have grieved me. Few things grieve me as much as the sight of misunderstanding, verging sometimes on possible enmity, between National Socialists. We are so few in this immense, indifferent—when not downright hostile—world! We should stress whatever unites us, neglect whatever divides us—unless of course it be too really dangerous to neglect.

I have never met Manfred Roeder, although I am in correspondence with him. I cannot but believe he is sincerely fighting for the survival and final victory of our common Aryan race, over the forces of disintegration that are threatening it more than ever—otherwise why should he live the hard life of an exile, away from his devoted wife, and six beautiful children?

The confidence Mr. Roeder seems to have in the Russians astonished me, at first. But then I said to myself that I have no understanding (and no practice) of international politics, and that, therefore, if a sincere National Socialist, and a man of law, accustomed to see into people (it’s his job), says the Russians are “good”—that is to say, “usable for the benefit of both Germany, the Führer’s country, and of Aryandom at large”—then it must be true; at least, it is an opinion that should be considered, and tested.

You are older, and more experienced than M. Roeder—and have that knowledge of people that a diplomat is bound to have—and what you say is nearer to my spontaneous feelings. I know all Russians are not Communists, and many are instinctively anti-Jewish. Mr. Mukherji spent nearly two years in Russia, and used to speak Russian fluently—all the greater a reason for which the Indian Communists positively hated him, when on his return from the “Soviet paradise,” in 1932 (I was in India then but did not meet him till 1938, in Calcutta) he came out with the only pro-Hitler magazine (a fortnightly) in India, the New Mercury, financed by the Third Reich. He told me a number of anecdotes in support of this—a Russian, called Lakatchow, radiated for three years from the Communist party, for calling a Jew who had stepped on his toes in a tramcar, a “dirty kike”; and a number of people who, in the privacy of their homes, used to turn off their radio as soon as the subject of “materialist dialectic” appeared.

But all that does not mean that the Russian home and foreign policy are not governed by Jews—or slaves of Jews. So are all policies after the disaster of 1945. That is why, personally, I support none, hate them all, and only wait for the day in which, of all we are made to call “civilisation,” nothing shall be left. Hurray!

No more Jewish values for Aryan consumption. No more laws to protect the weak against the strong, the sick against the healthy. No more beautiful, healthy, innocent, and trusting living creatures, tortured in laboratories, to see what happens when this or that is done, or to help patch up good for nothing sick people! No more of all that which has revolted me from childhood.

As a South American, you must remember the words of Huayna Capac’s soothsayers in answer to his request to tell him the meaning of the three circles he had noticed around the moon: the red one, the black one, and the smoky one: “The red one means civil war: bloodshed in the royal family. The black one means disaster—defeat at the hands of powerful foes; the smoky one is the worst; it means: of all we know, of all we revere, nothing will remain!”

At that time everything in the Inca Empire looked just as before—seemed everlasting. But Huayna Capac had been foolish enough to order the division of the empire between his two sons—Huascar, the son of his sister and wife, the legitimate heir, and Atahualpa, the son of the woman he loved. And the Spanish Caravellas were, if not yet “on their way,” about the cross the Atlantic.

When will the circles around the moon reappear and show the end of all that the world holds great today: Democracy, man-centered philosophies (all of them, from Christianity to Communism, included), the cult of decadence? And the dawn of the next Time cycle in Adolf Hitler’s invisible presence?

You say, quite rightly, that the Russians did nothing (nor did the Americans) to break the falsehood about the mass-gassing of Jews, etc. To my shame (it shows my lack of scenting material impossibilities, i.e., lack of intelligence) I believed the gas-chamber stories and the tale of the six million Jews done away. I believed it for years.2 But not being a lover of man, the stories had not on me the effect that their promoters had expected. I quote a passage I wrote in 1945 in the Preface of my book Impeachment of Man:

The one thing the propaganda did,—instead of stirring in me the slightest indignation against the supposed-to-be “war criminals”—was to rouse my hatred against the hypocrisy and cowardice underlying every man-centered attitude; to harden me in my bitter contempt for “man” in general; and . . . to prompt me to write this book: the answer to it, the spirit of which could be summed up in a few lines: “A ‘civilization’ that makes such a ridiculous fuss about alleged ‘war crimes’—acts of violence against the actual or potential enemies of one’s cause—and tolerates slaughterhouses and vivisection laboratories, and circuses and the fur industry (infliction of pain upon creatures that can never be for or against any cause), does not deserve to live. Out with it! Blessed the day it will destroy itself, so that a healthy, hard, frank and brave, nature-loving and truth-loving élite of supermen with a life-centred faith,—a natural human aristocracy, as beautiful, on its own higher level, as the four-legged kings of the jungle—might again rise, and rule upon its ruins, for ever!”

My spontaneous answer to the six million story was: “A pity is was not sixteen million! Then the Jewish question would have been well-solved!”

I often repeated that I forbid anyone to criticise us for the treatment of our worst enemies unless he be himself a Jain, i.e., a member of an Indian religious sect, that kills no fleas, nor bugs, nor lice. For surely a politically active Jews (or pro-Jewish Aryan, by the way) is liable to create more mischief than any of these insects that cannot but live on blood (but so little of it!).

Now that I know the story is a lie, I say so. It is good propaganda with the man-loving, stupid majority!

Write to me whenever you feel like it.

With the ritual greeting,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji3

[P.S.] I know de Mahieu4 only though his writings. Saint-Loup I know well and admire. His children, on their way to Nepal, paid a visit to me here in Delhi two years ago.

Letter to Miguel Serrano

31 March 1980

by Savitri Devi

Edited and translated by R.G. Fowler

German Translation

Russian Translation

Below, in the original French and in English translation, is the second of three surviving letters from Savitri Devi to Miguel Serrano.

Again, we thank Miguel Serrano for preserving Savitri’s letters, photocopying and mailing them to us, and premitting us to publish them.

I also wish to thank Arjuna for his help in transcribing Savitri’s handwriting and Bastian Thoemmes for his careful proofreading..

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi

31 Mars 1980

Cher camarade et ami,

Je me suis permis de montrer votre lettre à la meilleure amie que j’aie ici aux Indes : une Française, ayant la moitié de mon âge, mais beaucoup plus d’expérience, et surtout d’intelligence au sens fort du mot, que moi (je parle, non pas de la capacité d’échafauder des raisonnements irréprochables, mais de connaître les gens. Elle a été enthousiasmée de votre jugement ... et de votre maîtrise de vous-même (dans votre réponse à la lettre virulente de M.R.) et vous a écrit tout de suite. Ma lettre, en réponse à la vôtre, a dû partir en même temps que la sienne ; vous les recevrez en même temps.

Votre lettre m’a incitée à relire « La Division Azul », de Saint-Loup, que je possède. Quels hommes que ces Légionnaires ! C’est sans doute dans leurs rangs que vous avez pris part à la lutte contre l’ennemi de toujours sous sa forme actuelle : le Communisme. J’en suis d’autant plus fière d’avoir eu une lettre de vous – avec vos réflexions sur l’état de la Russie, maintenant aux portes des Indes, en Afghanistan.

J’ai vu la passe de Khyber en oct.-nov. 1936. Suis allée jusqu’à Landiskotal – pas jusqu’à Kaboul : dans ce temps-là c’était très difficile. J’ai parlé de cette extraordinaire voie des conquérants dans le chapitre intitulé « La terre sans maîtres » du premier livre que j’aie écrit après mes thèses de doctorat : « L’Etang aux Lotus » – écrit en 1937, publié aux frais à Mr. Mukherji en 1940 (mes premières impressions – ou les impressions de mes premières années – aux Indes. Je n’en ai plus qu’un seul exemplaire (j’aurais d’ailleurs pas mal de corrections et d’additions à y faire !).

Je me permets de vous envoyer – par avion, recommandés – deux exemplaires de mon livre « Souvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne » également en français. Vous ne m’en voudrez pas si certains passages vous déplaisent, voire vous choquent (peut-être). Vous y trouverez quand même, je l’espère, quelques réflexions que vous jugerez valables.

Je n’ai qu’un exemplaire de « The Lightning and the Sun » (écrit de 1948 à 56). Je l’ai prêté, on ne me l’a pas encore rendu. Si on ne me le rend pas bientôt je demanderai à Samisdat Publishers [adresse omise], qui en ont publié une seconde édition, de vous en envoyer un exemplaire (malheureusement les images n’ont pas été mises dans l’ordre original).

Avec la salutation rituelle des fidèles, H.H. !

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

New Delhi

31 March 1980

Dear comrade and friend,

I took the liberty of showing your letter to the best friend I have here in India: a Frenchwoman, half my age, but with much more experience and especially intelligence in the strong sense of the word, than me (I speak not of the capacity to construct irreproachable arguments, but to know people). She was filled with enthusiasm at your judgment . . . and your self-control (in your reply to the virulent letter of Mr. R. [Roeder]) and wrote to you immediately. My letter, in response to yours, had to leave at the same time as hers; you will receive them at the same time.

Your letter encouraged me to reread La Division Azul, of Saint-Loup, which I have. What men these Légionaries were! It is undoubtedly in their ranks that you took part in the fight against the eternal enemy in his current form: Communism. I am all the more proud to have had a letter from you—with your reflections on the state of Russia, today at the doors of India, in Afghanistan.

I saw the Khyber Pass in October-November 1936. Went as far as Landiskotal—not to Kabul: in this time it was very difficult. I spoke about this extraordinary way of the conquerors in the chapter entitled “The Land without Masters” in the first book which I wrote after my doctoral theses: The Lotus Pond—written in 1937, published at the expense of Mr. Mukherji in 1940 (my first impressions—or the impressions of my first years—in India). I have no more than one sole copy (besides, I would have to make a good many corrections and additions!).

I am taking the liberty of sending—by air mail, registered—two copies of my book Souvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne also in French. I hope that certain passages do not displease you, even (perhaps) shock you. You will find there, nevertheless, I hope, some reflections that you will judge valid.

I have only one copy of The Lightning and the Sun (written 1948 to ’56). I loaned it out, and it has not yet been returned to me. If it is not returned to me soon, I will ask Samisdat Publishers [address omitted], which published a second edition, to send you a copy (unfortunately the images were not put in the original order).

With the ritual greeting of faithful, H.H.!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

Letter to Miguel Serrano

20 April 1982

by Savitri Devi

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Russian Translation

Below, in the original German and in English translation, is the third and final surviving letter from Savitri Devi to Miguel Serrano

Special thanks to Miguel Serrano for making Savitri’s letters available. Thanks also to Bastian Thoemmes for his help with the transcription and translation.

—R. G. Fowler

Alix par Lozanne

20 April 1982

Sehr lieber Kamerad !

Heute denke ich besonders an Sie und an Frau RAU. Ob sie sich noch weiter im Griff dieser furchtbaren Krankheit quält, oder nun bei den Ahnen, im Licht des Valhalls weiterlebt ? Wenn sie dort ist, dann möchte ich schnell auch bei ihr sein !

Ich sehe fast nicht mehr. Mein rechtes Auge war schon kaput, jetzt geht auch das linke denselben Weg. Ich sehe durch es wie durch dicken Nebel, kann kaum die Gesichter unterscheiden. Trotzdem bin ich noch imstande, zu lesen und zu schreiben (mit dickem Vergrößerungsglas) und ich könnte allein, in einem unabhängigen Zimmer leben und mein einfaches Essen zubereiten. Ich will weg von hier so schnell als möglich.

Nicht nur langweile ich mich hier, sehr selten kommen Besuche, und das Lesen ist schwer, wird immer schwerer. Nochdazu sind sämtliche Zimmertüren aus Glas, und das grelle Neonlicht des Korridors (ab 6 Uhr früh !) tut meinen Augen weh. Ich kann es nicht haben trotz schwarzer Brille – es tut so weh !

Ich vermisse die gute Frau Ettmayer [address omitted], bei der ich fast glücklich war trotz meinem Zustand.

Heute ist ER 93 Jarhre alt, wenn er wirklich noch am Leben ist. WANN wird Seine Macht endlich erscheinen, und ein Ende dieser jämmerlichen Dekadenz machen ?! Ich werde den großen Tag wahrscheinlich nicht sehen. Ich rufe jeden Tag den Tod, den Befreier herbei !

Grüßen Sie alle die Gleichgesinnten von mir (Frau B— [address omitted] Mann: Wulf-Dieter) und unsere „Viviane“ aus New Delhi.

Mit dem allerheiligsten Gruß,

Ihre ergebene,

SAVITRI DEVI

Alix par Lozanne

20 April 1982

Very dear comrade!

Today I particularly think of you and of Mrs. RAU. Whether she still suffers in the grip of this awful illness, or now lives on with the ancestors, in the light of Valhalla? If she is there, then I would like to join her soon as well!

I see almost nothing. My right eye is already kaputt, and now the left is going the same way. By it I see as through thick fog, can scarcely differentiate between faces. Nevertheless I am still able to read and write (with a thick magnifying glass), and I could live alone, in an independent room, and prepare my simple meals. I want to be away from here as fast as possible.

Not only am I bored here, visitors very seldom come, and reading is difficult and becoming ever more so. What is more, all the room doors are glass, and the sharp neon light of the corridor (starting from 6 a.m.!) makes my eyes hurt. I cannot have it despite dark eyeglasses—it hurts so much!

I miss good Mrs. Ettmayer [address omitted], with whom I was almost happy despite my condition.

Today HE is 93 years old, if he is really still alive. WHEN will His Power finally appear, and put an end to this deplorable decadence?! I will probably not see that great day. Every day I call for death, the liberator!

Greet all the like-minded ones for me (Frau B— [address omitted] husband: Wulf-Dieter) and our “Viviane” from New Delhi.

With the most holy greeting,

Your devoted,

SAVITRI DEVI