Savitri Devi’s Correspondence with George Lincoln Rockwell

Part 1

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Below is the first installment of selected correspondence between Savitri Devi and George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967). Savitri and Rockwell began their correspondence in 1960 and probably continued it regularly until his assassination in 1967, but not all of their letters have come to light, and two of the letters that have come to light have missing pages.

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

Lyons

18 September 1960

Dear Comrade,

In a letter which I have just now received, our comrade and friend Walter Grün (from Sweden) has asked me to get in touch with you. It is a pleasure—and an honor—for me to do so, after what I have learnt (through him) of your ceaseless struggle in defense of our common Aryan race.

I am half English—of Viking descent—and partly Greek and North Italian, so that, above all artificial state boundaries, the glorious name of “Aryan” is really the only one by which I can describe myself. My Indian name Savitri Devi was at first merely a pen name; in 1939, just after the outbreak of the war, however, a very selfless and generous Brahmin from Bengal (also a fighter for Aryan humanity at the time: he was the editor of the only NS magazine in India) gave me his name and protection—without any personal obligation on my part and any kind of link other than ideological between us—and I became S.D. Mukherji. (Circumstances seemed to make that step advisable at the time. One day I might tell you why.)

I was extremely pleased to hear of you and of your American co-fighters. The only thing I wish, for the good of our common race, is that as soon as possible people such as yourself and your companions in faith and action, should (thanks to I do not know, and do not care, what yet unforeseen crisis) seize power in the USA. In his report on the USA, Mr. Walter Grün [speaks of] the extraordinary malleability of the bulk of American citizens in the hands of whoever is master of the radio, television, cinema, and newspaper industries. This trait has, of course, the most disastrous consequences, now that the bosses of the above concerns are mostly if not all Jews, or men soaked in Jewish ideas. But it could be, and doubtless would be, turned into a blessing from the day a healthy, pure-blooded, racially-conscious, proud, and ruthless Aryan minority would become the sole ruling power in America. May you and your friends be among the first ones to rise and rule! That is my sincerest wish as far as the USA are concerned!

I am sending you (by registered post) two of my books: The Lightning and the Sun and Pilgrimage. I hope you will not be shocked by the out-and-out anything but Christian scale of values that is visible in both—especially in Pilgrimage. (I became conscious of my being at heart a disciple of Adolf Hitler in 1929 . . . in . . . Palestine of all places!!!) [The rest of the letter is not extant.]

Arlington, Virginia

6 October 1960

Dear Mrs. Mukherji:

Thank you for your letter and the books.

I have not yet been able to read all of the volumes, but I already know they are something far above anything else I have ever read. The one about the pilgrimage [Pilgrimage] brought tears to my eyes and a lump in my throat.

They have also forced me to revise my opinion of lady philosophers. In all my experience of the world, and all my studies and reading, I have never found a feminine writer who could reach the profoundest depths and heights of thought with powerful and penetrating original ideas—without being obnoxiously masculine. You have done this thing, and, were you the rankest Communist, which, thank God you are not, I would still salute you for the masterful performance.

I have only started the other book [The Lightning and the Sun], but I already know it is one of those rare jewels of knowledge and understanding, like Mein Kampf, The Crowd (by Le Bon), etc.—which have served me as the foundation for all thinking, and the source of endless inspiration. Your phrase, for instance, “cruelty—the violence of cowards” is worth a ton of the “literature” being turned out today by our Jew-promoted “geniuses.”

As I write, I can hardly see. I was brutally beaten by four men when I tried to get a little time off at a German picnic here Sunday. I have lost my dear wife and family, all comfort and everything most people consider the “essence” of life. But in some measure, these things were made up to me as I read passages of your Pilgrimage. I do not know you and may never meet you—but I have shared with you an Olympian experience worth all the petty affairs of the world a thousand times over, and denied to all but dedicated NAZIS and those who know the soul of the Great Man.

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Devi’s Correspondence with George Lincoln Rockwell

Part 2

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Here is the second installment of selected correspondence between Savitri Devi and George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967).

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—R. G. Fowler

Lyons

14 December 1960

Dear Mr. Rockwell,

Your address had been given to me in September last by a Swedish friend, Mr. Walter Grün, who had written and told me you would be interested in some of my books.

In consequence, I requested a friend of mine, who lives in London [Muriel Gantry], to send you The Lightning and the Sun, Pilgrimage, and any others she might yet have. And I sent you myself from here the same two which I just mentioned, and, later on, Gold in the Furnace and Impeachment of Man (the Foreword of which I thought might interest you, even if the rest does not). I was intending also to send you Defiance. But I am wondering if you received the parcels I just mentioned, as I have not had a word from you telling me you have.

May I know whether those books all reached you? And, if they did, whether you had time to give them a glance, and whether you think you would like to have Defiance also?

If you had time to read them, may I know your frank and sincere impression of them? I was told by our comrade Grün that you have our ideas. But there are shades of opinion even among us, and I know some people, who, though professing to be on our side, are shocked by the “extreme” nature of my views. When I do not get an answer after sending books to someone, I always fear the person has been shocked, and does not wish to write to me.

But I would be glad to have a word from you even if this be the case.

With my best regards—and best wishes for the Yuletide and the New Year—I remain, with the best of salutations

Yours most sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

If they happen to interest you, could you possibly sell a few of my books in the USA?

23 December 1960

Mrs. M[ukherji]:

Since my secretary typed this all out from dictation over two weeks ago, it has lain, like its predecessors, in my attaché case, awaiting “special treatment” which I never got around to doing. In the meantime, your SECOND letter arrived—and I am determined to get you a decent reply this A.M. if it means letting the Jews go entirely unpunished.

I have begun to win victory after victory in the Courts, lately, the most recent being court orders against the U.S. Army for trying to heave out my men without hearings, and acquittal on charges against myself. I have attacked the bastards in the courts with maximum vigor, and it is beginning to pay off. But the drain on my time and energy and will is terrific, and I have TEN major cases going in the courts now—and me not a lawyer!

You ask in your latest letter if I will sell your books! OF COURSE!–And PROUDLY!—they are great books which will one day be revered like our present Kike Bible, when our Jew-hypnotized people are once again proud and knowledgeable of their Nordic culture and concepts, and do not need to or want to lean on the nasty mutterings of a bunch of old Jews.

What should we ask for them? How much will they cost us? How about postage? Should we simply recommend them and give your address, or do you want us to handle orders—or books? What quantities are available? I think we can arrange a pretty good sale for you.

I am enclosing our latest printed item. It is far from a masterpiece, and was produced, as usual, in a white heat of inspiration and necessity. It also is printed in sorry shape—but it is a desperate plea to ALL Nordics and White Men to UNITE under the sacred banner—and I think it will have good results.

I think you, of all persons I know on earth, will appreciate the thinking and the sentiments therein. Let me know what you think—and also if you can place it [text breaks off]

The situation here in America is much as described by Party Comrade Grün. Having traveled considerably throughout the world and discovered that, relative to Europeans, Americans are comparatively uneducated, uncultured, and unthinking. In addition our people here, like the German people before them, are cursed with an overweening objectivity and lack of emotional maturity so that they are born suckers for the immensely powerful yet brilliantly subtle Jewish propaganda which floods our country 24 hours a day year after year.

Americans have been taught that it is an especially despicable thing to be proud of anything except their “equality” with cannibals and immoral Jews.

Many educated and perceptive individuals who know the world situation and understand National Socialism tend to despair of ever salvaging these millions of brainwashed suicidal Aryans, and, in fact, roundly hate them and wish only to see them suffer. Among people in the movement here one constantly hears the phrases “They’re not worth saving,” “To hell with the slobs,” etc. But I remind myself regularly of the Master’s words, “Only a fool, knowing the nature of the poisoners and seducers, could hate the victims.” The masses have ever been incapable of defending themselves from demagogues, as a blind man is incapable of avoiding falling into pits. In my own thinking it is immoral and cowardly for the shepherd to curse the wandering sheep. It is our job to herd them and protect them for their own benefit even despite their Ignorance and venomous attacks upon us.

I hope to include herein a booklet which we are going to try to print this afternoon. It will explain more of my thinking on these matters.

When I began our struggle here, it was only a hope but now I have demonstrated on a relatively small local scale the feminine thinking of the masses (in which I include the phony intellectuals). In our local area where I have had a chance to maintain a steady propaganda on a considerable number of people I have succeeded in winning over the majority, even though fear still keeps them publicly damning me for their own economic and social welfare.

What I have been able to do on a local scale can obviously be done on a much larger scale nationally and internationally. This is what we are now doing.

The struggle of the times in which we live is not even the ideological fight we sometimes imagine. It is a gigantic historical battle for the survival of the elite race which built western civilization against the diabolical plan of the Jew to overwhelm the tiny but precious elite minority with the swarming and teeming masses of the earth, slobs and inferiors.

I dearly wish that Hitler had not so strongly emphasized Germany at the expense of the rest of humanity. It would have been immensely easier for National Socialism to have prevailed had it been from the very outset an international white man’s movement instead of a chauvinistic “foreign” German movement. By [National Socialism] being so heavily Germanized, the Jews have been able to make the very basic ideology of White men wherever they are into something German and therefore suspect in the two-bit minds of our white brothers in all countries other than Germany.

I see my task as the complete internationalizing and universalizing of National Socialism, with the word national, therein, being given the sole meaning of race—and having nothing whatever to do with imaginary lines drawn around groups of white men of waving different bits of cloth and ready to fight and kill each other at the drop of a hat on the behalf of niggers and Jews.

Being a Nazi and dedicated to brutal realism of facts and speech it is extremely difficult for me to comment on your book The Lightning and the Sun because of the inescapable conclusions it produces in me as to my own place in the struggle and perhaps in history.

This analysis of the creative forces which reappear cyclically to rescue humanity hurling itself into the abyss is superb, masterful, and I could not more heartily agree that Adolf Hitler is the greatest of these historical giants who reappear recurrently in the human pageant.

Further, I agree that Hitler embodied mostly “Sun” to use your own term. If he made any mistakes it was failing to incorporate enough “Lightning” in his movement. He was, in my opinion, almost a Jesus-like figure, compared to the Draconian role he had to play. He was also so far above me and everybody else I gave ever known or experienced in intellect, spirit, and pure genius that I cringe with shame to presume to pose myself anywhere near this God-like figure, yet the course of events, the failure of anybody else to assume the task, and my own uncontrollable will to drive forward for a Hitlerite world with every fiber of my being, forced me to assume the role you have described so masterfully in The Lightning and the Sun.

I truthfully feel like a mouse forced to try to lead a battle of tigers and sincerely pray to the Destiny in which I have come to believe to send us another giant in the mold of Hitler. Until I can discover such a one, however, I shall stop at nothing to create and lead to victory an Aryan Internationale. Since I began two years ago, utterly alone, deserted finally even by a wonderful wife and family, without funds and unknown, I believe we have succeeded in producing a wave of resurgent National Socialism which will soon sweep the world. [Letter ends here]

Lyons

4 January 1961

Dearest Comrade,

The literature you sent me—with the glorious sign all over it—and your letter (of which only pages 1, 2, 3, and 5, reached me—there is a blank sheet instead of p. 4)—have brought tears of joy into my eyes. My mind went back to the darkest year in world history, 1945, the year in which I wanted to kill myself.

“Oh to sleep, to forget—to die!

While in the distant West, events

Would take their course,

Freed from the nightmare of surrender,

Freed from the nightmare of remorse,

For not having laid down my life in action at Thy side,

In absolute unconsciousness,

Forever to abide!”

—These are the very words in which I describe (retrospectively) my state of mind, in a “prose poem” entitled “1945”—one of an unpublished series of sixteen “prose poems”—the year in which the only feeling that held me back from putting an end to myself was . . . the hope of seeing one day “the enemy” in still worse a plight (if possible) than my beloved Third Reich.

Who could have told me then, that one day, from that very USA which I then hated so wildly—for I saw in it nothing but Roosevelt’s USA, and that of Eisenhower’s “Crusade to Europe”—I would receive such a tribute as this to the One Man and the one Idea that have always filled my life? Who could have dreamed such a thing then—only fifteen years ago?

I thank you from the depths of my heart for all your efforts. May I one day see you in power, reaching us a fraternal hand over the Atlantic—undoing, with the help of your fine fighting young men, the mischief Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower have done. Thank you for your flattering—too flattering—words to me. I appreciate them, not that I think myself worthy of such praise (those who suffered physical torture at the hands of the enemy and of his agents, and stood the test victoriously, calmly replying “Heil Hitler!” to their torturers and not speaking anything more, those deserve praise, not I. As I told one of them, once—a German heroine named Gerda Strasdat, whose both legs and one arm were cut off as a result of the injuries inflicted upon her by British slaves of Jewry in 1945, and who still lay, in 1959, on a bed, happy and smiling, saying: “I’ve done my best for the Führer and the Reich. I am content!”—they are the “Gold in the Furnace”; I only wrote Gold in the Furnace. (Was not there at the proper time, but in India, 6,000 miles away, the stupid fool!)

But you wrote those words prompted by love for Him, in whose shadow we all stand—because I too love him. That is why I value your words—and the beautiful picture of him, looking at me from the first page—at me who never saw Him in flesh and blood and would give my life to see Him once, only once, and greet Him, with out-stretched arm and the two Words of faith and pride.

I could sing and dance for joy at the idea that there are people like you and your collaborators now on the surface of this earth; people younger than I (I am fifty-five) who will carry to fruition the things I have lived for, consciously, for the last thirty-two years; unaware, since ever—since before this life, if, as the Hindus believe, we live many births and many deaths.

I read your literature and agree with all you say, save—perhaps—with the lavish use of the expression “White” man. I know it is a convenient expression. But the Jews are—often are, at any rate—also “White”; and color is not sufficient to determine race. A black Angora cat and a white Angora cat are both Angora cats—cats of the same breed, with a slight variation. A black Angora cat and a black “gutter” cat are not of the same breed, even if they both be also entirely of the same color (of hair and skin). I hope I make myself clear with this simile. An olive-skinned man (the color of a dark Italian, or of a fair upper-caste Indian) with perfect Aryan features, is a much better specimen of Aryan humanity than a “White” man with his ears set too high not to argue some Semitic blood, or with pink but Negro-shaped lips (as there are some).

Savitri’s illustration (from the letter) of typical Semitic and Aryan profiles.

(Courtesy of Matt Koehl.)

Don’t you think the word Aryan is much more accurate than the word “White”? All Aryans are (more or less) White. But all more or less Whites are not necessarily Aryans—anything but!

As for our beloved Leader having been “mistaken” when making National Socialism specifically “German,” I don’t believe he was for a minute. He was perfectly conscious that a Nation is nothing but a tragic joke when not based upon the solid concept of race. He said so over and over again. He admitted naturalizations of non-German Nordics and occasionally of non-German Aryans of other countries than of North Europe into the German Nation. He said (I think I quoted those words somewhere at the end of The Lightning and the Sun): “It will not matter, in the Europe we are building, whether a man comes from Norway or Austria, provided he be a pure-blooded and healthy Aryan.” What more do you want?

He would have been the first one to accept the Aryan elements of Canada and the USA, of South Africa and Australia, and (from a few instances I personally know) even those—non-“Nordic” but yet “Aryan”—of the pure high castes of India, and of Iran, as the élite in the respective countries they live in. He even admitted alliance with altogether non-Aryans—i.e., the Japanese—provided it remained a collaboration in spirit, but never intermarriage.

The traditional racialist attitude of the Hindus—inherited from the Aryan invaders of India, 6,000 years ago or so—is exactly the same. One is honored—or was honored until Mr. Nehru’s widespread propaganda against “caste” (in favor of the race-mixers)—in India, not because one is rich, or even learned, but for the degree of purity of one’s Aryan blood. A fair Brahmin, with features like ours, as descendant of the old hallowed invaders of the Vedic days, is, according to the Hindu religious conception, infinitely more valuable than a rich, dark, even learned Sudra.

That is why—thinking there were enough people to spread the Hitler Idea to Europe in his days of power, I went to India (already in 1932) to try to integrate the young new faith of the West, into the time-honored Aryan tradition of the land of many races that don’t (or are supposed not to) mix, in which “Arya”—Aryan—means to this day “noble” and “leading”; natural aristocracy.

Had we won this damned war, the things I preached in India for years and years—and my quotations from Mein Kampf, and from Alfred Rosenberg’s Myth of the Twentieth Century, parallel to words of old Hindu Scripture, would not have been lost. Now the Jew is financing every manner of democratic propaganda there as elsewhere.

Your remarks about Iceland are very interesting—all the more, to me, that I lived nearly a year in that island (from 8 November 1946 to August 1947) and even learnt the language. The people are a fine Nordic people—many downright beautiful. I went there to not see the posters before certain shows in Oxford Street (London) 1946: “Nazi Atrocities: 1 shilling, 6 pence entrance.” And not to hear the wireless in tea-shops and elsewhere barking insults at our Führer and all we stand for.

Well . . . I found just the same (in a milder form). Just as many sighs over the “poor” Jews, of whom we had apparently gassed some three or four million. (Then they grew into six million, and now into nine million as the Eichmann show trial is drawing nigh. I suppose there will be more gassed Jews than there ever were Jews on this planet, before the trial is over!) One of the first people to appear at the house where I was staying was a certain Abrahams, a talented Jewish music executant, with his mother and . . . Icelandic wife (fortunately no children), all as anti-Nazi as can be.

“Occult” pursuits were very popular. And nearly every “occult”-minded person was at the same time a Freemason, therefore an anti-Nazi.

If things have changed since 1947, I am very, very glad of it indeed. And I wish you with all my heart that Mrs. Rockwell should join you in your struggle, wherever you may choose to fight. And the four beautiful Nordic children!—What have you called them? Are they boys and girls? How old are they?

I’d be very pleased to come for a visit to the USA, say, during the long holidays, for instance. Unfortunately I am barely in a position to make two ends meet. The publication of three of the books of mine you have [Pilgrimage, The Lightning and the Sun, and Impeachment of Man]—not Gold in the Furnace, and also not Defiance, which I am sending you, which my collaborator Mr. Mukherji printed long ago. (Mr. Mukherji is a very generous Indian Brahmin who, thinking it would help me to leave India in 1939—and speak in Bengali and Greek on the German Radio, where I was expected to speak, but could not, as I could not leave—gave me his name and protection, without any personal obligation or “duty” of mine towards him in return.) The other three cost me all I earned in three years’ work (college and private pupils). And their transport from India was extremely costly—also the postage; therefore, I would be grateful if one helped me to pay at least the postage. I just can’t manage it with my uncertain lessons—and so few! (My foreign nationality prevents me from having a fixed job in French education.)

So if there are means for securing my journey to and back from the States and my stay there, I am delighted to go and join you for two or three months in your struggle; make speeches; tell those who are not yet quite conscious of it of the greatness of our Führer and of the perfection of His Doctrine. I wouldn’t like anything better! But am not in a position to undertake now or in the near future such an expensive journey. And where should I stay?

I am sending Defiance very soon. So you will have: The Lightning and the Sun, Pilgrimage, Gold in the Furnace, Impeachment of Man, and Defiance. I had told my friend Miss Gantry from London to send you the two first ones. Did she do so? For I also sent the same: so you should have two of each.

Would you like me to send you other copies of the same (and roughly how many of each?) for your friends—could you sell any for me? You can keep the money for the struggle; I am not making a business out of my writings. But I should like you—if possible—to send me the postage costs—for I cannot manage otherwise. Soon I shall materially not be able to send anything anywhere for shortage of funds.

I absolutely agree with you about the silliness of nationality not based upon race. No frontiers between creatures that are not biologically different—quite right. That’s exactly the basis of our Führer’s Anschluß: “Gemeinsames Blut gehört in ein gemeinsames Reich.” That—and the famous Point 4 of the Twenty-Five Points—“Staatsburger kann nur sein, wer Volksgenoße kann nur sein wer deutsche Blutes ist. Daher kann kein Jude Staatsbürger sein”—is the basis of the Aryan Revolution of this century (twentieth century “AD”—First century of the New Reckoning, one day, I hope).

With best greetings for the coming year. May it bring us a step nearer to reconquered power!

In faith, as ever,

Yours fraternally,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Do you know comrade John L— [address omitted]? A fine National Socialist. Heinrich H—’s daughter put me in touch with him. Do you know Colin Jordan [address omitted]? Get in touch with him. He is one of the best Aryans in Europe, he and his boys. They are preparing some demonstration against the Yids on the 4th or 5th of March—before the Eichmann Trial. Why not do the same in the USA?

Savitri Devi’s Correspondence with George Lincoln Rockwell

Part 3

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Here is the third installment of selected correspondence between Savitri Devi and George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967).

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

12 July 1965

Dear Commander Rockwell,

You must be wondering why I have not yet replied to your letter to me (concerning the split among our English comrades) and especially to your kind attention to me on the occasion of the Great Anniversary. I have received all that which you sent me, and was especially touched on getting the beautiful picture of our Führer Adolf Hitler—perhaps less because of the beauty of this picture and of the fact that it is “His,” than because of the deeper signification of your gesture: a former fighter against National Socialist Germany, with outstanding war records, has become, within two decades after the Disaster, the dynamic Leader of resurgent National Socialism, the Head of the World Union of National Socialists, of world-wide fame, and sends a picture of Him Whom he now recognizes as the Savior of our common Aryan race, to an obscure but sincere old devotee of that same one Führer—a devotee who has been so all her life, and who has had for the USA, in 1945 and afterwards (till she met the dynamic Leader in 1962) the feelings you can well imagine. It is the symbolism in the gesture that moved me so deeply. Could I ever have held that to be possible on the boat that brought me back from India to ruined Europe in November 1945, or in the horrible months of utter despair, bitterness, and hatred that followed? And yet . . . That gesture of yours is a miracle of Adolf Hitler’s everlasting spirit. You are a miracle of Adolf Hitler’s everlasting spirit—a victory won from the midst of the ashes of Dresden and all the towns of “His” Great Reich.

I wish you do conquer the USA to our ideals, with the help of the best elements of the soil, and strengthen them and organize them as a model National Socialist State, able to speak to whose who have kept us down so long in Europe and are still denying us any sort of freedom of expression: “Out with you . . . or else!” How they would run before the eternal Swastika banner, backed by all the might of those who once intervened to tear it down, but who then—after understanding, as you have, that “Hitler was right”—shall stand up for it!

I still deplore the split in England but am afraid I can do nothing to influence the minds of any of our comrades to reconsider their decision after you—the Head of the WUNS—have spoken: I was, for the second time refused the permission of landing in the United Kingdom on 27 December 1964. Although I had purposely had no contract whatsoever with our comrades during the short stay I managed to secure there some months before. I especially wanted to come back on account of personal affairs I have there: consultation of libraries and people, in connection with a book I am writing (in French, this time) [Tyrtée l’Athenien—Tyrtaios the Athenian]—a story of seventh century BC Greece, naturally “in our spirit”; but it has to be rigorously accurate, and I wanted to consult certain of my acquaintances for that; also, my difficulties with the publication of a book in English [Long-Whiskers]—that has been three years—three whole years!—in the hands of the publisher. This is also in our spirit—and very much so indeed!—although it is no “propaganda” but just a true story, mostly concerning animals. The book is printed—but, I believe, for the contents page and one or two others (list of illustrations). I have no news of what is going on with it. Nobody in England seems willing (or able) to do anything for me in that connection, and I cannot go. It is the last time I ever have anything printed without being myself on the spot. (My German book [Hart wie Kruppstahl] will have to wait. It was finished two years ago already.)

Moreover, I have all through this year 1964-65 been appointed to work as a “help-teacher.” I cannot get a fixed job, first because I am not French, second because I am too old. I shall be a help-teacher till I become 65—in 1970—and have no pension afterwards. But that is another question. I have been appointed, I say, to work in a college far away from the place (Montbrison) where I actually live. (I only come to Lyons now and then for my letters.) It means getting up at 4:15 a.m., and journeying two hours to go and another two hours (with changing trams or buses three times) to come back. I had hardly time to do any writing—whether on my book (Tyrtée l’Athenien—Tyrtaios the Athenian) or writing letters—for months. Now—thank goodness—exams are over, and I am at last on a holiday. That is why I can write this long letter to you. I only hope I shall next year not be appointed in a place so far away from where I live.

And now, let me come to a few reflections and questions, which I have wished to lay down on paper for a long, long time. I received, with thanks, all the literature you sent me: the Rockwell Report and other papers. I note with satisfaction that you put in your name as a candidate to the post of Governor of Virginia. Needless to say I wish you every success—and hope this will only be a first step on your way to the Leadership of the USA as a whole.

There is, however, one thing that thoroughly disturbs me—I should even say distresses me—in your literature: it is the insistence on the expression “Christian White people.” I should like to examine these two words, and begin with the second—the less “disturbing.”

If I were a Jewess, or a servant of the Jews, I should use this express against our National Socialist cause saying: “How foolish of those Nazis to call themselves champions of ‘White’ mankind when they continually attack us Jews (or the Jews)! Aren’t Jews also White—like in fact all Semites? Doesn’t everybody know that the Semitic race, just as the Aryan, and the pre-Aryan Mediterranean (to whom the Minoans belonged) and so many others, are all subdivisions of White mankind, as opposed to yellow or black (Negroid)?”

In fact, I believe the Jews have played on this fact that they are “White” in half-racialist South Africa, in which they own all the big business. If I remember well, Mr. Brown, the Editor of the South African Observer, answering a question of mine as to whether a person craving as I do for the possibility of absolutely free expression of her National Socialist faith would find it profitable to live in South Africa, wrote to me saying he or she would not. For there too although one may be an out-and-out segregationist as far as Negroes are concerned, one should not be openly anti-Jewish.

Why don’t you write about the Aryan race instead of the “White,” which is a most vague term? Of course there are “black” Jews—people of Negro stock, or just South Indian untouchables (sons of Aborigines, by race) like the “black” Jews of Cochin (South India) who have or whose forefathers have embraced Judaism as a religion, and who are fanatically devoted to the Jewish cause. But the real Jews—the Jews by blood, whatever be their attachment to their religion—don’t marry them—that was told to me in many places, among others in Cochin, by a “black Jew” himself, who was a tourists’ guide.

The other word that shocks me in all this literature is the word “Christian.” Logically, it is impossible to be at the same time a racialist and a Christian. And although not all racialists are National Socialists, all National Socialists are necessarily racialists. An Aryan racialist who acknowledges Adolf Hitler as his Master and Leader, is a National Socialist, at least in the sense I give the words. The Black Muslims of the USA are racialists—you know that better than anyone!—and might even be our allies (being as much as ourselves for segregation), but they cannot be Adolf Hitler’s followers.

Christianity is essentially a creed aiming at the salvation of the individual soul in a hypothetical “next world,” and despising the body—and therefore race. Christian race-mixers are perfectly in harmony with the spirit of their teaching: if the “soul” is the only thing that counts, what does it really matter whether a man is black, white, or chocolate colored, whether he is pure-blooded or a bastard? He will be “saved” just the same. (“I want to go to heaven when I die” says the “Negro Spiritual” I once heard.) In fact, what does it matter if a man be an idiot? Only the soul matters, and according to those great lovers of the two-legged mammal that the Christians are, idiots are “human beings”!!!

That is one of the things that first disgusted me with Christianity some fifty-five years back: that belief that a human idiot is “worth more” than the most splendid Alsatian dog, the most perfect specimen of a cat, a horse, or any animal—even the aristocrats of the jungle: lions and tigers and leopards, my darlings!—just because he is human, and is supposed to have an immortal soul, while they are not! (I am glad that this nonsense is Jewish, thoroughly Jewish, and never entered an Indo-European, i.e., Aryan mind save after our forefathers had become spiritually the slaves of the Yids.)

I fought Christianity all my life with tooth and claw—speaking against it in private and in public, writing against it. My first book in English—1938—is called A Warning to the Hindus and is dedicated to the memory of Emperor Julian who tried in vain to restore the old Greek religion during his too short reign (360-363 AD). I fought it, robbing it of its tropical customers by the thousand, during the fourteen years I used to lecture in India on behalf of the Hindu Mission—an organization aiming at recovering Hinduism—Heathen tradition, similar (but for the tropical setting) to that one we had here in European before the Yids became the spiritual masters of our forefathers.

In those lectures I used to tell the Hindus how similar in spirit is their real tradition—not of nonviolence, but of “detached violence”—to ours, how similar their ideal of segregation of races through the caste system and our National Socialist outlook, and how we too look upon “mixture of blood as the deadly sin.” I used to quote Mein Kampf to them as well as their own Scriptures.

And the result was, among all those whom I had convinced—and they were many—wholehearted siding with National Socialist Germany, when the war broke out. My dream—as I told you in August 1962—in August ’73 [i.e., 73 YF, Year of the Führer]—was a “Pan-Aryan League” including members of the Aryan castes of India and acknowledging Adolf Hitler—“the Western incarnation of the everlasting Life-sustaining Power” whom the Hindus call Vishnu—as its sole Leader. I wanted to come to Europe one day, and stand before Him, and tell Him: “Mein Führer, ich habe Ihnen Idien gegeben!”—I have given you India.

Had Roosevelt’s USA not poured arms and ammunition by thousands of tons, and money by millions of dollars, into Russia, after the Führer’s declaration of war on her on 22 June 1941, we would have won the war, and my dream—who knows?—might have become reality.

The war was fought in the name of Christianity—and rightly so!—by the anti-Nazi forces (Eisenhower’s “Crusade” to Europe!). Rightly so, I say, for Christianity is Jewish. Maybe the Jews crucified Jesus—of whom nobody knows exactly who he was, racially (nor exactly what he said, for he left no writings). But the real founder of the new faith is Paul of Tarsus, called Saint Paul by the Christians, the one whose genius consisted (these are Nietzsche’s words, not mine) in “giving a new meaning to age old mysteries,” and in interpreting the death of Christ as a “sacrifice” for men’s sins, and in thus linking the new creed to a long tradition of his own people. That man, everyone knows, was a typical ghetto Jew—well-versed in Greek and Latin, having taken a Latin name (Paulus) instead of his Jewish one (Saul), thoroughly knowing the “Goyim,” the non-Jews and the way to handle them, after nearly four centuries of contact between Greek thought and Jewish thought in international Alexandria had prepared the ground for the appearance of a grand new recipe for their moral and spiritual enslavement.

It is he who proclaimed before the Athenians (Acts of the Apostles, chapter 17, verse 20) that “God”—the Jewish God, of course—“hath made every people, every nation out of one blood”; in one word, he who presented the world with the typically Jewish product for Aryan consumption—Christianity—the religion of the brotherhood of “all men,” and of the separation of “man” from all other living beings, in the selfsame spirit as that of the Jewish Kabbala: “God—the uncreated who createth; man, the created who createth; and the rest—the creatures who create not.” Jewish lies! As though the inventive capacity of certain animals did not by far surpass that of millions of “men” of the really inferior races, and of idiots of all races!

I believe nobody has hated Christianity as much as I, not even Emperor Julian himself, save, perhaps, my German comrade and superior, Herr B [Blume] of whom I speak in Pilgrimage. This two thousand year old superstition is the deeper cause of all the decay of our race—of its moral as well as physical decay; first of all of the race-mixing that took place in all Christian colonies (the main concern was that the mongrels be christened!!). Remember the words put into the mouth of the Christian lady, a planter’s wife, to her son, in Uncle Tom’s Cabin, while showing him the splendor of the starry night: “all this”—the Cosmos in all its glory—the physical infinite!—“is not worth the soul of the least of our Negro slaves!”

She was right—from the point of view of Christianity. And I am right, as a National Socialist, to hate the blasted Jewish recipe for the emasculation of all non-Jewish races. True, the recipe no longer works as well as it did once. Therefore, the Jews invented Communism. But NEVER could Communism have spread in a world that had not previously been Christianized: it is the same sickening doctrine based upon the so-called “dignity” of all two-legged mammals—“because they have immortals souls,” say the Christians; “because they have reason,” say the Commies (after the fellows of the French Revolution). It’s all the same: “man”—and his silly little “happiness” whether in the next world or in this—looked upon as the central things—instead of being considered, as Nietzsche considers him, merely as “a state to be overcome”; a passage between animalhood and superman, i.e., manhood without weakness (the SS ideal).

Forgive me, dear Commander, for my outspokenness. But it is a long time since I have wanted to tell you the real impression I have of this “White Christian” propaganda. It sounds so foreign to me, who, as I say, have fought Christianity all my life precisely because I was so conscious that it is Jewish, and that I, as a racialist, could not but fight it.

More than that: I had, in my early youth, tried to cling to the Church (The Greek Orthodox Church) out of nationalism—because I had been told over and over again that this Church had kept the Greeks together during the 400 years of Turkish rule; that the Church led the War of Independence in 1821, etc., etc. In April 1929, I joined a group of Greek pilgrims going to spend forty days in Palestine. It is the atmosphere of Palestine, the direct feeling of the Semitic Near East, and especially of the Jews in their traditional surroundings—I saw a few; heard them wailing at the Wailing Wall—that forced me to broaden my former Greek nationalism into an ardent Pan-Aryanism, and to see in the German Führer fighting for the unity of his torn country more than a “sympathetic foreign patriot”—to see in Him “My Führer”—the Leader of the Aryan race out of the spiritual as well as economic and cultural bondage of the Jews.

How can I accept that word “Christian”? But of course the literature is for the average American, not for me—who doesn’t need to be “converted” to National Socialism. Perhaps it is a practical necessity in the USA to call one’s self a “Christian”? In that case I have nothing to say. Not even in the name of Logic—the success of the cause—getting in power—passes before every sort of logic, I am the first to admit. And has not the man who has the most efficiently fought the Führer’s battle—Dr. Goebbels—and has not our Führer Himself—said that “propaganda, in order to be efficient, must remain upon the lowest intellectual level of those to whom it is addressed”?

I suppose the average American workman, who had no time (and no inclination) to study the history of Christianity (and of Judeo-Greek thought in Alexandria before and in the time of Philo the Jew) or to consider logical incompatibilities of principles, is not shocked as I am at the idea of one calling one’s self at the same time a National Socialist and a Christian. Many Germans were not shocked at that idea in the great days!

Point 24 of the Twenty-Five Points—that deals with the matter—is a masterpiece of diplomacy: “The Party stands by ‘practical Christianity’”—i.e., social help to one’s fellows—but “condemns any religion, any doctrine whose principles are dangerous to the State or repellent to the moral sense of the Germanic Race.”

It is not said—of course; not in 1920, or else there would have been no NS Movement—it is not said, but . . . what is more “dangerous to the State” and more “repellent to the moral sense of the Germanic race” than a doctrine of Jewish origin that preaches that alone the “soul” matters, and therefore that there can be no objection to the marriage of a Negro—or a Jew (when christened)—to an Aryan girl?

With all my admiration, for the progress of National Socialism in the USA, due to your personality, and with our everlasting salutation,

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

18 July 1965

Dear Savitri

Thank you for your inspiring letter of July 12.

You simply must try to understand the almost unbelievable difficulties I face in working here with Americans. Perhaps many Europeans are evil and vicious “Democrats” and even “Communists.” Unfortunately, most of my fellow Americans do not have the honor to be even such ideological criminals—they are just plain ignorant and often unbelievably dumb.

Europeans simply have no comprehension of the political ignorance of the majority of Americans. It is also true what you write about various religious matters. (For obvious reasons I cannot commit to writing, all the various things involved here.)

But surely you recognize that Hitler was very careful not to offend in this direction in Mein Kampf or anywhere else in public, and I must be ten times more careful here in America.

As you yourself write, nothing is of any use unless we WIN POWER! I am dedicating my life and everything of comfort and pleasure in the world to that one end, and do not hesitate to adapt propaganda to the task at hand. Surely you will, understand that I am running for Governor here and prospects look excellent.

Can you imagine the uproar all over the world if a Nazi is elected Governor of Virginia? What a blow to the enemy and what a huge burst of energy it will bring to our side!

I hope you will write more often as I am very grateful to receive your inspiring letters!

Heil Hitler!

Lincoln Rockwell

Commander

WUNS

Savitri Devi’s Correspondence with George Lincoln Rockwell

Part 4

Edited by R.G. Fowler

The following stunning letter is the fourth installment of selected correspondence between Savitri Devi and George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967).

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving this letter, photocopying it for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish it.

—R. G. Fowler

Braunau on the River Inn

28 August 1965

Dear Commander Rockwell,

It was so kind of you, in your letter of the 18th July 1965, to tell me you found my letter (of the 12th) “inspiring”—in spite of all the criticism that I had poured into it. Very kind of you indeed not to take objection of my open expression of opinion regarding the very publication that is the official mouthpiece of the ANP.

Let me tell you at once—and from this sacred spot from which I am writing (from which I have purposely chosen to answer your letter)—that I fully understand and appreciate the explanation you give of the style and usual content of so important a publication. As you say, as we all know, the main thing is to win—by any means—the full possibilities and unlimited freedom implied in the word POWER, and then, of course, to be intelligent, ruthless, cool-minded and patient enough to use that power in the right way, in the right spirit, for the promotion of our everlasting Aryan (or otherwise called Indo-European) values, and the glory of all those who devoted their lives and energies to them, from the dawn of time, especially of the latest Exponent of this Cosmic Truth—the One Who was born here, in this place, in the house just opposite the tea shop window in front of which I am sitting and writing to you, over seventy-six years ago.

“Mais il importe peu que le flot déchaîné

soit impur, s’il fait bien le travail ordonné.”

(But it is of little account whether the unfettered waters be unclean, provided they do the work well which one expects from them.)

are the words which the French poet, Leconte de Lisle, puts into the mouth of a militant thirteenth century monk, urging the exploitation of the lowest lusts of his contemporary kings, barons, and commoners, in the war against the enemies of the holy Church. We are in a similar position: we have (in this ugly Dark Age) to fight an all-powerful enemy; we cannot of course waste our time examining the quality of our human material with a magnifying glass. We have to use the only material that is at hand, and that is—alas! not only in America, but also in Europe and everywhere, even the best Aryan countries—bad quality material—bad quality, because everything and everybody is, more or less, “bad quality” in this Dark Age, except those who lead the struggle against universal decay (those have to be of exceptionally outstanding quality).

In other words, the question is: either a hundred people (as followers) who fully know what our Doctrine is, and what moral and metaphysical implications it logically has, i.e., who fully know what they are about, but who will probably never bring us further in the practical field—or, and hundred thousand, a million, ten millions and more simple-minded and simple-hearted but brave and capable—practically capable—folk, who might not understand what it really means to be a National Socialist—who especially might not understand that any community built on common faith alone (without any regard to race) is incompatible with our doctrine—but who can (and I hope will) carry to power, the minority who does understand this, but who (most diplomatically) omits to tell them so—in particular, who can and I hope will carry you one day to power.

The least of these simple-hearted fighters, for whom National Socialism means nothing but raw opposition to Kikes and Blacks, is, when truly tough and faithful, far more useful in the immediate coming struggle than I, with all my logic, my “frightful” logic as a French enemy once called it.

I am the last person to criticize any effort enabling us to capture the precious energy of the many. I only sometimes wonder what the reaction of the many will be when you are in power, and when they find out the they have been fighting for values which were not in reality those Christian ones, which they had thought they were supporting, in other words when they find out what out National Socialist Doctrine—THE reaction against two thousand years of humanitarian race-mixing in the name of Saint Paul’s message (Acts of the Apostles, Chapter 17, Verse 26), THE revolutionary faith, in opposition to every man-centered one—really is. Then, perhaps, some “purges” might have to take place against some of those who will have believed the simplified preaching for mass-consumption.

Or are the masses sufficiently stupid and influenceable (provided one has the control of radio, TV, and cinema) not to find out the difference—the opposition—between our life-centered National Socialist philosophy, and that damned Christian outlook according to which “all men” (and “men alone”) have “souls,” and according to which, as in Uncle Tom’s Cabin, in the words of the Christian planter’s wife, “all the glory of the starry night is not worth the soul of the least of Negro slaves”? Perhaps.

You know better than I do. You are a leader of men; I am not. I despise the average man far too much to be able to lead him—which does not mean that I am not very glad when I can see someone else, who is fighting for the very same Ideals as those I have, make the best of that human material which he (the average man) represents. And I admire the natural skill of those who can serve my own faith better than I can myself, i.e., in the practical field. As you are so wonderfully doing.

It is not only your skill. It is also something else that goes to make up your capacity of action on a broad scale. It is all that you have—or had, or seem to have had—in common with the broad masses of “decent people.” The “decent” American “fought for America” (in reality for the Kikes, but that makes no difference psychologically) during World War II. You fought also “for America”—and brilliantly! That is a very good point from the propaganda point of view. That brings you at once nearer to those to whom you speak. Makes them feel in you “one of them.”

While how horrified they would be if they knew—some of them at least—that I, being “stuck” in India during that time, and unable to spout out war propaganda on the Berlin radio (which I was supposed to do in modern Greek and in Bengali, had I been able to go to Europe in time) and thus to help Germany directly, did my utmost—as a “second best”—to help Japan; the “White man” was against my beloved Führer. Well, I preferred yellow, slit-eyed ones who were fighting on his side; preferred them as collaborators and allies at least. (By the way, I wonder what you would have done if, during World War II, you had already been a follower of Adolf Hitler for over ten years.)

Anyhow, all you write in your most valuable book—This Time the World—about your military career and achievements, can only work now for your success, and that of the Movement.

All what you say about your two families, your love for children, your grief at the loss of your second wife, all that, I say, can only endear you to the great number of people with human feelings. You say in your book that you don’t like women without womanly feelings, for whom a Cause is everything (and a person only valuable as far as he is an all-out fighter for the beloved Cause). Most men will understand you and, I suppose, most women too.

Not I, of course—who would simply despise any man who would place me above our Common Cause, love me more than he loves our Common Führer. I would despise him; feel myself—or any fanatical, one-pointed, all round dedicated fighter, so “superior”! But you don’t need to attract me to National Socialism. I am “in it” already. Have been so consciously for the last thirty-six years—and unconsciously since always.

You need to attract the broad numbers of “normal” people—men and women who know what it feels like to have had a love affair, while I don’t (and don’t regret it for a bit!); who know what it is to be spontaneously attracted to babies—not “because” the Führer said somewhere in Mein Kampf that “healthy children are the most precious good a nation possesses” (which indeed they are; one has to admit it), but simply because they feel like taking the little ones in their arms—people who know what it is to have “personal problems” apart from economical ones (the only sort of problems I ever experienced, even in my youth).

Nothing can attract those useful numbers of possible fighters—of average men, who, given the proper training, can become out and out National Socialists—like the feeling that their living leader, is “one who has gone through their own agonies, their own doubts, their own disillusionments,” etc., etc. It was a masterpiece of propaganda on the part of the Jews to present the rest of the world, 2,000 years ago, with a religion centered around a God in human garb who has gone through all their sufferings, and knows what it is to be a human being.

What I love in your valuable book the most is something else. It is first your religious approach to National Socialism, so near my own—an approach that I have, indeed (unfortunately) found in very few people, though in a few: in John Tyndall (I must tell the truth); in Mrs. Jordan. Her husband is a sincere, efficient, valuable fighter, no doubt, but she has the religious approach (if I am not mistaken); and she is the one who, far from wishing to be loved first, wants her husband to put the Idea before her—and who herself puts the Idea before him, by all means. That ideological one-pointedness (in spite of a personal life entirely different from mine) is precisely what I like in her. I love that same religious approach to our common faith, that same adoration of the One Leader—our common beloved Adolf Hitler—in you also, in you especially, as the head of the WUNS.

But shall I tell you what I admire the most of all in your book—in your life, as you report it in your book? It is not that which I myself share with you (the religious approach to National Socialism; the attitude I already had myself years ago, as I went to India with the intention of forming a “Pan-Aryan League,” embracing all Indo-European or Aryan peoples). It is that which you possess and which I lack, although I should like to have it: that wonderful mastery over your own nerves, which allowed you to walk victoriously out of the mad house in which the Jews had shut you up; that mastery which you describe so well in the “vitamin injection” episode in your book. I doubt very much whether I, placed in similar circumstances, could have accepted that vitamin injection with as much apparent calm, nay, apparent indifference, as you did—especially as I do not, on principle, accept any vaccinations, injections, etc.—anything that implies any sort of interference with my body—which I want untouched, unspoilt, unpoisoned, unaltered. The pages you write about your stay in that hell are frightening. And I sincerely admire you all the more for having been able to get out of it, as I said, victoriously.

On the other hand, the glance which your pages give into a system of pressure exerted by the Jews of the so-called “free” world, on their enemies—i.e., on any one of us, if we fall into their hands—makes me hate the so-called “free world” and its masters all the more. I? Fight directly or indirectly to preserve that “free world” from destruction? NEVER! Destruction is all it wants, all it deserves. There is for me—for us—nothing, absolutely NOTHING to choose between it and the Marxist world. Jewish slavery both ways.

To hell with both!—and with their man-centered, equalitarian, Kike-teachings, be they two-thousand year old Christianity or one hundred year old Marxism—the expression of the same spirit in a technically more developed world that has no longer any time for spiritual considerations—but basically the same Yiddish stuff; the same doctrine: man looked upon as the center and the measure of everything; the “happiness” of man taken as a goal (as if it mattered a damn whether human individuals are “happy” or not, as long as they fulfill their higher destiny when they have one to fulfill, or contribute to the fulfillment of the higher destiny of others better than they, in other cases!).

How I hate, or rather despise, that silly bourgeois ideal of “human happiness”! I’m not interested—and never was—in my own “happiness” or in other people’s. And those who are can never go the whole way along our road, and fight to the end for our hard, ascetic, aristocratic faith.

You have earned the capacity of going the whole way long—as we all do—from the moment personal “happiness” had no longer any meaning for you except as the thrill of a full impersonal, cosmic struggle for the rule of the naturally best. May your children one day, in spite of a different education, come back to you of their own accord—boisterously rejecting all that other people tried to teach them—and tell you: “Here we are! We are proud—so proud!—to be Rockwell’s—and we have come to join your fighting forces!”

That is my wish, from this sacred spot—Braunau on the River Inn—from which I am writing this long letter.

That is my wish because your struggle in the USA sounds so wonderful to someone who lived the War and the year 1945 from the National Socialist side.

I remember myself in June 1945 on the beach of Varkala (Malabar Coast, India). I had been traveling ever since October 1944 like a madwoman, seeking out-of-the-way places in which the echoes of the war could not reach me. I did not want to know when the awful end would come. I hated the United Nations more wildly than any fighter of theirs hated us. They were, indeed, the forces in service of all I loathed and loathe; the instruments of those who wanted a man-centered, equalitarian world. I had come to know the end had come, a day or two before I had reached the Western sea; I had known it from a conversation of two men (Mohammedans from Hyderabad probably) speaking Urdu in a small shop where I had entered to have a cup of coffee. “Three weeks now,” one man had said, “since they stopped fighting in Europe.” I had felt an icy sensation throughout my body, and the emptiness of despair.

On the coast, at Varkala, at the foot of the ochre red rocks over which one could see palm woods, I looked at the Indian Ocean. I listened to it roar. I admired the strength of the enormous waves that came splashing up against the red rocks, or unfurling on the yellowish gray sand. Many years later—in one of my yet unpublished prose poems, Forever and Ever, I described my feelings of that day:

Oh, to sleep, to forget, to die! . . .

While in the distant West

events would take their course,

freed from the nightmare of surrender,

freed from the nightmare of remorse,

for not having laid down my life, in action at Thy side,

in absolute unconsciousness,

for ever to abide!

And I walked in to the sea:

Only another step,

into the roaring depth,

in order to sleep,

to forget!

I intended not to walk back.

But as I had water up to my shoulders, or nearly, a thought went through my mind like lightning: live—oh! not so see our resurgence, alas; I did not then ever expect our resurgence—but live to see the victors of 1945 in the pit; in a worse mess even than ours, even if it be so that I should take thirty years to enjoy that revenge. See them overrun by never mind who—finished forever—out of history forever. Not only in ruins, but sitting before the ruin of all their “values,” helpless—and enjoy the sight; enjoy the sound of my own voice telling them: “It serves you right for having fought against the Third German Reich!”

I walked out of the sea for the sake of that future possible enjoyment, and for that alone, and started living without hope, only for hatred’s sake.

What were you, Lincoln Rockwell, thinking about then? Who—which prophet, which yogi, which super-wise man—could have then foretold your stupendous conversion (as stupendous as that of Saul, disciple of the Pharisee Gamaliel, who became disciple of Jesus Christ—and the historical founder of his religion) and your no less staggering career from 1957 onwards? Who could have told me, there, on the beach of utter despair to which hatred and hatred alone had brought me back from the roaring waters of the Indian Ocean, that one day there would be such a thing as an “American Nazi Party”—and especially such a thing as a “World Union of National Socialists”—and that I would be, in twenty years’ time, writing to the very Commander of the rising Hitler Forces, here in our Führer’s birthplace—Braunau on the River Inn—and that the Commander of the rising Hitler Forces would be . . . an American? Who? Nobody.

Oh! Splendor of those unseen, divine workings, that bring about the most astounding results—with time; against time—and that prepare further History!

With a joyous, boisterous, triumphant, world-defying Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

Most unfortunately, as it is Saturday afternoon (and tomorrow Sunday) the Post here is closed. I cannot have any long letter weighed and put on the proper stamps and send it—unless I can find someone who knows the rates. If not, the postmark will not be from here but from Germany—Munich, also a holy spot.

Savitri Devi’s Correspondence with George Lincoln Rockwell

Part 5

Edited by R.G. Fowler

This is the fifth and final installment of selected correspondence between Savitri Devi and George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967).

We wish to thank Matt Koehl of the NEW ORDER for preserving this letter, photocopying it for the Archive, and giving us permission to publish it.

—R. G. Fowler

26 June 1966

Dear Savitri:

This is in brief answer (all I can spare time for) to yours of 26 April 1966 [letter not preserved].

I cannot mention the subject in writing, for what I hope are obvious reasons, but you will remember it was criticism of one subject you were afraid might be included in the National Socialist World. By now, you should have received your airmail copy of this journal which we are very proud of. I doubt you will find anything about which to quarrel.

In fact, I think you will be quite pleased with the tremendous world circulation we have finally given to your wonderful book The Lightning and the Sun. In that very book, and in the condensation in National Socialist World, you and Colin Jordan both point out that National Socialists unhesitatingly and unhypocritically admit that the ends justify the means, providing the means do not contradict the end.

Surely you can understand that it is one thing for you, Savitri, to sit and write an idealistic book of pure, shining, and holy truth, and another thing for me to try to make these truths a practical reality using the miserable tools of the humanity available, the funds which are not available, and my own flesh and blood in a terrible struggle merely to survive.

An analysis of our income shows the incontrovertible fact that the vast majority of our money comes from devout Christians. People like you cannot send a cent, and more than likely need help yourself. This is meant as no insult, simply a dramatic example of exactly what I mean in terms of practical results, which is what I have aimed for, rather than the position of ivory tower philosopher.

In short, without ammunition, even the greatest general on earth would lose a war. And of the people who have a monopoly on the ammunition require me to say “abracadabra” three times every morning in order to get enough bullets to annihilate the enemy, then, by God, I will say “abracadabra” not three times, but nine times and most enthusiastically, regardless of whether it is nonsense, lies, or what it may be.

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

I hope to follow in His footsteps to the best of my ability, and, for that reason, I must insist that you go along with me in whatever helps us gain the means of power.

No National Socialist can deny that argument, and I hope you will not try to.

I wish you all success and hope things are going well with you.

(Incidentally, PLEASE type your future letters as you did that last one. You have no idea how difficult it is for me to struggle through handwriting. It is a personal failing of mine, and I am grateful for all those who will type their letters and hope you will be able to do so in the future as with this last one.)

Heil Hitler!

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander

World Union of National Socialists

cc:

Colin Jordan

Bruno Ludtke

Montbrison

11 August 1966

Dear Commander Rockwell,

First I must apologize for this delay in replying to your most interesting letter: I just had to wait till I could borrow a typewriter (somebody had given me a second-hand one, but I cannot make it work!).

Your letter is interesting as a document on human psychology in connection with the difficult art of propaganda. Everything you write is perfectly accurate, and please do not believe that I “criticize” you in the least, even that it ever came to my mind to do so. When I wrote you the letters which you remember about what appears to me as “inconsistent” in talking of Christianity in a National Socialist paper, I merely expressed my strong personal feelings.

If I were again young and not yet conscious of how to call my own philosophy (not yet conscious of being a National Socialist), and had, of course, the self-same aspirations, basic ideas, sympathies and antipathies that I actually had already when I was young, nay when I was an adolescent, even a child, this propaganda of yours would, in many ways, put me right off that which it aimed at making me love and adhere to.

I would have reacted in the following manner: Christianity, as I am taught it, asks us to “forgive” and love all men—forgetting to tell us to love all creatures, beautiful, innocent beasts, and trees, at least as much, and certainly far more than any of our human enemies (which we are expected to “love”). In the name of Christian “values” the world, up till now, has protected the sick, the deficient, the good-for-nothing, at the expense of the healthy, beautiful, and strong. It proclaims any degenerate human mongrel infinitely more loveable, and worthier of my care, than the finest healthy Alsatian dog, the most beautiful cat, nay, the most splendid royal Bengal tiger. Christianity never forbade man to exploit, torture, exterminate the most splendid specimens of living Nature for his so-called “necessities” (which are no necessities at all) or even for his luxuries or his amusement. It is by far inferior to my natural, inborn moral standards, therefore I despise it, and hate anyone who tries to force it onto me.

If National Socialism, which at first sounded so wonderful to me, with its struggle against the silly teaching of men being “all equal,” is in any way connected with that stuff—Jewish stuff, by the way, to the very same extent as modern Communism (its natural and logical outcome, in a technically advanced society) is—then why should I have anything to do with it?”

In fact, in the early 1920s, it is the extreme care the propaganda of the young NSDAP took in order to blatantly disconnect the Party from any of the then existing German neo-Heathen movements (such as that of Erich and Mathilda von Lüdendorff) that prevented me from taking any interest in it, save as in a movement against the Versailles Treaty, for which it (the young National Socialist Movement) had all my sympathy for (1) I hated the Allies for the disgraceful way they had forced Greece into their war, and (2) I looked upon the Versailles Treaty as a piece of infamy, which it was.

But I had to become aware of the philosophical implications of Adolf Hitler’s attitude towards the Jews and of the subtle, real meaning of that Point 24 of the famous Twenty-Five Points: “The Party stands by what is positive in Christianity. It tolerates all religions and all cults except when these are a danger to the State or when they stand against the moral feelings of the Germanic race.” It then struck me that a religion that sees no harm in the marriage of an Aryan girl to a baptized Jew or to a Negro, provided they be wedded with the blessing of the holy Church, cannot but be “dangerous to the State,” to a national State in our sense of the word, and “go against the moral feelings of the Germanic race” or, by the way, against those of any racially-minded Aryan.

But that was in April 1929, when my presence in Palestine for forty days made me more aware than ever of the irreducibly Jewish character of Christianity. Then I suddenly saw in the liberator of my race from Jewish influence of every sort (economical and spiritual) Somebody infinitely greater than the greatest patriot of any one country in Europe, and gave Him my allegiance as my Führer.

Had it not been for that cautiousness of the young Party not to hurt the feelings of thousands of good Catholics and Protestants in Germany, I might have given my allegiance to it and to its Inspired Founder, if not in 1920, when I did not yet know anything about either (and was, anyhow, far too exclusively focused upon the Greco-Turkish war in Asia-Minor, 1920-1922, to think of anything else), but at least in 1923, when I was already following the growth of the handful of National Socialists in Germany.

Enemy propaganda—in particular, Hermann Rauschning’s book Hitler Speaks—pointing out how profoundly anti-Christian, and “in flagrant opposition to all the values of Western civilization” the National Socialist creed is—and how “inhuman,” placing a healthy dog before a deficient man—did far more to strengthen me in my National Socialist faith than any writings intended to convert the average European to the same faith.

But you are right—and I am the first one to admit it. The propaganda lies (or, let us say, “tricks”) that would put me right off, if I did not by now know the faith, are just the sort of thing that attracts to it those whom it immediately requires as supporters, because they happen to have the cash . . . while, as you say most accurately, I not only have none to give, but should require financial help myself. It could not be better said!

In fact I am in debt for £100 to a Swiss friend, a working woman who was generous enough to lend me that sum last year to help me finance my “cat” book [Long-Whiskers]. I was expected to give her back the money this month and just cannot. I shall send her the interest and ask her to wait. My book is not yet released for sale, on account of a financial quarrel between Mr. Gittens, the head of the Britons Publishing Society, who was to put it on sale (I gave him the money four years ago) and Mr. Purdy, his former printing manager, now on his own, who refuses to release it unless I pay him the £285 I have already paid Gittens in 1962 and 1965!—which of course I cannot.

You are right. If one wants the cash, one has to do or pretend to do what the owners of cash like—at least not obviously do the contrary. And as soon as one is to work in this dirty world, and do something practical which will enable one to get into power and clean it (if it still can be cleaned), one needs cash. Rest assured that I never did anything up till now, and that I firmly intend never to do, say, or write anything in the future, to counteract that (alas!) necessary, most unpleasant (and all the more meritorious on your part), and difficult effort of yours, to spread bad quality honey—the quality they happen to enjoy the most!—in order to catch silly, yet wealthy, flies. Surely, as you say, they are needed. Their cash is, at least.

And their young ones, if of good Aryan stock—I cannot say just “White” but Aryan, for the Jews are “White,” surely; most of them at least, and the dark ones are no real Jews by blood—so, I say, if of good Aryan stock, the young generation, sprung from those inconsistent supporters, brought up under new conditions and with a new faith after our rise to power, will one day prove most useful.

You are right to say “abracadabra” when “abracadabra” brings in the necessary means to fight, and win power; and, on other occasions, to say “taratata,” when “taratata” produces the same happy result. You are right, if you can say it with a straight face, and since it works. I am the last one to request you not to say it. Only I—who am no leader, and never had in my psychological make-up the slightest capacity to become one—just cannot say it; could not, for long, even if I tried hard. Continuing to write in my little corner is much more in my line, and I don’t believe I should be really useful if I tried to do what I was not made for.

While I am about it, let me tell you also how much that stress upon “Whiteness” and equality among all the Whites, as expressed in the latest Rockwell Report, shocks me as not corresponding to any truth. Excuse me for being so outspoken (but I am writing to you, and have never mentioned any of these criticisms “behind your back”). First, there are Whites who cannot be included in our community of faith: the Jews. You will admit this yourself. And not only the Jews. All people of Semitic stock (Arabs, if pure, for instance) are White. Anyhow as “White” and Whiter than many a Southern European. White, but not Aryan. (The features and many measurements of head and body are far more characteristic of race than the mere color of the skin.)

Another thing: you seem to consider all Europeans “White” and all “Asiatics” “colored.” I have fought all through the “Great Days,” to the extent I could—I was then in India—against this far too simple view of things. The inhabitants of Europe are anything but all “White.” One only has to take a look at certain types from Sicily or Andalusia, or Cyprus (or even Greece) to see so. I can well remember the contrast in color (let us first speak of color), between a Cypriot Greek, then living in Calcutta, and a Bengali Brahmin, sitting side by side, in that Greek’s drawing room: the Bengali Brahmin was obviously not only more Aryan in features, but also Whiter than the Greek. As for Kashmiri and Punjabi Brahmins, and Brahmins and upper-caste Indians of the Middle Provinces, and even often of the South, they are—especially the Punjabis and Kashmiris—decidedly Whiter than most Southern Europeans, and certainly more Aryan in features.

On the other hand, these Indians are not the sole Aryans of Asia. The Kurds—tall, fine peasants and warriors, with dark or light brown hair, black, grey, or blue eyes—are Aryans; it matters little whether they profess the Muslim religion—in Bosnia, a province of Yugoslavia, seventy-five percent of the (European) population profess the same. One finds fine Aryan (and White) types in Persia, along with non-Aryan ones, results of admixture with the blood of invaders (Arabs, Turks, Mongols).

But so does one find such admixtures in southern Europe. In southern France, one comes across types that are not “White” and not Aryan at all. The North of Europe is distinctively purer, racially, than the South. I can see no grounds for this proclamation of the equality of “all Whites”—just as unjustifiable in my eyes as the equality of all men. And no grounds either, if one is, as I am, a racialist, for any putting aside—outside “the community of White people”—of the Aryans of Asia, purer and Whiter, many of them, than most Southern Europeans.

Of course, if this is just propaganda for people who have never lived in Europe or Asia, and who are not likely ever to get a chance of going there and seeing for themselves, that is a different thing. I can only say that I, who spent seventeen years in India (in four journeys there), have been struck by the Aryan features of most upper caste Indians, especially of those of Kashmir, Punjab, and the Middle Provinces, and by the Whiteness of many of them. Anyhow, whether speaking of Indians or people of other parts of the world, Whiteness is surely less (and not more) important, as a racial characteristic, than features. (I have once seen, in France, a mongrel practically White, but with Negro features. It was a horrible sight!)

What we should establish, if we had the power to enforce such a “novelty,” would be, in the very spirit of most ancient, Aryan-governed India, a world-wide caste system, according to race. Not just “Whites” and “colored”—this would be about as false and untenable as “all men equal”—but, a real hierarchy of racial shades, corresponding to the capacities of the different biological divisions. That, yes! With the supremacy of the Aryan among the “Whites” of different shades. Surely an Indian Aryan—or an Iranian one, or a Kurd—should come in the hierarchy long before any Italian, Spaniard, Portuguese, or even Southern Frenchman of (sometimes) very doubtful Aryan origin (and, I repeat, of more than doubtful “Whiteness”).

In Europe, with, naturally, a few individual exceptions, in the case of man of less pure stock who have proved their worth, surely the Germanic and Anglo-Saxon elements should take the lead, in a future National Socialist community. And wherever there are Aryans and non-Aryans (like in India, or Iran) the former should, as a whole, rule over the latter.

As a religious basis to this, Christianity simply will not do—or the “moral values of Western civilization” either. All these contradict this vision of biological, natural hierarchy. I can see, for the future masses, no other moral and religious basis for it than . . . the old, old belief in reincarnation in this world according to one’s “merits.” Thus every one will feel that he or she is in the proper place, won by good and bad deeds in an endless series of past lives, and . . . willingly remain in his or her place, in this life, in order to earn a better one “in the next birth.”

This is no “criticism” in the bad sense of the word; just a frank talk from an old militant National Socialist to a young Leader full of immense possibilities. Take it without bearing me any grudge.

I loved your article in defense of the beautiful redwood forests, and of wildlife. Protect these, and forbid the horrors of the fur industry, and vivisection—which our revered Führer forbade—when you are President of the USA (thanks, probably, to the increasing racial tension there).

With my most hearty Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

17 November 1966

Dear Savitri:

Sorry to be so long about answering your letter of August 18 but I have been very hard pressed running around the country.

I am sure you will understand, Savitri, that I simply do not have the time to write the long and ideological letter I should like to, and you deserve, but I am pressed to the limit just trying to keep up with things, so thought it better to get some kind of letter off rather than nothing.

I appreciate your use of a typewriter in your letter of August 18. It is really terribly difficult for me to decipher handwriting.

There is much more I should like to comment on in your (as usual) very intelligent and provocative letter, but I simply can’t indulge myself much as I would like to in response.

We really have the Jews on the run at last in Chicago. They are using persecutions and prosecutions against us which I find hard to believe, even after all our experience.

I hope you will write again soon, as I really enjoy your letters, even though my late and brief answers might not indicate my real pleasure in receiving your correspondence.

Heil Hitler!

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander

American Nazi Party

[This is the last known letter of the correspondence between Savitri and Rockwell.]