



PILGRIMAGE

by

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TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

*“When justice is crushed, when evil is triumphant, then I come back.
For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evildoers, for the
establishment of the Reign of Righteousness, I am born again and again, age
after age.”*

The Bhagavad-Gita
IV, Verses 7 and 3.

“I am the Oblation; I am the Sacrifice . . .”

The Bhagavad-Gita,
IX. Verse 16.

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PREFACE

These pages — written in English only because I did not, yet, feel myself in a position to produce a *book* in German — relate my first actual pilgrimage to places which have a great name in the history of the National Socialist Movement and in that of Germany in general. They are incomplete, because that pilgrimage itself was — had to be, on account of personal financial difficulties — a rather hasty one; one from which I had to leave out even such important landmarks as Vienna and Berlin.

For the sake of faithfulness to fact, I purposely did not try to fill the gaps with memories of these and other places, gathered during more recent tours of mine. For every successive pilgrimage is a whole in itself, endowed with its own organic unity. And the *first* one has a special character for the sole reason that it is the first.

Many statements in this book — many reactions of comrades of mine or of myself — will shock those who are not definite devotees of the Hitler faith — and perhaps even *some* of those who are, or profess to be, such ones. Yet, again for the sake of faithfulness to fact, I have not cut out the corresponding passages. I wanted at least the psychological *atmosphere* which I have *lived* in 1953 to be rendered as I have experienced it.

The book is, anyhow, *not* intended for indiscriminate circulation. It is a series of personal episodes, laid down in black and white in exactly the same style as I would relate them to the only people these pages are for, namely, to the most conscious and consistent among my German comrades and superiors.

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Calcutta, 12 December 1958

INTRODUCTION

There is one thing that many Germans (and practically *all* non-Germans) seem to forget, when venturing forecasts about the evolution of the West, and that is the fact that National Socialism is infinitely more than a mere political creed; the fact that it is a way of life; a faith, in the fullest sense of the word — one could say *a religion*, however different it may, at first sight, appear, from every existing system thus labelled in current speech. Religions are not as easy to uproot as mere political creeds. And a religion that expresses, both in collective — in “political” — *and* in individual life (in life as an organic whole) the lasting aspirations of the noblest section of mankind, can never be uprooted. That is what we, National Socialists, intend to prove, in the long run. That is what we are already proving by our day to day stand — our silent, but inexorable refusal to deny our scale of values — after these eight long years of trial.¹ And this story of my visit to several places connected with the birth, growth and persecution of our Movement, and these episodes of my life in Germany (after my return there *in spite of* the decree of expulsion issued against me by the Occupation Authorities) merely stress once more, as glaringly as ever, that nothing can “de-Nazify” us. While the apparently strange title I have given this book — “Pilgrimage” — illustrates, as accurately as human speech possibly can, my attitude towards Germany, my spiritual home.

“Adolf Hitler has raised Germany to the status of a holy Land in the eyes of every worthy Aryan of the world.” I have written these words in other books of mine. And they were not, — and they *are not* — a metaphor, but the very expression of the truth as I feel it in the depth of my heart. And I have visited these places forever famous: Linz, Leonding, Braunan am Inn, Berchtesgaden, Obersalzberg, Munich, Landsberg am Lech, Nuremberg (to mention only the main ones) neither on account of their natural beauty, nor for the sake of

¹ These lines were written in 1953.

their importance in the eyes of the student of history, but in a pious mood — as real Christians visit Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem; as true Mohammedans go to Mecca and to Medina from the ends of the earth. I have visited them solely because they are, to me, — to *us* — sacred places; spots of holy Land, inseparable from the early history of that modern form of the perennial Religion of Life: the Hitler Faith; *my* faith; — our faith.

* * *

Such an attitude to a system that has played — and that is (I hope) again to play, — a very definite part in the *political* life of the West, needs a few words of explanation. It is surely not the attitude of the world at large, to our creed. It is, nay, — unfortunately, — anything but the attitude of *all* Germans. Still, it is that of a conscious and active, and particularly intelligent minority of German National Socialists, of whom I have the honour of knowing several personally. And I can honestly feel no difference whatsoever between their approach and mine to our common faith in the Swastika and in the Greater German Reich. And, to the extent they know me, I do not believe that *they* feel any such difference either.

Loyalty to Adolf Hitler, alive forever; loyalty to Aryan blood; loyalty to Greater Germany as to the natural Leader of all people of Aryan blood, binds me to them, and them to me, above ever-changing manmade frontiers.

Certain people outside our Movement insist, however, that there must be an irreducible difference between our attitudes: a difference due to the fact that I am not a German. That fact — which I have so spontaneously forgotten, both in the pride of the great days and (perhaps even more) in the mental agony which I have lived in and after 1945, and in the constant service of the great Reich of our common dreams, — can possibly stand in my way in connection with material advantages in a future National Socialist Germany. It could not, — and it can never — prevent me from linking my destiny to that of future Germany, in the name of my pan-Aryan faith, regardless of all imaginable administrative hindrances. While limiting my “rights” during the short span of years I yet have to tread this earth, — while making me a second class,

or perhaps even a third class citizen in the glorious new world for the establishment of which I have striven all my life, — it has forced me to live and to fight with greater detachment, greater selflessness, remembering that I had — and have — nothing to expect, and that I did, and do, not count. It has forced me to live and fight with impersonal enthusiasm, exclusively for the eternal goal of our Movement: *not* for the “happiness” of any individual; not for the salvation of *the* Individual, but for the strengthening, defence and expansion of the godlike élite of mankind, here and now, and forever, feeling that this lofty goal is mine in spite of all; mine, as much as any German’s; mine, because I want it to be attained at any cost; mine, because I love Germany, my Führer’s beloved country and the first Aryan Nation wide-awake in our times.

* * *

“Loyalty to Adolf Hitler, alive forever; loyalty to Aryan blood, and to Greater Germany as to the natural Leader of all people of Aryan blood,” that is, I repeat, the substance of National Socialism — our faith. It is, no doubt, an essentially German faith, and an essentially earthly one, too, — a faith that has nothing to do with those metaphysical problems that worry people for whom our living world is not sufficient. It is, however, a faith that transcends Germany, and this earth itself, and our times, as I once declared before the Military Tribunal in Düsseldorf, and already in Cologne, before those who first cross-examined me after my arrest in 1949.

We National Socialists have no opinion about and no interest in questions that cannot be answered with absolute certainty and which have, moreover, no bearing upon our lives. We speak only of that which we know. We worship that which we can see and feel — or at least, that of which we can see and feel the day to day expression. We do not know whether we can expect or not, after death, any sort of conscious, personal immortality (any sort of immortality of the kind so many people crave for). But we *do* know that those who have children of the same blood as themselves live in their children. And we believe in the immortality of those races that keep their blood pure, conscious of the Godhead

that lies within them. We believe in the immortality of our own Aryan race as it has survived in its purest representatives, in Germany in particular and in the North of Europe at large, and wherever else in the world it has retained both its physical and moral characteristics. And we *do* know, also, that those who leave useful or beautiful works live in their works. We believe in impersonal, selfless immortality through creative work — in the immortality of the anonymous artist who chiseled a perfect detail in the decoration of a building; in that of the anonymous labourer who helped to pave a road; of the man who planted a tree or composed a popular tune; and especially of all those who lived and fought and suffered to enable Germany to bring about the materialisation of Adolf Hitler's programme; of all those who, now, in absolute effacement, are keeping our faith alive within their hearts, thus enabling it to reassert itself, one day, at the first opportunity. That immortality, — of which we are *sure*, — is sufficient for us.

We do not know whether there exists such a thing as a God endowed with personality. But we *do* know that life exists. And we *do* know that Order, and Rhythm, which is the essence of Order, are inherent in Life. And we find Order and Rhythm essentially beautiful. And we worship Life on account of that inherent beauty of Order and Rhythm, which displays itself in the Laws of Life. We worship Life with its inexorable Laws, expressions of inner Order; with its inexorable Rhythm of birth and death, creation and destruction, love and hate — its everlasting interaction of opposites; its everlasting, merciless, sinless, impersonal Struggle, which is also Order. We accept the fact that we are part and parcel of the Cosmic Dance, instruments of its rhythm. We accept the Law of Struggle, which is inseparable from existence in Time; we say “yes” to Life, because we are healthy beings, well-adapted to our destiny as creators and fighters; because *we like* the everlasting Struggle — and would, doubtless, find the world boring, without it. Our God is Life Itself — Life as it emerges, purified and strengthened, again and again, out of the everlasting Struggle against the forces of disintegration.

We love all forms of life . . . *in their place*. But our own eyes, our own experience compel us to assert that there exists nothing higher, nothing more valuable on earth, than the natural

aristocracy of the Aryan race, which is, at the same time, the natural aristocracy of mankind. We do not *hate* the men who stand in the way of the free development of that élite, but we fight them, with merciless detachment, and we destroy them — when we can, — with all the thoroughness of our hearts, as the enemies of higher Creation — our natural opponents in the Cosmic Play of Forces.

That is our creed — philosophically speaking. It is a cosmic creed, with its roots in this earth.

* * *

But that is not all.

One cannot say that representatives of the God-ordained aristocracy of mankind are to be found in Germany alone. Sven Hedin, Knut Hamsun, Vidkun Quisling, were not Germans, and yet, who would deny them a place in the very first ranks of the Aryan élite? Members of that natural élite are to be found in all lands — including Persia and India, — where there are to be found a few racially conscious men and women of unmixed Aryan blood.

Yet, it is a fact that, among all nations of Aryan blood, Germany alone has made herself, in our times, the champion of those everlasting Aryan values for which we stand; the promoter of that joyous and merciless faith in health and physical perfection as well, as in manly ideals, in opposition to the sickly philosophy, centred around the so-called “dignity” of fallen mankind, which is the gift of the Jew to the Western world. It is a fact that, whether in Hermann, who cut the Roman legions to pieces, or in Wittukind and his Saxons, defenders of Germanic Heathendom against the Christian faith, or in her great Emperors of the Middle Ages, in constant conflict with the popes; or in the kings and statesmen of Prussia, with their one-pointed organising genius and political insight, put to the service of a unified Reich; or in thinkers such as Fichte, Nietzsche, or, nearer to us, Friedrich Lange,¹ and, always and everywhere, in her people, with their

¹ The leader of the “Deutsches Bund” whose Manifesto, issued in Heidelberg on the 9th of May 1894, could be signed by any true National Socialist.

invincible will to live, Germany has been, throughout her history, *the* healthy force in the West, — *the* force that has, stubbornly, stood against all forms of internationalism, whether political, religious or philosophical; against all forces of decadence, whether imperial Rome (no longer an Aryan power in the days of Augustus) or Christianity, that oldest and most successful invention of the Jew to emasculate the Aryan race, or the French Revolution, that grand-scale achievement of Freemasonry, or Napoleon, (that warlord whose dream was to unite all Europe, *not* under the rule of the best, in the name of any higher wisdom, but simply under the government of a large Corsican family, in the name of his personal ambition.)

It is a fact that the interest of the German Reich is, — and, which is more, always was, — the interest of Western Aryandom, and that, in particular, every Aryan who, during the Second World War, fought of his own free will against Germany, is a traitor to his own race. For the Second World War was not a war between rival States, but a war between incompatible faiths, — between the age-old Aryan scale of values and the Judeo-Christian one; both a religious and a racial war.

And it is also a fact that there is no hope for Western Aryandom save in the resurrection of the German Reich in Adolf Hitler's spirit (if not under his personal leadership, if he still be alive) and in the unification of Europe — first step towards the unification of the Aryan race as a whole — under Germany's leadership, according to National Socialist principles.

It matters little to what extent the "rights" of the non-German Aryans will be taken into consideration in that future West, — nay, in that future world, — for the establishment of which we are struggling. We are not struggling so that a few men and women, relatively better than most non-German Aryans inasmuch as they remained faithful to Adolf Hitler and to Germany in defeat, might acquire definite advantages after Germany's revenge. We are struggling unconditionally for the coming of that revenge — for the resurrection and domination of Greater National Socialist Germany, — because we ardently believe in the justice of the German Cause; because we find it *right* that the Nation who staked her all, and underwent the actual experience of mass-martyrdom and death for

the defence of the Aryan race at large and of the true Aryan ideals, should rise and take the lead of that race, and impose those ideals upon future generations forevermore. *I* at least am struggling unconditionally for that impersonal goal, whatever be my official nationality.

I am struggling for that goal because I believe in the new *Mythos* of Salvation, which the heavenly Powers are slowly and patiently evolving out of the unprecedented sufferings of the privileged Nation: the *Mythos* upon which, one day, — I hope, — the new faith of Europe will be founded; the *Mythos* of world-redemption (in the natural, earthly sense of the word) through the voluntary sacrifice and martyrdom of the German people during these last ten years (and who knows how many years more?).

For the first time in the history of religions, the perennial Saviour Who comes again, age after age, “to reinstall the reign of Righteousness,”¹ has offered not only Himself but His beloved people in sacrifice, for the fulfillment of the highest purpose of Creation: the survival of superior mankind.

And for the first time also, salvation is looked upon not as an escape from this earthly life, but as its full realisation in health, strength and beauty; in visible, godlike perfection. For the first time salvation means achievement of perfection on the physical plane *and then*, through the development of the natural capacities and virtues of the race, on other planes also; attainment of supermanhood deeply rooted in the earth — faithful both to this earth and to the Sun, Principle of earthly life and power. And the privileged Nation — Germany — conscious of her mission as ever before; purified in spirit through these long years of persecution, is to teach the racial élite of the world (her blood-brothers, and also her noblest allies of other races) the message of the Doctrine of Life in health and joy and honour; the Law of blood-purity; the duty of obedience to that immanent Godhead — Life-Energy — which abides in the Sun and in living Nature and in us, and which “has put every man in his place” and “divided the foreign peoples from one another.”²

¹ The *Bhagawad-Gita*, IV, verse 8.

² *Longer Hymn to the Sun*, composed by Akhnaton, King of Egypt, early 14th century B.C.

And just as all India reveres to this day the descendants of the Aryan invaders of old — the Brahmins — as “gods on earth”¹) so will the Aryan world as a whole, one day, — we hope — revere the pure-blooded descendants of the modern Germans: the children of those millions who, along with Adolf Hitler and for the love of Him, laid down, in our times, the foundations of the new civilisation of the West, and who suffered and died for Aryandom to flourish.

* * *

And thus, through Adolf Hitler, — the first Man to integrate traditional Pan-Germanism into a deeper, worldwide Pan-Aryanism, — the perennial Religion of Light and Life and of superior mankind as the culmination of Life’s creative effort upon this planet, has found its expression in the cult of Germany.

This explains and justifies, as I have already said, the title of this book. This explains and justifies also my whole attitude to my German comrades and superiors, with whom I have identified myself in this struggle for the resurrection of the Greater German Reich. This foreshadows also — I hope, — the feelings of those racially-conscious Aryans of the future who will come to this Land as to a place of pilgrimage — the Holy Land of the West, — in the same spirit as myself, while continuing to work for the strengthening and expansion of that Greater Reich of our dreams which, in my own very words, “has no boundaries.”² This foreshadows the slow but steady formation of a true brotherhood of Aryan blood and of Nietzschean faith, forever loyal to its natural leaders: Nietzsche’s countrymen and disciples; Adolf Hitler’s everlasting people.

Heil Hitler!

Emsdetten in Westfalen (Germany)

3 June 1953

¹ Bhudêva (in Sanskrit).

² “Defiance,” p. 578.

Chapter 1

LINZ; LEONDING

So, this clean and pretty town that now welcomed me was Linz — the place where “he” had spent the early years of his life! I could hardly believe it.

And yet . . . how vivid was the consciousness of “him” in connection with this place, not only in *me* but in his people at large! I recalled in my mind the remark of an elderly gentleman who had been sitting next to me, in the railway-carriage on my way: “Linz!” had he said, looking enigmatically at me as soon as I had answered the usual question and told him where I was going, “that is the town where Adolf Hitler used to live when he was a boy!” And he had added, even more enigmatically: “Is *that* why you are going there?”

I had blushed at the hearing of the beloved Name, and more so at the idea that the man had seen through me. But I had merely smiled, without replying a word: two Frenchmen in uniform — two members of the hated Occupation forces — were seated opposite us. One should be cautious in presence of those creatures: *say* nothing that might be interpreted as an offence in the light of this or that paragraph of the Occupation Statute. (But smiling, of course, and blushing, however more eloquent they be than any spoken words, can never be held against one as an offence! . . .)

I also recalled the strange way in which the man sitting at the desk in the “Enquiry Office concerning rooms,” — *Zimmer Nachweis* — at the station, had looked at me when I had told him that I had come from Athens, somehow as though he had wanted to say: “All the way from Athens to see the place where ‘he’ has spent his childhood! . . . So, . . . you too are one of ‘his’ followers . . . and presumably a good one!” Oh, he had not uttered — doubtless not dared to utter — those words! But I had felt pretty sure that he had thought them. And he had spoken to me for over an hour about his memories as an officer in the

German Army in Greece, during the war, and had smiled most sympathetically when I had declared that *I* had never stood against Germany, whether during this war or before, or afterwards, but that I had, on the contrary, fought on her side “against the international money-Power, arch-enemy of the Aryan race.”

Yes, although one was hardly given a chance of speaking about “him,” one felt, here, that many, very many people think of “him” every day of their lives. The air one breathed was full of “his” presence.

And his presence attracted people — from far away, sometimes.

I remembered a conversation I had had in London, in 1947, with an Indian — a fair-complexioned Brahmin from Delhi — who, during a business journey across Central Europe, had gone out of his way to visit Linz solely for the sake of the memories of the Führer’s boyhood that the town evokes. And as I had told him how refreshing it was for me to hear of such a thing from a man from far-away India, he had asked me:

“Have you not visited Ayodhya and Brindaban, when you were in far-away India?”

I had acknowledged that I had indeed.

“And why, not being yourself an Indian, have you especially wished to see those old towns, both of little appeal to the eye in quest of ‘picturesque’?” had then inquired my interlocutor.

“Because I am an Aryan,” had I replied, “and because Rama, the miraculous Conqueror of the South, who lived and ruled in Ayodhya, and Krishna, the immortal Teacher of the Doctrine of Violence with detachment, who spent his early years in Brindaban, personify in my eyes both the warlike wisdom and the territorial expansion of my hallowed race, and start each of them a new epoch in the history of the awakening of Aryan consciousness in Antiquity.”

“And does not Adolf Hitler also personify, today, both the warlike wisdom and the will to expansion of the Aryan race? And has he not, *in spite of Germany’s temporary defeat*, started a new era? I have visited Linz because I too am an Aryan,” had answered the descendant of those who carried the Nordic culture of old to the Tropics.

I had been too moved to reply. And the idea of a new,

racially conscious Aryandom, extending to the four corners of the world — the idea of the real Greater Reich of my dreams, united, above all conventional frontiers, in the veneration of the common Race-Saviour, Adolf Hitler, — had brought tears into my eyes.

I thought of that episode, — and of that tremendous idea — as I now myself sat in Linz, before a table on the first-floor landing of the hotel that the man at the *Zimmer Nachweis* Office at the station had recommended to me, filling a form (Christian name, surname, permanent address etc. . . .) while the hotel-maid was preparing my room for me.

* * *

I had come from Athens, as I said already. And I was travelling under my maiden name. I had, under my actual name, been expelled from occupied Germany after my release from Werl. But I was determined to go back, and would, this time, be careful not to get caught, even if I did, once more, indulge in activities “intended to keep alive the military and the Nazi spirit.”¹ I had, with the help of the immortal Gods, managed to secure myself a Greek passport, on the ground that my marriage, which had not taken place in any Christian church, was therefore not recognised in Greece.

I recalled my beautiful journey — first, that rush through transparent space, from the Phaleron Airport to that of Campini, over mountains, isles and sea, and clouds that shone like snow under the Sun, and through which one could catch, now and then, a glimpse of violet-blue water or grey rocky, earth, ten thousand feet below; and then, that rapid vision of Rome for the tenth or twelfth time; my wandering along the “Via dell’ Impero,” full of memories of our great days; my conversation with an old friend who had been a State minister under Mussolini after having been Consul for fascist Italy in Calcutta, where I had made his acquaintance and then, the railway journey northwards, towards Germany.

I recalled the feeling I had experienced at the Brenner Pass — the frontier. Our Führer had met there, number of

¹ Occupation Statute: Law 8, Article 7.

times, the Italian Leader whom Dr. Goebbels has so tragically — and so accurately — characterised as “the last of the Romans.” There lay the actual spot of contact — and of separation — between the two portions of Western Aryandom: Greater Germany and the Mediterranean countries. “To which of these two worlds do *I* really belong?” had I thought, as the train had rolled, technically, into Austria, in fact, into what was, is and always will be Germanic land. In my youth, I had felt proud of my half-Mediterranean descent. Now that I had learnt how useless it was to expect any lastingly wholehearted, unconditional collaboration from Greece in particular and from Southern Europe as a whole, in the struggle for the reassertion of the Aryan values, I had felt grateful to my mother for the Viking blood she has given me. It had even occurred to me that, whatever Italian blood I had, from my father’s side, all came from Lombardy, i.e., was more Nordic than Mediterranean. And I had been pleased at this thought, as though this fact strengthened my right to claim a place in the future Nordic civilisation of my dreams. And I had crossed the frontier as one crosses the threshold of home. And the words in which the best English National Socialist I knew had once characterised Germany, in a letter to me, came back to my mind: *our spiritual home*. “The spiritual home of all racially conscious modern Aryans,” thought I.

I recalled my impression at my first renewed contact with this Germanic land: an impression of silent, methodical, perseverant work, coupled with intelligent organisation; an impression of cleanliness, of order and self-respect; of health, and will to live. Not yet the boisterous enthusiasm of the great days, surely; but the solid virtues that will make that boisterous enthusiasm irresistible, when it does come back. (And my conversation with a couple of Bavarian women in the train had been more than sufficient to convince me — in supposing that I needed to be convinced that it *will* come back.)

I recalled the wooded slopes and snowy peaks that I had admired on each side of the railway track, between Innsbruck and Salzburg, — and the two representatives of the French Occupation forces travelling in the same carriage as I. These would go, one day. But the gorgeous landscape — and the people — would remain to greet the resurrection of all I loved,

never mind after how many further years of struggle, and after what further upheavals.

I recalled my feeling as I had walked out of the station, across a square, and then, through a public park, to a fairly broad, well-lighted street, — the main street in the town, I had been told, — and then, along a side street on the right, to this hotel, thinking all the time: “Can it be true that I am in Linz, the town in which our Führer has lived?” It had all seemed to me — and it still seemed to me — like a dream. Of course, I would have to find out in which house “he” had lived. It was now too late anyhow to go asking people. But the next day I would ask. And I was bound to find somebody willing to tell me . . .

* * *

In the meantime the hotel maid had come back to inform me that my room was ready. She was a girl of about twenty-eight or thirty, with a sympathetic face, large, light blue, sad eyes, — too sad for her age. She took the form I had just filled and read it: Maximiani Portas, domiciled in Athens . . . It had seemed strange to me to write down that name instead of Savitri Devi Mukherji — the name under which I was known to all my German comrades. But what is there in a name? I was the same person, anyhow; the same disciple of Adolf Hitler, the same Aryan Heathen I had always been already long before I had started writing under the pen name of Savitri Devi (let alone before I had become Mrs. Mukherji). The girl did not, of course, know my real identity or the story of my life. Yet, something in her subconscious mind must have told her that she could trust me. She obviously liked the look of me, and wished to talk. And I felt that I could perhaps ask *her* where Adolf Hitler’s house stood, without running the risk of getting into trouble. But I let her speak first.

“Athens!” exclaimed she, repeating what she remembered of my “permanent address,” that she had just read upon the form. “You come from far away. You must be tired.”

“Not a bit,” said I. “I have stopped in Rome on my way. Moreover, I am too excited to feel tired.”

“Are you staying here long?”

“Tonight and tomorrow night. On the day after tomorrow — the twentieth — I am going to Braunau.” (I blushed as I uttered those words. For years I had been longing to spend the Führer’s birthday in his very birthplace. The materialisation of that dream now appeared to me as something miraculous.)

The girl looked at me intently. The date, apparently, stirred in her familiar memories. And she had noticed how moved I was . . . Her sad eyes suddenly brightened, and she smiled — as only one of us can smile when recognising a comrade.

“You came from Athens to see the place where Adolf Hitler was born and the place in which he lived,” said she with enthusiasm, in a low voice “Can it be true? Now! — eight years after the disaster!”

“Eight hundred years after this disaster and after many further upheavals, people will come to see these places in the same spirit as I, today,” replied I. “But should I . . .”

I hesitated to say more, although I had already spoken more than enough for anyone to guess what I was. The girl interrupted me:

“You need not be afraid to talk to *me*,” said she. “I have suffered for the love of ‘him’ and of the Greater Reich. My husband — an S.S. man — has died for ‘him.’ You need not be afraid to tell me how ardently you revere ‘him.’ I know it already: I can read it in your eyes.”

I felt sure she spoke the truth. “I belong to ‘him,’” said I; — “to ‘him’ and to those who love ‘him’ and whom ‘he’ loves.”

The girl’s eyes were full of tears. And she uttered the selfsame words which a young German had uttered over four years before, on that cold February night, after I had given him, at the Cologne station, a few samples of the dangerous posters that were, soon after, to cause his arrest and mine; the selfsame words, with the selfsame passionate devotion: “Our Hitler! — our beloved Führer!” — the cry of Germany’s heart for all times to come.

Then, after a pause, she took a further glance at the form I had filled, and said: “Excuse me, if I am being indiscreet; but are you *really* Greek?”

It was queer. Already in Rome, in several shops, and once in the street, people had taken me for a German in spite of my dark eyes and hair. What was there in my “aura” which proclaimed my allegiance to Adolf Hitler’s people?

I could have answered: “Half Greek and half English.” But no; it did not occur to me. Instead of that simple — and technically accurate — reply, I gave her spontaneously an unexpected, but in fact infinitely more accurate one — the same one I had given my young friend in Cologne, on that memorable night, four years before; the one that justified both the history of my life and my presence in Linz: “*Ich bin Indo-Germanin*” — “I am Indo-European, — Aryan,” said I with a smile.

“I can understand you,” replied the girl, rather to my surprise. Apparently, she remembered — and had assimilated — the knowledge of the world she had been given under the third Reich.

And she added: “It is late. But tomorrow is Sunday; I have more time. I shall come to your room, and we shall talk.”

“Could you, tomorrow, show me the house where the Führer lived, here in Linz?”

“I am sorry to have to say that I do not yet myself know where it is,” answered the girl. “I have come to Linz but recently, and have started working at once. Had no chance to see the town. But I can show you where you should take the bus for Leonding, if you like; you also want to go there, naturally?”

“I do.”

She explained me where I was to take the bus: only a few yards away from the hotel. She also told me her name Luise K. We parted with the ritual salute and the two now forbidden words: “Heil Hitler!”

It was a long time before I fell asleep.

* * *

“Is this Leonding?” asked I, as the bus halted.

“Yes, Leonding.”

I stepped out. My heart was beating. Before me, on the

border of the road, stood the little church behind which — I knew — was the cemetery where the Führer's parents are buried.

I walked into the church. It was empty. Sunshine poured in from the narrow windows of plain glass, and stressed every curve or surface of polished wood upon which it fell, and every detail of chiseled metal upon the altar.

This was a pretty little village church like any other, with white-washed walls, a few artless pictures and plaster statues, and benches on which generations of pious folk had knelt and prayed. Perfect silence. It must have been about one o'clock in the afternoon. And an atmosphere of serene restfulness; of inexpressible peace.

I imagined a young, fair woman kneeling by one of those benches over fifty years before, with a thoughtful, blue-eyed child at her side — a child in whose face the light of boundless love and the flame of genius already radiated: her son, Adolf Hitler, the Chosen One of the Invisible Powers. And an overwhelming emotion caught hold of me at that thought. I knelt, and crossed myself automatically, — I, the Heathen, — as though that age-old gesture brought me nearer to the Christian mother of my Leader. And I wept for a long time.

Perfect silence; perfect peace. Frau Clara Hitler, the predestined Mother, had doubtless many times come here, when the church was empty — like it was today — to seek communion with God after her household work was finished. She was a simple-hearted and pious woman, who had found in the one religion she knew — Roman Christianity — a frame within which she could give expression to her inborn longing for Perfection and Infinity. One can read that longing in her eyes, on the pictures one has of her. Her only surviving son was to inherit both those magnificent, star-like eyes, and the more-than-human yearning of her ardent soul. He loved her, and — which is more, — understood her; *knew* that her serene Christian piety meant, to her, the very same thing which his own merciless Struggle against the dark Forces of disintegration meant to him: boundless aspiration to perfection without end. And therefore, he respected her faith, — he, the detached, far-sighted Exponent of the more positive faith in Blood and Soil; of the faith in everlasting Life rooted in this earth. “Were my mother still alive, I would be the last man to try to

prevent her from going to church . . .”¹; “. . . but until some substitute, manifestly better than it, appears, only fools and criminals will destroy the religion that is there, on the spot.”² His own words came back to me. And I acknowledged in my heart that they were words of wisdom, all the more impressive, all the more significant, while coming from one who has fought to the bitter end, as few men in history, not only “the Church” — the Churches — but the Christian scale of values, the very essence of the Christian doctrine as it has come down to us.

And I felt as though my loving intuition of his mother had bound me more intimately to him, during this hour, than had, hitherto, two and a half decades of enthusiasm.

* * *

Through the side door of the church, I stepped directly into the cemetery, and slowly walked along one alley and then along the next one. The graves, upon which I read in turn the names of the dead, were all relatively new; the one I was seeking was doubtless further away — nearer the wall; among the older ones. I followed the last alley, parallel to the wall. And there I suddenly stopped before a grave covered with overgrown creeper, upon which lay a wreath of fir tree twigs, utterly dried up and falling to pieces. Some pious hand had recently added a few fresh flowers in a tin can. At the back, a slab of black marble, inserted in a rough block of stone, bore in gilded letters the inscription:

*Here rest in God
Alois Hitler,
who passed away on the 7th January, 1903, aged 67, and his wife
Clara Hitler,
who passed away on the 21st December, 1907, aged 47.*

Alois and Clara Hitler — our Führer’s parents; the last link in that endless chain of privileged generations destined to give Germany the greatest of all her sons, and the Western world, the one Saviour of its own blood.

¹ Quoted from the “*Goebbels Diaries*,” published after the war.

² *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 293-294.

I knelt before the grave.

All round me, like in the little church, there was peace, perfect peace. But a peace of a different quality: not the meditative serenity of the house of prayer, away from the turmoil of life; still less, the peace of death; but that of smiling Nature seething with impersonal life, — of Nature that has no memory and no history. High above me, the leaves of a nearby tree rustled. On the ground before me, a pretty brown insect, — a speck of life — crawled across half a foot of earth and sand, into the thick forest of creeper that covered the grave. A ray of sunshine fell straight upon the lovely pink and white double-daisies that one of “his” faithful followers, no doubt, — one of us — had laid upon the ground under which the Führer’s parents lie.

I imagined “him” laying flowers here, before a reverent crowd of people — his closest friends, and the officials (and population) of Leonding, — during the great days. Where was “he” now, if still alive? Would he ever come back, and stand once more before this grave, in silence, surrounded by his new collaborators? And if he was dead, was it yet possible that he might know — that he might feel — how ardently we love him? Or was the life of those who have passed into eternity impersonal and without memory, like that of Nature?

I had brought no flowers with me, for the shops were all closed in Linz, as it was Sunday. (And the day before, I had arrived at 9 o’clock at night or so, — after working hours.) My intention had been to try to find some here, in Leonding, and *then* to come to the cemetery. But when I had seen the church, I had walked in. And I had not been able to go out without stepping into the cemetery and seeing the grave. Now I would go and see whether I could get any flowers, and I would then come back.

* * *

I was soon talking to the owner of the one garden in Leonding where — I had just been told, — I should be likely to find the greatest variety of flowers.

“Forget-me-nots? Have you not got anything better?” said I. I had been picturing to myself a magnificent mass of

dark red roses. And I was ready to give any price for the joy of placing such a wreath upon the desolate grave.

“I am sorry I have nothing else,” replied the young woman. And she added sadly: “Don’t you like forget-me-nots? They are pretty — all flowers are — and they last a long time. I shall give you as many as you want, roots and all, so that you can plant them.”

She was most sympathetic, — and pretty, too: blonde, with regular features, and bright, sincere eyes. Moreover, she was right. Her words moved me, as though she had known for whose sake I had come, and had wished to tell me — indirectly — that “he” would surely not disapprove of forget-me-nots. And I felt guilty for having despised the humble sky-blue flowers.

“It is all right,” said I. “Give me twelve forget-me-not plants with their roots. Of course I like them. As you say, all flowers are beautiful.”

The young woman dug out the forget-me-nots and wrapped them up for me in a piece of newspaper. “I’ll also lend you a shovel and a watering can,” said she.

Her friendliness touched me. I wanted to know more about her. “Excuse me if I have spoken in a haste,” said I, recasting the way I had let her see my disappointment at the lack of variety in her garden. But it is only because I would so much have liked dark red roses! . . . If you could guess which grave the flowers are for, perhaps you would understand me.”

The woman gazed at me, a ray of sunshine in her blond hair, and the expression of comradeship — like Luise K. — in her bright eyes.

“I think I *can* guess,” answered she. “But in that case I must warn you: take care nobody sees you; for it is forbidden to adorn *that* grave.”

“Forbidden! It is just like ‘them’!” replied I, meaning both the Occupation Authorities and the docile puppets whom they put in power to impose their hated Democracy: — our persecutors. “But I shall not get caught. I am accustomed to do whatever ‘they’ forbid. And if by chance ‘they’ do lay hands upon me, I don’t care: I have nothing to lose; and it will not be the first time. Only I would, of course, *rather* fall

into their clutches *after* my visit to the rest of Germany: I have several people to meet there.”

The young woman stretched out her hand to me and smiled. “I congratulate you,” said she, “I too am one of those who do not forget, and who are waiting for better times — for the second Seizure of power, never mind how and when. My husband also belongs to the Movement: he was an S.S. man.”

“It looks as though I have the knack of meeting people connected with S.S. men,” thought I, remembering Luise K’s sweet face. I felt happy. There is nothing so lovely as to discover one’s unsuspected comrades wherever one goes.

“I live in that house you can see there,” continued my new friend. “Come upstairs and have a cup of coffee with me. I have just been baking a cake.”

I walked by her side, holding my forget-me-nots. She asked me where I had come from.

“From Athens.”

The name of the glorious ancient city, here, in this garden where I had come to buy flowers for our Führer’s parents’ grave, sounded to me like a magical spell. And I felt once more — as I so often had — as though I were the inspired agent of a tremendous Destiny, just now beginning to work itself out.

“Athens!” repeated the young woman, as if she had suddenly become aware of the symbolical meaning of my presence. “And you were there also during the great days?”

“During the great days, and all through the war, I was in India,” replied I.

“India!” repeated she, in the same tone as she had said “Athens,” only with perhaps even greater interest. “And you intend to go back there?”

“One day, yes; but for a time only. I wish to settle in Germany — if I can manage to,” said I. And for the second time I felt as though I had been uttering a spell — two more words that had to be uttered, along with the name of the violet-crowned City, to give my presence in this place its full significance.

“Yes,” thought I, as we walked up a wooden staircase to my new friend’s room, and as I sat there alone while she

prepared the coffee; “yes, Greece, India, Germany: these are the three visible landmarks in the history of my life. Just as other women love several men in turn, so have I loved the essence of several cultures, the soul of at least three nations. But in all three and above all three, it is the essential perfection of Aryandom which I have sought and worshipped all my life. I have sought God — the Absolute — in the living beauty and in the manly virtues of my own godlike Race, as other women seek Him in their lovers’ eyes, and given everything for the joy of adoring Him in them; not in heaven, but here on earth.”

With the one, brilliant exception of my husband, I had met extremely few Indian Aryans that could stand the test, when compared with the German National Socialists, my comrades. No *collectivity* embodied, as the latter did today, the living, immanent Godhead of Aryandom. I had admired them from the beginning, no doubt. But I had needed to live all these years and to go through countless disappointments both in Greece and India, before I had turned my back to all mankind — nay to all Aryans, — save to them; before I had learnt to live less for their world order (that the silly world has rejected) than for *them* alone.

Words apparently unconnected with my trend of thoughts — words that a French author¹ has put into the mouth of a temple courtesan of old, speaking to her last lover — came back to my memory: “Love is a difficult art, in which young girls are not well-versed. *I have learnt it all my life to give it to thee — my last lover.*” Devotional nationalism — absolute consecration to the Godhead of one’s own Race, through absolute identification with and service of the collective Soul of a Nation: the only form of human love that I had ever really lived, *experienced* — was also, perhaps, “a difficult art” which I had learnt all my life to give it, in all its perfection, to the only ones among my Aryan brothers whom I deemed collectively worthy of it: my Führer’s people. I recalled the end of the French writer’s short prose poem — the meaning of it, at least, if not the actual wording: “I shall destroy for thy sake even my remembrances. I shall give thee the treasures that still

¹ Pierre Louÿs, “Les Chanson, de Bilitis.”

bind me to my dearest lovers . . .”¹ And I thought, with the feeling that the whole poem could be, symbolically, applied to me; “I shall give you, German National Socialists, children of Light, forever young, all that which the old outside world has given me: the lasting mark of the Grecian landscape and of the Indian temple — love of this earth *and* yearning for the Absolute — in all my works, in all my gestures. If anything foreign to your spirit has ever passed through my life, it has already been so completely destroyed that I do not myself remember it.” And I could not help adding within my heart: “But *you* will not disappoint me, as the old outside world has! Or will you — you too, one day?”

But the young woman had come back from the kitchen with the coffee. She laid a most appetising cake upon the table, and was now talking to me as she filled my cup

“Many did not, *then*, grasp the full significance of our Movement,” said she; — “or they grasped it too well and did not like it, because their religious prejudices stood between them and the spirit of the Hitler doctrine. But now, — now that they have had a taste of Democracy and of revived Christianity, and know that neither the present-day State nor the Churches can give them the equivalent of what they have lost, — they are slowly turning round and coming to us. I honestly tell you: never were there, perhaps, so many sincere National Socialists, at least here in Austria, as now. Even those Austrians who, in 1945, were ready to betray the Greater Reich, — when they did not actually do so, — are now more conscious than ever of the fact that they are part and parcel of it, whatever they might do.”

But it looked as though she had read my silent question and was answering it: “The Church is, of course, more powerful than this puppet government,” added she; “yet, in spite of all, — even of the enormous effort of the priests to win us back, — we are freer than ever from Christian influences; more National Socialist than ever.” She did not say, but her answer was as good as though she had said: “No; *we* shall never disappoint you!”

“People of the same blood should come under a common

¹ “Les Chansons de Bilitis,” same poem as quoted above.

State”¹ quoted I out of the first page of *Mein Kampf*, in reply to what she had just told me of the awakening of National Socialist consciousness in our Führer’s own home, after the war. “I don’t believe in such a thing as a separate Austria.”

I paused to help myself to a cube of sugar and a slice of cake, and continued: “I don’t believe in it, and never did. As a child and as a young girl I lived for that which one then called in Greek the ‘Great Idea’²: the idea of all Greeks (those of Asia Minor as well as those on this side of the Aegean sea) gathered into one State in the name of their common Hellenic origin. I applied the same principle to all nations as soon as I was aware of the historical injustices that caused their grievances, and when I first read *Mein Kampf* I was amazed and inspired by the wonderful logic with which Adolf Hitler expresses his views — and *mine* — about artificial frontiers. I say: not only those of what they call ‘Austria,’ but *all* such frontiers should be abolished. No State that is not, at the same time, a *nation* — a collectivity with a definite *racial* personality; *a people* — should exist.”

“We all think the same. But the so-called ‘free’ world does not. And we are powerless — for the time being,” replied my new friend.

“Let the so-called ‘free’ world and its former ‘glorious allies,’ the Communists, both go to hell — as they *are* going, anyhow, — and let us rise and rule upon their ruins!” said I, with the conviction of one who, day and night, for eight years, had been thinking of nothing, wishing for nothing, praying for nothing, — willing nothing — but Germany’s revenge, and the definitive establishment of a National Socialist order.

“May it be as you say!” exclaimed the young woman, — Germany’s mouthpiece. And once more, as in 1948 and 1949, I felt that I was not alone.

* * *

“I shall take you to see the Führer’s old tutor, and also one of his school comrades, who lives nearby,” said Frau J. — my new friend. “Leave your forget-me-nots here: the earth

¹ “Gemeinsames Blüt gehört in ein gemeimames Reich” (*Mein Kampf*, 1, p. 1).

² “*e Megalee Idea*”.

around their roots is damp, and you need not fear they will get faded so quickly. You can take them and go and plant them on your way back.”

We walked along a sunny country road and soon reached a garden, in which a man, who looked about fifty, but who must have been much older if he were Adolf Hitler’s classmate, was sitting under the trees with his wife. My new friend called the woman by her name: “Frau H., here is a person who has just come from Greece to spend a few minutes of silence before the Führer’s parents’ grave. I am taking her to ‘his’ tutor’s, and from there she will come by herself to see you and Herr H. Absolutely ‘in order’ — I don’t need to stress *that*: you will see for yourself!” And she explained to me that she could not wait for me and accompany me, as she had somewhere to go — some Sunday afternoon visit that she was expected to pay. Frau H. told us that she and her husband would be glad to make my acquaintance. (The husband greeted us also.) And we parted for half an hour. Frau J. took me a few footsteps further, to the house where Adolf Hitler’s tutor lives, and left me there after introducing me and bidding me good bye.

The Führer’s tutor — a man over eighty — was sitting at his doorstep, before an open space in the midst of which grew a beautiful big tree. He received me with utmost friendliness; bade me sit down at his side. I felt moved beyond words at the thought that his eyes — that shone, still so young, in his old face — had seen every day, as a matter of course, a fourteen year-old Adolf Hitler, whose coming glory no one yet suspected, but whose outstanding virtues — boundless, disinterested love for his people, coupled with extraordinary intuition, iron willpower and practical genius — were already those that were to carry him to power, to martyrdom (even if he be alive, his life, during the last part of the war and *after* the war, must have been a constant torture) and to everlasting leadership; at the thought that he had spoken to him as one speaks to a son.

“Tell me something about our Führer, you who have had the privilege of knowing him in his youth,” said I. “I have never seen him.”

“What can I tell you?” replied the old man. “He was a healthy, clean-minded, loving and lovable child — the most

lovable I have ever met. All I have to say is contained within these few words. The grown man retained the child's goodness, honesty, love of truth. The world hates him only because it does not know him."

"The world — the ugly, Jew-ridden world of today — hates him because it is, itself, congenitally sick and corrupt; decadent; and full of spite against all that is healthy, pure and strong — godlike — within the born-to-rule, whether superior individuals or superior nations," answered I. "I hate this world which has waged war upon 'his' people!" . . .

Before I had time to finish my sentence, a cat, which I had not seen, had jumped unto my lap and was now settling down, making itself comfortable, in the absolute certitude — the intuitive knowledge — that I would not turn it away. I smoothed down the glossy white-and-grey fur, as the feline purred, and I recalled in my mind the starving cats I had once fed in India, and the thin, half-wild ones — afraid of man, all of them, — that I had, years before and again just now, seen in Greece. Here, in my Führer's Land, along with "his" faithful followers, a homely, well-fed cat was welcoming me, forerunner of happy animalkind in our world to come.

"It looks as though she knows you," remarked Adolf Hitler's former tutor. "Practically all animals, and specially all cats 'know' me," replied I. And I put him the question of which I could myself foretell what the answer could be — perhaps for the pleasure of hearing that answer from one of the few people who had known our Führer as a child

"Did 'he' love animals?" asked I.

"He loved every living creature that God has made: animals, surely, and trees too; everything that lives and that is beautiful. And he never did any harm to a living creature, even as a child."

The words brought tears into my eyes. Never perhaps was I more vividly conscious of the injustice of the world's verdict on the Man who is not only the best German, but also the best European of all ages. And oh, how I hated the ugly, stupid world! But here, all was so peaceful and so beautiful: this old man with childlike blue eyes, who loved our Hitler as his own son; those friendly homes nearby, in which — I now knew — people also loved him; this stately tree before the house;

and the sunlit, softly hilly landscape all round in the distance; and this glossy, comfortable cat, rolled up and purring upon my lap. Here I was away from the hostile world — for some time at least.

“Tell me more about ‘him,’” said I to the old man.

“I can remember ‘him’ as though it were but yesterday, going in and coming out of this door, greeting us with his frank face and his bright loving eyes,” replied he, thoughtfully. “It was fifty years ago. How many things have taken place during these fifty years!” And his voice was full of infinite sadness. He repeated, speaking of Adolf Hitler: “We all loved him. The wide world that has brought ruin on us would have loved him too, if only it had known him as he really was.”

He also spoke of the Führer’s parents: “His father was a hard-working man of few words; a man devoted to his family and to his land, but who had little leisure to exteriorise his feelings. His mother was the embodiment of selfless, unnoticed love, that gives everything and expects nothing. And she was pretty! Peace radiated from her large eyes, and one felt happy in her presence without understanding why. He was much like her, but of a more militant bearing, being a boy. And he adored her, — and she him.”

Words from the seventh Chapter of *Mein Kampf* came back to my memory: the description of Adolf Hitler’s feelings at the news of the end of the First World War: “I had never wept since the day I had stood by my mother’s grave . . . I had born my fate without a word of complaint. Now I could bear it no longer. Now I was aware how completely all personal sorrow fades away before one’s Fatherland’s misfortune.”¹ “There is only one thing in the world which he loved even more than her,” thought I; “and that is Germany.”

I asked the old man: “Do you believe, as many do, that ‘he’ is still alive?”

He answered: “I do not. Not that I have any proof of his death: *nobody* has *seen* him dead. But I cannot picture him surviving the destruction of his life’s work and the defeat of all he loved.”

“Not even if someone had managed to convince him that

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 223.

it was the interest of the German people that he should live and carry on the struggle?" asked I.

"In *that* case, of course, he would have been willing to live in spite of all . . . But was anyone able to convince him? I don't think so."

For the first time since that memorable moment, five years before, when I had started believing once more in the possibility of seeing 'him' one day, I felt my heart sink within my breast and an unutterable gloom — the same horrible old consciousness of uselessness and of emptiness that I had experienced for so long in and after 1945 — overpower me for a minute. I questioned myself, — as *then*: "What is there to live for, if I am *never* to see 'him' in flesh and blood? — never; *never!*" The feeling was physically painful to me. But it did not last more than a minute, if that. There sat before me the old man, who loved 'him.' There stood before me the tree under which 'he' had played as a boy. There purred upon my lap a well-fed, friendly cat, living instance of that most eloquent of all marks of superiority in Germanic mankind: spontaneous kindness to creatures. There lived in the neighbourhood and far away, in every town and village of 'his' Reich, worthy men and women, in whose consciousness the service of their Fatherland and the service of 'his' ideals remain the same thing. From the depth of my heart, the voice of my better self — the voice of the woman I *am* beyond and in spite of all my weaknesses and failures, — cried out to me, as tears filled my eyes: "And even if 'he' he dead in the flesh, *still there is Germany to live for*, — 'his' Germany; the one great Being that he loved even more than his mother."

Never had the old words: "Adolf Hitler is Germany; Germany *is* Adolf Hitler," seemed to me so glaringly true. And never also, perhaps, had they in fact *become* so true as they had now, through me.

* * *

After taking leave of the old man — and thanking him for the hour I had lived in his company — I went and paid my visit to Herr H., Adolf Hitler's classmate.

He kindly bade me sit down in a garden chair between him

and his wife, under his fruit trees, as though I were an old friend. He showed me photographs of the Führer: one which had been taken while he was laying a wreath of flowers upon his parents' grave; another, in which he was seen shaking hands with Herr H. from a car, on one of his visits to Leonding.

"I envy you for having such memories," said I, moved as I always am at the sight of such tangible reminders of the great days. "*I have never seen 'him' — save on the screen, in the 'newsreels' of the time; — and never heard 'his' voice — save on the radio. I envy you indeed.*" And the insurmountable regret, and the feeling of inexpiable guilt for not having come years before, tortured me once more, for the millionth time.

"Yes, it *was* a privilege," said Herr H. "You cannot imagine the enthusiastic happiness of those splendid years! Shall we ever again live anything like them? And even if we do . . . ; without 'him,' it will never be the same!"

"Do you really believe that 'he' is dead?" asked I.

"To tell you the truth," replied Herr H., "*I don't know. Nobody knows,* — save a handful of people: those who saw him die (if he be dead), or those who are now with him, if he be alive. Time alone will answer the question."

"I cannot bring myself to believe that he will never come back," put in Frau H.

"Even if he be today dead in the flesh, Germany lives forever, and he lives in her," said I, expressing aloud the very certitude that had so strongly imposed itself upon me only half an hour before. And I added, as though speaking to myself: "And even if he be dead, He will come back, sooner or later. He is eternal."

In my consciousness, the beloved features of my Leader had suddenly merged into the impersonal Essence of the many-featured One Who he was — Who he is — and Who has said, thousands of years ago: "When justice is crushed, when evil rules supreme, then I come. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evildoers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteousness, I am born age after age."¹

But Herr H. had got up to get some other treasured remembrances of the glorious days. And Frau H. was intensely absorbed in the contemplation of a photograph that I had just

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verses 7 and 8.

handed over to her — one of the two best ones I possess, taken on the 22nd June, 1930; a photograph representing Adolf Hitler surrounded by eight of his earliest followers.

“Here is Hermann Göring. My God, how handsome he was, when he was young!” exclaimed she. “And there is Dr. Goebbels; and there, Ritter von Epp; Frick; Heinrich Himmler; Martin Bormann. But who is this one at the back of the picture? I have seen his face, but still I cannot make him out.”

“It is Muschmann, the former *Gauleiter* of Saxony,” replied I.

“Yes, Muschmann; that is right!” And she added, after looking at the date of the photograph: “Those years immediately before the Seizure of power were also great years — years of intense enthusiasm and of unforgettable comradeship.”

I was thinking: “What judgement will one pass, in times to come, — after our second Seizure of power — upon these present years of silent, stubborn, unnoticed day-to-day opposition to all the forces that stand against our Hitler faith? The bitterness of defeat is still too great in us, and the way out of this long-drawn humiliation still too indistinct, to allow us enthusiasm. But we too have experienced, — and are experiencing — in this phase of the Struggle, the meaning of broad-scale, indestructible comradeship.” And I remembered my comrades in Werl — in particular H. E., now eight years a prisoner for the sake of our ideals. When would they all be free? When would *they* enjoy at last the power that they have so deserved? I felt myself bound to them forever.

Herr H. came back with a heap of books, photographs and papers — publications from the glorious days; letters of the Führer, addressed to him; pictures on which he appeared at his side. With intense emotion, I handled and read and considered those remembrances of the heroic period of that new Western civilisation slowly emerging out of and in reaction against nearly two thousand years of Jewish influence. “Oh, why had *I* been so far away throughout all these years?” thought I once more. But something within me said: “Still you have played your small part in the unrecorded history of the tremendous *epos* — *even ‘then.’* And you have come, at last. And the heroic period is not yet over.”

“What do people think, here, in this part of the country?” asked I. “Do they see the possibility of the return of our régime?”

“It is difficult to say what *possibilities* there are in the near future,” replied Herr H. “But one thing is certain: *if* the German people could have their own way — if, here as well as elsewhere, they had a say in the matter, — our régime would be back within six months. Even the fools who fought against it are everyday admitting that they were fools. They are now ready to support it . . .”

In a flash I recalled the description of “Austrian” freedom under present-day Democracy, so eloquently given me but the day before by one of the two French Occupation fellows in the train: “People are . . . ‘completely free’; we don’t interfere with them in the least: ‘all parties are allowed’ — except, of course, the Nazi Party (this goes without saying).” The man had made this pronouncement without the slightest awareness of irony, as though it were the most natural thing. And as I had pointed out that “to exclude *any* party was to destroy the very idea of ‘free’ expression,” he had shown such indignation that I had carefully dropped the topic.

Herr H. summed up his point of view — Germany’s point of view — in a sentence: “We have nothing to choose between the persecutors of National Socialism, be they of the eastern or of the western brand,” said he. “Alone reasons of practical expediency — and *not* ideological ones — can and will determine our attitude to each of them in the unavoidable coming conflict between them.”

“And which do *you* think we are likely to support against the other — for the time being?” asked I.

“I don’t know,” answered Herr H. “It depends entirely upon circumstances at the time the conflict breaks out. The right attitude, — ours, — will be that which will the most efficiently forward the interest of the Reich. What forwards the interest of the Reich is always right.”

“And what do *you* think?” enquired his wife, addressing me. “How would you yourself act, if left to do so according to your own initiative?”

“Thank goodness, I shall *not* have to act according to my own initiative!” exclaimed I. “I know too little, and am

also too much of a fool to understand where lies the real interest of the Reich. I shall blindly do whatever my superiors will tell me. By 'my superiors' I mean those who want the triumph of our principles and the resurrection of Greater Germany as ardently as I do, but who are cleverer, more farsighted, and better informed than I."

Frau H. bade me have a cup of coffee with her and her husband. Their house was on the opposite side of the road. We got up, walked across the lovely garden in which the Sun, shining through the trees, projected patterns of light upon the grass. Frau H. walked ahead of me, showing me the way. She opened a door, and I stepped into a room in which "he" had doubtless sat many a time. The room was full of the most tempting smell of coffee. Frau H. brought out cakes and biscuits. And I found myself — I, who had not known the H.s two hours before, — spending the late afternoon with the Führer's closest friends as a matter of course; as though I too had been a personal friend of his for years. The thought of this brought tears into my eyes. "But am I not *also* 'His' friend, regardless of the fact whether 'he' knows it or not?" reflected I. "Have I not sought Him for centuries, life after life, and all through this present life, until I realised that 'he' — the Founder of the Third Reich — is none other than He — the One Who comes back, whenever He should, 'to establish the reign of Righteousness'?"

And it occurred to me that I was, perhaps, as near to him in spirit as — or, in fact, nearer to him than, — many of those who had had the privilege of seeing him in the flesh. Still I wondered: "Would I ever have that privilege?"

As we parted at last, the H.s greeted me — and I them — with the ritual salute and the two mystical words of power: "Heil Hitler!"

* * *

The Sun was setting when I reached the cemetery once more, carrying my forget-me-nots, a spade and a watering can that I had gone to fetch at Frau J's house, as she had told me, after taking leave of Herr and Frau H. On the slab of black marble inserted in the rough block of stone upon the grave,

again — in a different light — I read the golden letters: “*Hier ruht in Gott . . .*” — “Here rest in God . . . Alois Hitler . . . and his wife: Clara Hitler . . .”

“It is forbidden to adorn that grave . . .” I recalled the words which Frau J. had spoken to me in the garden where I had bought my flowers. So, that was the reason why the poor grave looked so neglected! — practically the only neglected one in the whole cemetery. Once more I regretted I had not been able to bring the impressive wreath of expensive roses that I had intended: the meaning of my gesture — love, and defiance — would have been more glaring. But it mattered little: my humble forget-me-nots were also pretty; perfect, in their way, as all flowers are. They would take root in the good earth. They would be there, alive, in weeks, in months to come.

Thus were my thoughts as I pulled out the weeds, and carefully put every plant in turn into the hole I had dug for it, and covered its roots well, and watered it . . . I did not remove the faded wreath, still less the double-daisies in their tin can, both gifts of other pious disciples of Adolf Hitler like myself, no doubt. I just pushed them a little aside to make place for my forget-me-nots. And when this was finished, I knelt in the glow of sunset before the grave.

Alive within my mind was the Face of him whose father’s and mother’s dust lay under the dark stone and the sky-blue flowers; the Face that had beamed in the joy and pride of victory, in glorious ’40, and that had, also, more and more, reflected agony at the daily sight of Germany’s martyrdom. “Were are you *now*, on the surface of the wide earth, my beloved Führer?” thought I. “Will you ever know how much I have loved you?”

One of those everlasting words of wisdom — doubtless older than Christianity — that are to be found here and there in the Christian Gospels, came back to my memory: “Blessed are those who believe, although they have not seen.” And it seemed to me as if, from a distance, the nature of which I could not define — whether the distance from the realm of Time to that of Eternity, or that from one place of this earth to another, — the superhuman Face spoke to me and said “Live for my Germany! And you shall never part from Me, wherever I be.”

I pictured to myself the dismembered Land. (I had, only

a few hours before, on the very morning of that day, seen the American frontier posts and the Russian frontier posts at each end of the bridge over the Danube, in Linz itself: detested guardians of the division wrought at the criminal meetings of Yalta and Potsdam). The political unity of Germany was no doubt the first goal to attain. But what could *I* do, in order to bring it about more speedily? “Just contribute to the strengthening of the National Socialist spirit among my faithful people,” said our Führer’s voice as I heard it through my own heart. And I felt that he himself would not — could not — have told me anything more. For in this — the strengthening and expansion of our spirit *first of all in Germany*, — lies indeed the condition upon which depends the fulfilment of all he has ever striven for.

And I thought of the long stretch of land from the Brenner Pass to the Baltic Sea — that German world into which the old officer at the railway station, and Luise K. had welcomed me the day before. And I did not want to go away — although I wondered *how* (with what material means) I could stay. But I brushed aside all worries and gazed at the pure sky, already darkening. And I was overwhelmed by the peace that poured down from its infinity. “May the invisible Powers that rule the stars according to those laws which we call divine, guide my life!” thought I. “They know better than I do.” And I renewed my daily prayer to those unknown heavenly Powers — to the “Almighty Father-of-Light” of the ancient Germans; to the “Shining Ones” of the Aryans who once conquered India; the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” of King Akhnaton, Living-in-Truth: “Send me, or maintain me, there where I shall be the most useful in the service of the sacred Aryan Cause! — the Cause of Truth.”

As I got up, I noticed that three other people were standing at a little distance behind me, in silent reverence, by the hallowed grave.

I walked out of the cemetery by the back door, and found myself right before the little house that had been described to me as the one in which Adolf Hitler’s parents had lived in Leonding. There was light behind the closed windows. Other people were now living there. That fact — so natural, so simple, — appeared strange to me. I saw the garden around the

house — the garden in which “he” had probably sat and played, and read, as a boy. And a profound sadness filled my heart — until I felt for the second time sure that my Leader would tell me, if only I could hear him: “Live for those for whom I live, wherever I be: my people. And you shall never part from Me.” Sadness then gave way to serenity.

* * *

Herr H. had given me the address of the house in which Adolf Hitler had lived, in Linz itself, as well as that of the old school to which he used to go. I saw both on that evening, after coming back from Leonding.

I did not enter the school, naturally. (It would not have been possible at such a time of the day.) But I walked into the house — which is quite near the hotel where I was staying — and went up the stairs, to the third floor. (Herr H. had told me that the flat which Adolf Hitler’s parents had occupied was there.) And again it seemed strange to me that a different name was now to be read upon the door; that different people were now living in the flat. Were they at least on “his” side? I wondered. I could not bear to think that perhaps, after all, they were not. Most people, however, appeared to be on “his” side — or was it that *I* had the good luck of meeting only such ones as were?

The space at the back of the house was occupied by a garden full of fruit trees in blossom. Leaning against the windowsill in the staircase, between the third and the second floor, I let my eyes rest upon the sight before me: that garden, and, beyond it, dark against the limpid spring sky, other houses, and, in the distance, the spire of a church. The atmosphere was peaceful, soothing. Had “he” sometimes leaned against his windowsill, and looked at this selfsame landscape on his way downstairs? He probably had — and “she” too; “she,” his sweet, pious, dutiful mother, in whose eyes one read the same aspiration to infinity as in his. In fact, here, just as in Leonding, “he” and “she” were inseparable.

As I came back to the hotel, I found Luise K. waiting for me.

“I have kept something for you: a cup of coffee, some

buns with butter and a slice of apple tart, as you don't eat meat," said she, placing a tray upon the table in my room. "I am sure you had nothing to eat all day."

I had been munching all the afternoon. Nevertheless, this humble chambermaid's kind attention touched me as much as — if not even more than — all the marks of affection of which I had been the object. I could not help asking her "why" she was so good to me: was it mainly because she had guessed that I was travelling with very little money (as I was indeed) or was there . . . another reason?

"It is because I love you," said she. "And I love you because you are one of us."

The answer brought tears into my eyes. It was Germany's welcome to me after three years of absence — and after nearly thirty years of silent allegiance to the greatest of all her sons.

It was past midnight when Luise K. left my room. I had shown her the one sample I possessed of the posters I had stuck up in Germany in early 1949: "German people, what have the Democracies brought you? . . ." She had shown me the photograph of her husband, who had died for the Führer and for the Greater Reich.

Having nothing better to give her, I gave her a box of raisins that I had brought from Greece. "Do you know what I would like from you?" said she, after thanking me.

"What?"

"A postcard from Braunau, where you are going tomorrow; a postcard showing the house in which our Führer was born."

"I shall send you one if I can find one," replied I.

"The spirit of the great days lives in, you," added she as she got up. "I shall never forget you! Heil Hitler!"

I lifted my right arm, conscious that I was accomplishing a rite, and greeted her in my turn: "Heil Hitler!"

These were the last words I exchanged in Linz.

Chapter 2

BRAUNAU AM INN

“May I ask you where you are going?”

A man put me the usual question in the morning train now carrying me from Linz to Braunau.

I named the place, and the familiar syllables sounded unreal to me, as though I could not, even yet, convince myself that I actually *was* going there — going to spend the 20th of April, “his” birthday, in “his” birthplace, according to my wish.

“Braunau am Inn,” repeated the man. And he suddenly became as inquisitive as any fellow from the Mediterranean shores. “You have relations there?” asked he.

“I have none.”

“Then, what are you going there for?”

“To see the place,” replied I — which was, of course, true. The man looked straight into my eyes and smiled to me.

“Going, on the 20th of April, to see the place where Adolf Hitler was born, eh!”

I blushed, as I had, two days before, in the train between Salzburg and Linz. The man stretched out his hand to me and added: “I congratulate you.”

Was he one of us, whose instinct had told him who I was, or was he just someone trying to find out about me? I shall never know. He got down at the first station in which the train halted, leaving me to my thoughts.

The train was going through a landscape of woods and meadows, in which a few slanting roofs — red or grey — could be seen here and there; a landscape much like that around Linz. The atmosphere was also much the same: an atmosphere of sunlit restfulness. “Sixty-four years ago, in a small town that is part and parcel of this peaceful landscape, a child was born . . . ,” I kept thinking. “And it is for the love of him that I am sitting here — on my way to “his” birthplace. And it is for the love of “him” that I shall be, to night, going further

on, to places where “he” lived and struggled; to his people, who are waiting for me without knowing me — on my way to the fulfilment of a destiny that I do not know; a destiny inseparably linked with that of “his” Doctrine and of “his” Movement . . .”

At every station in which the train halted, a few travellers got down, while none — or hardly any — got in. The railway carriage was becoming more and more empty as we were getting nearer the frontier town. (The train did not go any further.) In the end, I found myself alone with a group of five or six workmen who had been busy talking and joking among themselves all along the way.

“The next stop is Braunau — terminus!” said at last one of them, standing up to reach a bag full of iron instruments that he had put into the net above his seat. And suddenly noticing me in my corner, he shouted to me over the wooden separation that half isolated me: “Going to Braunau, also?” And without giving me time to answer, he added: “A nice place, Braunau. Staying there long?”

“Only spending the day there,” replied I. The young man smiled.

“Where do you come from?” asked he.

“From Linz.”

“You live in Linz?”

“No.”

“Where do you live?”

“In Athens,” answered I.

“Athens . . . the capital of Greece! A fine city! I was there for a time during the war,” put in another of the workmen, who had also got up to take his things. “And you have come all that way to spend a day in Braunau?” added he, with a significant smile.

He was handsome: tall, well built, blond, and not more than thirty-five. I pictured him in uniform upon the Acropolis, between two columns of the Parthenon, ten years before: the living embodiment of that Nordic beauty that the builders of the Parthenon had striven to express; also the living embodiment of those ideals that were both those of the “godlike heroes” of the Trojan War and those of the fighters of the Third Reich.

My first impulse was to say: “Exactly! I have come to spend the 20th of April in our Führer’s birthplace.” I felt sure he would understand me. Yet I dared not speak so hastily: one can never *be* sure . . . It is one of the other workmen who answered his question.

“Yes, my friend. Don’t you know that it is Adolf Hitler’s birthday today?” And turning to me — who had blushed — he said, as he helped me to carry my heavy suitcase (full of books) to the door:

“You will find plenty people to show you the house where ‘he’ was born. We would gladly take you there ourselves. But we are not free: we are working on the railway. When coming out of the station, follow the road on your right, which leads straight to the town; and then, ask anybody . . .”

“I thank you,” answered I simply.

I did not ask him how he had felt — nay, how they all seemed to feel — why I had come to Braunau. As in Linz, the air one breathed, here, was full of the invisible presence of the Leader born sixty-four years before. The stones themselves knew, within their dim, matter-consciousness, that I had come for the love of “him.” Moreover, one of the workmen, — the one who had gone to Greece during the war — answered the question which I had not uttered: “We understand you, you know!” said he. “It may be that we hold our tongues, as everybody else — including yourself — nowadays. But we remember. We remember, and we wait . . . For ‘he’ is not dead. You probably know *that*, don’t you?”

I gazed at the perfect features of the strong, blond man — Adolf Hitler’s soldier — who had stood upon the Acropolis of Athens, a living symbol of the everlasting southward march of the Aryan.

“I know that ‘he’ can never die,” answered I.

The train halted. We all stepped out. And the men greeted me and wished me “a beautiful journey.”

The porter who took my luggage to the cloakroom was also a tall, strong, handsome blond, with a frank and friendly face — one of those typical specimens of Germanic mankind of whom I think, every time I meet one, that *he* — or *she* — could not possibly be anything else but one of Adolf Hitler’s followers (specially if *he* — or *she* — happens to be between forty

and fifty, that is to say, if he or she be old enough to have experienced all the enthusiasm of the early days of the Struggle.) I ventured to ask him whether he could not tell me, a little more clearly than the other men had, how I could find the house in which the Führer was born.

“Most easy!” replied he, with genuine amiability. “This road here, (on your right as you step out of the station) takes you straight to the square in the middle of the town. There, at the opposite end of the square, you will see an arch. Go through it, and over the little bridge that you will find on the other side. The house is just there: one of the first ones of the “Vorstadt.” Anybody will show it to you.”

“And . . . can I go in?”

“And see the actual room in which ‘he’ was born? Why not? It is on the second floor. You only have to go upstairs and ask the first person you meet.”

“And . . . nobody will take objection to my question? I am asking because . . . I have already, four years ago, got myself into trouble on account of my allegiance to the Idea, and I would not like, now that I have come back . . .”

“Rest assured; nobody will say a thing. We were all persecuted on account of our allegiance to the Idea and to ‘him.’ But things are changing . . . Now our persecutors are beginning to believe that they need us.”

These words, here in the Braunau station, had the effect of stirring up all the hatred stored in my heart since 1939, nay since 1935 — since ’33, the time the great wave of anti-Nazi propaganda in the name of the detested Judeo-Christian values had reached India, where I was then living, — against our enemies.

“I wish to goodness they *do* need us!” replied I vehemently. “And I wish we properly let them down, nay, turn against them, just at the time they need us the most! I wish *we* — and *I*, with the rest of us — become *their* persecutors, more ruthless than ever before, in the nearest possible future!”

I spoke to that German porter as though I were speaking to the German people.

He gazed at me with a happy expression of comradeship upon his rough and regular face.

“*Ganz richtig!* — Perfectly right! That is what we all

wish!” replied he, as though he were indeed the German people — the German workers, faithful to Adolf Hitler, their Saviour and their Friend — speaking to me. “And do not worry we shall take good care that it happens exactly as you say!”

He refused the money I wanted to give him for carrying my heavy suitcase to the cloakroom.

* * *

I walked along the pleasant, sunny road, bordered with meadows, low houses and gardens, and reached the square, as I had been told. A large square, all round which stood fairly high, picturesque old houses, and on one side of which I immediately noticed the arch leading out of it to the *Vorstadt* — the “suburb” — where I was to seek the house for the sake of which I had come. The four-storied building through which the arch led was also picturesque, and looked old. Had I come “sight seeing,” I would have liked to study it. But I had eyes only for one particular building: “his” house; and for the town as a whole, — the pretty little provincial town, Braunau am Inn, where “he” had come into the world, exactly sixty-four years before, and in which he had spent the first years of his life.

I passed under the arch and slowly walked half way across the small bridge that lay beyond it; leaned over the stone parapet, for a while, to look at the little stream — some tributary of the Inn, — flow below, amidst bushes and high grass, rocks and gravel, between the back walls of the bordering houses; then moved on, and crossed the first street, parallel to the stream. On the corner, on my right, was a café-pastry cook’s, and on, or rather near the opposite footpath, on my left, a splendid chestnut tree, taller than the two-storied houses before which it stood. The *Café-Konditorei* was attractive; looked homey. I felt urged to walk in, as though something told me that I would find there the person who would show me “his” house.

I sat in a corner, near the window, from which I could see the street and the beautiful tree, and ordered a cup of coffee. The girl who took my order had a sympathetic face. “I should ask *her*,” thought I. She soon came back with my

coffee, milk and sugar upon a tray. And she seemed willing to talk.

“Fine weather, today,” said I, as I smiled to her, taking the coffee from her hands. And seeing that I had opened my mouth to speak, but that I was hesitating, she asked me “Would you like to have something else? Something to eat with your coffee?”

“I would like to know whether you could tell me where is the house in which the Führer was born,” said I, in a low voice.

“That! Of course!” replied she, in the most friendly manner. “And you need not go very far. You can see it from this window: it is not the house behind that big tree, but the very *next*, also two-storied, newly whitewashed one, on the first floor of which you can see two flag staves.”

“So, I have come and sat right opposite it without knowing! I thank you; I *do* thank you for telling me! I have come here today on purpose to see it . . .”

“Today, on the 20th of April — ‘his’ birthday,” said she. She too, knew; she too, remembered; she too was thinking of “him,” on this sacred day. They *all* were, apparently. At least, all those whom I had met seemed to be.

I sat and sipped my coffee, after ordering a slice of apple tart to eat with it. Other customers came in, mostly women, for it was Monday — a working day. Some of them had children with them: pretty, clean, well-behaved children, that ate decently and made no noise. The wireless was transmitting some solemn, classical music, in keeping with my mood. (“Thank goodness, no jazz!” thought I.)

I left my mind wander back to the Day of Destiny: the 20th of April 1889, at 6:18 in the afternoon. (Someone had also told me the exact time, once, years before; and I remembered it.) “A spring day like today,” I reflected. And the little town, with its broad, open square, its picturesque side streets, its houses built over the stream, that sent back their images like a mirror; its neat and homey shops, cannot have looked much different from what it does now. The old houses were already old. And the magnificent chestnut tree, now taller than a two-storied building, was, — unless I be

mistaken — already there: young, and, just as now, in all its spring-like splendour; covered with blossoms. Alois Hitler, a customs officer well over fifty, and twice a widower, lived in that house that I had been shown five minutes before — “not the one behind the chestnut tree, but the next one” — with his third wife, Clara, who was then twenty-nine. The child to which the latter was about to give birth was neither her first one nor her last one. Just another baby in the family . . . But the unseen Powers, Whose inscrutable Play lies behind the mystery of heredity, had ordained that all the intelligence and intuition, and all the willpower and heroism of generations and generations, — all the virtues and genius of the privileged Race, fated to rule — should find in that Child their highest expression; that the Babe should be a godlike one: whose consciousness was, one day, to be none other than the deeper consciousness of his people and of the Race at large, for all times to come, and whose dream was to inspire a new civilisation. And far beyond the clear blue sky of the little town and the thin atmosphere of this little planet, in the cold, dark realm of fathomless Void, the unseen stars had very definite positions; significant positions, such as they take only once within hundreds of years in relation to any particular spot on earth. And at the appointed time — 6:18 in the afternoon — the Child came into the world, unnoticed masterpiece of a twofold cosmic Play: of the mysterious artistry of Aryan blood in infinite time; of the mysterious influence of distant worlds in infinite space. Apparently, just another baby in the family. In reality, after centuries, — a new divine Child on this planet; the first one in the West after the legendary Baldur the Fair and, like He, a Child of the Sun; a predestined Fighter against the forces of death and a Saviour of men, marked out for leadership, for victory, for agony and for immortality.

Around me, women chatted in a low voice and children ate cakes in silence. “German mothers and German children — “his” people,” thought I. “The agents of the forces of death now forbid them to praise his name. Many of the little ones probably have never even heard of him . . . But that is only for a time; only until the next war rids us of our persecutors. After that . . .” After that, I expected this place would become,

for thousands and hundreds of thousands, what it already was for me: a place of pilgrimage.

* * *

It was not far from twelve o'clock. I would, in the afternoon (if not exactly between six and half past six) visit the house and see the room in which "he" was born. In the meantime, I would see something of the town.

I walked back over the small bridge and, through the arch, once more across the large square full of sunshine — but this time in the opposite direction. There was, at the other end of the square, an opening beyond which the horizon was limited not by a further perspective of houses, but by green hills. I walked towards it, and soon reached a wide, swift, bluish-green river: the Inn, tributary of the Danube.

"Braunau *am Inn*," thought I. The name of Adolf Hitler's birthplace had always been linked in my mind with that of this beautiful river. The river now took shape in my eyes; became, to me, a reality: a stream of bluish-green, foamy, noisy water, rapidly flowing in the sunshine through a broad, green, hilly landscape, under a large, modern stone and concrete bridge; no longer a mere name on the map, but a living thing of light and colour, sound and speed, the picture of which would now remain forever in my memory, side by side with that of the main square of Braunau, with its old fountain and old houses; with that of the arch, and of the bridge over the tiny, quiet stream; with that of the chestnut tree and of the hospitable café, and of the two-storied house opposite — of the house in which "he" — my Leader — was born.

I walked along the bridge over the Inn. On each side of it, at the other end, I noticed a tiny house — a mere "ground-floor," that looked as though it could not have had more than a room or two. A light iron railing, something like those that bar the road at a level-crossing before the passage of a train, ran from one footpath to the other between the two little buildings, as though cutting off the bridge (and all that stood on this side of the Inn) from the rest of the landscape. And suddenly the meaning of these two insignificant-looking ground-floor houses and of that railing dawned upon me: "The frontier!"

thought I, — the hated artificial frontier between German land and German land; the shame that “he” — our Hitler — had fought to abolish; *that* is what now stood before my sight.

I recalled the immortal words in which Adolf Hitler has forever connected the sense of his mission with the fact that he came into the world but a few hundred yards away from this artificial frontier: the very first words of *Mein Kampf*: “It appears to me today a lucky sign that Destiny should have appointed me Braunau am Inn as a birthplace. This little town is indeed situated on the border of the two German States, the re-unification of which seems, to us young men at least, the purpose of our lives, to be carried out at all costs. German Austria must go back to the great German Motherland, and not on account of any sort of economic considerations. No, no; even if, considered from the economic standpoint, this re-unification were a matter of indifference, nay, even if it were harmful, it would still have to take place. People of the same blood should come under the same State . . .”¹

And tears came to my eyes at the idea that the frontier — that had not existed, as long as “he” still was in power — now stood there once more: the tangible sign of the victory of the dark forces over “him” and over Germany, for the time being at least.

“But,” thought I, “Adolf Hitler has not fought only to abolish all artificial boundaries on the map, — to create a German State that would enclose ‘all Germans to the last one’ and no foreign elements, within its borders; — he has also fought to abolish *classes*, and all manner of artificial divisions among people of the same pure race; all manner of divisions which lie in things *that one can acquire*, and which hide and pretend to suppress that one real, God-ordained bond among men — that one bond that man can neither buy nor earn nor create —: the bond of the *same blood*. Today, after the defeat of his people, the Jew-ridden Democracies have not only set up, once more, the old frontier-posts that “he” had done away with, but they erected new and equally shocking ones that had not existed,

¹ “Gleiches Blut gehört in ein gemeinsames Reich,” (*Mein Kampf*, I, p. 1).

even before the expansion of the Reich. They have cut Germany in two, if not in four — or in ten.¹ And this is merely the external sign of their whole distorted, mad policy, — of their policy against Nature, monstrous outcome of their monstrously artificial outlook on life and on man. It is merely the external sign of their lasting war, in the name of silly, sickly fantasies, against all that is God-ordained.

In a mood of defiance, I walked up to one of the frontier posts, and found myself before a fairly large room with a glass separation — or at least a transparent separation — in the middle of it. On one side of the separation sat the German frontier-guard, on the other, the “Austrian” one, i.e., another German, in a slightly different uniform. (In fact, in *this* particular instance, the “Austrian” looked — outwardly — more “Germanic” than his colleague.)

People came and went, on foot and on bicycle, showed the men in the double office a card — something like a permanent pass; a permit to cross the artificial border any number of times a day — and walked or rode further on. I had no such thing as a permit to cross the border any number of times a day, but only a Greek passport bearing a transit visa for Austria and an entrance visa for Germany, valid until the 31st of May 1953. (I could, of course, cross the frontier at Braunau. But I intended to spend the next day, or days, at Berchtesgaden, and therefore would cross it at Salzburg. Moreover, I had left all my luggage at the station.) I tried my chance, and asked the man in the first compartment of the room — the “Austrian,” apparently, — whether I could not, with my passport, take a stroll along the street that went up past the frontier, between two rows of houses and gardens, and come back within half an hour or so.

“You have an entrance visa for Germany?” enquired the man.

“Naturally,” replied I.

“Where was it issued?”

“In Athens, by the German Embassy.”

The man looked carefully at my passport, and then, with

¹ If one counts, apart from the two main “Zones,” the different German territories under Russian, Polish, Czech administration etc. and the Saar, still detached from Germany at the time this book was written.

curiosity — and not without what appeared to me to be sympathetic interest — at me.

“You have a Greek passport, I see.”

“I have.”

The man called his colleague — the lucky German who, being born five hundred yards away from him, on the other side of the arbitrary line, (and despite the fact that, as I already said, he looked definitely less “Germanic” than the former) had retained the right to call himself a German, even after the disaster of 1945.

“Unfortunately,” said the latter, “this visa allows you to enter German territory only once. It is not valid for *several* journeys. I can let you go, and come back. But then you will not be permitted to enter Germany again . . .”

I was thinking to myself: “What a farce! Oh, if only we had not lost this war! There would be, then, no frontier here, anyhow; and I . . . would not be travelling clandestinely under my maiden name with a Greek passport — even if a Democratic Indian Government *had* refused to renew my Indian one.”

“It is all right,” said I to the two men. “Of course I am not sacrificing my possibility of entering Germany, for the pleasure of walking up that street and back. But here, among ourselves, may I speak quite frankly — even if my frankness verges on cheek? May I tell you what I think of this frontier of yours?”

The two men — the two Germans — smiled: the same sympathetic smile.

“To *us*, you can say whatever you please.”

“Yes,” replied I, ironically; “good Democrats, I suppose . . . In which case you *should* encourage freedom of expression that is the democratic creed — men *say*.”

The two frontier-guards smiled even more heartily than they had at first.

“Less good Democrats than you seem to think; that is precisely why we are glad to hear you,” said the lucky German (the one who had retained the right to call himself one, openly).

Will, then I shall speak all the more according to my heart . . .” answered I. “Listen. First, I find this frontier perfectly ridiculous. You speak of my ‘entering Germany.’ But I *am*, here, in Germany. This is German land, whether the

big bosses of this Jew-ridden post-war world care to admit it or not! Look at the landscape on either side of the Inn — that German river —: the same landscape. Look at the people: the same people. Look at yourselves; question your hearts in all sincerity. Your hearts will echo the undying words: “People of the same blood should come under the same State.” (The words are not mine; I need not tell you — I hope — *whose* they are.) A ridiculous thing, this artificial frontier between Germany and Germany. Ridiculous . . . and criminal, also: a standing lie, and a standing shame. And this is my second point: this border is by no means less objectionable than that which separates the Eastern Zone from the Western Zone. It marks, likewise, a vivisection of the living Reich. But the Western Allies — who speak of German unity, now that they have found out that they cannot resist their former partners without Germany’s help — will not admit it — the vile liars!

“And third I detest *all* man-made frontiers; *all* ‘borders’ between people of the same blood; all States comprising, as ‘citizens,’ people who, in accordance with their race, should belong to a different State. Not only so-called ‘sovereign’ Austria, not only the Saar, and Silesia and Danzig and East and West Prussia, and all the provinces torn away from it by the Russians, Czechs, Poles or French, but also the Flemish half of Belgium, the whole of Holland, Denmark, Scandinavia, etc. . . . *all lands in which the Germanic race prevails*, should one day be integrated into the Greater German Reich . . . That is what I believe.”

“That is exactly what *we* believe,” answered the so-called “Austrian,” to my amazement. “Do you imagine we have had a say in the matter, when this frontier was once more set up? Do you believe *we* want it? But we are powerless. What can we do about it?”

“Think of revenge day and night, and wait — like I do!” replied I.

“*That is exactly what we also do,*” declared the other man.

“Good for you, if it be so! *Auf Wiedersehen!*” said I, as I walked away. I dared not say: “Heil Hitler!” in such a public place.

It was nevertheless refreshing to hear these two men’s reaction to my profession of faith with regard to frontiers, on

this sixty-fourth birthday of him who said: “*Gleiches Blut gehört in ein gemeinsames Reich.*”

* * *

I spent the rest of my time wandering about the little town, observing things and people. I entered a baker’s shop to buy a few buns to eat in the train; I went and posted a card to Luise K. (I was lucky enough to find one with a picture of the house in which Adolf Hitler was born) and a letter to India; I sat for a while upon a bench in a public garden and watched the children play — as “his” mother had probably watched “him” play, sitting, perhaps (who knows?) in the selfsame place, sixty years before. In a side street, — through the back door that happened to be open — I took a glance at a workshop. On a stool, near a machine, the nature and use of which I could not make out, was sitting a big black cat, its green eyes half-shut, its front-paws stretched out, its body in that restful, sphinx-like position, which is one of the outward signs of feline happiness. I stroked the creature of beauty and of mystery. It thrust its round head forwards, shut its eyes completely, and purred. One of the workmen, who had just caught sight of me, smiled to me and greeted me: “Guten Tag!” I returned his greeting. Then, seeing that the cat was apparently enjoying the attention I paid it, he added: “It looks as if he fancies *you*. He does not allow each and every person to stroke him,” — nearly the selfsame words that Adolf Hitler’s old tutor had spoken to me on the day before, at the sight of the favour shown to me by another specimen of the feline family.

“It looks indeed as though he does,” replied I.

I reflected that this workman probably would have made the same remark to me during the great days, with the only difference that he would have said: “Heil Hitler!” instead of saying: “Guten Tag!” Did he know, — did he remember — that it was today the Führer’s birthday? He doubtless did: he was old enough to have been educated in the Hitler *Youth*. He too, probably, looked back with nostalgia to the; bygone years when one greeted anybody with the glorious words, as a matter of course. But he could *say* nothing. I had not spoken a word that could have encouraged him to do so. For a second, I

felt as if I would have liked to give him a hint — to mention, for instance, that I had been in Leonding on the day before. But I did not. I merely smiled sadly; and, after a common place, harmless “Auf Wiedersehen!,” I went my way.

A little further, I stopped to admire a garden full of flowers. A kind looking old woman could be seen at the open window, on the first floor of the neighbouring house. At her side, upon the windowsill, was seated . . . another well-fed, happy cat — a yellow one, this time; but too far away for me to stroke it! I noticed a bee fly out of a flower in which it had been gathering honey. The atmosphere of the whole town was peaceful, sunny, homely. “It must have looked like that when ‘he’ was a child,” thought I, once more.

The earliest picture I have ever seen of our Führer is one taken in Braunau when he was about a year old. I recalled that picture — in which the extraordinary eyes already draw one’s attention — and again I imagined “him” with his mother — in her arms or at her side — in those far-gone days of which he says himself that “only a little remains of them within his memory.”¹ Peaceful years; years without history; years of slow life, the type of which most people in Braunau apparently live still today; years that interest us *only* because “he” has lived them.

“In fact,” reflected I, as I wandered along another picturesque, neat and quiet street, “if I am at all so moved at the evocation of the one year old and two year old child that Adolf Hitler has once been, it is only because that child was already “*he*” — the Man destined to fight alone against the downward rush of Time; the Man destined to raise Germany out of the dust, to power, and to show every Aryan of the world the way he can free himself from the unseen tyranny of Jewish lies: our Führer. It is just the same with all children: I see in them that which I presume they are likely to become; the forces that they are likely to help — and those against which they are likely to fight — in the future. And I love them (as I do my comrades’ children) or dislike them, or remain perfectly indifferent to them, in consequence. In “his” case *I know* what the child was to become; what *he became*, to the knowledge of everybody. But . . . *who could, then, have presumed it?* Who could have presumed what Josef Goebbels — also born in a Catholic environment — was likely to become? Who could have

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 2.

guessed the evolution of most of the prominent — and even of the non-prominent — early fighters of the National Socialist Movement, when they were children? And (although I be the most insignificant of all) who could have foreseen, in the Greek nationalist that I was as a child and as a young girl, the future wholehearted disciple of the German Leader, Adolf Hitler? Watching a person's evolution is like watching a tapestry pattern take shape under the artisan's fingers: one has to wait till its main features have come to light before one can grasp the guiding idea, the hidden inner logic, that underlies the whole of it.

But of course, there exist certain glaring probabilities, and also certain down-right impossibilities. One can be practically sure that my comrades' children will grow into fighters on our side. And it is absolutely certain that a young Jew, if let to live, will become a grownup Jew, and a young half-Jew, quarter-Jew, or eighth-Jew etc. . . . something no better.

And just as I love the predestined Babe on account of the Superman that he has become, so do I love this little town, with its quiet, slow, smiling life, for the sake of the grand life of faith and struggle, song and pride and resistance, and triumph — triumph in spite of all, yes, *even now*, — that the son of Alois and Clara Hitler, born here, has brought us.

I imagined the enthusiasm that must have prevailed, here in Braunau, on a day like this, when Adolf Hitler was at the height of his power. How I would have a hundred times preferred *that* atmosphere of boisterous collective joy, to this slow life, unfolding itself day after day, in peace! I recalled the words in which Robert d'Harcourt, a French Academy writer and an enemy of our faith, had once characterised our régime, in an article I had read in a literary magazine: "In the Third Reich, there was place only for two feelings: enthusiasm . . . or terror." "Yes, my dear Sir," reflected I, reacting to the memory of those words; "that is exactly what *I* want: enthusiasm in our hearts; terror in those of our enemies; proud and beautiful National Socialist youths marching through the streets and singing, in the intoxication of re-acquired power: 'We are the Storm Columns, ready for the racial Struggle'¹ . . ."; and the Jews and the slaves of Jewry trembling behind their closed windows and barricaded doors, conscious of the fate awaiting them! *Yes, by all means, give us back*

¹ "Wir sind die Sturmkolonnen, zum Rassenkampf bereit . . ."

that, invisible Powers of Light, Aryan Gods Who are but the magnified Projection of the latent possibilities of our own Race! Give us back *that*, instead of this so-called ‘better world,’ as dull as a provincial Sunday afternoon, that both the Christian Churches and the servants of international Freemasonry would like to impose upon us!” The French Academician doubtless thought he was running us down — he *wanted to* run us down — when he wrote that wonderful sentence. I wish I could tell him to his face that, on the contrary, his sentence describes my own most cherished aspiration. I wish I could tell him: ‘It is precisely *because* he gave us *that*, — instead of the commonplace, meaningless life, free from warlike joy, which *you* probably like, — that we adore our Führer!’”

And I also recalled something that I had myself told an English gentlewoman (much to her disgust) a year or so before “I find peace dull . . .”

And again I wondered: would I ever be granted to see that merciless revolutionary joy that abides in us, again express itself on a scale of millions, in our Führer’s name? Would I be there, when the day really comes for it to express itself? Would I have the pleasure — and the honour — of kindling it?

Something in the depth of my heart answered: “Why not?” Was I not already in Braunau am Inn on Adolf Hitler’s birthday, as I had so long wished to be? This was a sign from Heaven.

* * *

I found myself again not far from the main square — wandering somewhere behind those houses that form the left side of it when one is looking towards the Inn. Before me stood a church. It occurred to me that it was quite possibly there that Adolf Hitler had been christened, as it was not far from the house in which his parents lived. I was of course not sure, and might have been entirely mistaken. But I stepped in.

It was a very old church, much larger and much more richly decorated than the one I had visited in Leonding. A few elderly women — and one very young girl — were kneeling here and there in prayer. *I* also knelt; but in quite a different mood from that in which I had been in Leonding. I knelt and reflected, and became intensely aware of the one reality that has been, throughout my life, the centre of all my speculations, the theme of nearly all my conversations, the motive of all my actions:

the standing — unavoidable — conflict between the Aryan and the Christian spirit, in which I have, from the beginning, fought on the Aryan side. Then, I recalled a few episodes of German history. And I marvelled at the fact that not merely *I* — the lonely, powerless individual, that will die and leave no trace, — but Germany as a whole, *Germany as a historical force*, has also, from the beginning, fought on the Aryan side. And the birth of Adolf Hitler in this town, in a Catholic family, on a day like this, sixty-four years before, — that miracle — appeared to me as Germany's long-deserved and final victory over the international Teaching that places "man" at the centre of all things and proclaims that the soul of a Jew or of a Negro is worth that of the purest Aryan, in God's eyes.

Whether in this church or in another (it makes no difference) the divine Child was christened a Catholic; forced, through the power of the traditional rites and, priestly spell, into that international brotherhood in Christ, that thinks itself above blood and soil and all bonds of this earth. But in him, stronger than the sacramental Words, and stronger than the centuries of Christian influence that those words implied, lived the hitherto half-conscious Germanic Soul, ready to reassert itself at the appointed time, in the appointed manner. By the decree of the "All-powerful Father-of-Light" — the mysterious Life-Force within the Sun, worshipped in the forests and at the hearths of immemorial Germany — and of all the Aryan Gods, he was to be the living Incarnation of the Consciousness of Blood and Soil in our times. He was already the One Who comes back, when the truth of Blood and Soil — and the truth of War as a duty, for the natural aristocracy of this earth — is forgotten; the tardy but irresistible Avenger that many a German warrior had called in vain, as he had heard the sacred Oak crack, and seen it fall, under Boniface's axe, a thousand years before. And therefore the spell of Christian baptism remained without effect.

Yet, the happy mother walked out of the church with the white-clad Babe in her arms. The father, and guests, stood at her side. And there was a feast in the home. But not one of those who sat around the well-decked table on that day was ever, perhaps, to realise — even in the course of following years — *Who* that predestined Babe was.

And suddenly, it dawned upon me that *I* had realised it;

that *I knew Who* my Führer was — Who he *is* — I, who have never seen him. “Would you forsake this privilege for that of having seen him?” asked a still voice within me. And I answered definitely: “No!” I was — for a while — filled with immense satisfaction. I felt nearer to my Leader than all those who have seen him, but not understood . . . Still . . . Why had I not seen him *also*? Would I ever see him? wondered I, for the hundred thousandth time, as I got up and walked into the street.

* * *

I went back to the two-storied house not far from the chestnut tree — the house in which “he” was born. It is now a library and a school. I went upstairs, walked along the passage on the first floor; had a look, through the massive, whitewashed stone arches that ran along a part of that passage, on my right hand side, at the courtyard, trees and other houses at the back of the house. The passage was paved with crude bricks. The arches shone, dazzling white, against the deep blue spring sky. The view one had was a broad, open one, the houses in the immediate neighbourhood being fairly low. I went up to the second floor; followed the corridor, partly bordered with massive, whitewashed arches exactly like the ones below, and took another glance at the courtyard and low roofs; walked back to the staircase, and then once more along the corridor, wondering whom I could possibly ask to show me the particular room that I had come to see — for there *was* nobody to ask.

The doors that opened into the passage were all closed save one, behind which I could hear somebody displacing furniture — putting the place in order, apparently. I gently knocked, once, and then again. A woman peeped out, without opening the door completely. “*Guten Tag!*” said I. But something in her bearing made me hesitate.

“*Guten Tag,*” replied she. “What do you want?”

“Excuse me if I am disturbing you,” answered I, rather shyly. “I am a visitor. I would like to know whether you could be kind enough to show me . . .”

I did not say *what* I wanted her to show me. I had no time to, for she interrupted me bluntly: “There is nothing to see, here,” said she: “nothing at all but schoolrooms, and

a library downstairs. Surely you did not come to see that.” And she closed the door in my face.

Was she against us — against Adolf Hitler? Could there really be anybody against him, here in Braunau, where he came into the world? thought I, — and immediately I myself judged the question silly. Even in Braunau, evidently, there *could be* such people, and this woman could be one. Or was she, on the contrary, so fanatically conscious of the sacredness of the place that she did not wish foreigners to see it? I shall never know. I was bitterly disappointed, anyhow.

“I wanted to see the room in which our Führer was born. Who knows? It is perhaps that very one,” reflected I, feeling tears well up to my eyes. “And an angry fate forbids that I should see it; forbids even that I should know behind which door it lies!” But I thought after a second: “It is not worse, anyhow, than the angry fate that has forbidden that I should see *him* at the height of his glory . . .”

I walked once more up to the arch at the end of the passage, and looked out at the blue sky — so pure, so blue!

“Adolf Hitler has, no doubt, walked along this corridor, and gazed at the sky through this arch any number of times during those uneventful years of his early childhood — those years in which there was little for him to remember” — thought I.

And again the idea that I had never seen him — that it might be that I shall never see him — oppressed me. But the still voice of my better Self, as distant and as serene as the blue sky, rose within my heart and said: “True, you have never seen him, but you have realised Who he is; true, you were not at his side, — not even among his people — during the great days, but you belong to him. And the words you have uttered or written in praise of him and of his people are true for all times to come; true outside the moving realm of Time. And Time that reduces worlds to dust, cannot tear you away from Him!”

And I felt the peace of the Sky, which is above and beyond all struggles — even ours — descend into me.

I slowly walked downstairs, took a last glance at the house, and went back to the station.

Less than an hour later, I was in the train on my way to Berchtesgaden — my next landmark in the pilgrimage I had undertaken.

Chapter 3

BERCHTESGADEN; OBERSALZBERG; KÖNIGSSEE

Salzburg — another artificial frontier between Germany and Germany. “Until when?” thought I, as I entered the Customs’ Office, carrying as much as I could of my luggage, while the porter followed me, holding my heavy suitcase.

A Customs’ officer in uniform addressed me: “Leave your things here: the men who will examine them have not yet arrived; you have ample time to go and have a cup of coffee — or change some money, if you need to,” said he. I thanked him for the information, and walked into the Exchange Office.

“How many marks will I get for twenty thousand francs?” asked I. I wanted to get rid of my francs first. (The dollars would be easily changed anywhere, I reflected.)

The girl at the desk calculated . . . “Twenty thousand . . . You will get a little more than two hundred marks. The German mark is worth nearly, if yet not quite, a hundred francs, nowadays. It has gone up.”

My face brightened, and a cry of triumph sprang from my breast: “Oh, how glad I am to hear that!”

Five years before, one had given seventy-five and even sixty-five francs for a mark, and the official rate of exchange had been eighty. In a flash, I recalled those atrocious days, when Germany was hungry; when her factories were every day being dismantled by “*diese Lumpen*,” — as I usually called the Allied Powers, unless I was absolutely compelled to be polite. I repeated, with all the convincing stress of sincere joy: “Oh, how glad I am!”

The girl at the desk gazed at me in surprise: travellers who came to change money did not, generally, express their feelings so vehemently. Moreover, from the point of view of the average tourist, who wishes to buy as much enjoyment as he can with as little money as possible, there was, in the steady rise of the German mark, nothing to be glad about — on the contrary!

“But *you* are losing through the fact that the mark has gone up,” said she. “Don’t you understand it?”

“Of course I do; but I could not care less!” replied I with enthusiasm. “I can see only one thing in what you tell me: the tangible sign that Germany is rising again — economically, at least. Well, it is surely not everything. It is hardly the beginning of that which I am longing to see. But it is *something* — specially when one looks backwards into these eight horrid years. A hundred French francs for a mark. A hundred and ten, in six months’ time. And next year hundred and fifty, — I hope! I remember the days when ‘they’ had put forward that satanical ‘Morgenthau Plan’ of theirs . . . Where is the damned plan *now*? ‘*Gone with the wind!*’ — gone where all their utopian schemes — including the ‘European Army’ under American command, their latest — will go, one after the other (I hope!). Nothing can stop the German people in their forward march — nothing! Oh, I am so glad! — Give me, please, whatever marks you can for twenty thousand francs.”

The girl, who had listened to my half-political half-lyrical tirade with silent pride and quickened interest, took my passport. “But I thought you were German!” said she, as she looked at it.

“I am Greek,” answered I. “Or partly Greek and partly English, to be more precise.”

She gazed at me, more amazed than ever. In her mind, my tirade and my passport could not possibly *both* be genuine. One of the two was necessarily false. She *could not doubt* the sincerity of my tirade any more than the colour of my eyes: *it showed*; it was too evident to be denied. She therefore doubted the authenticity of my passport . . .

“Hum!” muttered she, referring to my nationality; “nobody would have thought so!”

And she added, as though to explain more clearly what she meant: “Both England and Greece fought against us during this war.”

“That may be, but *I* did not!” exclaimed I in protest. “From the other end of the earth, where I was then, I did all I could to help Germany’s war-effort. And I shall always regret I had not the opportunity of doing much more. Don’t lump *me* with those who worked for the victory of the dark forces!

The girl gave me a sympathetic smile. “Far from ‘lumping’ you with our enemies, I am, on the contrary, convinced that you have done, — and, which is more, that you are still today doing — all your duty,” replied she.

“Yes,” reflected I, while she was counting the money; “it was and it is the duty of any racially-conscious Aryan like I to stand or fall with National Socialist Germany.” And turning to her I said: “You are right: I have at least done and am doing my best.”

I wanted to explain my attitude. But just then, another person stepped in, also wishing to change money. And the girl remained under the impression that I was a German travelling with a false passport.

* * *

Five minutes later, at the Customs, where I had gone back, I was feeling a little uneasy as I opened my suitcase. Not that I was, like in 1948, travelling with several thousands of Nazi leaflets. But I had quite a number of copies of my two books *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance* — now both printed — as well as of my yet unpublished prose poems *For-Ever and Ever*. And those writings are surely as National Socialistic as any of my former leaflets or posters, and surely as dangerous — if not more so — from the democratic standpoint.

My uneasiness increased as the Customs’ officer lay his hands upon a copy of *Gold in the Furnace*, opened it, read the dedication — “To the Martyrs of Nuremberg” — saw the frontispiece — a photograph of the Werl prison — read the last words of the preface: “Heil Hitler!” and asked me: “You have plenty of these books with you?”

“Just this copy,” replied I, lying with genuine indifference I had suddenly become perfectly calm — inwardly also — as always, in similar circumstances.

“After all, how is this man to guess that I am ‘Savitri Devi,’ the author of the book,” reflected I. “I have re-become ‘Maximiani Portas’ in the eyes of the world.”

But it looked as though the man were not satisfied with my answer. He took another book out of my suitcase, — *Defiance*, this time — and opened it likewise! He saw the frontispiece; my

own photograph, with the author's name, Savitri Devi, written below it; he turned over the page, read the dedication:

*To my beloved comrade and friend
Hertha Ehlert,
and to all those who suffered for the love of our Führer,
for the greatness of his people,
and for the triumph of those everlasting truths
for which he and they fought to the bitter end.*

I had not thought of *this* possibility . . .

Once more the man looked intently at me and then . . . at the photograph.

I was planning with calm: "If there be trouble, I shall tell these people that the books were written by my twin sister who uses the pen name of 'Savitri Devi.' Maybe they will believe me and not make any further enquiry . . ."

But I did not need to put the practicability of my plan to test. For the man gave me the unmistakable smile of comradeship — the same that had brightened Luise K.'s face, and Frau J.'s; the smile that meant as much as a hand stretched out to me and the words "I congratulate you!" And without uttering a syllable, he put the book back, shut my suitcase himself, and applied upon it, with chalk, the cross indicating that I was free to continue my journey, — free to carry my written tribute of allegiance to my German comrades and superiors.

* * *

The Sun was already high when I woke up on the following morning in Berchtesgaden.

I went to the window, pulled aside the blinds, and gaped for ravishment at the sight of the landscape: behind the slanting roofs of the houses that faced my hotel, steep hills, covered with woods; and behind these: other hills, of a darker, bluer green; and still further, and still higher: snowy peaks that shone like silver against the radiant blue sky. The river — the Salzach, a greyish-blue mountain torrent, — rushed passed, noisy and full of foam, under the bridge that I had crossed the night before, when coming from the station to this hotel situated right opposite.

I opened the window and breathed deeply, I felt light and

young; invigorated with cosmic life; for once, unaware of all my past omissions, weaknesses and failures, as though I were reborn. The fragrance of pine woods and the keen air from the snowy peaks, and their resplendent, dreamlike whiteness welcomed me in the hallowed mountain resort, the name of which is forever linked with that of Adolf Hitler: Berchtesgaden.

But how quiet it all was! — how unlike what it had probably been during the great days! And “he” was no longer there. At this thought, I forgot the splendour of the woods and of the shining mountain range, and was again seized by the old feeling of irreparable failure, of inexpressible guilt. Had I only been able to come ten years before, I could have seen “him”; perhaps heard his voice address me personally (who knows?). And when disaster came, I would have disappeared with him, died with him, or died for him — one of the three. While *now*? . . . Now, everything was so silent — on the surface at least. Now, of all I loved, everything looked dead — save the pine woods in their spring-like loveliness, and the emerald-green meadows, full of daisies and buttercups, and the distant white peaks, so white against the pure sky, so blue. But I recalled Luise K. and Frau J. and the Führer’s old tutor and the H. family; and the young workman in the train, on my way to Braunau, and the guards at the false frontier, awaiting with me the resurrection of the Greater Reich, and the Customs’ officer at Salzburg who had given me the smile of comradeship and allowed me to take my books into the country, fully knowing what they are and what I am. And it seemed to me as though they all said: “Are we not also alive, although it may be that, at first sight, we look dead? Have you already forgotten how ready we all are to open our arms to you who love ‘him’ as we do? You will find us everywhere in this silent, occupied, enslaved land — us, ‘his’ people.”

And at the thought of them — and of the comrades I was expecting to meet very soon, — I felt ashamed of having, be it for a second, questioned the growing hold of our faith upon the German people. And I was sure that, no less than in Linz and Braunau, I would find here, along with the evocative remnants of the recent past, unmistakable signs of the triumph of our spirit in a future without end.

I washed and dressed speedily, went downstairs and had a cup of coffee, and, after asking my way to Obersalzberg, walked out into the sunshine.

I followed the road along the riverside, as I had been told. More wooded slopes, behind which rose further snow-clad ranges, faced me on the opposite side. I admired them as I walked on. I also admired the beauty of the houses and gardens along both the roads bordering the river, or, here and there, upon the slopes, in the midst of trees; the neatness of the little town (much larger, by the way, than I had thought) and the river itself, the roaring bluish-grey river that ran its way on my right.

My attention was, however, soon attracted by some mooing of cattle. It seemed strange to me, as I could see no farms in the neighbourhood, no cattle grazing in any meadows nearby. It sounded as if it came from somewhere on the side of the road. I walked a few steps further and found myself before an open courtyard at the back of which stood a rectangular building, neither attractive nor ugly in appearance: a building that could have been *anything*. But as I read the notice upon one of the open doors that led into the courtyard — the harmless, casual (definitely “non-political”!) notice, that ninety-nine per cent of the “reasonable” two-legged creatures of this earth would have read as a matter of course and forgotten a minute later, — I shuddered. The notice ran: “The entrance of the slaughterhouse is forbidden to all those who are not working within its enclosure.”

So, *that* is what this building was! And *that* is what the lowing meant: the reaction of instinctive fear before impending death; death as sudden as painless as possible — at least, I hoped so, — but still: death. *That* within this town, that Adolf Hitler’s presence has sanctified for all times to come! I recalled in my mind a passage from the famous *Goebbels Diaries* referring to the Führer’s respect of animal life and his definite objection to flesh eating: “He” (Adolf Hitler) “is more than ever convinced that meat eating is wrong. He knows, of course, that he cannot upset our whole food economy during this struggle. *But after the war, he seriously intends to tackle*

that problem also."¹ The mere fact that the notice I had just read was worded in German, in "his" language — natural as this was — appeared to me as a sacrilege; and the existence of this house of death at the foot of those hills in which he chose his abode, as a still greater one. For he had not wanted *that*. He had wanted a Germany, a Europe — a world — without slaughterhouses. And "after the war," he intended to set himself also to the task of bringing about such a world. Oh, had we — had *he* — but won this war!

I recalled that series of laws against any form of cruelty to animals, which had always been, in my eyes, one of the greatest moral achievements of the Third Reich: I recalled the fact that certain standing horrors in the way of experimentation upon live animals, in certain foreign universities, of which I knew, had been forbidden, during this war, by order of the German Occupation authorities; I recalled also that commandment of our glorious National Socialist creed, contained in a booklet compiled by Alfred Rosenberg, and alluded to by his accusers at the Nuremberg Trial. "Thou shalt believe in the presence of God in all living creatures, animals and plants."²

No régime in the West has ever done as much as ours to impose upon people the conviction that animals have rights. No faith in the West or in the East has ever proclaimed as clearly as ours the priority of animals over potentially dangerous human beings — let alone over actually dangerous ones. No state has ever acted tip to this particular scale of values — *my* scale of values — with such absolute consistency as the German National Socialist State.

It occurred to me that it was, perhaps, this particular and thoroughly heathen scale of values which had, more than anything else, cut me off from my environment, and made me what I am, *before* I even knew what to call myself. My oldest grievance against the Jews, and the one thing that had indeed made me beforehand impervious to any sort of sympathy for them, was the "kosher" slaughter-house. And in my heart I had always despised any meat eater who talks of "humanity" and of "universal

¹ *The Goebbels Diaries*, New York edit. 1948, p. 188 (Entry of the 26th of April, 1942).

² Quoted by M. Bardèche in his book *Nuremberg II, ou les Fauxmonnayeurs*, p. 88.

love,” and considered any founder of a new era, who happens to be of that description, as thoroughly inferior to our Führer.

“*He*” not only ate no flesh, and tolerated no “kosher” slaughterhouses in his Aryan land; but he was, “after the war” — after victory; after Germany would have controlled the West, and become in a position to acquire the foodstuffs of the whole world at cheap rates — planning to suppress, gradually but thoroughly, once and for all, that standing dishonour of so-called civilisation: the slaughterhouse in general, however “perfected” it be. He was planning to do away with that industry of death, not only out of respect for animal life, but also because he saw something definitely ugly and unhealthy in the fact of higher mankind feeding upon corpses of slaughtered beasts when other food is available; and also — above all, perhaps — because he realised, more keenly than anyone, what a thing of horror the life of a professional killer must be, and because he could not bear the thought of any son of his people being urged, through custom and circumstances, into such a life.

And I thought once more, for the millionth time, as I bore all this in mind: “Oh, had we but won this war! Had our beloved Führer but been given the opportunity of carrying out his great plans!”

* * *

I walked on, found the road on the right, of which the girl at the hotel had spoken — the road leading uphill, to Obersalzberg. And I slowly followed that road, deeply inhaling the fragrance of the woods that stretched on both sides of it.

The sun was becoming hotter and hotter. Now and then I stopped and looked back at the landscape below me. The actual valley through which I had come was no longer to be seen; the slopes on the opposite side of it were also now practically hidden from me, for the road was winding through new hills, equally covered with woods. But the higher ranges shone as gorgeous as ever, dazzling white, under the Sun. The further I went up, the better I could see them. And more snowy peaks appeared behind the new green hills through which the road led me. I sat down for a while upon a log on the border of the road and listened to a bird’s twittering, to the rustling of leaves — to the Voice of

Life within the woods. Occasionally a car, or a motorcycle, passed by and disappeared in the direction of Obersalzberg.

I got up and resumed the uphill walk, feeling that every step took me nearer to the place where my Leader had sat in all his glory. I imagined the cars that must have rolled up and down this magnificent road, *then*, in the great days, carrying officials and distinguished visitors to him who was the visible soul of Germany, and the centre of the Western World. How all was calm and quiet, now that “he” was no longer there! And again the one question imposed itself upon my consciousness: Where is “he” *now*, if alive? Shall I ever be granted the honour and joy of seeing him face to face, once more in power? And along with that one question, the one same old regret that has been torturing me since 1945, and that will apparently keep on torturing me till I die, unless I see “him” one day, at the head of the West: “Oh, why have I not come before?” And the one same inexpressible bitterness filled me, as I walked on and on, through the dreamlike landscape.

I crossed a young couple. They greeted me; we exchanged a few commonplace words:

“Lovely weather, isn’t it?”

“Yes, lovely!”

“A little too hot, however. We should have taken the bus.”

“Oh, it makes little difference. At any rate, I prefer to walk.”

“*Aufwiedersehen!* — *Aufwiedersehen!*”

I went my way and they theirs. I was thinking: “Indeed I *do* prefer to walk. In the glorious years, when “he” was here, I might have taken the bus — or a private car — and reached the place an hour earlier. But *now*? To see the ruins of the immortal Dwelling? — its ruins . . . or rather the bare site where its ruins once stood . . . For I knew that the very foundations of the once lovely *Berghof* — Adolf Hitler’s house — had been systematically blown up. *Now*, had I dared, — had I not feared being censured even by my comrades for “pointless exhibitionism,” — I would have walked all the way barefooted, as pilgrims in India walk miles and miles to certain sacred spots. For the place had become, through the seal of martyrdom, twice holy in my eyes.

I walked on and on. It cannot have been, by now, far from eleven o’clock. The Sun was indeed unusually hot, and seemed so even to me, who had just come from Athens. The snowy

peaks, that dominated the scenery on my left as well as behind me, impressed me as the picture of untarnished indifference above all the destructions, persecutions and resistances in the world. But I had not come to seek divine Indifference.

I caught up another couple, and this time, it was I who spoke first: “*Guten Tag!* Can you be so kind as to tell me whether it is still a long way to the Hitler house?”

“The Hitler house?” replied the man, “It is just around the corner; on your right, after the first turning of the road. But there is nothing to be seen there; ‘they’ have not only blown up the very ruins, but ‘they’ have poured tons and tons of earth over the site, so that nothing might show, not even the plan of the house!”

That clear reference to the irreparable deed stirred all my hatred against those who perpetrated it. “I have not come to examine details of architecture,” I burst out; “I have come to sit upon the spot till sunset, and to think of the coming revenge. *Auf Wiedersehen!*” (I nearly said: “Heil Hitler!”)

And I went on, hastening my footsteps, without noticing whether the apparently bewildered man and woman had returned my words of farewell or not.

* * *

There were now hardly any trees on either side of the road or on the slopes that I could see at some distance before me. These, as well as the whole space that led downwards to the depression on my left, were covered with grass. Woods could be seen below, and above: in the depression itself; on the slopes that faced me on the opposite side of it; and, on my right, beyond the masses of earth, gravel and stones that formed like a wall along the border of the road.

But suddenly I halted and held my breath, meanwhile an icy sensation ran along my spine and throughout my body: I had just noticed what looked like the cornerstone of a wall, emerging, along with a few withered treetops, out of the enormous heap of sand, gravel and pulverised blocks of mortar that towered before me. And I had understood: this was the place where the famous *Berghof* — the Hitler house — had once stood in all its loveliness, in the midst of lawns and flowerbeds and trees;

this was what “they” had reduced it to, so that no trace of it should be left; so that men should forget! . . .

I felt tears well up to my eyes, and my mouth quivered. I crossed the road to see the devastated site from a few yards’ distance. Yes, it was the site of the *Berghof*, unmistakably! Above it — at the edge of the wood that extended from there to the top of the hill — ran, parallel to the road along which I was walking, a whole foundation wall that had withstood both the power of dynamite and the power of hate. And another wall that formed with it a right angle could also be detected, although it was entirely buried under earth and gravel, save for one end of it the, block that had first attracted my attention. That; and withered branches, sticking out of the general desolation — tops of trees or bushes that had apparently grown upon the ruins, and that had been buried alive by those who had set out to kill the very ruins themselves. I shuddered before the enormity of the hatred that had urged men to work out this systematical destruction seven years after the end of the war. How long would it last, that relentless execration of our Führer, of us, of all we stand for; that savage and methodical will to erase whatever reminds the world of him, of us, of all that he and we have created together? wondered I, as I gazed at the pure blue sky — so blue! — at the green meadows full of buttercups, at the woods and the bright mountain ranges in the distance, and then again at the place where the *Berghof* had stood. How long would the world persecute us?

And from the depth of centuries — through my intuition of history: about the only form of intuition which I possess — came the answer: “Forever!”

In a flash, I recalled the yellowish desert covered with scattered ruins under the burning sun of Egypt: all that now remains of the proud City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk, seat of King Akhnaton’s New Order — which lasted twelve years like ours — mercilessly torn down stone by stone by his enemies, over three thousand three hundred years ago — another historic instance of the untiring persecution of all that which is godlike.

And in a loud voice, as though speaking to myself, I recited with bitterness the first lines of the hymn of hate intoned by the priests of Amon — the embodiment of the Money Power in Egypt at the time — after the destruction of the sacred city:

“Woe to thine enemies, O Amon! . . .
Thy city endures, but he who assails thee falls . . .”

And with still greater bitterness I paraphrased the words of old, adapting them to present-day circumstances:

“Woe to thine enemies, O Israel! . . .
Thy unseen rule endures, but he who assails thee falls . . .”

The persecution of that which is godlike — and of those who are godlike; of those whom the dark forces, in possession of money, can neither buy nor frighten — appeared to me to be a perennial feature of human history. It would last as long as the world.

“But we too will last to resist it, and to crush it in the end!” thought I. “Our faith is rooted in truth. And we have the Powers of Light — the Shining Ones, as the Aryans of India still call Them to this day — on our side. And I recalled a sentence of one of my own writings: my final verdict on our enemies: “They cannot ‘de-Nazify’ the Gods!”¹

Still, the sight of the desolation of this place, glaring sign of the victory of the evil: forces for the time being, filled me with resentment, with hatred, with grief; once more, with the awful awareness of defeat.

I crossed the road again, walked a few yards further uphill in search of a place from which I could reach the *Berghof* site. I discovered something like a path — a trodden track in the midst of gravel, showing me the way many others had come before me. I followed that track slowly and reverently, feeling myself on holy ground, and sat down upon the bare earth, fairly far away from the road. And there, I sobbed desperately, as I had not for years.

* * *

Exhaustion — and time — gave me back a certain amount of composure, and I was again able to think.

A soft warm breeze brought me the healthy emanation of the woods. Before my eyes spread in the sunshine a mountain scenery, the equivalent in beauty of which I had seen only in Kashmir. I imagined my beloved Leader in one of those moments of relaxation that he must have enjoyed *sometimes*,

¹ *Gold in the Furnace*, edit. 1952, p. 87.

even if it were seldom. I pictured him on a spring day like this, letting his star-like eyes, athirst of infinity, rest upon those meadows and woods, those dark green and violet hills, those shining white ranges, the harmonious outlines of which close the horizon, and, beyond them, — in spirit — upon that luminous bluish valley that one guesses rather than *sees* from here: the valley in which lies Salzburg. I pictured him alone, in tune with the Soul of this land, that he so loved, breathing its power and its beauty, communing with it and, through it, with the Essence of himself and of all things — immanent Godhead — while his magnificent dog, the creature of devotion who was never to betray him, never to forsake him, lay, watchful, at his side. I pictured him, — or rather, I *felt* him — all-loving, all-knowing, above happiness and sorrow, detached in the midst of worldwide action, looking over this dreamlike scenery on the border of that extended Germany, which he had reconquered, into the realm of eternity that was — and *is* — his impregnable realm; into that intangible world in which success and failure fade into nothingness before the one thing that counts: timeless Truth; sure that he was right whatever men might say, whichever events might occur; sure that Germany's mission was — and is — that which he proclaimed; sure that Germany's higher interest was — and is — (in the words of the most ancient Aryan Book of wisdom) “the interest of the universe.” Sure, and therefore serene. Sure, and therefore sinless, — perfect.

And I lost myself in the contemplation of this *real* Adolf Hitler: the one of whom no newspaper has ever spoken, and whom no man (even among those who have seen him, perhaps) ever understood. All the forces of my being embraced him — Him — in an act of adoration, as the only One I had loved, life after life, for millions of years. I felt nearer to him than ever; nearer to him than before his parents' desolate grave; nearer to him than on that most beautiful night in my life — the 20th of February, 1949 — when I had been so happy to be arrested for the love of him and of his people.

But then, as my glance fell bank upon the torn and tortured earth upon which I was sitting, one fact imposed itself upon me: “He” is no longer here; I cannot see him in the flesh, as I would have *then*.” And I sank back into the old unbearable feeling of once possible, nay probable, but now irretrievably lost

happiness; of guilt that nothing can ever wash away, — into hell. For *that* is hell: not a place, but a state of consciousness; the knowledge that one has missed, through one's own fault, the fulfilment of one's real mission, and, that it is henceforth too late . . . There exists no feeling worse than that one.

For the millionth time that feeling caught hold of me, as strong, now, upon the ruins of the *Berghof*, after eight years, as then, in that primitive South Indian café in an out-of-the-way hamlet of the Western Ghats, in which I had, in 1945, three weeks after the fact, first heard the news of Germany's capitulation and been told that Adolf Hitler was dead. For the millionth time, my accusing inner voice rose against me, as merciless and as bitter as ever: "Where were you, all these years? Why did you not come in time? You would have seen 'him,' your Führer, the one Man you worship. You would have seen him in this setting, at the height of his power. What were all the joys you have had, compared with that joy? Now . . . see! Nothing is left of the lovely Dwelling; nothing is left of the great Reich; nothing is left of all that 'he' had built or planned. And you will never see him. It is too late; too late. You came too late. Why did you not come before?"

Oh, those words, which contain the one real torment of everlasting damnation: "too late!"

I started weeping once more as I looked back into my useless life. Yes, where had I been at the time my beloved Leader had risen to power? Somewhere in South India. Where had I been, when he had spoken at that great Nuremberg Party Rally, before five hundred thousand people? In Lucknow: listening to him on the wireless: speaking *of* him . . . instead of being there on the spot, one among the many thousands — the confounded fool that I was!

I remembered details of my life in Lucknow, in September 1935, during those unforgettable days: the dark red silk "sari" that I was wearing, while the aether waves brought me, over six thousand miles of land and sea, the music of the Horst Wessel Song, and then — in the midst of that religious silence of the multitude — Adolf Hitler's voice; the conversation that I had had with my Indian friends about the spirit of National Socialism and that of the age-old Caste system; the song that the fifteen-year-old daughter of the house — a graceful, fair-complexioned

Brahmin girl named Atashi, — had played upon the harmonium after supper:

“Nanda, Nanda, Nanda Rani . . .”

— a Bengali song which had remained ever since, indissolubly associated in my consciousness with the memory of the famous Party Rally. I remembered the gold swastika that I always wore on a chain around my neck — and that I had lost in London in 1947 — and my Indian earrings, also in the shape of swastikas, that I was now wearing. I had wanted to be the link between the Aryan Tradition, kept alive in India, and that great Aryan revival of the West that National Socialism embodies. But who (save one man) had understood what that meant, even among my closest collaborators?

I remembered the words which that exceptional man — destined one day to give me his name — had addressed to me on the very day he had met me: “Go to him, who is truly life and resurrection: to the maker of the Third Reich. Go at once: next year will be too late!”

Why had I, in my incurable conceit, thought myself useful in my far-away field of action, and not listened to him?

And again I imagined Adolf Hitler sitting alone before this dreamlike perspective of wooded hills and valleys and proud snowy peaks. I pictured his stern features, stamped with willpower that nothing can break; his inspired eyes, radiating love that nothing can kill; selfless, boundless, conquering love.

How many thousands of people had seen that extraordinary Face of his, and yet not understood it; not responded to the love that shone in it?

Foreign journalists, writers, ambassadors — some of whom had, afterwards, earned money by slandering him — had seen him; I, never. Opponents of his; enemies of all he stands for, — such as the Communist leader Thälmann — had seen him; I, never. Traitors, who secretly worked against him: traitors, who on the 20th of July, 1944, tried to kill him, had seen him; I, never!

I recalled the most wondrous sights I had admired in journeys over half the surface of the earth: the Bosphorus; the Acropolis of Athens: Delphi; Karnak; the Upper Nile; the temples of South India, of Khajuraho, of Bhubaneshwar; moonlight over the desert of Iraq; moonlight over the Marble Rocks and the Narbada Falls; the Backwaters of Travancore; the

Caves of Ajanta and of Ellora — that marvel among marvels; Ellora, of which I had written, meaning it: “One can die, after having seen this!” — the Midnight Sun; Mount Hekla in eruption; the Himalayas — no end of inspiring beauty; no end of history and legend. People envied me for having such memories . . . And yet . . . I would have renounced them all for the joy of feeling “his” eyes rest upon me — for five minutes, *once* — just once! — for the privilege of greeting him — just once! — with my arm outstretched and the spell-like words expressing on my part centuries of love: “*Heil, meinem Führer! Heil Hitler!*”

The merciless: accusing voice rose within me once more and told me: “You should have thought of that twenty-five years ago, you silly fool! Now it is too late — too late!”

Time passed. The shadows of the trees above the ruined site were slowly turning.

I continued weeping, in the hot silence of the afternoon. I had not moved from the place where I was sitting. A few people — about ten in all — came, one after the other, wandered here and there upon the site, without speaking. One or two of them passed quite close to me — looked at me, greeted me discreetly, and went their way, respecting the solitude that I was obviously seeking.

How long would the accusing voice of self-criticism keep on torturing me? It had been doing so, day and night, for already eight years. I knew it was right. In one of the beautiful rooms of the famous Dwelling; the scattered stones of which lay buried under the tons and tons of earth upon which I now sat, I could have seen the Builder of reborn Aryandom — the Founder of my faith — then, had I come, in time. But I had not. What could I do now, but nothing? It was too late — alas! Would it still be too late if our Hitler be alive, as some say? I wondered. But *was he* really alive? I did not know what to believe.

I lay upon the earth and gravel brought here in order to destroy all trace of his passage, and I sobbed as desperately as before. Then, from within — from far-away; from I do not know where; perhaps from another world — Something spoke to me; soothed me; not my own voice but “his” — or rather some strangely keen awareness of what “he” would tell me if he could reach me, be it from the world of the living or from beyond.

“*It is never too late!* Live for my Germany, and you shall never part from Me!”

And again, as in Leonding before his parents’ grave, I knew with certainty what “he” — “He,” Who can never die — expects of me, in the name of the logic of the National Socialist creed; in the name of the logic of my whole life.

And from the depth of my heart I thought, “*Jawohl, mein Führer!* — I shall. Don’t I already love Thy Land as though it had always been mine, and Thy people as my brothers? Is Thy Land not already mine? — “holy Land in the eyes of every racially awakened Aryan.”

And I felt power in me — more-than-human power, in spite of all my failures.

* * *

The resplendent snowy range beyond the hills that faced me was already changing colour. And the Sun was less hot, and the shadows longer.

I saw three men appear one after the other, coming from the road, along the same track that had guided me. They followed that which had seemed to me like the trace of a wall running perpendicularly to the one which could be detected a few yards behind me, at the edge of the wood. And they halted. One of them, who had probably visited the *Berghof* in the days of its splendour, was explaining its topography to the other two. Sentences that he uttered reached me now and then: “. . . and here was the hall in which the Führer used to hold council . . . ,” “. . . here stood a huge window, some six metres long; a gorgeous window . . . ,” “. . . and here . . .” Gestures accompanied and stressed his words.

I was strangely moved. The little I heard of the man’s description suddenly gave new life to the hallowed site. The Dwelling, seat of beauty, seat of power, seat of my Leader’s communion with the Infinite at his moments of restful solitude, rose in precise outlines out of the past. Had I only come a few years before . . . The bitter thought rushed back to me in a flash. But I had no time to ponder over it. I wanted to hear, to know, from one of those who had *seen*. I got up, wiped my tears on the back of my hand (for I could not find my pocket handkerchief) walked straight to the newcomers and greeted

them: “*Guten Abend!*” And then, addressing the one who had been acting as a guide: “Excuse me,” said I, “if I am so bold as to disturb you. I heard you describing the *Berghof* as it once stood. I understand that you have seen it; that you have probably seen the Führer within these walls now reduced to dust. I was six thousand miles away during the glorious years. I have now come for the first time and have been sitting here from half past ten in the morning, thinking of the past and of the future. Do you mind if I listen to your description?”

The men were all three between thirty-five and forty-five, i.e., old enough to have lived the enthusiasm of the early days of National Socialism.

They considered me with surprise, yet felt they could trust me, for my words rang true — and, after all, who would come and sit a whole day upon the ruined site of the *Berghof* unless he (or she) were a sincere follower of Adolf Hitler? “It is a pity indeed that you were not here before,” said the man whom I had addressed. “No description can give you an accurate idea of the place of beauty that this house was, when you have not seen it yourself. You have seen pictures of it, probably?”

“I have,” said I.

“We are here just above the hall from which one looked out on the surrounding scenery from a huge window, several metres long.”

“I have seen pictures of that window and, if I remember well, a picture of the Führer standing by it. Now, alas! even the stones of the house have been pulverised, and their dust hidden — covered with earth — so that we should forget that this place is holy; so that we should cease coming to it as to a place of pilgrimage. But I shall never forget — never forget, and never forgive, as I already said a hundred thousand times. I only hate the damned Americans all the more for this savage and pointless desecration!”

“The damned Americans are not the authors of this deed,” replied the man, to my astonishment. “It is these gentlemen of the S.P.D.,¹ who compose the present-day Government of Bavaria, who ordered it.”

“Germans?”

“Yes, — unfortunately.”

¹ The “Social Democratic” Party.

This unexpected information brought new tears into my eyes. “I should never have thought it,” said I, with sincere grief. “But surely the American Occupation authorities were behind those who gave such an order, weren’t they?”

“Bitterly as I myself detest the Occupation as a whole and the Americans in particular, I am compelled to say that this is, to my knowledge, entirely the work of our criminal S.P.D. Government.”

I did not know what to say, or to think. There is nothing so painful to me as the awareness of the fact that Aryans, — let alone Germans, his own people, — can, and so often do, hate Adolf Hitler, their Saviour. The idea that *some* Germans hate him to that extent was positively unbearable to me.

“I just do not know what to think,” I kept on saying. “It seems to me too monstrous for one to believe. And yet, I do believe it, for I know hatred has no limits — any more than love. I know that there is nothing that those slaves of the Jews cannot do. But one thing I can say, and that is that I cannot look upon such people as Germans.”

“We look upon them as traitors and scoundrels, — the worst enemies of Germany,” replied the man.

He then asked me where I had spent the time during which our régime had lasted.

“In India,” replied I. And I added, expressing aloud that which I had been thinking with such bitterness half an hour before.

“Few Europeans have seen as much as I have of that ancient and wonderful land; few have *lived* as intensely as I have in connection with all that they have seen — for I approached India in the light of my National Socialist outlook: the only light in which a western Aryan *can* really understand it, strange as this may seem. And yet, I tell you in all sincerity: I would renounce all the joys I have had, for the one joy of having seen Adolf Hitler at the height of his glory, or for the satisfaction of having proved him my loyalty at the hour of disaster.”

“And you have now come from India?” asked one of the other two men.

“No, from Greece. I arrived three days ago. Was yesterday in Braunau; the day before, in Leonding . . .”

“I understand . . . And you say it is the first time you come to Germany?”

“The first time I come to Obersalzberg,” replied I. “I spent a year and some months in Germany in 1948–1949.”

The third man asked me in his turn: “And you intend to remain in Germany?”

“If I can,” answered I; “if the heavenly Powers judge that I should . . .” (As at Leonding, I remembered my daily prayer to the Lord of the invisible Forces, whoever He be: ‘Send me or keep me there where I shall be the most useful in the service of the National Socialist Cause, which is the cause of Truth.’) And I added, summing up in a sentence that which I had been thinking the whole day — that which I had been thinking for eight years —: “My one regret in life is that I did not come long ago; before the war; nay, before the Seizure of power . . . and that I have never seen the Führer.”

“You are right,” said my interlocutor; “there has never been a man like him and there has never been an ideal comparable to his. Unfortunately, he put too much of his confidence in people who were not worthy of it, and who, through their mistakes — not to say their treason — brought about his downfall and that of Germany. In particular, he trusted implicitly whoever had stood by him in the early phase of the struggle. That was his only weakness.”

“Gratitude, appreciation of past services, is no weakness,” thought I; “moreover, the memory of past services *did not* blind him to later realities. Roehm had surely rendered services to the Cause, and yet . . . our Führer did not hesitate to sacrifice him, in June 1934, when he judged it necessary . . .”

I was going to tell the man what I was thinking, but had no time to. Another one of my new friends (for they were, apparently, all three “friends,” i.e., on our side) put further emphasis on that which his comrade had said: “Yes,” stressed he, “you say you so desperately regret not having come to Germany before . . . In one way, it is better that you did not come . . . You are an idealist. You have lived National Socialism through the beautifying perspective of distance. Had you been here, specially *after* the Seizure of power, you would have discovered many things — and many people — to criticise . . . Why, for instance, did the Führer not . . .”

“Our Führer can do no wrong! Don’t criticise *him!*” exclaimed I, interrupting with vehemence. “He can neither order nor allow anything which is not justified. As for his followers — or those who pretended to be such ones — *you* can judge them: you are a German. I have no right to do so. I have never criticised any German — save, of course, the all too obvious, well known traitors. Not that I am incapable of detecting failures — words or deeds out of keeping with the National Socialist doctrine or spirit — but it is, with me, a matter of discipline. It is not my job to pick out faults in other National Socialists, but only to do my best to be, myself, as good a one as I possibly can. And I am sure that, had I had the privilege of coming earlier, all the shortcomings of which you speak would have in no way altered my allegiance to the Führer and to the Reich. You were taught the National Socialist principles; I discovered them within my heart, within my own logic, within that best of all demonstrations of them: the history of all the nations of the world. And, fully knowing what I was doing, I came to Adolf Hitler as to the only Leader in our times who speaks and acts according to those principles, true for all times; as to the only one who (to repeat a very old and exalted expression) ‘lives in Truth.’ Nothing can detach me from him now, and nothing could have done so *then*. The truth of a doctrine is independent of the faults of a few of its real or supposed supporters. And he, — our Hitler — and his régime, are the very embodiment of the National Socialist doctrine.”

The man to whom I had first spoken answered me this time

“All you say is perfectly consistent; could not be more so. The only trouble is that we lost the war. Had we but gained it, rest assured that the Führer would have himself put order in our affairs, and that many Party members who were no National Socialists at all (but only pretending to be) would have got what they deserved. And the promised new era would really have begun.”

“It *has* already begun,” said I with conviction.

The three men gazed at me in bewilderment.

“Our enemies rule the world,” replied one of them. “We are persecuted: — powerless. How can you say: ‘Our era has

already begun'? You know yourself what the post-war world looks like."

"It is twenty years since Adolf Hitler became the master of Germany. And it was yesterday exactly sixty-four years since he was born. Tell me," said I, "what did the Roman world and Europe at large (Europe destined to be the seat of Christian civilisation) look like in year twenty or even in year sixty-four A.D.? Could one have *then* believed in the triumph of the Christian values for two thousand years? Nobody believed in it, in fact, save the early Christians themselves. Christ was dead, and his followers, a persecuted handful lost among the many strange sects of the Roman Empire. And. Yet . . ."

The three men were, for a while, silent; as though overwhelmed by the immensity of the hope that my words implied. *Something* told them that I was right, although they hardly dared to believe it. At last, the one to whom I had first spoken — the eldest of the three — asked me (and there was deep emotion in his voice)

"What makes you have such confidence in us, German people? You have not seen us at our best, in the great days."

"That is true," replied I; "But I have seen you in the dark days of trial: hungry, destitute, uprooted from your homes, persecuted in your own land, slandered by the whole world — vanquished (for the time being, thanks to those slaves of Jewry who, even under the National Socialist régime, had managed to work themselves into responsible posts). And yet . . . I have admired you *then* — even more so, perhaps, than I had in glorious '40; more so than I had in '42, when the Swastika Flag fluttered over the Caspian Sea, over the Libyan Desert, over the Arctic Ocean . . . I shall never forget the emaciated, proud and dignified faces that I met in Germany, then; the sombre glance of those young men who had, to the end, trusted the Führer and believed in the invincibility of the Reich, and waited till the very hour of the Capitulation for the miracle that was to give Germany the mastery of the earth, and who, even then, had forsaken neither that confidence nor that certitude — for they felt within themselves, in their day to day struggle from the bottom of the abyss, the living proof of their own superiority so many times proclaimed. I shall never forget the words I have exchanged with those men of gold and steel (as I called them in a book

of mine); I shall never forget that I have, for months, lived a dangerous life in Germany, and that not a single German has betrayed me — not for any reward: not for the bare necessities of life; not for milk for his starving children. Oh, how I admired you *then*, my comrades, my superiors! And how I admire you *now*, in your silent, stubborn, untiring resistance, to the agents of disintegration and to all their lies! . . .”

The Sun was setting. The gorgeous snowy range facing us was pink. I stretched out my right arm in a broad gesture, as though I were, beyond this barrier of mountains, and beyond this life — this minute in time — speaking to the German Nation of all times; and I continued, after a pause:

“As Alexander the Great lay upon his death bed in Babylon, in 323 B.C., on his way back from India, his generals asked him whom he appointed as ruler of his world empire. He replied: ‘The worthiest!’ I was an admirer of the godlike Macedonian, embodiment of conquering Aryandom, before I became the disciple of the Builder of the new Aryan Age: Adolf Hitler. And today, from this sacred spot on which he stand, I tell you — you three, and you eighty millions — from the depth of my heart (and I wish my persecuted superiors in Spandau, in Werl, in Landsberg, in Wittlich, in Breda, in Stein, in all the prisons and camps of our enemies, in and outside Germany, could hear me): “German people, *you* are the worthiest! I tell you today, remembering the ancient words, true forever — Alexander’s will: — my dearest desire is to see you rise out of this long-drawn humiliation, and rule the world!”

The three men had listened to me in solemn, reverent silence, fully conscious that, through my voice, a mysterious, divine Destiny had uttered its decree. And indeed I was not, in that magical moment, a mere individual, but a symbol. I was remote heathen Aryandom — Alexander’s Hellas; the beautiful primitive Hellas of the Iliad; also the wise and warlike India of the Bhagavad-Gita — acknowledging the existence of its eternal Nordic Soul in present-day pure-blooded Germany. The three men *felt* it — although they could not have, perhaps, just now, analysed that feeling; although they perhaps lacked the historical background that would have enabled them to do so.

I turned my back to the road, gazed at the copper-coloured sky between the trees: the Sun’s glow, after the Sun had

sunk behind the hills. I stretched out my right arm in the age old ritual gesture — the National Socialist salute — in the direction of the hidden Orb.

“As He — the Father-of-Light — will certainly rise, so will you, my German brothers!” said I. “As He is immortal, so are you. *Es lebe Deutschland! Heil Hitler!*”

The three men lifted their right arms in their turn, and the everlasting Words, profession of faith of a new age, resounded loud and clear over the buried blocks of mortar that had been Adolf Hitler’s house, over the dreamlike landscape that *is* and always will be his beloved Germany: “Heil Hitler!”

We stood, for a minute or two, in silence. Then, the eldest of the three men — the one to whom I had first spoken — looked at me intently and said: “You are right — right in spite of this relentless hatred that strives to crush us; right in spite of these ruins: *we are living in year twenty of a new Age*. And whether our Führer be alive or dead, this new age is his, and ours — Germany’s. He has re-given us full consciousness of our mission and of our rights. Nothing can hold us back in our onward march!”

* * *

The three men accompanied me to the spot where I had been sitting, and where I had left my things. They remained there with me for a while. We spoke of the new Age. We spoke of our Führer. “Do you believe he is alive?” my new friends asked me.

“I was practically sure of it,” answered I. “People who seemed to know had told me so. But now other people, who also seem to know, tell me that he is dead. I do not know any longer what to believe. All I know is that, if he be alive, all I want is to see him once more in power; and if he be dead in the flesh, all I want is to see those who love him and who embody his spirit rise to power and control the West — and, with the help of the Gods, the world — in his name, forever. All I know is that, whether he be alive or dead in they flesh, he is immortal. He is Germany.”

“You are right, he is.”

And after a pause, the same man asked me: “And what do you intend too do, now?”

“I have already told you: remain in Germany, if I can possibly find work there (the little money I have will be exhausted within less than a month) and contribute — in what way? I do not know, but in *some* way — to the resurrection of the great Reich as ‘he’ wanted it to be; continue writing books, if I can do nothing better.” (I told my new friends a little about the books I had already written and about my life.)

“You will find plenty of sympathy in Germany, and a lot of people who, for the love of this Idea, will help you to stay,” replied the man. The land is quiet — on the surface. But rest assured: National Socialism is as alive as ever — far more so than those Johnnies of the Occupation and their henchmen, the German time-servers, now in; power, seem to think. You probably know that without us needing to tell you so. And now . . . the air is getting chilly. We should go back to our hotel. We have a car. Would you like us to give you a lift?”

“It is exceedingly kind of you, but I wish to stay here a little while longer,” replied I. “Moreover, I prefer to go down on foot, as I have come.”

They wished me good luck, and I greeted them — and they, me — with the unchanging words of faith: “Heil Hitler!” And they departed.

I had not told them *why* I wished to stay a while longer. I judged it was better not to: it might be that they would have failed to understand my gesture and considered it childish, and despised me within their hearts (who ever knows?). But as I heard their car roll away in the direction of Berchtesgaden, I walked up to the only standing wall, at the edge of the wood, discovered upon it a fairly smooth plastered surface, and wrote upon it, with a pointed stone, the following words:

Einst kommt der Tag der Rache. Heil Hitler!

Then, my right arm outstretched, I sang the old “*Kampflied*” out of which the sentence is taken, and slowly walked down the beaten track, back to the road, feeling that I had done all that I *now* possibly could: accomplished the magical gesture; uttered the irresistible incantation of revenge and awakening, destined to bind free Germany to her Führer, for all times — “free Germany, conscious Germany, stronghold and hope of reborn Aryandom,” thought I.

I walked further uphill, visited more ruins: houses of

different close collaborators of Adolf Hitler, blown to pieces by order . . . of the Americans? . . . or of the S.P.D. Bavaria Government?

The moon now shone in the pure sky. Under its livid light, the ruins took on a ghostly appearance. Towering above them and above the whole landscape (and still covered with snow) stood in the distance the steep rock at the top of which is built the famous “Eagle’s Nest” — another of the Führer’s cherished abodes. This was not destroyed (I had been told) but is today . . . a café, and tea room.

A few steps away from the ruins of the *Berghof*, the house in which the Gestapo officials were formerly lodged has also, been transformed into a tea room and guest house. I stepped in, more for the thrill of feeling myself sitting there where important defenders of our New Order — as uncompromisingly devoted to it as myself — had once sat, than for the sake of a cup of hot coffee. I experienced that thrill, that same feeling of reverence coupled with ever-recurring sadness (bitterness of defeat; sadness for not having come before) that is the keynote of this whole pilgrimage of mine. And I felt even sadder, as the woman who served me told me that, “on account of the snow,” that still lay, over a metre deep, upon the road, my walking up to the Eagle’s Nest on the following day was “out of the question” — *ausgeschlossen*. I had not the money to remain several days more at Berchtesgaden, waiting for the snow to melt. So I had to make up my mind to see the Eagle’s Nest another time.¹

Late in the evening, in bright moonshine, I followed the downward road through the woods, back to Berchtesgaden. Many times, the ever-recurring sadness gripped me. And yet, deeper than it and stronger than it was, the soothing conviction — once more strengthened in me upon the desolate site of the *Berghof*, by the words I had exchanged with those three Germans — that National Socialism will, in the end, impose itself upon the Aryan world.

* * *

Early next morning I walked from Berchtesgaden to Königssee, where I spent the whole day, alone by the lake.

The road is beautiful — running for five kilometres through a hilly track of land covered with emerald green meadows and

¹ I saw it on the 5th of June, 1954, on my second visit to Obersalzberg.

dark woods, with, here and there, a picturesque looking house — guest house or farm — and a few fruit trees, every one of which was now (the twenty-second of April) a mass of pink or white blossoms.

Many cars rolled passed me. I noticed only one: a car running full-speed in the direction of Königssee and bearing in English the hated words: Military Police — reminding me (as though I did not know it!) that Germany is still occupied by the victors of 1945; still now, in 1953, eight years after the disaster. “Until when? Oh, until when?” thought I. I knew the blunt excuse, repeatedly set forth: if the Western Allies, were not here, then the Russians would be. The Western Allies are waiting for the German Federal Parliament — the Bundestag, — to ratify their agreements with the Bonn Government concerning the utopian “European Community” (based upon big business interests) and the “European Army” supposed to defend it (and them). *Then*, once those agreements are ratified, the Allied forces (of which I had just seen and heard a noisy and speedy instrument of action) will no longer be “occupants” but “friends”; friends in the common struggle “for the defence of Western civilisation” against the common foe: Communism. But I still failed to understand what there is for anyone *of us* to choose between Communism and capitalistic Democracy. And I hated the “values” of Western civilisation — those Judeo-Christian values, which I had so bitterly fought, all my life, to uproot — as fiercely as ever. In the name of those unnatural “values” which we deny, which we detest, coalesced Communism and capitalistic Democracy had stirred the fury of a whole world against National Socialist Germany; in defence of those “values” they had waged war on our Führer, on our régime, on our healthy, heathen faith, and staged the all-too-famous, sickening “war crime” trials *after* our defeat, and branded us as “monsters,” “murderers” etc. *Why on earth should we*, now, become the allies of Democracy against Communism rather than those of Communism against Democracy? thought I, for the millionth time. True, Democracy lacks the fanaticism in which lies the strength of all conquering ideas, and I had myself written that, inasmuch as they are more stupid, its votaries are easier to deceive than their ex-allies of the East. “But what if, after crushing their ex-allies and present-day rivals, with Germany’s help,

the Democrats managed to impose their unseen control — the Jews' control — and their hated way of life *permanently* upon Germany?" I now wondered . . . And the mere idea of such a possibility made me shudder from top to toe. I forgot to look at the smiling landscape and walked mechanically, wrapped up in my bitter thoughts; longing for the Third World War whatever it might cost — even if my dearest comrades and I should perish in its flames — provided it be the best opportunity for Germany to free herself from the pressure of *both* the international, man-centred creeds, and to rise and conquer and rule once more, under the sacred Swastika banner.

I walked on, with that intense, one-pointed yearning which has filled every minute of my life, all these years.

Immediately before one reaches the lake, there is, on one's left (there was, at least, in 1953) a railed-off square of American military ground and, in front of it, on one's right, a post guarded by a sentry. I saw, standing there, the first American in uniform whom I was to meet in Germany after three years' absence: a very young, fair-haired man, who looked exceedingly bored. I glanced at him with undisguised contempt and went my way. I walked past an open-air café, also on my right. From somewhere behind the trees, in the shade of which were disposed the many neatly-laid garden tables, came a horrible noise banging and shrieking and squeaking, howling and rattling, that which the "common man" of U.S.A. calls "music" — jazz. It grew louder and louder — more and more horrible — as I neared the lake. When I actually *reached* it, it became unbearable.

I have been tortured by all sorts of noises: by all-night kettledrum and castanet concerts in every part of India, including the half-wild hill districts, and by my neighbours' wireless sets in Europe as well as in Asia. But *this* was something worse than all other noises rolled in one. That which came out of my neighbours' wireless sets was sometimes musical. And the deafening rhythmical brawling and drum beating of the hill tribes of Assam or of the Kohls of Bihar expressed at least *something*: the collective soul of an altogether inferior people, no doubt, but a living soul; something natural; something real. While *this* — if anything — expressed a derivation to boredom on the part of bastardised descendants of once healthy European emigrants, steadily and rapidly sinking to the level of apes in

spite of — nay, with the help of — every manner of ultra-modern technique. Those whom one is used to call “savages” always had been inferior people, or (if the scholars who consider them not as primitives but, on the contrary, as products of decay of better races, be right) they sank to their present-day state slowly, gradually, over centuries of hardly noticeable degeneracy. *They*, at least, were in their place, and had not invented “de-Nazification.” These creatures — unfortunate Germany’s occupants — stretched out in the sunshine on the border of this dreamlike mountain lake, or drinking Coca-Cola before the luxurious café that seemed to be their gathering centre, were people partly, if not entirely, of my own race; some of them, — perhaps — descendants of Germanic emigrants without admixture of South European blood: purer Aryans than myself, strictly speaking. And they were here “to keep the Russians away,” no doubt, but *also* to keep (as long as they could) National Socialism from rising again in Germany. Bastardised Aryans, and pure Aryans in the service of the enemies of their race, trying their best to combat boredom with Coca-Cola and jazz, in this land that they have been oppressing and defiling for eight years! Definitely, I preferred the Kohls!

Thus were my thoughts as I gazed at the steep wooded hills behind which rose further hills, and finally, shining snowy peaks; at the blue sky; and at the gleaming reflection of all that beauty in the smooth waters of the lake — Königssee: the Royal Lake, — that our Führer has loved. The American noise shocked me as a profanation both of Nature and of Germany; sounded to me like a drunkard’s obscene brawl shattering the peace of a cathedral. And the thought that I could do nothing to stop it brought back into my heart the acute consciousness of defeat, so bitter, that it was physically painful to me. I walked as fast as I could along the road that ran parallel to the border of the lake, away from the vulgar noise, away from the silly Yanks — away, away, in the direction of the woods. A series of sheds, under which boats were being built or repaired, hid from me, for a while, the sight of the lovely landscape. An old man was standing before one of them, perhaps waiting for somebody. I could not help speaking to him.

“What a horrible noise!” said I. “Is it every day the same?”

“Yes; every day, or practically so,” answered he. “That is the ‘*Amis*’ — a plague on them!”

“I am glad to see you don’t like them any more than I do!”

“Who likes the damned Occupation forces, be they American, English, French or Russian? Who wants them? We shall welcome anything — any new development — that will force them to leave this land, the accursed lot of them! For they will never go of their own account; they are having too good a time, here, at our expense.”

“*I wish a day comes when they will all find things so changed that they will long to go, but will not be able to . . . I wish not one of them shall come out of Germany alive!*”

“And it might well be so . . . Anyhow, I can tell you one thing: you are not the only person to wish it . . .”

Less than hundred yards from us, the ‘*Amis*’ persevered in their endeavour to combat boredom, unaware of our conversation; unaware of the resentment of the great Nation that they are trying in vain to convert to their idiotic conception of life; — unaware of their impending fate.

I greeted the old man and walked on, — uphill. On my right, a road led to an attractive café looking over the lake. I followed that road, reached a terrace from which the view was gorgeous, sat at one of the garden tables there, and relaxed — to some extent. The jazz noise, although one could still hear it distinctly, was not so loud; no longer unbearable.

* * *

I relaxed — or tried to, — for a while. I let my eyes rest upon the beauty of the lake. But even though it was no longer a positive physical torment, the jazz noise kept on reminding me of the Occupation forces in general and, in this case, more specially of the Americans, in Germany. And I could not think of anything else.

“U.S.A., the nation-killer,” reflected I, my elbow on the table, my chin in my hand, my eyes looking towards the lake without really seeing it, the coffee, that had been brought to me a quarter of an hour before, getting cold; “U.S.A. the nation-killer, that is not itself a nation but merely a federation of interests . . .”

I suppose *that* is the reason why I detested it so fiercely, even before the war . . .”

I remembered a Greek woman who had once come over from America to my native town in France, for her brother’s wedding, bringing with her young son, aged ten or so. I had asked the little boy what he was, and he had replied unhesitatingly: “An American!”

“But how can that be? Your father and mother are both Greeks, as well as your grandparents, uncles and aunts.”

“It makes no difference,” had answered the boy. “*I am born in the U.S.A. I am an American. I want to be one.* What does it matter to you? Am I not free to be what I like?”

“No, Yanaki; one is not free to *be* what one likes. You can love and serve the U.S.A. if it pleases you. But you cannot be an American. Moreover, there is no such thing as an American people: there are only different people of our continent whose fathers went and settled in America. Each one belongs to his own fatherland, — when he is lucky enough to have one, like you, whose whole family is Greek . . .”

“You are like my granny: you must always argue,” had said the lad. “Only with her, it is God; with you, Greece. And call me Johnny, not Yanaki. I tell you I am an American!”

That conversation between a child and myself, nearly thirty years before, now came back to my mind. Yes, *that* — the fact that it makes nearly every European who is born there forget his blood and the land of his blood, — was what had, from the beginning, set me so violently against “Amerika.” *That*, and also the description of the slaughterhouse in Chicago in a famous French book.¹ The former had filled me with indignation, the latter with disgust. And then, — years later — came the war, and Roosevelt, that deficient specimen of humanity, jealous of the healthy world we were creating; Roosevelt, whom his morbid envy, coupled with effective power, had turned into a positive criminal — and America’s intervention: Roosevelt’s achievement, without which National Socialist Germany would have won the war.

But it was only because the Germans and Italians born

¹ *Scènes de la vie future*, by Georges Duhamel, translated into English under the title: *America: The Menace*.

in the U.S.A. held themselves to be “Americans,” that Roosevelt’s policy had been conceivable. The root of the evil — the fact that stamped the U.S.A. as a force of disintegration — lay there, in the Greek child’s answer to me; in the answer that millions of children — and grownup people — descendants of pure-blooded Europeans of all nations, would have given me, had I reminded them of the sacred brotherhood of blood am an American. *I want to be one.*”

And I thought of that sinister “American,” descendant of German emigrants, Eisenhower, the “Crusader to Europe,” who burnt the German people alive in streams of flaming phosphorus, in order to crush National Socialism, the purest expression of the Germanic soul. “And how many descendants of German emigrants, and how many men of Nordic blood are there to be found among the ‘Americans’ responsible for the Nuremberg Trial and other shameful mockeries of justice of the same sort?” reflected I.

I had a sip of coffee — completely cold, by now, — and continued thinking.

What was there at the back of all that? What made little Yanakis and millions of others — young Greeks, young Italians, young Englishmen; young Germans such as Dwight Eisenhower (or his father or grandfather) had once been, — *want to be* “Americans”?

There was, first, the influence of the American school, telling them how “great” the U.S.A. are. Most people believe what they are told. Those who, *already in their childhood*, question the very principles they are asked to accept as basis of all truth, are rare. And then came the material facilities which the U.S.A. offer to clever boys and girls who wish to “get on in life.” It needs not only an adventurous spirit but also a tremendous contempt for the country in which one is born, to refuse deliberately all such facilities, preferring the perspective of a bitter day-to-day material struggle — life-long insecurity — to “a situation” as a citizen of that country. Didn’t I know it! — I who had refused French citizenship! And how should the child born in the U.S.A. feel such contempt, when he has believed what he has been taught at school and when, as it is the fact, in most cases, he does not possess a sufficiently definite

scale of values *of his own* to be shocked to such an extent by the things he sees and hears, that he would rather undergo anything than be “an American”?

I thought of my own childhood in France. What had really set me against France? The knowledge, rather than the actual sight, of hypocrisy, injustice and cruelty on an international scale, and the direct contact with inconsistency and shallowness, and with that detestable French habit of making fun of everything; that entire lack of fanaticism, so contemptible, and so boring, to a born idealist and a born fighter. But how many foreign children born in France had, to my knowledge, waited till they became twenty-one to proclaim, in a spectacular gesture, their refusal of French nationality and of all the material advantages attached to it? How many adolescents, — let alone children, — had been in lasting rebellion against the hypocrisy of the war propaganda inflicted upon us in the French schools, during the First World War (of the tale that the Germans were “monsters” for having marched through defenceless Belgium, while the French, who landed in defenceless Greece a year later, were not . . .)? How many had been upset at the news of the long blockade of Greece by the Allies, in 1917? Or of the French atrocities in the Ruhr, after the war? *I* had been a very peculiar child, in whose heart such things had had a tremendous echo. Such things, and other horrors also: instances of the way man treats dumb animals (I remembered that the little I had then known of slaughterhouses and vivisection chambers had been the great nightmare of my childhood, and my oldest grievance against “civilisation,” for which France was supposed to be fighting).

A new and louder sound-wave rolled over the smiling waters and brought me the banging and shrieking of jazz — the soul of the Africanised U.S.A. And I recalled the words of the Greek emigrants’ child: “I want to be an American. Am I not free to choose?”

“*Free*, after having his head stuffed with nonsense about the ‘greatness of the U.S.A.’ from the age of six!” thought I, bitterly. Then, in contrast with that, the ever-vivid memory of my own rebellion against the values that one had tried to teach me to hold as the highest, filled me with pride. “Free to

choose! . . .” I too, had been told *that*, over and over again, in the course of my democratic education. And that was, in my whole upbringing, the one thing that I had retained — and put to profit! “Free to choose” — free to say — and to do — what my conscience told me . . . The trouble for the Democrats, who had given me that blessed liberal education, was that *my* conscience and theirs did not have the same conception of right and wrong. Mankind’s “universal conscience,” of which they made — and still make — such a fuss, apparently did not exist in *me*. And my conscience had weighed their Christian — their so-called “human” — scale of values, instead of swallowing it unquestioningly as something wonderful, as they had expected. It had weighed it, and found it wanting. It had considered their man-centred morality issued from the Christian teaching, and found its attitude to the animal world repulsive, its attitude to “all men,” silly, and felt for it nothing but contempt, and for the bastardised “civilisation” resting upon it, nothing but hatred. *My* conscience had discovered that I had no better reasons to be loyal to France than I had to support Christianity. And I had chosen to be loyal to my Aryan blood: the one thing pure, the one thing *real* in me, in spite of that blending of *nationalities* that I represent. And I had chosen Adolf Hitler’s life-centred, cosmic, — heathen — scale of values even before I had known of its existence. I had used that “individual freedom,” that “right to choose” that the Democrats so loudly proclaim; used it to identify myself with National Socialism in all its uncompromising aggressiveness, in all its healthy violence, pride and youthful joy, and to expose, in its name, the false idea of a “universal conscience” and the standing lie of “individual freedom.”

“Free to choose anything — even one’s national allegiance” . . . (And how many times have they not repeated it, to this day! They have killed all our martyrs for not having betrayed Germany in the name of that non-existing “universal conscience,” supposed to be present in “all men”). Well and good! Just as many choose the U.S.A., the Dollar-land, in which one “gets on in life,” so had I finally chosen Germany, the Nation that gave her all in defence of the rights of Aryan blood. The French had taught me: “*Tout homme a deux patries: la sienne, et*

puis la France” (every man has two fatherlands: his own, and France). But I was *free* not to believe them. I was *free* to work out my own conclusions, in accordance with my “reason and conscience.” And my “reason and conscience” had told me, more and more clearly, that “every Aryan has two fatherlands: his own, and National Socialist Germany.” Every person goes to that which he or she really loves, really wants. More than to “get on in life” — or to acquire a professorship in France, — I had wanted to feel myself in perfect oneness with Something true and great, and everlasting; Something that I could admire without reservations, and fight for, without the slightest hope of personal gain — for the love of it alone.

A pity, surely, that I could not *yet* go and tell this, on the wireless, to all the Democrats of the world; rub it into their heads until they became sick of hearing me! A pity that I could not gather those clever defenders of the rights of “conscience” who staged the sinister Nuremberg farce, and put before them the question — the puzzle: “What do your Lordships say when they come across an exception to the dull rule of “universal” conscience — like *me*; someone who feels “free to choose,” and who chooses Nazism; someone who has a conscience of her own, which is not universal; and which tells her, as plainly as plain can be, that “right is nothing else but the Führer’s will: that which he orders; that which others order in his name; that which is in accordance with his spirit”?

* * *

The Sun was not unusually hot. And people were having lunch at the neighbouring tables. It was getting late.

I had long drunk my coffee, and would have welcomed something to eat: — a boiled potato and a plate of lettuce salad; or a slice of apple tart, or both. But I had a long way more to go, and would run out of funds if I were not very careful. Since the day I had spent in Braunau I had been living on dry bread and coffee and was none the worse for it. So I decided to continue.

The Americans had at last ceased producing their insane noise. “The monkeys are quiet; feeding time, apparently,” thought I, with relentless hostility towards them and towards the Occupation as a whole. At that moment, an elderly man

came forth, carrying a photographing machine. He stopped at every table where people were eating, spoke a few words — asking everyone whether he should take a picture of him or her — and went away, as nobody seemed interested. He came to me, put me the same question with utmost courtesy and dignity, without insisting in the least. He had a sympathetic face with regular, energetic features; racially irreproachable. I wondered what his convictions were, feeling inclined to believe that, with such a face, he could hardly be anything but an admirer, when not an active follower, of our *Weltanschauung*. But I had no time to start imagining and supposing: I had to decide within a few seconds whether I should have a photo of myself taken or not. “Two marks for three pictures,” said the man; he would send them on to me wherever I pleased . . .

“Two marks . . .” That meant three cups of coffee with three buns — three meals, for me. And I did not require the pictures . . . But nobody had said “yes” to the old photographer. He would leave the place without having earned anything, if I also refused. And it was so pleasant to hear his voice, after that jazz noise — honest German, after the Negroid brawl. And who knew what he had gone through, to be forced to earn his living in that insecure manner, at his age? — poor, dear old man!

I took two marks out of my purse, and asked him to photograph me. It would be, anyhow, a tangible remembrance of the lake which our Führer loved.

When it was finished, we talked. It turned out that the man was, indeed, perfectly “in order” — as much on our side as anyone can be. He took me to his house, a few steps away from the terrace; introduced me to his family; offered me a second cup of coffee with a bun, that I gladly ate. And we spent about an hour praising the Führer and the great Days; deploring the disaster and all its consequences; telling each other the reasons we had to believe in the invincibility of the National Socialist spirit and in Germany’s resurrection.

* * *

I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering in the woods around the lake, in the hot sunshine, in the fragrance of pine trees;

in the contemplation of the shining waters, of the surrounding hills and of the blue sky, and of the inner vision of him, whose thought constantly filled my consciousness. All was silent, save for the usual noises of life in forests: rustling of leaves, birds' voices, humming of insects — noises that never disturb me but, on the contrary, lull me into meditation. Now and then, also, could be heard the motor of a pleasure-boat cutting its way over the luminous water surface.

The perspective of the lake, that stretched out in length between the steep hills (with their upside-down reflection within it) was magnificent. I thought of him — our Leader — who loved Nature so reverently, coming to relax in this abode of radiant peace. And the question rose in my heart, as it had so many times already: *if* he be alive, on what landscape do his eyes now rest? *Where* can he be? Would *I* ever see him Again I envied all those who had once sat with him before this vision of beauty. And again I put myself the practical question: “What can *I* do, *now*, for him and for Germany, apart from writing books?”

“Continue thinking day and night of revenge and resurrection, as you have these last eight years replied my innermost Self. “Thought is also something real, something positive, in the realm of the Invisible. And the realm of the Invisible governs this visible world.”

I was sitting alone at the foot of a pine tree, quite near the border of the lake. For a long time, I watched the ripples on the surface of the water. Then, I threw a pebble into the lake, and followed the transmission of the movement it had stirred, in broader and broader concentric circles, endlessly . . . It is said that the spreading vibration does not stop at the limits of the water that has transmitted it, but prolongs itself, indefinitely, throughout the earth.

“And such are also — probably — the magnetic waves that the power of thought sets in motion in the realm of the Invisible,” reflected I. “Nothing can hold them back. And who can tell what amount of energy they represent when relentlessly produced day after day, hour after hour, for years and years, be it by a lonely, powerless individual like myself? Completely out of the clumsy individual's control, but faithful to the impersonal Purpose of the indefatigable Will that sent them

forth — the individual will, no doubt, but also the collective Will behind it — on and on they go, through limitless space, preparing, maybe at the other end of the earth, that which will, sooner or later, bring about the materialisation of the one Purpose; making the lonely, powerless, clumsy, but conscious and sincere individual *personally responsible* for that materialisation and for every happening that leads to it . . .”

I was raised above myself at this glorious feeling of responsibility.

It was anything but the first time that this idea had come into my head. All through my life, even as a child, I had felt myself personally responsible — and *wished to be* personally responsible — not only for everything which I had (with or without success) tried to do, but also for everything which I had *wanted*; he it for events that were, as such, entirely out of my reach. And I had, later on, proclaimed as loud as I could that I held myself morally responsible for anything that had been, that was, or that would one day be done for the triumph of National Socialism; in particular, for anything that was done in the name of the Third Reich. But seldom had I been so acutely, so tangibly aware of the truth of this statement, as I now was. Now, I watched the concentric circles upon the shining surface of the lake, rising and sinking at calculable distances from one another, further and further away from the common centre where my pebble had disappeared into the depth. And I *knew* that similar waves of unseen magnetic power linked me — and every one of us, who embodies our one-pointed collective Will — to every present and future development which contributes, directly or indirectly, to the triumph of our truth. The waves of burning indignation that I had sent out seven years before, during the dismal Nuremberg Trial, against the four Allies, were *now* in Egypt, in Kenya, in Persia, in Korea, in Indo-China, all over the world, working to bring about *der Tag der Rache* — the Day of Revenge — the downfall of our persecutors.

There is nothing sweeter than to feel oneself personally responsible for the destruction of those who hate all one loves; nothing more elating than the knowledge: “I, *I* shall crush them — and avenge my tortured comrades; *I*, powerless, insignificant as I may seem, shall at least contribute to that end through the uncontrollable working of patiently concentrated

and consciously directed thought! I, — or rather *we* — alone against the power of arms, against the power of money, against the power of lies! We . . . or rather He — the Lord of the unseen Forces, in harmony with Whose divine Will we think and act and live, already preparing in the realm of the Invisible our second Seizure of power on the visible plane . . . !”

Oh, to feel *that*; to know *that*!

Our opponents, Democrats and Communists, can, of course, also produce thought-waves. But the Democrats at least are, in that respect, no match for us, reflected I. They drink Coca-Cola, and dance to the sound of jazz bands, and have love affairs, and worry about their psychological “problems,” while we send out, relentlessly, into impalpable aether, the irresistible magnetic currents that steadily undermine the whole structure of their silly world, opening the way for the future Brown Battalions.

And I sat, with my spine erect, upon the mossy ground, gazed for a long time at the dazzling white peaks that dominated the scenery at the other end of the lake, and then shut my eyes, cutting myself off from all things visible. And while inhaling and exhaling the fragrant air of the woods, I pinned my mind unto the inner vision of the Cosmic Dance at the back of which stand the everlasting laws of being — our hope; our victory, whatever may happen. And I imagined the glorious Figure through which India has expressed the idea of that Play of forces without end: Shiva, Lord of the Dance, Lord of Life and Death, serene, and merciless, surrounded with flames — the supreme, non-human, immanent Godhead Which we all worship, without knowing it, we, heathen Aryans of the West.

And at the back of Him, filling the immensity of limitless Space, I imagined — I *saw*, with the inner eye, — the resplendent Wheel of the Sun; our Sign, older than the world; our eternal Swastika.

And I was filled with ecstatic joy at the feeling that *we are eternal*, and that nothing can destroy us.

It was late when I walked back to Berchtesgaden.

Chapter 4

MUNICH

23 April 1953

Seated in a corner of the railway carriage, by the open window, I breathed the early morning air with delight and admired the scenery, refusing deliberately to think of the inconvenience that I should perhaps have to face at Freilassing. That inconvenience consisted in being compelled to wait an hour and a half for the next train to Munich, in the case I should not have time to collect my heavy suitcase at the cloakroom within the mere eight minutes this “through train,” in which I was travelling, was to halt at the junction station. “Why had I at all left the suitcase there, to avoid the trouble of dragging it with me to Berchtesgaden?” I wondered.

But to bother my head beforehand would not solve the coming difficulty. So I brushed the thought aside. I had rolled along this same track three days before, on my way to Berchtesgaden, but at 10 p.m., or so. So it was the first time that I was seeing the scenery. And it was too beautiful for me to miss a single glimpse of it: woods, and still more woods; then, suddenly, a stretch of gleaming water full of the upside-down reflection of bordering trees, bright, yellowish-green in the sunshine, and of steep dark slopes, at the top of which emerged, now and then, an impressive spur of rock; and, always, always, — above all that, far away — the resplendent outline of snowy ranges against the pure sky: the same Bavarian Alps, of which I had been admiring the splendour from the moment I had opened my eyes in Berchtesgaden; the same, but seen from an ever greater distance.

Freilassing — an abrupt return to practical reality. This time, I brushed aside every thought save that of my suitcase. Eight minutes’ time only! I had to make haste if I wished to catch the *same* train. I had explained my trouble to a tall, handsome, sympathetic young man who had helped me to step

out of the train with the luggage I had with me: a smaller suitcase and a travelling bag, which I could not leave in the railway carriage, as I was not at all sure that I would have time to come back. The young man accompanied me to the cloakroom, carrying half the things for me — thus enabling me to walk faster

The train had halted on platform 3 — as far as possible from the cloakroom. “It would!” thought I in a flash, inwardly acknowledging my bad luck. This meant that I should have to take the underground passage — to go down a flight of steps and then up another one; and then, down again and up once more with my suitcase weighing thirty kilos. And no porter anywhere to be seen! It was clear that I would miss this train and have to wait an hour and a half. Still . . . What could be done?

We reached the cloakroom. I produced my receipt, paid, took my suitcase. But I could not possibly carry it myself *and* be back to my train in time. The young man took it in one hand; held my travelling bag in the other: “Follow me as fast as you can!” cried he, as he walked down the steps, back into the underground passage through which we had come. “You have three minutes more; still time!”

I trotted along as fast as I could at his side. We reached the train within a minute. The young man pushed my things in, helped me to lift my heavy suitcase and place it in the net above my seat. “I *do* thank you!” exclaimed I, overwhelmed at the idea of all the trouble that he had taken for my sake. “It was most kind of you. I *do* thank you!” But it was not only that the man had spared me the inconvenience of waiting for the next train. What really touched me in him was that spontaneous will to help me. He was about thirty. “Twenty-two at the time of the Capitulation,” thought I; “ten, in 1933.” Which meant that he had been brought up in our principles. I was practically sure that he was one of us. (I had met only *one* German of that generation, who was not.) But he did not know me. He had not spoken to me in the train. He could not guess who I was. And yet . . . I felt sure that there existed in him some subconscious certitude concerning me. His subtle self knew who I was, if his conscious self did not. And he probably expressed the certitude of

his subtle self by finding me “extremely sympathetic” (or something of the kind) without knowing why.

In my eyes, he was Germany — Adolf Hitler’s people — responding to my love. And to the extent this was possible, I could not help telling him so.

“Do you know,” said I, leaning out of the window while he stood on the platform; “that I have never been shown such friendly attention — such affection, I can say: the word is not too strong — on the part of *any* people, as I have here in Germany? It looks as though they feel how much I love and admire them. And you have, once more, strengthened in me that impression.”

“Yes,” replied the young man; “you are right: I have felt . . .”

But the train had started, and I shall never know what he was going to say.

* * *

I sat down, and one single thought, one immense expectation filled my consciousness: “I am now really going to Munich, the birthplace of National Socialism.” The mere name of the town had upon my imagination a magical effect. Letting my head rest against the back of the seat, I shut my eyes and thought of the early days of the Struggle, and for the millionth time deplored the fact that I had come to Germany so late, while the oldest, strongest and deepest aspirations of my life should have drawn me there directly, even long before 1933.

We were nearing the hallowed city. Soon I read in large letters, on the side of the railway, the indication of the coming station: München. And tears welled up to my eyes. I recalled the words of one of the oldest and most beautiful songs of the early days of the Struggle for power: the song in honour of the sixteen first Martyrs of National Socialism:

*“In München sind viele gefallen;
In München war’n viele dabei . . .”*

I also remembered Adolf Hitler’s enthusiastic praise of the predestined town: “A German city; what a difference with Vienna!”¹ . . . “What drew me to it more than anything else

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 138.

was that wonderful blending of primitive vital energy and of refined artistic disposition.”¹

I got out of the train, went and left my luggage at the cloakroom, as usual, and wandered for a while in the newly rebuilt station. I remembered the railway stations with gaping walls and no roofs that I had seen five years before all over Germany, and I was elated at the sight of the contrast. And as I had not yet had anything to eat or drink, I sat at a table before the Refreshment room, and ordered a cup of coffee and a bun.

A man came and sat opposite me. I did not much like the look of him. He had none of the external traits that usually induce me to feel that a person is (or at least *might be*) one of us. But I told myself that he was, anyhow, a German. And I was romantic enough to hope that the first German who spoke to me in Munich could hardly be anything else but a sympathiser of National Socialism when not a fanatical supporter of it. But fate is sometimes bitterly ironical.

The fellow, who turned out to be anything but an embodiment of what I call a worthy German, had very definite views about foreigners. And he held, in particular, that a foreigner — and specially a citizen of one of those countries that fought on the side of, the Allies during this stupid war — is necessarily — *must* necessarily be — an Anti-Nazi, and consequently a person full of tenderness towards all “victims of National Socialism.” No sooner had I answered his first question and told him that I had come from Athens and that I was Greek, he imagined he had discovered someone who would not fail to admire him. “You know,” said he, utterly pleased with himself; “I have been interned in a concentration camp . . .”

I despised him. “Another of those confounded ‘victims of the Nazi régime,’” thought I. “And one who, on the top of that, has the impudence of imagining that he is going to stir my sympathy. Whom does he take me for?” But I refrained from letting him notice any sign of my reaction.

“Is it so?” said I, politely. “And in which camp were you?”

“In Dachau. You must have heard of Dachau, surely?”

“Heard of Dachau? I should think so!”

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 139.

And I could not have been more sincere than in this exclamation. I had indeed heard of the horrors that took place there: of the unbelievable tortures inflicted upon S.S. men by Jews in American uniform (and by degenerate Aryans, worse than Jews) in 1945, 1946, 1947 — *after* the all-too-famous camp had been taken over by the defenders of humanity in their “crusade to Europe.”

But the stupid ass took my exclamation for an unmistakable mark of sympathy. “Well, I have been there three years,” declared he, more pleased with himself than ever.

I could not help smiling. Then, I put him a most unexpected question: “Were you there before 1945, or *after*?”

The man looked at me as though he could not understand what I implied. “Before 1945, naturally,” said he.

“And what were you there for?” if it be not too indiscreet to ask you,” pursued I biting, in an icy-cold voice, with a sarcastic smile. “Was it, like so many other internees, for having transgressed against Article 175 of the German penal Code? Or was it for something even worse: for having worked against the National Socialist régime, for example?” (“Violation of Article 175 of the Penal Code” was an euphemistic way of referring to homosexuality — already bad enough, specially in our eyes.)

The “victim of National Socialism” was too abruptly taken aback to speak. I thought he was going to get up and walk away, disgusted by the brutality of my questions. But he did not. He answered me — after a few seconds.

“Oh, for nothing of all that, and surely for nothing connected with politics!” exclaimed he. “Don’t think I was an enemy of the Party, although I never belonged to it. I never was a member of any party . . .”

Now that he had become aware of the enormity of his blunder, he was trying his best to justify himself — at least, to lessen his culpability in my eyes — as though we still were in power, or as though he were sure that we would soon again be. “A good sign!” reflected I. But the man resumed his apology “I had merely punched the mayor’s face, in the course of a discussion, in our village. It was to teach him a lesson, for he had spoken haughtily to me. But he happened to be a Party member while I was not; that is why I was so severely punished.”

“Under any régime one is severely punished, if one assaults representatives of the established authority with one’s fists,” remarked I bluntly. And I got up.

“Another time,” added I, “you should not be in such a hurry to tell your adventures to the first person you meet, be he (or she) a foreigner. Now, of course, it is of little import. But you can never know what consequences it *might* have for you in the future.”

And I went my way, leaving the bewildered man to his thoughts.

I walked out of the station and, turning to my left, — as though some instinct had told me that this was the direction in which I should seek all that I had come to see in Munich — I followed the street. Munich has, during this war, suffered from Allied bombing as much as any German town. The station has been rebuilt, admittedly; and so have also many houses, bearing tangible witness to the peoples will to live. But there are still immense empty spaces to be seen — like gaping wounds — amidst the standing buildings, old and new; whole localities that have not yet come back to life. And there are ruined spaces over which have been built nothing but shops (and an occasional cinema) — no houses . . . I thought of the millions of uprooted Germans who, eight years after the end of the war, are still packed in “temporary” refugee camps or in no less precarious wooden lodgings. More of them are pouring in every day from the Russian Zone, one is told. And I thought of all the money that has been extorted from poor bleeding Germany during these eight years, and spent — wasted — on different useless luxuries for the benefit of the detested Occupants, or on shameful “compensations” granted to Israel as a State, to individual Jews, and to the traitors of Aryan blood, voluntary slaves of Jewry, “victims of National Socialism!”

I recalled a fairly large sign board that I had once noticed against a certain wall in Baden-Baden — somewhere on that avenue leading to what is now the French *Gendarmerie* —: “Office for Relief to the Victims of National Socialism.” With what delight had I, upon a foggy night of January 1949, at 2:30 a.m., stuck up one of my posters in the middle of that sign-board, and then walked past the place three or four times to

enjoy the defiance effect produced by the impressive black Swastika (that occupied one third of the surface of the poster) under the mendacious words: Victims of National Socialism!

I knew who those self-styled “victims” were: fellows of the type of that one whom I had just now met at the station, and worse. *All* the downright criminal elements among the women who, in 1949, composed the bulk of the non-political prisoners in Werl, had spent more or less time in concentration camps under our régime. I now remembered one of these who had remained four years in one for having killed a pig in a cruel manner — and in a flash, I compared that righteous verdict with that of the English tribunal which had, in 1950 or 1951, sentenced a man to a mere month’s imprisonment for having thrown a live cat into a burning oven. And once more I glorified our New Order. Many women who, under the Nazi régime, had been condemned to life-long internment for such crimes as abortion, complicity in murder of infants, etc, were afterwards set free by the champions of the “rights of man” and . . . had begun again. One, — a Czech, whom I had met in Werl, — had been *nineteen times* sentenced for theft and for abortive practices, by democratic judges, *after* we “monsters” had lost all power! And what is true of the women is no less true of the men. Such people were now given pensions; were paid for being criminals, “victims of National Socialism,” thought I bitterly, as I walked on, not having found yet, on the right side of the street at least, a single old building standing, nor a single new *residential* house, but only shops and still more shops, many of them luxurious. And I wondered how many of those shops were finally owned by Jews — Jews who had had them built and equipped with German money, here, upon this martyred earth, in the place of the German homes that *their* bombs, *their* war, *their* hatred of the predestined Aryan Nation, had destroyed!

Oh, until when would last this rule of Mammon, — of the Money Power, — which we came to crush? Until when would Germany be forced to pay those who are responsible for this war and for the disaster of 1945: the Jews of Palestine, the Jews of Europe, the Jews of the whole world, and their friends, — the German traitors and the foreign Occupants?

* * *

I walked straight on to *Marienplatz*, where I was glad to see that at least one side of the square had been spared by the Allied bombs. I wanted to see “the famous *Feldherrenhalle*, the building before which the Sixteen were shot on the 9th of November 1923; and someone had told me that I should first go to *Marienplatz*, and there, ask. But whom to ask? Obviously any “tourist” can wish to see the *Feldherrenhalle*, a historical building. Yet, it seemed to me as though every person would at once guess why *I* wanted to see it, and put me embarrassing questions. And I was determined to avoid questions, now, after my first conversation in Munich, at the railway-station. A young man who, at first sight, struck me as sympathetic, was standing before a shop. I asked him.

“The *Feldherrenhalle*? That is quite near,” said he. “Come with us; we are going in that direction; we shall show you.”

As he had finished his sentence, two other youngsters — for whom he had apparently been waiting stepped out of the shop and joined him. I now understood the meaning of “us,” and followed the three men. I followed then, without saying a word. I did not particularly like the two newcomers: and as I had a further look at him, one of them even struck me as possibly Jewish. It seemed strange to me to be walking to wards the *Feldherrenhalle* in his company. In a flash, I recalled the early Struggle, the sacrifice of the sixteen first blood-witnesses, and then, the clays of triumph, the years of power . . . What must have been the atmosphere of Munich, — cradle of the Hitler faith — *then?*, thought I. Oh, why had I not come *then?* Now, the man I had met at the station and this fellow, here, whose ears (in this connection, far more significant a feature than the nose, whatever most people might think) were placed too high, were the people one came across. The others? Those who had made the great days? Dead; or rotting in Landsberg and other prisons; or leading, as inconspicuously as possible, an eventless, when not hopeless, day-to-day life; faithful, no doubt; as ardently attached to Adolf Hitler as ever — *more* ardently than ever, perhaps, after their direct experience of Democracy, — but powerless and silent. I felt depressed.

But the three young men soon parted from me. “Now, it

is easy for you to find your way,” said the one to whom I had first spoken; “follow this street, straight on, till you come to a square. As you enter the Square — Odeonsplatz — the building on your right is the *Residenz*, the building on your left, the *Feldherrenhalle*. You cannot miss it.”

Indeed I could not. For after I had walked two or three minutes, there it stood, only a few yards away from me, facing, the square, with its three arches (that I had seen on pictures), its bronze group of victory, its two statues, — one on the right, one on the left of the allegorical group — its inscriptions upon two bronze tablets against the wall, and its two stone lions, one on each side, at the top of the flight of steps leading up to the statues and to the victory group. I walked up the steps, read the names of the warlords whom the statues represent: the famous Tilly, and Prince Karl Wrede, Fieldmarshal of Bavaria. I read the inscriptions upon the bronze tablets “During the victorious war 1870–1871, 134,744 Bavarians fought for Germany. Of these, 3,825 were slain upon the battlefield. The Bavarian generals were Ludwig Freiherr von und zu der Tann Rathgarnhausen, and General Jakob Ritter von Hartmann”; and, on the other side: “During the World War 1914–1918, 1,400,000 Bavarians fought for Germany, and 200,000 of them were slain upon the battlefield. Fieldmarshal Crownprince Rupprecht of Bavaria, General Fieldmarshal prince Leopold V of Bavaria, and General Oberst Fieldmarshal Count von Bothmer were in command.”

I was happy to read those words, everlasting testimony to Bavaria’s loyalty to the German Reich. But I had especially come to be silent upon the spot where the Sixteen had died for all that the German Reich means to *me*; to think of them; to think of *him*, full of whose burning faith they had died. I wanted to know *where*, exactly, the tragedy of the 9th of November had taken place.

It was not so easy to ask *that* as it had been to ask where stood the *Feldherrenhalle*: foreign travellers who are nothing more than tourists are not generally interested in such recent history. To them, the “*Putsch*” in Munich — our Führer’s first attempt to seize power in 1923 — and the repression on the part of the so-called German Government of the time, are just episodes of the inner political life of a foreign country.

I stood before the building, seeking among the passersby a sympathetic face — someone of whom I could feel that “he *might be* one of us.” I soon spotted one out. There are plenty of them in Munich after all, — even now.

“Excuse me, if you please . . . May I ask you a question? I hope you will not mind . . .” began I, still a little hesitatingly. “I have come from abroad, and I would like to know . . .”

The man, — a tall, handsome blond of about thirty-five — stopped and considered me with curiosity. “Of course I am glad to help you if I can,” said he most courteously. “What is it?”

“I would like to know . . . where exactly did the Sixteen fall, on the 9th of November 1923. ‘*Vor der Feldherrenhalle*’ says the old song . . . Was it actually there, in the midst of the square?”

The young man’s face suddenly brightened. But he did not at once allow himself to believe that which, in his subconscious mind, he already *knew* to be true, concerning me. He looked at me earnestly and instead of answering my question, questioned me. “You have come from abroad to ask me *that!*” exclaimed he, as though it were something hardly conceivable. “May I know why you are at all interested in the fate of the Sixteen? Is it just . . . from a historical point of view?”

“It is because I look upon them as the first martyrs of my faith,” replied I simply. “They died for Germany to become once more free and powerful. Thereby, they died *also* for my Aryan ideals, which Germany has embodied from the dawn of history onwards — unconsciously or half-consciously, for centuries; in full awareness, since Adolf Hitler’s message . . . I have come from abroad to pay homage to them; to think of them in religious reverence, on the spot.”

The young man gazed at me more earnestly than ever, stretched out ‘his hand to me, in the gesture of comradeship, and said: “Come, I shall show you. You have the right to know . . .”

He took me round the corner and showed me the wall of the *Feldherrenhalle* facing the *Residenz* building. “It was there,” said he, “in this street, before this wall. In the great days, there was there a commemorative board with an inscription

reminding us of the heroes' sacrifice. Look: you can see the mark of it."

He showed me, between the, blocks of stone, bits of iron that had once sustained the commemorative board. "And a Guard used to keep watch here, day and night, like before the sarcophagi of the Sixteen, on *Adolf Hitler Platz*," added he. "S.S. men were permanently stationed in that building, part of the *Residenz*, now being reconstructed, on the other side of the street. But *these people* have taken down the board with the sixteen Names and smashed it to bits, naturally. They have destroyed everything that reminds us of our Struggle and of our martyrs. Never mind! We remember, nevertheless!"

"We do!" exclaimed I. "We shall never forget those first blood-witnesses, nor the others — the more recent ones. Never forget, and never forgive!" stressed I. And as I uttered those words, I remembered my beloved comrade Hertha Ehlert: those words had been my last message to her, before I had left Werl, over three years before. I had been three years free. But she was still there, as far as I knew; still behind bars, while I stood here in the sunshine, in the broad, busy street . . . I felt small before her; small before all those who suffered; before all those who died for our ideals.

I remained silent at the side of the faithful young German who could not have been more than four or five years old in November 1923. Looking straight before me, I thought of the Sixteen.

I recalled their names: Alfarth, Bauriedl, Casella, Ehrlich, Faust, Hechenberger, Körner, Kuhn, Laforce, Neubauer, Pape, Pfordten, Rickmers, Streubner-Richter, Stransky and Wolf. I knew them by heart. For years, on those great anniversaries that remind us of heroism and sacrifice for the love of our Führer, I had, with reverence, repeated those names within my mind. They were, — they are, like those of our other martyrs, — sacred names to me. And I pictured to myself the scene that had taken place on that 9th of November 1923 at 12:30 p.m. I imagined the Sixteen (and along with them, the wounded, among whom was Hermann Göring) lying there in their blood, on that very footpath where I now stood, shot by order of so-called national authorities, because, in Adolf Hitler's

own words, they had “believed in the resurrection of their people.”¹

“Where had I been, then, at that tragic hour?” reflected I. I knew; I remembered; I had been then in Athens — eighteen years old (the two youngest among the Munich blood-witnesses, Karl Laforce and Klaus von Pape, were only nineteen). I was already full of the one same lofty dream for which I had always lived: the dream of a people of my race building *now*, in our times, a civilisation of iron, rooted in truth; a civilisation with all the virtues of the Ancient World, none of its weaknesses, *and* all the technical achievements of the modern age without modern hypocrisy, pettiness and moral squalor. Only I used to speak — *then* — of “Hellenism,” not yet of “Aryandom.” But the dream was the same. And then, just as now. I lived for that dream alone. And I was already beginning to realise for the first time, perhaps, (although I did not *want* to realise it) how few were the modern Greeks who understood “Hellenism” as I did.

I now recalled those days of *my* early snuggle against every aspect of what I then called “the West,” meaning Democratic capitalism dominant by Christian values. I had spent the whole afternoon of the 9th of November upon the Acropolis of Athens, seeking in the sight of the unparalleled ruins, of the aetherial landscape, and of the deep blue sky, the inspiration that would help me to surmount all bitterness. I was living not far from the Acropolis, and had gone up just after lunch. Yes, at 1:30 p.m. — i.e., when it had been 12:30 or so in Munich — I had most probably been there . . .

I had not known what was taking place in Munich. Still less had I suspected the *meaning* of it. But I clearly remembered that, on the next day, one had read in the papers about “unrest” in the capital of Bavaria, where “a certain Hitler” had tried to seize power, and where the “agitator,” who had already given much trouble to the Allies (and to Germany’s own Democratic government) had been arrested with thirteen of his followers, while sixteen had been killed by *Reichswehr* bullets during the “unrest.” The event had been variously commented upon at lunch time, in the boarding house — “International

¹ *Mein Kampf* (dedication).

Home,” 54 Leophoros Amalias — where I was then staying. And although I had been far from connecting the Leader who had (temporarily) failed, with my own dream of an out and out beautiful world of warriors and artists, I had exclaimed in a sincere outburst of sympathy for him: “I wish he *had* been lucky enough to seize power! — whoever he be. That would have taught ‘those swine’ a lesson!”

“May I know whom you call by such a name?” had asked the manageress, Mademoiselle Mauron, a sour Swiss old maid, thoroughly prejudiced in favour of everything French. She had been properly shocked at my vulgar language.

“You mean to say that you wish to know who ‘those swine’ are had I retorted, purposely stressing the objectionable word. “Why, the Allies, of course! I hate them ever since the French landed in Greece, during the war, after blaming the Germans for having marched through Belgium. And I wish they, or their agents, had not been able to lay hands on the German patriot. I wish he does, one day, succeed in tearing up their Versailles Treaty, that monstrosity, if any!”

“Will you please keep your opinions for yourself?” had replied the sour old maid.

“They are not ‘opinions,’ but unshakable convictions and deep-rooted feelings.”

That had been the very first time in my life that I had openly stuck up for Adolf Hitler, without (as I said) yet knowing that he embodied infinitely more than Germany’s will to rid herself of the Versailles Treaty, and surely without suspecting what a place he has to occupy in my life. I had stuck up for Germany during the First World War, — out of sheer indignation at the sight of the Allies’ vile hypocrisy. But this had been my first contact with real National Socialist Germany, six years or so before I had discovered that the Movement *also* aimed at the creation of a world such as I wanted it. I now recalled the whole scene, and for the millionth time I repeated to myself: “Oh, why did I not come *then* and join the Movement? Was I blind? Had I not yet been able to see that my struggle in Greece was a hopeless one? that individualism, the lure of Democracy, and belief in “human values,” were endemic diseases in the old classical land? Could I not have guessed the meaning of the new power that was rising against all I

hated, here, in those fearless men, under the inspiration of their fearless Leader?”

It is easy to say that, now. But how could one guess, *then*? With his extraordinary intuition of historical realities, Adolf Hitler was, doubtless already as early 1923, aware of the fact that the German cause and the cause of Aryandom were one and the same. Many passages in *Mein Kampf* go to prove it. But were even his closest followers aware of it? Did even the hallowed Sixteen themselves *know* for what a lofty Idea “exceeding Germany and exceeding our times” they gave up their lives, here, before that wall before which I now stood, in silence and reverence, in memory of them? They died for Adolf Hitler and for Germany, knowing that Adolf Hitler *was* Germany, and loving Germany because it was their fatherland. But they could not foresee what a significance Germany was soon to take on in the eyes of a racially conscious non-German Aryan élite, thanks to the spirit of Adolf Hitler’s revolution.

“They died for Germany,” said I, breaking the silence at last; “they *also* died, without realising it, perhaps, — for the liberation of the whole Aryan race from the Jewish joke under every form, foreshadowing Germany’s total sacrifice during and after the Second World War. *I am the outer Aryan race*, not as it stands *now*, poisoned by Jewish doctrines, but as it will one day be: wide-awake, conscious of its debt to Adolf Hitler and to Germany; I am Northern Europe, Italy, Greece, Aryan India, come to pay tribute to the Sixteen first Martyrs of National Socialism and to their people. Oh, I wish I could contribute to the resurrection of Germany as *they* wanted it: free; powerful; building, to the music of war songs, a new world in which the worthiest will rule . . . I wish I could contribute to the restoration of National Socialism . . .”

“But you are contributing to it!” said the young man, to my surprise.

“How?”

“By your mere presence here. And by the things you say with the unflinching accent of truth.” And he added: “Where did you come from?”

“From Athens.”

“From the capital of classical Antiquity!” exclaimed he.

“Is it an omen?”

“I hope so.”

Then, after a while, as we were leaving the place, he asked me: “Are there many people in Greece today who feel as you do?”

“To the degree I do, perhaps none. I, at least, do not know any,” replied I. And I added: “In the days of the Trojan War you might have found Hellenes with our outlook on life. But that was more than three thousand years ago. Since then, more and more instances of blood-mixture have slowly made possible the advent of such a levelling creed as Christianity. And Christianity has largely contributed to promote further blood-mixture. There are, of course, still number of real Hellenes. But few among them are sufficiently free of prejudice and sufficiently aware of the world outside Greece to behold our *Weltanschauung* in its real light.”

We walked side by side for a while. I then asked the young man to show me the way to the *Hofbräuhaus*, and after he had done so, we parted. We could not, at the corner of the street, before everybody, greet each other with our ritual salute and the words of faith: “Heil Hitler!” We merely shook hands. But I uttered a formula which *means*: “Heil Hitler!” to those of us who know. My new acquaintance repeated the formula with perfect spontaneousness. He knew, apparently. And he gave me a friendly smile as he walked away.

* * *

I reached the *Hofbräuhaus*. Before walking in, I halted for a moment, not in order to study the architectural effect of the facade with its picturesque old arches, but to imagine the people pouring in through the door leading upstairs, some thirty-three years before, — on the 24th of February 1920, at 7:30 p.m. — to hear Adolf Hitler lay out before them, in an immortal speech, the programme of the new Party.

“In February, at 7:30 p.m., it must have been dark, outdoors,” thought I; “dark, and cold.” But the great festive hall was brightly lighted, and warm. And even if it had not been, it would have made little difference. The people could think of nothing but of the immense hopes that this extraordinary

young man — Adolf Hitler — was to awaken in their hearts; they could feel nothing but the divine magnetism of his leadership. They poured in by hundreds — more than the great hall could contain.

I went upstairs — yes, up *those* stairs, up which “he” had walked, on that historic evening, to tell Germany and the world that, with him and his handful of uncompromising followers, a new era had begun. I stopped on the first landing, on which is the restaurant. Several people, who had walked upstairs behind me, stepped in. It was about twelve o’clock, and they were apparently going to have lunch. But I had no time for such trivialities *now*. All that the restaurant meant to me was that, on *that* evening, many of those who were present at the great meeting had probably had supper there, in order to go straight from there to the hall, before the bulk of the audience would arrive. Would any of the Führer’s earliest close followers also have had something to eat there? I wondered. Maybe, of course, I was mistaken; but my answer to that question was “no; probably not” — for most of Adolf Hitler’s early followers were, at the time, too poor to treat themselves to a meal in such a restaurant as this one. But I would nevertheless go and have a cup of coffee there, after I had seen the historic hall.

I went up another flight of steps and found myself on the second landing. I pushed open the glass door before me, turned to my left, opened another door and entered the place in which the Twenty-five Points of the Party Programme — the basic articles of the National Socialist creed — have been proclaimed; in which Germany was given the new faith, the new principles destined to raise her to the leadership of the Aryan world. The platform from which Adolf Hitler has spoken was at the opposite end of the great vaulted hall, right in front of me.

The hall was empty. All the chairs had been piled up in rows, near the walls. Several workmen were busy decorating the place in view of some festive occasion. They were fixing streamers of variously coloured paper to different spots all round the hall, and to the three bulky clusters of glittering glass and electric bulbs that hung from the ceiling. A frame of brightly painted cardboard ran along the top and sides of the platform and, right above it, a clown’s face grinned against a canary-yellow background, doubtless intended to add a touch

of gaiety to the whole scheme. In a corner was an enormous semi-spherical drum and all the sound-producing instruments of a jazz band. Copper wires intercepted the space between the workmen and myself. There were, from place to place, blue and red bulbs fixed onto them. A huge basket, full of paper flowers, was to be seen under a table, near the workmen.

I stood in the midst of the hall, deeply moved, feeling tears well up to my eyes. I could not help gazing at the platform. I saw the crude decorations, the cheap, gaudy cardboard, the streamers, the paper flowers, the electric wires with their red and blue bulbs, the jazz instruments and the grinning clown: the whole carnival paraphernalia. And yet, I saw nothing of all that. Lost in a nostalgic dream, my eyes looked beyond the vulgar colours and forms — beyond the vulgar world of today — to the glorious meeting held in this hall by my Führer, on the evening of the 24th February 1920. I saw *him* — and heard him — young, and full of ardent certitude, full of confidence in the future — thirty years old — with his voice that could be in turn harsh, ironical, bitter, witty, passionate, prophetic; a voice that drew crowds like a magical spell; with his compelling gestures; his inspired eyes. I heard him develop his theme with crystal-clear logic, and all the burning eloquence of love, hate and despair . . . and *yet* confidence, in spite of all; the confidence of love; also the confidence of youth. I saw him and heard him: the one Man who adored Germany as no one ever has, and whose love prompted him to re-invent, in order to save her, the everlasting Wisdom of the Aryans, and to express it in modern language.

And I saw the crowd gathered in this great festive hall, listening to his message of salvation. To those men and women, — to most of them, at least, — “salvation” meant “freedom and bread”; the immediate possibility for the German people to live; nothing more. But in the new Gospel of Germanic pride that Adolf Hitler proclaimed before them and before the world, on that memorable evening, were implied the principles of cosmic wisdom, outcome of his intuition of perennial, cosmic truth. In order to secure his beloved Germany “freedom and bread” — and honour — for all times, he brushed aside, in one sweeping sentence, two thousand years of untruth, and founded the new Aryan Order, based upon community of blood alone,

irrespective of personal metaphysics, in contrast to the decaying Christian order, based upon community of faith, irrespective of blood. He proclaimed a new — or rather a very old — morality; a morality of this world, centred around the value of blood purity and the duty of racial pride, in contrast to the Christian one, centred around the false idea of the equal dignity of all human “souls.”

The people listened to him — grateful, enthusiastic; won over to him who promised to rid them of the burden of the Versailles Treaty, and to give them “work and bread”; ready to follow him wherever he would lead them. And he was leading them not merely back to being a “great power,” but back to being *themselves*, — the Germans of all times; the proud Aryan Heathens who had, for centuries, defied all spiritual powers based upon human equality, all temporal powers founded upon force of money and force of lies. It mattered little whether they were, at that time, conscious of this or not.

I stood in the middle of the hall, my eyes intently fixed upon the platform from which our Führer had spoken, and I shuddered from top to toe at the awareness of the immensity of the meaning of his ultimatum: “Future, or ruin,” as mercilessly in keeping with fact, today, as it was thirty-three years ago. It mattered little that this ultimatum was, literally speaking, the subject of one of Adolf Hitler’s later speeches, and not that of the one he had delivered for the first time in this hall. His whole career was an untiring proclamation of that tragic dilemma to Germany and to the Aryan race at large. I recalled the unforgettable words. “Future or ruin,” thought I; “yes; either back to the eternal Aryan wisdom of our forefathers, to whom the holy Swastika, the Wheel of the Sun, was sacred, as it is to us National Socialists, or else . . . onward, — and downward, — to slow decay in a boring world, in which the scientific genius of the Aryan and his technical skill, and his sense of organisation, will increasingly be put to the service of petty personal pleasures and personal vices, for the greatest glory of Democracy, and the greatest profit of the international Jew, whose business it is to exploit the weaknesses of the higher races, nay, to create weaknesses in men of the higher races, whenever he can do so. Either back to Aryan wisdom or . . . downward to slow decay in a world in which the warlike virtues of the

best Aryans will increasingly be put to the service of Jewish interests . . . until false doctrines of individualism, “human rights,” and pacifism, coupled with large scale blood mixture, irretrievably destroy the race itself!”

I recalled Adolf Hitler’s words concerning the representatives of the privileged, creative Nordic race: “If they cease to be, the beauty of this earth will sink with them into the grave.”¹

“My beloved Führer, how right you are!” thought I. And remembering how England had, in the interest of the Jews, in whose hands she had given herself up, waged this criminal war on Germany, and remembering the intervention of the U.S.A., and Eisenhower’s “crusade to Europe,” I formulated once more within my heart the judgment that I had so many times expressed during and after the war: “Every Aryan who fights against National Socialist Germany is a traitor to his own race.”

Carefully stepping over the electric wires, I walked up to the platform, remained there for a while, absorbed in my thoughts, and then walked back to my former place. A man came in, holding a ladder. I waited till he had put it down, and then addressed him: “Could you please tell me what are all these preparations for?”

“For the First of May. There will be dancing here, on that occasion. Many people will come, including Americans . . .”

“Americans! . . . I understand,” said I. I had heard enough.

Once more I looked around me at the great festive hall as it was *now* — on the 23rd of April 1953. It struck me as a picture of the clownish world which *they* — our enemies — are trying to build upon the ruins of all we created and all we loved. Once, I knew, there had been, somewhere in this hall, a bronze tablet upon which was related the tremendous event that had taken place here on the 24th of February 1920: the birth of the National Socialist Party. That inscription had been removed, or more probably destroyed. Naturally! People were to forget the 24th of February 1920; they were to forget our Führer, to forget us — or rather, to be taught to hold us for a pack of “monsters”

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 316.

henceforth unable to do any further harm; they were to forget our record of sacrifice and glory, and to dance, to the noise of jazz, with ridiculous paper hats upon their heads and paper flowers in their buttonholes, here, in the very hall where our manly message of salvation had been proclaimed! They were to live and to earn money, and carry on their little amusements and little intrigues, as though Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich had never existed. I lifted my eyes and saw the grinning Clown, — the Symbol of the post-war West — above that platform where our Führer had spoken, and tears filled my eyes; and a bitter hatred filled my heart against that peace-loving, silly, “secure” world that the Democrats would like to establish with the help of a “de-Nazified” Germany. And one desperate yearning sprang from the depth of my being: “If we are not to rise and win and rule, then . . . may the Mongols set fire to all that!” (Forgive me, my millions of comrades, who suffered and died in Russia and far-away Siberia! But, between a world according to the bourgeois ideals of the “Crusaders to Europe” and death, I prefer death.)

Death . . . or, indeed, revenge and resurrection; there was, there is — there can be — no other alternative for us

I went and sat for half an hour in the restaurant, had a cup of coffee, came back, took a last glance at the historic hall. I remembered Adolf Hitler’s own impression of the great meeting: “As, after nearly four hours, the public began to leave the hall in a slow and compact crowd, I was aware that now, in the German people, had been laid the basis of a movement that would last. A fire had been lighted, out of the glow of which a Sword was to emerge, which would give back freedom to the Germanic Siegfried, and life to the German Nation. And, in the coming upheaval, I felt the presence of the Goddess of revenge that nothing can hold back, fighting with us to efface the act of treason of the 9th of November 1918. Thus the hall became gradually empty. And the Movement took its course.”¹

¹ “Als sich, nach fast vier Stunden, der Raum zu leeren begann und die Masse sich Kopf an Kopf wie ein langsamer Strom dem Ausgang zuwälzte, zuschob und zudrängte, da wusste ich, dass nun die Grundsätze einer Bewegung in das deutsche Volk hinauswanderten, die nicht mehr zum Vergessen zu bringen waren. Ein Feuer war entzündet, aus dessen Glut dereinst das Schwert kommen muss, das dem germanischen Siegfried die Freiheit, der deutschen Nation das Leben wiedergewinnen soll. Und neben der kommenden Erhebung, fühlte ich die Göttin der unerbittlichen Rache schreiten für die Meineidstat des 9. November 1918. So leerte sich langsam der Saal. Die Bewegung nahm ihren Lauf. (*Mein Kampf*, edit 1939, p. 406.)

I knew that, in spite of all, he was right; that the German people would never forget — *could* never forget, even after a greater disaster than that of 1918. I had so many times already felt the fire of the tremendous Awakening burn, as ardently as ever, within my comrades' hearts as well as in mine. No, we would not perish in the coming crash; our enemies would, with *both* their man-centred, equalitarian, international creeds of Jewish inspiration; we would rise for the second time upon their ruins. And the humiliation of 1945 would be avenged more thoroughly than that of 1918; not for a few brief years but for all times to come!

“May this be true — oh, may it not be just wishful thinking,” prayed I within my heart, as I left the hall and slowly walked downstairs. And at the same time I remembered that unseen Forces dominate and govern all things visible and tangible, and that the power of intense, one-pointed thought is one among those Forces.

* * *

An hour later, I stood in front of *Bürgerbräukeller*, the famous beer hall in which Adolf Hitler's followers used to gather in the early days; the place in which the unsuccessful *Putsch* of November 1923 was planned. I had walked in the direction of the tramway line until I had reached it, admiring on my way the beautiful foamy river Isar and the gardens near the bridge which I had crossed.

I recognised the well-known entrance that I had so many times seen in pictures. But the Swastika flags that had once proudly fluttered on either side of it were, naturally, no longer there. And above the door bitter, ironical words struck my sight — white against a dark background —: U.S.A. Service Club. The *Amis* had taken over the place for themselves.

The door was open. A passage stretched before me — a

passage at the end of which there was another door. But I did not at once go in. I walked into a fairly broad courtyard planted with trees, into which an iron gate, wide open, gave access. It must have been about half past one or two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was bright — and hot. The shade, pleasant. I walked up and down under the trees in spite of the notice “Loitering forbidden” that was stuck up at the gate. The building rose on my left: first, behind the main entrance on the street, a mere ground floor, which one accessed, from this side, through two doors; and then, above a flight of steps, a series of doors and windows, at a little distance behind which emerged a higher, yellow wall. One of the two first doors on the ground floor was shut. Over the other, that was half-open, one could read, in black letters on a background of light yellow paint, the words: Snack Bar; Service Club. Ultramodern motorcars bearing the words: U.S. Forces in Germany, were to be seen in a row nearby. Now and then an American would come out of the “Snack Bar,” get into a car and drive away. Another American would drive in from the street and, having added his car to the row, walk into the “Snack Bar.” None paid any attention to me. They probably thought I was waiting for one of them. But who cares what they thought? I continued loitering under the trees, in spite of the notice; looking at, what, on my left, seemed to be offices, or perhaps storerooms, and at the high — and obviously older — wall, behind these; at a tall chimney in the distance; and at the Americans in uniform, who came and went.

There is, in unfortunate post-war Germany, nothing which I detest as much as Occupation troops and Occupation officials of any description, unless it be . . . those Germans who have willingly contributed to the downfall of the National Socialist Order, and thereby to the inroad of such creatures into the country. But to see the creatures planted there, upon the very premises of *Bürgerbräukeller* as though they owned the place, is more than flesh and blood can stand. And yet, one is forced to see them, if one at all wishes to visit the historic spot. And even if one did not actually *see* them, one would still know that they are there — that they are everywhere. Until when . . . ?

The *putsch* of the 9th of November 1923 had been prepared somewhere here — somewhere behind those walls . . . My thoughts

rushed back to the *Feldherrenhalle*; to the wall facing the side street, that the young man had shown me in the morning telling me: “It was there that the Sixteen fell.” Had the Sixteen and, after them, our thousands, our millions of martyrs died for nothing? — for *that*? Had our beloved Führer lived and fought and suffered . . . for *that*? And was *that* — the presence of Americans and other varieties of “crusaders” for “humanity” (including Master Roosevelt’s and Master Churchill’s ex-“glorious Allies” the Russians) on Germany’s soil, and the strengthening of confounded Democracy (the strengthening of the Jew’s grip upon the world) — to *remain* the sole outcome of our whole grim and heroic struggle of these last thirty years? Oh, for how long — for how long more?

Just as I was thus thinking, a uniform-wearing specimen of that well-fed, brainless and cultureless humanity that the U.S.A. exports, passed quite close to me, looked at me with eyes in which there was nothing to read but abysmal boredom, and went its way, while its half-open mouth did not stop munching — chewing the cud . . . or its civilised equivalent: “chewing gum.” I suddenly recalled the funny definition that an English friend of mine had once given me of an American: “a mammal that cannot shut its mouth.” And I should have felt inclined to laugh had I been anywhere but in Germany, and nay within the courtyard of the historic beer hall in which the *Putsch* of November 1923 has been planned. But here, all my contempt for the individual uniform wearer as such was overshadowed by my consciousness of the riches and might of the Jew-ridden U.S.A. The ludicrous, blank-faced, chewing creature was nothing. A sheep in a flock. A gramophone in its box, repeating automatically, in private conversations, that which his whole silly education had conditioned him to think and to say. But behind him were those sinister forces which had worked out the programme and spirit of his education and dictated him the values which he was to hold as the right ones. Were *we* — the few, sincere, conscious, selfless National Socialists — in a position to crush those forces?

The fellow had long disappeared into the Snack Bar. I stood by a tree and thought of the formidable money-power of the U.S.A., of the mysterious and frightening kingship of the Dollar Exchange — the power to make any far-away country live

or starve — centralised neither in President Eisenhower, nor in the inhabitants of the U.S.A., nor in the American Army, composed of all races, but in the impersonal fraternity of the big banks. *That* power, what weapons have *we* to strike it to death? wondered I. And I answered my own question: detachment; absolute freedom from the usual ties of this world and from all seductions that money can offer; the freedom of such people as nothing and nobody can either buy or frighten; and, along with that, discipline; devotion to our Leader, visible or invisible, alive in the flesh or alive in spirit only; and the one-pointed, iron will of the believers who, periodically — every two or three thousand years — build new civilisations upon the rock of great new faiths: *these* are our weapons.

I gazed at the blue sky and imagined the map of Europe and the Atlantic Ocean, and the map of America beyond the Ocean. And — although I have never seen them — I tried to picture myself those great offices in which the fate of Europe in general and of Germany in particular is decided from a business standpoint, with businesslike mercilessness and exactitude.

Alone absolute detachment — sustained ascetic action, free from the lure of money and of all that money is able to procure — can match and beat that heartless and intelligent machinery, that far-sighted detachment (worthy of a better cause) which our enemies' unseen General Staff displays in order to acquire more and more power for the Jews "at the top."

I thought of the one-pointed will and dedicated day to day lives of the humblest among my comrades, and I decided that, in the scales of the Invisible, we still are the strongest; the ones who are, sooner or later, (provided our spirit never gives way) *bound to win*. The Jews and slaves of Jewry who, from their luxury offices far away, have now the power to reduce us to starvation, do not suspect the new Force, steadily rising against them, which we represent. But who ever suspects the direction that intangible factors are imposing upon history in one's own times? Save a few exceptional seers — and a few ardent believers, who happen to be right — all are blind to the vision even of an immediate future.

I thought of pre-Columbian America — a sheer "association of ideas," maybe, (one part of the vast double Continent reminding

me of another) or, perhaps, the intuition of some deeper historical parallelism; who can tell? I pictured to myself life in Tenochtitlan in February 1519: the people carrying on their traditional pursuits; the priests busy with their grim rites; the king and nobles absorbed in their usual preoccupations — their tribal wars with Tlascala — while the conquering Spaniards were already sailing across the Atlantic . . . Omens had spoken of the coming twilight of that civilisation of blood and gold which was that of the Aztecs and of their neighbours. But still . . . Who suspected it was to come so suddenly?

“We might not possess, now, over the present rulers of the West, that staggering technical superiority which the Spaniards had over the Aztecs in 1519,” reflected I; “but, as selfless fighters for the noblest goal, conscious of our mission, are we not still much higher above them, in the natural order of beings, than Cortes’ adventurers ever were above Montezuma’s people? The defenders of Tenochtitlan were at least warriors, if not soldiers (disciplined warriors). But these suckers of chewing-gum are neither. As for their masters, the big businessmen, . . . their money is their only weapon — useless against us.”

From a passage facing me — a passage between the houses that limited the courtyard — a motor-lorry was coming. It halted before one of the doors on my left. Three or four men, — German workmen, not Americans, — came out of it. Someone appeared at the door, that was flung wide open. And the men started unloading — dragging cumbrous cardboard boxes out of the lorry and shifting them into the room. I walked up to them and, picking out the one who seemed to me the most likely to be one of us, — the one whose face bore the most definite stamp of health and character — I asked him whether he could tell me which was “the great hall,” and whether I could visit it.

The man looked at me inquiringly so as to make sure that I was “in order,” and then (trusting, no doubt, his intuition, which told him that I was) replied: “You mean the hall in which we used to gather in the great days?”

“Yes,” said I.

“It is that hall, there,” answered he, pointing to the bulk of the building, above the row of new rooms along the flight of steps, near which the lorry had halted. “Unfortunately, you

cannot see it, now . . . And you would not recognise it if you could,” — added he, taking for granted that I had visited the place before the war, —: “the *Amis*, who rebuilt it after their bombs had smashed it, have turned it into a ping-pong room or something. But anyhow, they won’t let you in.”

I gazed at that wall painted in yellow, which I had noticed behind the new part of the building, and above its level, — a wall that looked like any wall in the world. But I now knew that, behind it, was *that* hall. And once more a shadow passed over me, and my heart sunk at the idea of all I had missed, of all I had lost by not coming to Germany in time. And the feeling of utter failure oppressed me. I thought of the solemn gatherings that used to take place in that hall, year after year, in the night of the 8th of November, and of the subsequent processions to the *Feldherrenhalle*, on the morning of the 9th: at the time at which those of 1923 had started on the fateful Day. The Führer himself used to lead those processions; and the old Party members who had stood by him in danger on that day, — the actual comrades of the Sixteen, — marched in honour at his side. I had never seen those processions, but I knew all about them. And I suddenly decided that I too would, today, walk back from here to the *Feldherrenhalle* in remembrance of the First Martyrs of the National Socialist cause, . . . and in the awareness of the second Struggle and of the second Seizure of power, never mind when.

I thanked the man, and after giving a last glance to the walls of the famous beer hall, left the courtyard.

As I came back to the main entrance of the desecrated building — the street entrance — I noticed an American standing there. The desire to see all I possibly could of the place, — even now, after its ruin — was stronger than my disgust at the sight of the occupant. I had never yet, in Germany, addressed a word to a man in Allied uniform, and had sincerely believed I never would. Yet I asked this one — myself astonished at what I was doing —: “May I go in?”

“Why not?” answered he.

I stepped in, without paying further attention to the usurper. A young woman was sitting at a desk, in a tiny room at the end of the passage, where another American was standing. On the left, a door led into a well-furnished hall. I addressed

the young woman in German. “Is it really not possible to see the great hall, — the historic one?” asked I.

She repeated to me what the workman in the courtyard had told me: the historic hall had become a place where the Americans played ping-pong; nobody could see it. “But you can see from these pictures what the hall and the whole building once looked like, and you can if you like read the notice concerning their history,” said she. And she pointed to three picture postcards and to a newspaper photograph, along with a typed notice, that were to be seen within a frame, under a glass covering, against the wall, in a corner. One of the postcards showed the entrance of *Bürgerbräukeller* as one could see it in the great days, — with a Swastika flag each side of it. Another, — also a coloured one —, showed the inside of the famous hall: the platform from which the Führer used to speak; the Flag hanging before it; the many tables at which the faithful used to sit; the balconies between the arches, with wooden railings, from which hung more flags. The third one — a black one — showed an unrecognisable heap of rubble, over which lay broken wooden beams and lumps of plaster: a picture of the hall after an Allied bomb had hit it in 1943 — a picture of Germany after the passage of the “Crusaders to Europe,” slaves and avengers of the Jews. “And yet,” thought I, “this was better — less humiliating — than becoming a ping-pong hall for the *Amis!*” *This* meant destruction. The ping-pong parties in the rebuilt hall meant conquest — worse than destruction, if it lasts long enough to defile a country’s blood and soul.

The typed writing stated that Bürgerbräu Keller was known to have been a beer house ever since the fourteenth century. It mentioned the meetings of the early National Socialists, the *Putsch* of 1923, the missed attempt against the Führer’s life in 1939, the destruction of the hall through a direct hit in 1943. Its comments on the putsch and on the criminal attempt were what one can expect in a place now in Allied hands. The photograph of a sly face, with neither courage nor conviction, had been stuck below the picture of the ruins. “And who is that?” asked I, turning to the girl at the desk, while the American stared at me, doubtless wondering why I was at all so profoundly interested in those pictures of what, to him, was nothing, particularly exciting.

“The man who attempted Hitler’s life, here, in 1939,” said the girl, answering my question.

I further considered the photograph, and then turned once more to her and to the American, and gave my opinion of the picture in a loud voice: “No wonder he looks like a criminal!” The two people gave me a strange glance, but made no comments. And after gazing, for a minute or two more, at the pictures of Bürgerbräu Keller in its splendour and in its ruin, I left the place.

* * *

I followed, in the opposite direction, the road along which I had come. It was this road, — reflected I — that they doubtless used to take, on the yearly commemorative marches to the *Feldherrenhalle*. I was also going back to the *Feldherrenhalle*, — like they, but alone, and in the midst of a dull, sheepish, bourgeois world that looked (on the surface at least) as though it had forgotten them.

The picture of the old hall in all its glory — of the old hall out of which Adolf Hitler had made (in the words of the short notice I had just read) “a shrine of the Nazi Party” — filled my consciousness as I walked on. And I left my mind wander back to those hard and splendid days, when men of great faith and of iron will, most of whom are now dead, sat there, round *him* of whom I have no means of knowing whether he is dead or alive; to the days when *he* — our Führer — was at the beginning of his astounding career. Comrades who have lived the whole history of National Socialism had more than once told me that those early days of the Struggle, those days in which, in the Führer’s own words, “one had all to lose and nothing to gain by joining our Movement,”¹ were indeed the grandest of all. *After* the Seizure of power — and already *before*: as soon as one could be practically sure that Adolf Hitler would soon be the absolute ruler of Germany — all sorts of people, National Socialists *and others*, came and joined the N.S.D.A.P. In the very early days, when the N.S.D.A.P. did not yet count as a political force, those alone who were prepared to give their all for the triumph of its ideals, walked under its banner.

Other words of our Führer came back to my memory: “I

¹ *Tisch Gespräche*, published after the war.

love those who supported us at the time we were weak.” It was in 1941, — at the height of his power, — that he had uttered those words. “. . . Those who supported us at the time we were weak,” thought I; “those who used to gather in this beer hall — a mere handful — immediately after the First World War, determined to rid Germany of the shameful Versailles Treaty and to give her back, under Adolf Hitler’s leadership, the place she deserves in the world; those who cared neither for money, nor “position,” nor “honours,” but solely for the higher interest of their people, which happens to be, also, the higher interest of Aryan mankind, i.e. the higher interest of Creation . . .”

How far away seemed, *now*, those ardent, inspired days! How far away! All was so quiet, so “normal” all round me, as though the Democratic order, re-installed by the victors of 1945, were to last forever; as though the glorious National Socialist revolution had been but an episode in the long history of Germany, a meaningless eccentricity in the history of the Aryan West; as though that Aryan West were definitively, irredeemably, won over to the Christian values and the silly Democratic way of life!

I recalled the judgement passed on Adolf Hitler’s Land at the time of the great Nuremberg Party Rally of 1933, by one of the very few French friends of National Socialism: Robert Brasillach: “This country is strange; more foreign to us than furthestmost India or China . . .”¹ Even he — the sympathiser, destined one day to die at the hands of his own people on account of his connection with National Socialism — even he, thought I, did not feel himself completely at ease under our régime, as *I* doubtless would have, — I who have hated the Christian values all my life. It was precisely *because* National Socialism is the glaring negation of those “values,” precisely *because* the new society built upon it contrasted so violently with that traditional Western civilisation soaked in Judaism — with that man-centred civilisation, which I had always detested — that *I* had loved it so passionately from the beginning. *Because of that; not in spite of that*, as was the case with so many foreign (and perhaps even German) followers of Adolf Hitler.

Now, all looked as though the “traditional values of the West” — the Judeo-Christian moral standards; the Judeo-Christian

¹ Robert Brasillach, *Les Sept Couleurs*, p. 114 and following.

way of life — had prevailed. It looked as though, according to the wish repeatedly expressed on the London wireless by pious parsons and Christ-loving commentators of the Nuremberg Trial, during those horrible months that had followed my return from India, Germany had now “come back to the community of Christian Europe,” from which a “monstrous régime of tyranny” had severed her for a few brief years. It all seemed as though our sacred cause were “a lost cause.” It seemed so . . . at least on the surface.

Yes; on the surface. But . . . , what *seems* to be the most firmly established is not necessarily so; and what *looks* lost is sometimes the very thing destined to triumph and to last. I had myself said in Obersalzberg, upon the ruins of the *Berghof*: Christianity looked like “a lost cause” in year 20 A.D. No doubt we *look* lost. And yet . . . How many people in Germany are simply longing for the return of a National Socialist régime without daring to say so openly? And — in spite of all the efforts of the churches no less than of the foreign-sponsored Federal Government — how many are daily losing faith in those false “values” which we came to destroy, and thus, indirectly, preparing themselves to receive our message? Communism itself — along with the Christian Churches, our greatest enemy — is helping us (indirectly) by undermining, in the minds and hearts of millions of young people, the belief in number of other-worldly superstitions that stand in our way . . . And who knows of the silent, unsuspected activities of responsible National Socialists now busy taking, in Germany and elsewhere, the fullest advantage of the ever-widening split in the enemy camp, for the greatest benefit of the apparently “lost” cause?

I remembered with love the people I had met in Linz and in Obersalzberg; the intelligent German workmen who had spoken to me in the train on my way to Braunau; the young man who had shown me, but a few hours before, the spot where the Sixteen had died. I remembered the comrades that I was soon to meet again in Koblenz, and further up, in Hanover, in Celle, and other places of that faithful *Niedersachsen*, which struck me as *the* German province in which I would like to live, if I could. Where these not all, *now*, what the fighters of the first phase of the struggle were, *then*, after the First World War? And even more so! For the fighters of the early Struggle

had had Adolf Hitler's material presence to sustain them, while these had nothing but their unshakable faith in him and in eternal Germany. Would not our Führer, if he were one day to return in glory, say of *them*: "I love those who stood by me when I was believed dead; those who supported the National Socialist cause when it seemed lost"?

And if we are never to see him, never to hear his voice again, — if he really be dead, as some say — then still . . . there is eternal Germany, even greater than he; there is the Swastika — cosmic Truth, integral Beauty; *his* Truth, more eternal even than Germany, — to be faithful to, and to strive for, without hope, without fear or desire, without any sort of weakness. "Seek not the fruits of action,"¹ thought I, recalling the Words of Aryan wisdom that had given me strength at the most tragic hour of defeat, and during the years of despair; "Without attachment, perform that action which is duty."² One of our latest blood-witnesses, the hero Otto Ohlendorf, is said to have declared to a foreign journalist, a few weeks before the Americans hanged him for having done his duty to the end: "Individual happiness and individual life do not count. All that matters is duty done."³ I remembered these words along with those of the Bhagavad-Gita, and marvelled at their similarity. And I felt that a cause served in such a spirit can never be lost.

* * *

After about half an hour's walk, I reached the *Feldherrenhalle*, and stood there once more, silent, full of the thought of the Sixteen.

The fallen soldiers of the victorious war of 1871, and those of the lost war of 1918, whose memory had been allowed to remain honoured even under present-day Democracy, appeared more vividly than ever, to me, as the forerunners of their brothers slain upon the battlefields of this war, in defence of the new Reich, or killed after the war, as so-called "war criminals" by the enemies of all that the new Reich stood for. All that

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 47.

² Bhagavad-Gita, III, Verse 19.

³ Reported in the French newspaper *Figaro*. Also, in *Samedi Soir* of the 3rd March 1951.

has, in course of history, contributed to exalt the feeling of the greatness of the German Reich and of its mission, has prepared the way for National Socialism. (The despair of a starving nation would not have carried Adolf Hitler to power, had it not been coupled with the consciousness of natural greatness, of God-ordained superiority.) And National Socialism has made the German Reich the leader of regenerate Aryandom in the West, for all times to come. And that is why *I* stood here, at the foot of these pillars, on the spot where the Sixteen had died, — I, the Aryan woman from far away.

I was not alone. Two young men had halted before the place where the commemorative tablet, bearing the names of the Sixteen, had once been. And I heard one say to the other “It was here. Can you see? There are still bits of iron in the wall . . . There was the tablet in honour of *them* . . . And it is here, in this side street, that *they* fell.”

“Yes,” said I, stepping into their conversation without even making excuses for being indiscreet. (I knew I could not be indiscreet in this connection.) “And *this* was the stone against which the tablet rested. I was here this morning. But I have come again to see it. I have come straight from *Bürgerbräukeller* — as the veterans of the Day used to, on every 9th of November. And I am not a German. I am the forerunner of the thousands of men and women of Aryan blood who, in centuries to come, will, like I, visit this spot as a sacred spot, and look upon this Land as holy Land.”

Both young men gazed at me in bewilderment, and then shook hands with me. Then, pointing to me, one of them said to the other: “I told you the National Socialist spirit is more alive than we dare to think. Now, was I not right?”

* * *

I walked to the Brown House (or rather, to the, place, where it once stood) admiring whatever I could of Munich on my way.

This *is* a beautiful city; certainly one of the loveliest I have seen. “A German town,” no doubt, as Adolf Hitler has written. But — thanks to that great artist, Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, of *all* German princes the one, perhaps, who understood and admired Hellenism the most genuinely, — the most Hellenic of all German towns, if one may use such a paradoxical

expression; the one that illustrates the most glaringly, through its own architecture, the fundamental identity of the Germanic and Hellenic conceptions of beauty.

I have seen many, — in fact, far too many, — modern buildings of “Greek style” in Europe and elsewhere. They are nearly all nothing but “imitations” and, *for that very reason*, bad imitations: buildings with Ionic or Corinthian columns, maybe, but surely buildings without any personality (let alone *that* one, which an ancient Greek artist would have given them). Here, in Munich, the colonnaded buildings around the magnificent great square — *Königsplatz*; formerly *Adolf Hitler Platz* — the *Glyptothek*, the *Pinakothek*, the monumental Gate on *Luisenstrasse*, are not mere “imitations.” They are not nameless and soulless international buildings trying to look Greek, but modern German buildings, essentially German — massive; well-inserted into their earthly surroundings; full of the healthy, *primaeval* strength of a nation that has never lost contact with the earth — who *happen* to have columns in the Greek style simply because the inspiration from which they proceed is deeply akin to that which once evolved Greek architecture.

And it is not only the buildings; it is the general planning of this whole part of the town in which they stand (and which, by a favour of the Gods, has not been quite so thoroughly ruined as some other localities); it is, nay, the atmosphere of the whole beautiful city, smiling in spite of its terrible wounds. Nowhere can one, as strongly as one does here in Munich, feel convinced that modern Germany harmoniously continues the cultural tradition of those Nordic men who, some four thousand years ago, migrated southwards, and produced in course of time, on the warm shores of the Mediterranean, that wonder of Western Antiquity: Hellenic civilisation. It is not the cerebral Hellenism of certain circles of French artists and scholars who *love* Greece; it is something deeper; it is the spontaneous and not necessarily so conscious, but more *real*, affinity of blood brothers separated by two and a half millenniums and more. And no one knew *that* — *felt* that — (with the exception of Friedrich Nietzsche) better than Adolf Hitler himself.

The Sun, although still well above the horizon, was not so hot when I finally reached *Karolinenplatz*.

I had been told that the Brown House was near the corner

of the street leading from *Königsplatz* into that square. I easily discovered the site of it. It was not possible to miss it: like the Site of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg, it bears the stamp of the relentless hatred that urged our persecutors to raze the building to the ground. It is not a “ruined site”; it is a blank site, upon which there is practically *nothing* left, save, perhaps, in one or two places, (and along the footpath that separates the site from the actual street) traces of foundation walls and, in one corner, the hardly recognisable remnants of a room below the ground level: a cellar or something.

A few steps further, practically looking over the wilfully devastated site, stands a former administrative building now requisitioned by the Americans. From every window of it, the “crusaders to Europe” — more and more bored after eight years of office life in this enslaved land — can see the work of destruction begun by their bombers and perfected by their docile satellites, the German Democrats. The words: U.S. Information Centre, that one can read vertically at the corner of the building, and, above the entrance, the stripes and stars of the American flag, remind every passerby that Germany has lost this war. “Oh, for how long?” thought I, with bitterness, as I saw the detested colours fluttering right before my eyes: “for how long more will all this last?”

I pictured to myself the Brown House as it had once stood on that very spot, now so utterly desolate, and, hanging from its windows, the folds of the German flag of the great Days, — of *that* flag that I had expected to salute, along with the advancing German Army, in the distant East, in 1942, as the emblem of victorious Aryandom: blood red, with the white Disk and the holy Sign of the Sun, black in the midst of it like an almighty Shadow (the Shadow of eternal Reality, projected upon our purified earth: the mystical meaning of our National Socialist World Order). And tears filled my eyes as I turned from that lost vision of power to the sight of the present-day desolation dominated by the flag of capitalistic Democracy.

Years before, I had once stood upon the terrace at the top of the Golden Rock of Trichinopoli, in South India, and admired, beyond the Cauvery River, the twenty-eight monumental Doorways — the *Gopurams* — of Srirangam, emerging from the tropical vegetation, in the four directions of space. Then, as I had

turned my head the other way, I had caught site of the enormous, ugly Jesuit College of Trichinopoli, seat of the Missions that are out to destroy the old Wisdom of the Aryans and the immemorial cults that express it, in all the temples of Brahminical India. And I had thought with rage — and also with the precise determination to *do* all I possibly could to continue my life-long struggle against the Christian Churches and their man-centred values — “They have come, the agents of Jewish power, to try to replace *that*, by *this*! I shall stand in their way, and fight them with tooth and claw to my last breath!”

I now experienced a feeling much akin to that one. And the same relentless aggressiveness with which I had beheld the Christian Missionaries’ Headquarters at the foot of Lord Shiva’s Abode and within sight of Srirangam, now made my eyes blaze as I looked at the American flag, here, in Germany; here in Munich; here, over the foundation ground of the Brown House! Oh, — thought I — to be able to tear it down and trample it in the mud, to the cheers of a stormy crowd, howling with joy at the sight! Oh, to be able to sit and see the U.S.A. ablaze, — be it as an item of the “news reel” in a cinema show, if I cannot expect; to be granted a seat in one of the bombers that will one day avenge Hamburg and Dresden a thousandfold, and to watch the actual flames and smoke!

“. . . The old starry banner, the banner of the free . . .” With bitter irony, I recalled the words of the American song as I kept my cursing glance pinned upon the Flag of Democracy. “Freedom indeed!” thought I. “In the name of ‘freedom,’ you conducted your crusade against us, National Socialists; isn’t it so? In the name of ‘freedom,’ you reviled all that we hold sacred, destroyed or disfigured all that we love. You sit and tell us, in the name of ‘freedom,’ in the name of ‘the rights of human conscience,’ that ‘any man’ is entitled to be what he *is*, and to give his allegiance to whomever he pleases *but* — in the same breath! — that *we* are not to be Nazis (not openly, at least), you most repulsive of all hypocrites; you bastards! Why on earth should we fight the next war on your side? For you to build — or urge your German friends; to build — a ‘Rothschild Foundation Research Laboratory’ or something of the kind, upon the site of the Brown House, and some ‘Home for the incurable’ upon the spot where Adolf Hitler’s *Berghof* once stood? For young Germans

to learn, at your orders, or under your influence, to hold the Nazi régime for a ‘monstrous tyranny,’ our Führer for ‘a criminal’ or ‘a megalomaniac,’ and our immortal S.S. for an ‘association of murderers’? No fear! What is there to choose between you and your ex-‘glorious Allies’ — those who sat at your side in Yalta, in Potsdam, in Nuremberg? Let them crush you, if nobody else now *can*! We shall at least enjoy the pleasure of seeing you being crushed! For we hate you! Even the Jesuits are not so bad as you. They have at least *an* ideal, *a* faith, however detestable a one it may be *to us*. You have nothing; nothing but money put to the service of the silliest of pastimes. Hateful as it is, the presence of the Jesuit College at the foot of the Golden Rock is not such a profanation as that of your Occupation forces and your dirty flag on *this* spot in particular, and in Germany as a whole!”

I kept on pacing the track that runs from one corner of the ground where the Brown House has stood, to the opposite one — the path traced by the footsteps of all those people who cannot be bothered to walk *around* the site, along the regular asphalt footpath. A man, who seemed about forty, was coming towards me. According to my little experience, practically all Germans between thirty and fifty are National Socialists at heart, unless they have, for some reason or other, got into trouble during the great days. And as people who got into trouble with the authorities are, after all, a very small minority, compared with the bulk of the German population, I decided that this man was *probably* on the right side. And I spoke to him, because I was longing to exteriorise my feelings, be it in a sentence.

“Excuse me,” said I, halting as soon as he had come sufficiently near to hear me; “this is the site on which the Brown House once stood, isn’t it?” (I knew perfectly well that it was, but I had to say *something*.)

“Yes, it is,” replied the man. And I caught in his limpid blue eyes a shadow of immeasurable sadness — a feeling he did not wish to show me nor anyone, and which he constantly kept under control.

“And ‘they’ have reduced it to *this*! — ‘they,’ the slaves of the Jews, the swine . . . — just as ‘they’ have destroyed even

the ruins of the *Berghof*, in Obersalzberg, which I saw on the day before yesterday,” commented I.

“Yes; ‘they,’ the traitors . . . ,” answered he. And he considered me with curiosity, convinced, no doubt, that I spoke sincerely, but wondering who I could be, to have the courage to do so.

“Every man or woman of Aryan blood who, for whatever good or bad reason, took position against National Socialism in action, speech or thought, is a traitor — a traitor to our common race — even if he or she be not a German,” declared I, repeating one of the statements which I have made a hundred thousand times. “But, of course, I admit that the German traitors are the worst, for they cannot even pretend to have had the excuse of ignorance.”

The man looked at me with increased interest. “Are *you* a German?” he asked me.

“No,” said I; “I am just one of the rare — very rare — faithful Aryans from the broad outer world, who acknowledge the leadership of Adolf Hitler’s people, and who are waiting with you for the Day of revenge — and resurrection.”

The man held out his hand to me, gazed at me with an inexpressible smile, and said, in a hardly audible voice: “In the name of all those of us who suffered, I thank you! And I am glad to meet you.” He did not ask me my nationality: it had no importance.

I lifted my hand a little — one could not possibly lift it higher, in such an open place — and whispered, with all the devotion of my heart: “Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” repeated he, also in a whisper, with tears in his eyes. And he went his way speedily.

Alone in the middle of the desert-like site, I looked up once more, with defiance, at the hostile colours fluttering in the wind, and at the many windows, behind every one of which I pictured to myself men in khaki uniform, active instruments of all we hate when not also convinced enemies of all we love. “All the money and all the might of the U.S.A. and of the organised Anti-Nazi world, cannot prevent two National Socialists from asserting their faith in the Führer and in his mission and in his people, here, upon this holy spot, under our persecutors’

noses!” thought I. “Sooner or later, we shall win. *Nothing can prevail against us.*”

And an immense elation — the awareness of irresistible power: the loveliest of all feelings — filled me. And as I slowly walked away, I imagined the Brown House rebuilt and Swastika flags hanging like draperies from its windows, and . . . myself, describing in one of its rooms, to a few of my beloved comrades (then, again in power), how happy I was “at the news of the unconditional surrender of the Democracies.”

And I renewed in my heart my daily prayer of these last eight years to the Lord of the unseen Forces — the daily expression of an untiring yearning for justice, that is in itself an unseen force — “Treat the victors of the Second World War as they have treated National Socialist Germany, and, if possible, a hundred thousand times worse! Avenge my comrades and superiors; and give us back the conquering joy and pride of the great Days!”

* * *

I then sought the remnants of the twin shrines which once contained the bronze sarcophagi of the Sixteen and of a few other heroes of the early National Socialist Movement. I had seen pictures of them: two colonnaded monuments, one each side of the road on the corner of the immense paved square, — *Adolf Hitler Platz*, now *Königsplatz*. And I remembered very distinctly the sarcophagi in a row under the open sky, (the shrines had no roof) and the Guard of honour that kept watch over them day and night, like on the spot by the *Feldherrenhalle*.

I walked back to *Königsplatz*, where I had already been wandering without noticing anything, then back in the direction of the Brown House, and back again. On either side of the street, at the corner of the square — between the street and the “U.S. Information Centre,” and, on the opposite side, between the street and other administrative buildings — *now*, was a space cut off from its surroundings by a high wooden fence. It took me some time to realise that the ruins of the two memorials were behind those fences that they could not possibly be anywhere else. Still, I thought it safer to ask a passerby whether

I was not mistaken. “No,” answered he; “you have guessed right: there once stood the twin shrines, open to the bright blue sky. Nothing is left of them save the massive foundation stones that you can see here and there, wherever a piece of wood is missing in the fences. The rest has been blown up.”

“Blown up by the Americans?” asked I.

“No; by order of the German Social Democrats, now in power in Bavaria. They also wanted to blow up the neighbouring buildings, because these had belonged to the Party; were remainders of . . . other times. But the *Amis* requisitioned them, thus saving them.”

“Why did they not save the twin shrines, while they were about it?”

“Because these were of no practical use to them, while the other buildings were,” replied the man.

“Do you believe these monuments will one day be rebuilt?” asked I. I was used to be bold.

And to my astonishment, the man replied, taking my boldness as a matter of course — apparently, feeling *sure* that he was speaking to a National Socialist like himself — “Yes; when *we* are once more in power. And we shall be, one day!”

“Oh, may you be right!” exclaimed I with conviction. The man went his way.

I walked all round the fences, peering between the planks, trying to see the, foundation stones of the shrines. In one place, a plank was actually missing, so that I did not merely *see* the great, regular stone blocks inside, but stretched out my hand and touched them. I touched them as Christian pilgrims, or Mohammedan pilgrims, or Hindu pilgrims, touch the stones of the tombs of their respective saints. The Sixteen, and all those who, since the now far-gone 9th of November 1923, gave up their lives for the Cause of the Swastika, are *our* saints, whose blood has endowed our earthly faith with the same grandeur of sacrifice as any of the otherworldly ones.

Near the corner of the ruined shrine on the other side of the street, — by the U.S. Information Centre — lay a fairly big, lonely block of stone. I climbed upon it, and tried to look over the fence, but could see nothing. A layer of cement had been laid over the foundations that had withstood the power of dynamite. I could barely see the square opening of the inner

court under the pillars of which the sarcophagi once lay. The steps that led to the building from outside were still to be seen; but the underground entrance was blocked. And I was now aware that tons of earth had been poured into the inner court of the other shrine: from my stone, I could well see the shrubs that were beginning to grow in it. The same quality of desolation as upon the ruins of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg; the same effort of our persecutors to efface every trace of our passage, every sign of our greatness; to make Germany and the world forget us.

But I remembered the words addressed to me only half an hour before by the unknown National Socialist who had had enough confidence in me to speak freely: . . . “when we are once more in power; . . . and we shall be, one day!” and I thought: “Germany will never forget.”

With the same devotion as I had those of the other twin shrine, I touched the stones beyond the fence, as far as I could reach them.

I then slowly walked back to the station wrapped up in my thoughts.

* * *

Willingly would I have remained another day or two in Munich, seen the *Feldherrenhalle* and *Hofbräuhaus* again; wandered along the splendid avenue and in the public gardens by the Isar; watched the foaming and boisterous river rush past at torrent speed under its broad, stately stone bridges; visited a few more places of interest — museums and churches, admittedly unconnected with the history of the National Socialist Movement, yet highly significant as features of that lovely town, in which the Movement has, one can say, taken birth in its final form.

But I thought of the long way I yet had to travel before I would reach a place where I would not be compelled to spend the night either in a hotel or at the “Station Mission” — or in the waiting room of the railway station. Decidedly, I had to be very careful; for even while living on bread and coffee, I could barely manage to make my money last as long as it had to. And I also had presents to buy for my comrades: I could not possibly be stingy in *that* connection! So I made up my

mind to remain the whole night in the waiting room and take the earliest morning train to Landsberg am Lech.

The earliest train to Landsberg was at 4:40 a.m. I booked my ticket, and went and sat at one of the tables in the “Third class waiting room,” which is at the same time a refreshment room. It was not hot enough to spend the night outdoors. Also, being *indoors*, I would avoid the sight of the Americans walking across the huge glass hall to and from *their* special waiting room, at the other end of the station. I was sick of seeing Americans, and wished I could never meet another one in my life . . . although I knew that I probably would meet many more, at Landsberg, on the very next day — alas!

I ordered the usual bun and coffee, and hoped that my bad luck would not, for the second time, inflict upon me the company of an ex-internee from Dachau (*before* 1945). But bad luck, — say those who seem to know — is unavoidable. It depends upon the positions of one’s stars at a certain time. And my stars were, apparently, on the evening of that day, 23 April 1953, as on the morning of the same, bent upon pushing me into contact with the most objectionable types.

I had hardly been sitting alone for an hour, when two fellows came and took place at my table — two skinny, dark-haired fellows, whose looks I did not like at all. One sat opposite me, the other on my left, between his companion and me. This latter one appeared to me even more non-Aryan than the former (if one can at all speak of degrees in such matters).

They talked for a long time, in a low voice, mysteriously. I pretended to be sipping coffee from the bottom of my cup (where there was, in fact, not a drop left) while in reality I listened with all my attention to what the men were saying. I listened in vain. I could not follow the conversation. I barely caught bits of it: Christian names, (meaningless to me) of people whom the two men knew, and of whom the one sitting near me was asking news; puzzling sentences such as “. . . he was there with us; do you remember?” or “that one who did not come back” or “the bad times are not over — anything but! You’ll see for yourself . . . But *I* am going to Vienna tomorrow . . . ; from there . . . !” But I could not catch a word of what they said after that. It sounded like some different language, with a German word here and there. “Yiddish?”

wondered I; “perhaps.” But I was not sure. At last, the man who was not going to Vienna got up and said to the other “Good luck to you! We shall meet again, anyhow . . .” To which the other one answered: “Surely!” The former one then went away. And a trying game soon began for me.

I felt that the man who remained — the one who was about to go to Vienna, — would talk to me. And so he did. But I felt at the same time that, whoever he may have been, he was not the harmless sort of fool that I had come across in the morning. Surely not harmless, and perhaps not a fool. And decidedly not a German. *He* would try to find out who I was before boasting of having been interned in a concentration camp, during our days of power — although I was practically convinced that he had been in one: he looked Jewish enough to deserve a priority place in such an institution! And the one thing that astonished me was that he had managed to come *out* of it.

He asked me the usual question: “Where are you going, if it he not too indiscreet to enquire?”

“To Landsberg.”

He did not seem to like the sound of the place. “Landsberg,” repeated he; “the place where the war criminals are?” I immediately understood that my only hope of safety in presence of this fellow lay in my capacity of impersonating the perfect imbecile. “Criminals?” said I. “I don’t know. I suppose there are criminals everywhere, just as there are honest people everywhere.”

The man showed signs of impatience. “I said *war* criminals,” emphasised he.

“War criminals??”

“Yes; don’t you understand what I say? Don’t you speak German?”

“I do, a little. I understand when you speak slowly and distinctly; but even then, there are many words I don’t know. I am a foreigner.”

“What nationality?”

“Greek.”

“Oh that’s good!” replied the man. “The Greeks fought well, during the war.”

“No,” said I, pretending not to understand. “During the war I was not in Greece.”

“I did not say you were. I said that the Greeks — your people — *fought well*; fought on our side, I mean. Do you understand me, now?”

“I cannot make out what you mean by ‘on our side’ . . . On what side were you?”

“I mean on the side of the Allies, against the Nazi monsters. I am a Pole . . .”

“A dirty Polish Yid,” thought I to myself. But the fellow did not give me time to think. “And what are you going to do in Landsberg?” asked he, carrying on his cross-examination.

“Going to see a cousin of mine who is married there,” answered I, lying blatantly.

“Married to a German!”

“Yes, yes; to a very good man. She met him in Greece during the war.”

“Hum, hum!”

The idea was obviously not the one I should have picked upon, had I wished to please the dubious “Pole.” But it would keep the conversation off politics. Or, at least, I imagined it would. But I was mistaken. At last the man put me a direct question: “You have heard about concentration camps, haven’t you?”

“No,” replied I, looking as innocent as I possibly could, while doing all that was in my power to keep my face straight.

The man was amazed — if not positively indignant.

“Don’t tell me you *never heard of* such places as Buchenwald, for instance!” exclaimed he. “I was in Buchenwald, during the war; I, and that comrade of mine whom you just saw talking to me. He, and his brother and I, and many of our relatives, some of which are famous, were among the toughest enemies of the Hitler tyranny. My friend’s brother died in Buchenwald, do you understand? If you have at all any humanity in you, you should remember our names, Olszewski and Scholl, heroes of the resistance against the Third Reich. Do you understand me?”

“Scholl,” reflected I; “Heinrich and Sophie Scholl, brother and sister, executed on the 22nd of February, 1943, for treachery

and sabotage of the German war effort. I have heard of *these*, of course: who hasn't? Anti-Nazi propaganda made enough fuss about them, at the time. I wonder what this fellow (whose friend is probably related to the pair) would say, if I were to tell him that the only reason why I remember the date of the execution with such accuracy is that it happens to be just a day before the thirteenth anniversary of Horst Wessel's death . . . ?" But I kept those thoughts within any mind, and continued playing the part of a very ignorant person.

"I understand that I should remember your names because you are important people, heroes of something, — but I could not exactly grasp of *what*. And I *shall* remember them, rest assured. As for Buchenwald, I have never been there. What kind of place is it? Far from here? Anything worth seeing in the way of scenery? And I would also like to ask you what is that thing against which you fought: 'the Third Reich'? I have never heard of it. Excuse me, if I am ill informed: but I was in India during the war . . ."

I was (in order to justify my abysmal ignorance) just about to say that I had lived in a *harem*. But I had no time to. The fellow abruptly got up, thoroughly disgusted with me. "How did you manage to travel such a lot, if you really are such a fool as you seem to be?" said he, after a short pause, controlling his anger.

"I travelled in the hope of becoming a little wiser," answered I with a smile. "But apparently, it was useless."

The Polish Jew gave me a vicious look, and walked away — at last!

I spent the rest of the night at that table. Several other people came and sat there one after the other, last of all a friendly couple who talked to me for a long time — good people, and good Germans, in fact; but too thoroughly poisoned by Christian influences to be, without reservations, on our side. It was about three o'clock when they went away. During my last hour in Munich, I was alone.

I shut my eyes, and tried to picture myself the atmosphere of this railway station in the glorious days; and the ever-recurring remorse again tormented me for not having come years before. And I longed and longed for the return of our régime

— never mind *how*; by means of what intrigues, of what temporary alliances, of what apparent concessions to hostile forces, which might be used, before they are finally crushed! I also longed to play a part, however small it be, in the working out of the coming revenge and of the coming resurrection — again, never mind *how* and *where*; “wherever I am to be, the most useful, and in that way, in which I am to be the most useful, thought I. I felt my destiny was but a detail within that tremendous Destiny which is preparing the irresistible triumph of Truth — the recognition of our beloved Führer by all Aryans; the establishment of the Greater Reich as *He* conceived it.

And a little before half past four, I went and sat in the practically empty train that was to take me to Landsberg am Lech.

Chapter 5

LANDSBERG AM LECH

24 April 1953

With strange emotion I read the name of the little town upon the station wall: Landsberg am Lech. And I stepped out of the train as I would have in a dream. “Landsberg, place of martyrdom — place of glory,” thought I. And tears welled up to my eyes at the recollection of all that the name means to us; of all the suffering and heroism it evokes, from the early days of the Führer’s captivity to the present hour when, behind the barred windows of the same dismal fortress in which he dreamed and planned — sure of his mission — and wrote the Book that inspires us, hundreds of his faithful disciples keep on, day after day, bearing witness to his greatness and to the truth he proclaimed.

It was cold, but the sky was pure. It was going to be a bright day.

I walked out of the quiet little station into a clean and quiet street such as one could have seen in *any* German provincial town a double row of peaceful houses with spotless blinds at their windows, and flowers upon many a windowsill; shops — all still closed, at such an early hour; — and an occasional *Gasthaus* and *Wirtschaft*, in which one would soon be able to have something hot to drink.

After a few steps, I turned to my left, into a street every bit similar to the first one. Right in front of me, a broad stone bridge over the river Lech prolonged the street. I halted a minute; looked at the bridge; looked at the steep wooded hill that rose on the other side of the river; at the old castle on the top of the hill. *I* would now see all that: cross the bridge walk up the hill; walk down again. *I* could. *I was free*. *I* could go wherever I pleased, unaccompanied; unwatched (or at least not obviously watched). But somewhere in this little town, so picturesque and so peaceful, several hundreds of men, all

better than I, — S.S. men; generals; *Gauleiters*; men who had fought and suffered for my high ideals, while I was still in Calcutta *speaking* of them; men who had victoriously stood the test of torture, to which I had never had the honour of being put — could not get out of their cells. *And they had been there eight years*, while I had remained in a cell less than eight months! I shuddered from top to toe as that simple fact, — that commonplace fact that *I* was free, — suddenly dawned upon me, in contrast to the awareness of *their* captivity. And I felt small. Small, and as humble as dust; ashamed of my right to see the sunlit world.

Half way across the bridge, I halted. Leaning over the parapet, I looked at the greenish-grey water that rushed from a different level, forming across a part of its bed a roaring waterfall one or two metres high. I looked, . . . but was all the time thinking of them. *They* could not see that natural dam, dividing the waters of the Lech into a moving mirror and a torrent of foam. *They* could see neither the lovely green trees upon the river banks nor the play of the Sun in the drops of spray and over the resplendent liquid surface. *They* were not free. And it was for the sake of *my* lifelong ideals, for the love of *my* aristocratic philosophy of life (for the love of the new German Reich which had, alone in the West, set up that philosophy as the cornerstone of its own existence as a State) that they had lost their freedom, while others — millions of others; millions of Germans — had lost their lives. For those Aryan ideals: *my ideals*. For the survival and rule of the Aryan race; their race *and mine also*. “Martyrs of our holy Cause, my loved ones, my superiors, how shall I ever be able to repay my debt of gratitude to you and to your people?” thought I.

* * *

I followed one of the winding roads that lead to the top of the hill. The landscape broadened under my eyes, as I went up. Soon, I could see the whole town — not a very large one, indeed, — and the green fields that stretch all round it, and the green woods that extend beyond these and limit the horizon. And somewhere on the other side of the river Lech, between the town and the fields, I saw a mighty cluster of buildings surrounded with high walls, and I thought immediately:

“*That* must be the famous ‘Fortress of Landsberg am Lech,’ — the place where *he* was a year captive; where *they* are captive for already eight years.” And once more the desperate yearning for the day *they* will all be free (and again in power) filled my heart, as I pictured to myself my beloved comrades, my brothers in faith, sitting behind those walls. And at the same time, my old wild hatred for our persecutors possessed me, as violently as in 1945 and 1946, during the Nuremberg Trial.

I reached the hilltop: a square planted with trees, from which one can see the town and surrounding scenery even better than from any place on the way up. For a long time, I remained there, standing against the low stone wall that borders the square on that side of it where the rock hangs vertically over the slopes of the hill. Beyond the many red roofs and chimneys, beyond the patches of green, by the river, my eyes remained fixed upon that cluster of towered buildings — the Fortress — from which the Sound of a siren — the siren regulating the morning routine of the inmates of the place of gloom — just now reached me. “It must be about half past six,” thought I — “breakfast time.” And I pictured to myself the distribution of “*mook-fook*” — a tasteless beverage (hot water poured over baked seeds ground to powder) supposed to be a substitute for coffee — and of dry bread, to long rows of prisoners all waiting, each one with his tin in his hand — like at Werl. Every morning for eight years it had been the same. For how many years more would the routine continue?

On my left, hanging over the rock from a slightly higher level than the square itself, I noticed a wooden balcony. From there, one could surely see the town even better than from my place. The balcony ran along the ground floor of a *Gasthaus und Café*, above a wooded portion of steep hill. A road led from the square to the entrance of the café. I walked up and knocked — for it was closed. A young girl about twenty or twenty-five let me in. There was not a soul there, save a well-fed, friendly dog that welcomed me in the noisy, demonstrative manner of the canine species. I stroked the smooth, black-and-white head, while the eloquent, almost human eyes looked into mine as though to say: “I am glad you have come, Friend-of-Animals! I know you without ever having seen you; I know you, and love you!”

The girl apologised for the rows of chairs standing upside-down upon one another, on the tables. “I am sorry,” said she; “the café is not yet open. But it soon will be. If you care to wait a while . . .” And turning to the dog, she scolded him good,-humouredly: “Now, Fidu, be quiet! That’s enough! You badly brought-up creature!”

Fidu stopped barking and jumping, but remained at my side, wagging his tail. “Oh, let him!” said I to the girl. “It is so lovely to see animals that are *not* afraid of human beings — on the contrary; — animals that know (as it is the case, here in Germany) that human beings will not harm them! It makes one feel happy to be a person, while in so many countries one is so often ashamed of being one . . .” Then, answering her suggestion, I added: “I don’t think I shall wait till the shop opens. All I wanted was to have a look at the town from the balcony over the rock on the other side . . . But, of course, had the place been open, I would also have had a cup of coffee.” (I did not really wish to drink anything; but I imagined I could not possibly ask to see the town from the balcony, and not pay in some way for that privilege.)

The girl considered me for a minute, as though to make sure that I was a woman to whom such a proposal could be mentioned, and then said, to my surprise: “But if you like — if that does not sound too uncomfortable to you — you can have a cup of coffee with me in the kitchen. I am just about to have my breakfast.”

The proposal touched me deeply. I followed the girl into the kitchen; Fidu followed me, and lay at my feet. And the girl talked to me while the water was warming.

“First time you have come to Landsberg?” asked she.

“Yes; first time.”

“Going to see someone at the prison? some relation of yours?”

I felt honoured beyond expression at the idea that somebody could take me for a relative of one of those martyrs of duty whom I revere. “And who can ever tell?” thought I. “I *might*, after all, be distantly related to some of them. I am partly at least of Viking blood. Who knows whether the fierce seafarer who settled in England a thousand years ago and became the ancestor of my mother’s family, did not have brothers

(or sons) settled in Schleswig-Holstein or on the coast of Pomerania? My Mediterranean ancestors were also men of the North who went south — only a little further south, and many centuries earlier. It makes not much of a difference, really.” But, of course, the girl was referring to an infinitely closer relationship. I answered her question frankly

“I have no actual ‘relatives’ among those who have been thrown into this prison for the sole reason that they have done their duty faithfully, but I look upon them *all* as my brothers, nay, as my superiors.”

“*We all do,*” replied the girl. And her eyes were full of friendliness and confidence as she poured out my coffee — as though I were a neighbour or an old acquaintance. She then poured out another cup (for herself) and cut two slices of bread, which she buttered. She gave me one; lay the other in a plate, by her cup, and went and fetched a pot of jam out of a cupboard. “There is not much left in it,” said she apologetically, “but we shall finish it. It is plum. You like plum jam, don’t you?”

As I said before, I had no desire to eat or drink. At the most, I could have eaten a slice of dry bread. One cannot come to such a place as Landsberg, and not feel that one should fast. I honestly wished to fast — in remembrance of all my comrades and superiors who had suffered and died; in remembrance of the years of hunger; and in atonement for my past omissions: for the fact that I was not in Germany during those out and out horrid years 1945, 1946, 1947; that I had not been arrested already in 1945, with the others. But this young German girl, so sympathetic, was offering me the good food with all her heart. She might think I did not find it good enough if I did not eat it. So I ate it, giving also a morsel of bread and butter and a nub of sugar to the dog, as she did herself. And we resumed our conversation about the “Fortress” and its inmates.

“What do people think, here in Landsberg, of this standing insult to Germany?” asked I.

“What we think? I can tell you, because I know you are on the right side,” answered she. “There is not a soul in Landsberg who does not hate *those swine* — the ‘Amis’ — and who is not ardently waiting for the day of revenge.”

“I am glad to hear it!” exclaimed I. “*I* am waiting for that Day as ardently as anyone.” The girl shook hands with me.

“Tell me;” continued I, “what was the general reaction to that latest public atrocity of the ‘Amis,’ I mean, to the murder of the Seven on the 7th of June, nearly two years ago . . .”

“Yes, *that* horror, six years after the end of the war!” interrupted the girl. “We were all so indignant that we would have, gladly, torn every one of the ‘Amis’ to pieces, had we been able to lay hands upon them. And the bastards knew it, and they were afraid of us — afraid of some irresistible outburst of mass violence. As a result of which Landsberg was, for a few days, so full of jeeps and “Military Police” fellows that one could have thought that the whole accursed Occupation forces had been concentrated here. Unarmed, what could we do against all that? With rage in our hearts, we watched time pass. We still hoped — against all hope. We did not believe in *their* ‘humanity.’ We knew it is all bunkum. But we dared to hope that the bastards would not be such fools as to kindle our hatred, just at the time they need German soldiers so badly. But one day we were told that the irreparable had been done that the Seven had been hanged between midnight and half past two in the morning. We will never, never forget . . . !”

“Never forget, and never forgive . . .” stressed I, repeating the last message I had addressed my best comrade and friend, on the day before I had left Werl, over three years before; the words I had uttered all over Germany, so many times since my return. And I added after a pause, recalling those days of mental agony and hopeless struggle, that I would indeed “never forget”: “I did all I possibly could to save the lives of the Seven: wrote to McCloy on the 2nd of February 1951, sincerely offering him my own life in the place of theirs, as many others have; sent a telegram to Truman on the 15th of February, telling him that it was ‘in the interest of the U.S.A.’ to spare the prisoners; wrote to the Supreme Court of Justice in Washington. But it was all in vain . . .”

“You are right when you say that you were not the only one,” replied the girl. “Among those who offered their lives was a Catholic priest who had been interned during the Hitler days (anything but a National Socialist, while you *are* one, and a

fanatical one, if I may say so). Hundreds of thousands have signed a petition that was sent to Truman. As you say: it was all in vain. But one day the ‘Amis’ will pay for that crime; pay a terrible price . . .”

“I wish they do!” exclaimed I.

For a minute or two we were silent, absorbed in our memories and in the joyous anticipation of the coming Nemesis. Then, turning to the girl once more: “It is refreshing to see *that* spirit in you said I at last. “It makes one feel that Germany has a future.”

“Everyone has that spirit, here in Landsberg,” replied she; “every single one, with the sole exception of those few females who go with the ‘Amis’ and who are not from this place, most of them. Bitches, I call them, not German girls! Never! *I* would not lie with an ‘Ami’ for any amount of money! Would not touch them with a pair of tongs! As for allowing one of them to touch me . . . peuh!”

Her face took on an expression of utter disgust.

As for me, the mere thought of German girls selling their bodies to the torturers of my comrades and superiors made me so indignant that I spoke in an impulse: “*I* would not touch any damned Anti-Nazi murderer with a pair of tongs . . . unless the tongs were red hot!” declared I, with flames in any eyes.

The words were *not* a rhetorical exaggeration. They bluntly expressed my positive physical revulsion for any man who hates our Führer and our glorious faith. But I wondered whether I had not, all the same, gone a little *too* far, and shocked the girl with the gruesome evocation implied in my speech. The girl, however, did not give me time to wonder. “Well said!” exclaimed she, with the unmistakable accent of wholehearted approval. And she laughed boisterously — not “shocked” in the least.

We got up, and she took me to the balcony from which I had wanted to see the town. She pointed to the “Fortress” between the green trees bordering the river Lech and the vast green fields beyond the limits of the inhabited area. “*That* is the prison,” said she: “the place in which Germany’s finest men are punished for having served their fatherland with all their energy, to the end. Or rather, *one of* the several such places, — for there are more than one, as you know. And what

you see there, on the very left, is the chapel . . . for our persecutors believe in God (or pretend they do) and wish to save the souls of the so-called ‘war criminals.’ And next to the chapel — between it and the Fortress proper — is the cemetery where so many martyrs are buried . . . You can visit the chapel and the cemetery. But you cannot visit the prison without a special permission from the ‘Amis.’ And I know you would never go and ask them for one any more than I would myself.”

“I? I should think not! I could not dream of such a thing,” interrupted I. “All I want — all I have come here for — is to spend the day somewhere as near the Fortress as I can, and think of *him* who was interned there thirty years ago, and of those who are now captive for the love of Germany and of *him*.”

“I understand you.”

We came back to the kitchen, where I had left my handbag on the table. Before going away, I asked the girl what I owed her for my breakfast.

“Nothing,” replied she. “You are one of us, come here on a pilgrimage.”

“*I am*, no doubt,” answered I. “Still, we all have to live.” But she insisted on not being paid. Unobtrusively, I left a one mark coin under a pile of newspapers upon the table. Then, lifting my hand and looking intently at the girl, I uttered in a low voice the greeting of our common faith: “Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” said she in her turn, repeating the dear old ritual gesture, with all the earnestness of her heart.

In a flash, I pictured to myself my superiors in the different work rooms of the prison, busy with the various dreary daily tasks that had been theirs for the last eight years. “My brothers, my loved ones . . . If only you could *see* us; if only you could feel us — and know that you are not: alone!” thought I. And my eyes were full of tears.

* * *

Thoughtfully, I walked down the slope, back to the river Lech and, across the bridge, back to the left bank on which “the Fortress” stands. Turning to my right, I followed the road along the border of the water, — a lovely road, with houses and

gardens and trees on one side of it, and trees, bushes, and grass full of flowers on the other side. I did not need to ask my way: I felt — I was sure — that this road led to the Fortress.

The Sun was not yet hot, but already bright; the sky, unchangingly blue. Indeed, I had not had a single rainy day since I had left Athens. It looked like a special favour of the heavenly Powers. Or was the German spring always so lovely?

I recalled the meadows full of buttercups and the fruit trees covered with blossoms that I had admired on my way from Werl to Düsseldorf and then again from Düsseldorf to Werl, on the last day of my trial, more than four years before. I remembered how I had, for a while, felt depressed at the idea of being cut off from the sunlit world — of never seeing a tree — for three long years. And I thought of all my comrades still behind bars — here in Landsberg, and in Werl also, and in Wittlich, and in Spandau, and in a thousand other prisons and concentration camps in and outside Germany, in and outside Europe. I recalled my friend Hertha Ehlert and the other comrades of mine that I knew to be in Werl to that day, — for how long more? And I felt small — so small; so insignificant, so worthless, compared with them, the real iron élite; my brothers and sisters in faith *who have been tried* and have proved themselves worthy. “*They* have suffered; not I. Before undergoing the ordeal of captivity, they have, most of them, undergone the ordeal of *physical* torture, of which I have no experience. They have given our Führer infinitely more than I have — alas!” I kept thinking. And I admired them. And I envied them. And I hated the British authorities (who had dealt with my case) for having denied me the glory of martyrdom — denied me, nay, even the opportunity of being put to test.

I listened to the birds that twittered in the bushes and trees by the river. I had been, *then*, for a while (on the way back from my trial) depressed at the idea that I would not hear them for three years. And yet I had remained but a few months in jail. And how quickly those months had passed, busy as I had been writing my *Gold in the Furnace* with the silent consent of the German staff of the prison! But *they* — my comrades — were still there; still in Werl, still in Landsberg, or elsewhere. When would *they* again be able to sit in the grass and listen to birds

singing? And see the Sun through branches covered with green leaves or pink blossoms?

A pretty blond child came out of one of the houses on the left side of the road, crossed the garden, stepped out, and walked towards me along the footpath. At the sight of him, I remembered what the Führer has said so many times, namely, that a German child is the loveliest being which Nature has produced, the masterpiece of Life's creative artistry. And I thought: "How right he is!"

The little boy was carrying a puppy in his arms; carrying it carefully, as one accustomed to deal with animals and knowing how to hold them so that they be comfortable. He noticed that I had paid attention to him and to his pet and he spoke to me: "I am carrying him back to auntie Emmy," said he, probably referring to some neighbour. "He is hers. I took him to give him some milk. But mammy says I must carry him back because auntie Emmy wants him." I stroked both the child's soft, silky, white-blond hair, and the young dog's soft, fluffy coat. "What are you called?" I asked the little boy.

"Helmut."

"A beautiful name. And how old are you?"

"Four years old."

"One of Dr. Goebbels' children was also called Helmut," thought I. And I remembered the tragic words which Magda Goebbels is said to have uttered a short time before her suicide and that of her whole family: "If the Third Reich ceases to exist, my six children have no place on this earth . . ." This Helmut was born four years after the death of the other one. He would live and see the resurrection of the Third Reich and learn to love the Führer — Germany's Führer forever. He would march in the new parades, after the Day of revenge. In the meantime, he walked in the shade of the trees, holding the puppy in his left arm while he stroked it gently with his right hand.

"My beloved Führer, how right, how absolutely right you are!" thought I for the millionth time, as I pondered over that inborn friendliness towards living creatures which, more eloquently than anything else, proclaims, in my estimation, the natural superiority of the Germanic race. I could easily imagine a Scandinavian child, an English child and maybe *some* French children — though surely not all, nay, perhaps not most —

acting in the same manner, but (apart from rare exceptions) not a child from Southern Europe or from the Near or Middle East. “Spontaneous kindness to creatures is as much a sign of Aryan blood purity as a properly shaped nose or as ears on the right line, and so forth,” concluded I. “It distinguishes the Aryan who deserves to belong to the Greater German Reich — the Nordic European — from the less pure sort.” And I remembered with satisfaction that I had, from earliest childhood, set myself, in that respect, among the privileged Aryans.

I was absorbed in such reflections when, suddenly, appeared before me, on the opposite side of a broader road, into which the one I was following led, the main entrance of the Landsberg prison.

* * *

The entrance as such was — at first sight — less forbidding than the one I remembered so well, at Werl. There was a garden, with clean-cut, emerald-green lawns and neatly trimmed flowerbeds, and trees, in front of it. And the door looked new, and was polished. And I easily imagined the luxury of the Governor’s and Chief Warder’s offices and private quarters: American luxury, that leaves even the British far behind it. For all I knew, the prisoners’ recreation rooms and their cells themselves were possibly more comfortable than those in Werl or Wittlich — or Stein — *now*, at least, that the masters of the place realise more and more how much they need the collaboration of those against whom they once conducted their sinister “crusade to Europe”; the Americans believe they can buy anybody — even us! — with good food and comfort. (Our other persecutors are often silly enough to believe the same . . . until we get our opportunity [at last!] and knock the silliness out of them with a masterful hit on the head.)

But all that façade of luxury merely made *me* more intensely conscious of the horror — and sanctity — of the twice famous place of gloom, death and glory. I knew that, only a few yards beyond those lawns and flower beds, *somewhere*, over three hundred of my brothers in faith had died for our Führer between 1945 and 1951, at the hands of these American bastard’s, believers in money. And I shuddered at the recollection.

And here, behind these high walls, *somewhere*, — in a well-known cell that I would not, this time, see, — Adolf Hitler himself had been interned in 1923–24, for about a year, and had written his immortal *Mein Kampf*, our Book for all times. Here, thirteen of his best early followers (among whom Rudolf Hess, now interned in Spandau) had shared his captivity. Here, to this day, hundreds of those who have lived and still live in unflinching loyalty to him and to his dream of a new Germany, are detained, for having done their duty thoroughly and to the end, as one should. One day, from the four corners of the earth; thought I, — hoped I, — men and women of Aryan blood will come and visit this place, as Christians visit the Mamertine Prison in Rome, and will think of our martyrs in a spirit of reverent gratitude.

Halting on the border of the road, I looked at the prison. I could not enter the garden: both alleys running through it were guarded by armed sentries. And a “jeep” was stopping before one of them. (The other one was blocked with heaps of gravel, as the road was being repaired). And two more “jeeps” — Military Police — were stopping near the opposite footpath, just behind me. Indeed, I had never seen a prison so thoroughly guarded as this one. It looked exactly as if the Americans were afraid; as if they *felt* the waves of hatred that surround them, perhaps even more wildly, here in Landsberg, than in any other place in Germany; as if they were aware of being in a hostile land — hostile in spite of all their efforts to bribe the Germans into an alliance with them, — and realised that danger, even though it be not yet obvious, will soon be threatening them from all sides.

I probably *could have* (as the young girl to whom I had spoken in, the café on the hilltop had told me) obtained a permit to visit the prison: nobody knew me under my maiden name, — the name on my passport; and there was no earthly reason why the Americans should refuse such a favour to a foreigner, subject of one of their economical and cultural protectorates in the Near East. I remembered the visitors who, occasionally, used to walk around in the “Frauen Haus” at Werl, escorted by the British Governor of the prison, by his assistant, (then, Mr. Watts), the German interpreter and “Frau

Oberin.” Quite possibly, I could have, in a like manner, been chaperoned through the Landsberg prison by the American Governors — Thomas Graham, or what was his name? — and shown “the places of historical interest”: Adolf Hitler’s cell, and the place of execution of the so-called “war criminals.” Technically speaking from the administrative point of view — I could have. But in reality, *being what I am, I never could have*. I would have died rather than be seen by my captive brothers, by my superiors, in the company of our persecutors; rather than see them, without telling them how I revere them; rather than stand their silent contempt — the contempt of the captive lion for the ugly sub-men grinning around his cage — without shouting to them; “My comrades, don’t take me for a ‘tourist’ come to see what ‘war criminals’ look like, or for an insulting fool come to pity you! No! No! I have come from the world of the free to tell you, eight years captive for the love of our common National Socialist faith: ‘Hope, our Day is drawing nigh. Every passing second brings you nearer not only to long-desired freedom, but to reconquered power!’”

If I were not allowed to tell them *that*, what use was it visiting the prison? One day, — when the latter no longer is in our persecutors’ hands — my comrades would take me to the cell in which Adolf Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*, and also to the place of martyrdom, and observe silence with me in remembrance of our Leader’s captivity and of the sacrifice of his faithful ones. In the meantime, — thought I, — I would walk around the premises: see the outer walls of the Fortress: and think of those who are waiting inside for our Day to dawn.

* * *

I turned to my right, and walked on.

Along the road, quite near the prison enclosure, are the houses in which live those Americans who are connected with the prison service: houses that look newly built, with gardens. I saw children playing in those gardens — children not different in appearance, many of them, from German ones: Nordic children. But their parents were “Americans.” And they would go to American schools, and he taught to hate our Führer and

all we stand for, and to throw the whole responsibility of this war upon National Socialist Germany. And most of them would do so as a matter of course, without ever questioning the accuracy of the facts or the soundness of the principles laid down before them, because children in general are not I — not passionate seekers of consistency such as I was as a child — and believe what their history books and the grownups tell them. And yet, among those little ones, were descendants of Germans who had once migrated to the U.S.A. — German children, by blood. Once more I remembered the Greek child born in the U.S.A. whom I had met years and years before — the little boy who *wanted to be* an American. “Accursed U.S.A. killer of nations,” thought I; “killer of those *real* collective souls, inseparable from blood and soil, through which, alone, man can raise himself to the awareness of living Divinity; — to the *experience* of his own greatness, within and in spite of his personal insignificance. May you and your Democratic ‘values’ and your mendacious “universal conscience” disappear forever from the surface of this earth!” I ardently wished that, inasmuch as they be of Nordic blood, those children would, one day, curse their false education, despise their silly, gullible parents, acknowledge the deeper natural link which binds them, in spite of all, to us, and proclaim their allegiance to a future worldwide Aryan Reich under Germany’s leadership. And I walked on.

I turned to my left and followed the outer enclosure of the prison: a long, long white-washed wall, above which ran several rows of barbed wire, which I knew was electrified, and at both ends of which could be seen a square watchtower occupied by an armed American sentry. From the opposite side of the road (where I was), it was visible that a fairly great distance separated that enclosure from a second one, from behind which emerged the red roofs and a part of the grey walls of the actual prison buildings. I walled along in the grass, counting the buttresses that could be seen at regular intervals from one another, against that inner enclosure. They were fifty-three, if I counted right.

I walked past a lovely-looking house surrounded with a flower garden. On the verandah facing that garden, a man was seated at a table, apparently having some refreshments. “Another one of those confounded ‘Amis’ — a plague on them

all!” thought I. I had never liked the sight of an English bungalow in India. The English may be, as a whole, on a racial level higher than that of the enormous non-Aryan multitudes of India. But their Christianity, even when they did not try to spread it, (and all the more when they did), made them unworthy to exploit even those non-Aryan masses: it made them hypocritical to the extent they did so. And the Aryan castes of India, faithful to the age-old Teaching of harmony within God-ordained racial hierarchy, were, in my eyes, by far worthier than they to hold the land and enjoy its riches. But to see Yanks living in Germany as the English once did in India is too much — especially when their accursed “bungalow” is just a few yards away from the outer enclosure of the Landsberg prison; looking over it, so as to say! — a shocking sign of undeserved luxury and power, standing insult to those who are suffering for the love of the *real* values of life, in the cells and workshops of the famous Fortress.

I reached the second corner tower, at the top of which another sentry kept watch, and again I turned to my left. I was now walking between the outer prison wall — that went on, and on, and on, with its many parallel rows of barbed live-wire — and an immense expanse of grass. On my left, at a much further distance from the outer wall than formerly, I could see the whole cluster of prison buildings within its narrower enclosure I could see the chapel at the other end of it — on my right as I turned my back to the green horizon and faced the Fortress from behind. For the very reason that the latter was now further away from the wall that stood before me, I could see it better, although my bad eyesight did not allow me to distinguish the details of its various parts. But that did not matter. I had not come to study the place. I had come to commune as perfectly as I could, through the mysterious waves of intense thought and of intense love, with those whom I admire — whom I revere. The sight of the surroundings merely centred my whole consciousness around *them* exclusively.

* * *

I looked round . . . The great meadow on the border of which I was standing stretched endlessly . . . The wind caused

ripples, and occasionally waves, to appear upon its surface, as on that of an immense green lake. Dark woods limited it in the distance. I sat in the thick, soft, fresh, scented grass full of daisies and buttercups, bluebells and wild violets, under the radiant blue sky, and looked at the prison beyond the wall and the successive rows of live barbed wire.

“Why am *I* free and sitting here, while *you* are still there, behind bars, my brothers in faith, my superiors?” thought I. “Why have mysterious distant influences — influences from another continent — intervened in my favour and flung the heavy prison doors wide open before me, while you, and our comrades in Werl and in a hundred other places, remain captive?” And once more I felt small. I felt guilty for being free — although I had done absolutely nothing to obtain my release from Werl, a thing which had always been — and is, to this day — a perfect enigma to me. I felt I could never do enough for each and every one of my persecuted comrades, individually.

The sound of a siren suddenly tore the divine silence of the fields. And I shuddered. It was exactly like the sirens in Werl. It stirred in me ineffaceable memories. “Time to go and walk around the courtyard for fifteen minutes — which is called ‘the free hour’ (*die freie Stunde*)” thought I. Or was it not, rather, time for lunch? In the immense blue vault of the sky, the Sun, now positively hot, was not quite above my head: it was not twelve yet. But I remembered that, in Werl, lunch was served to us *before* twelve. And I could not make out whether it was half past ten or half past eleven. It did not really matter. Whether it announced “free time” or “lunch” or whatever else, the siren meant routine. It meant dreariness; the inexpressible dreariness of prison life: waking tip and washing (in a mere jug of water) going to work; having a tin of “*mook-fook*” and a slice of bread; going to work again; going out into the courtyard two by two, in a row, and walking round and round for fifteen minutes going back to work; having lunch: going to work again; going out in a row into the same courtyard for another fifteen minutes and coming back; going to work again; having supper; having — at last! — the right to bring down the iron bed, fastened, during the daytime, against the wall of one’s cell, and to lie upon it — whether to sleep, or to think of the past and make plans for the future, the prison authorities do not care. And,

for the men behind these walls, *that* had been lasting eight years already. For how long more would it last?

For a while, I lay upon my belly, in the grass. The grass was fresh; alive. And under it, I could feel the freshness and strength of the living earth. I thought of that earth, of that *soil* which is Germany. It stretched all round me for hundreds of miles, in all its invincible loveliness, bringing forth its moss and its daisies, its grass and bushes and young oak trees, untiringly, out of its wounded bosom; forgetting, at the holy touch of the Sun, six years of torture under the phosphorus bombs, centuries of devastation under all sorts of instruments of torment. And I was aware of it under me. I was lying in its embrace. A mysterious, all-powerful, almost physical bond such as had yet never existed between it and any foreigner, — a lover's tenderness which I experienced in the depth of my being — united me to it, forever. For the sake of that Land, my beloved comrades had undergone martyrdom and death. For the sake of that Land, those whom I had come here to commune with still sat behind those walls, only about a hundred yards away from the place where I lay, living, day after day, month after month, for eight long years, to the dreary rhythm of prison routine, and, in spite of all, happy to do so — a thousand times happier than the traitors now in high position. For the sake of that Land, our Führer himself had suffered the Agony of 1945 and . . . perhaps of the following years.

I recalled the words of the beautiful song:

*Germany, holy Word,
Thou who containest Infinity . . .
Be blessed throughout the ages . . . !¹*

“*Du voll Unendlichkeit,*” repeated I, within my heart; “Thou who containest Infinity; Thou through Whom the natural aristocracy of my race takes consciousness of its eternal Self; of its collective divinity!” And drawing a daisy to my lips, tenderly, reverently, without tearing it from the maternal earth, I performed the rite of love — the supreme religious rite — and kissed its fresh, golden heart. I thought of those other equally beautiful but immeasurably more conscious beings, sap and substance of the same sacred Soil: my German comrades and their

¹ “*Deutschland, heiliges Wort, Du voll Unendlichkeit
Über die Zeiten fort, seist Du gebenedeit . . .*”

children. All lands bring forth grass and flowers. And the delicate white petals are everywhere as lovely. But all lands do not give birth to such people, whose dedicated lives remain, in all their intelligent and organised activity, as pure and beautiful as the innocent daisies and, at the same time, as thoroughly rooted as they in the living earth. The fact that it bears such men and women makes this Land holy. And the bond of comradeship that makes me one of them (he it the least) in spite of all, has created between this German soil and me — felt I — a mystical filiation, and made me too a part of it.

It must have been midday, by now. The Sun was burning. The cloudless sky above me was an abyss of shimmering heat and light, which the blazing Orb, too bright to be faced, filled with its splendour from one horizon to the other: from the woods in the distance to the irregular line of prison-buildings beyond the long white wall. A flight of birds appeared, emerging out of nowhere, and sailed across the depth of light. Away, far away above the sinister Fortress, in the aetherial liberty of trackless space, silver wings shone and flapped, until they soon appeared as nothing but spots of brightness, and finally vanished into the radiant blue infinity.

From the prison, once more arose the sharp sound of a siren. And again I shuddered. And tears welled up to my eyes, and my mouth quivered. My mind rushed back to my comrades and superiors, here, in Spandau, in Werl, in Wittlich, in Stein, in Breda, in Fresnes, in far-away Russia and Siberia, wherever they be. For how long more would they have to remain captive? And what had they done, but lived faithfully and selflessly for our common ideals, for our Führer and for the truth he proclaimed; for the Greater Reich of our common dreams?

I sat up and, looking to the sky into which the free birds had disappeared, I prayed to the Unknowable and Unutterable — to Him-Her-It behind the veil of visible existence: “Fling open the doors of gloom, Lord Who resplends in the flaming Orb, all-powerful Avenger, our only hope! Free *them*: those who, now, at the call of the siren, are leaving the work-rooms to go and have food, or to go and walk around the court-yard two by two; those who are living under a similar routine in all the jails of our persecutors in and outside Germany, while the sunlit world lives and sings; while birds fly across the sky

above the roofs of their cells! Oh, free them, — and give them back the power they deserve!”

* * *

I recalled the words I had myself so many times uttered and written, during, after, and even before the war — from the time the international Jew had started his worldwide atrocity campaign against new Germany: “I hold myself personally responsible — *morally* responsible — for anything that has been, is or will be done in the name and in the highest interest of the Third Reich and therefore of the Aryan race.” (In fact, I hold every true believer in a *Weltanschauung* to be morally responsible for anything that has been, is or will be done for the triumph of his or her faith, i.e., for the materialisation of that which — one should presume — he or she wants the most, in life; and that, even if it be “wrong” i.e. from a practical standpoint, useless or harmful to the cause of the professed faith.) And I remembered my release. And once more I realised, with painful vividness, that *I* was free, while so many of my comrades and superiors were not. And I felt humble, as I always do at such a thought.

Yes; free to stay here, sitting in the grass, or to get up and go away; free to take a sheet of letter-paper out of my hand-bag and to write what I pleased, without it being controlled (to my knowledge) — at least, without having to hide it in impossible places for it *not* to be: free to walk into a shop and buy more paper, when this was finished, without, having to *ask for* more (and, like in Werl, to wait a fortnight before I could obtain it); free to go back to Munich or to star here another day: free to send a letter or not to send it: free to go and have a cup of coffee whenever I liked . . . while *they* were still hampered by all the hindrances that make a prisoner’s life a misery. And why? What had they done, of which I did not whole-heartedly approve, to the knowledge of all those who care to believe what I say or to read the sincerest words I wrote? What had they done, which I would not gladly have done myself, in similar circumstances, if endowed with similar power? In fact, *I* was, quite possibly, more thoroughly in agreement with the orders that they had obeyed than many of themselves; and

doubtless as Anti-democratic and Anti-Christian as the most radical among them could be. The Democratic authorities were fools indeed to have released *me*, while keeping them in jail!

Thus I reflected. And I felt small before all those who, to this day, remain in captivity for the love of my — of *our* — ideals. “All I can do now is to justify, to the utmost of my capacity, that undeserved privilege of freedom that the Gods have given me,” thought I. “May every minute of my life bear witness to our Führer’s greatness! May my thoughts, my speech, my actions, my writings, never cease to be the living tribute of allegiance of an Aryan to him and to his Germany!”

And I was glad to feel that I had, at least up till now, used my freedom for the service of Adolf Hitler’s truth, to the exclusion of everything else.

* * *

Another siren was heard — another landmark in the dreary, daily routine. “Free time, probably,” I surmised; for it was definitely long past lunch time.

Free time; then again work; then supper . . . The hopeless succession of occupations continued, as it had on the preceding day and on the day before, and on the day before that one, and so forth, up to *that* dismal day — now, nearly eight years ago — when our comrades had been ushered into captivity; as it would continue every day, until the last day — the day of their release — would dawn. When? When?

They were living, — they *are* living, to this day — cut off from the stream of time, with no means of connecting the past, that they knew, with the future, in which they believed, in spite of all. With no news of the world of the free; no accounts of what ground the indestructible National Socialist Idea is gaining in both halves of vivisected Germany; no reports of the increasing tension between the two halves of the divided enemy camp; no news of the progress of the forces that are steadily working for us in all countries.

But those forces are nevertheless working. And the enemy camp is nevertheless definitively broken in two. And out of growing worldwide discontent, slowly but steadily, an immense yearning for an order of justice in honour, which is none other than *our* New World Order, is seeking expression in the hearts

of millions. And unfailing Nemesis — the mathematical Law of Action and Reaction — is slowly but steadily drilling the opposite camps for their final clash and common annihilation, so that, for every single one of our martyrs, a million of those who hated us should die.

My brothers, my superiors here in Landsberg, and in Spandau, in Werl, in Wittlich, in the camps of the Urals and of Siberia, wherever our enemies may still be detaining you, you are not suffering in vain! Men of iron and gold, our Führer's faithful ones, of whom I sang the glory, you are the seed of the future that nothing can destroy. My one satisfaction is to be utilising my undeserved freedom to write in praise of you and contribute to keep your spirit alive among your people — while not yet in a position to do anything more practical.

* * *

I spent my last unforgettable hour in that meadow behind the Fortress expressing something of my feelings in a long letter to the one man in India who has, to my knowledge, consciously and actively stood on our side, before, during and after the war. I wrote with the eloquence of sincerity. Thus, in a few days' time, the tale of martyrdom and of glory, — the epic of Landsberg — would reach far-away Aryavarta. And after reading it, a few at least of the descendants of the Sun-worshipping conquerors of old, would feel proud of being Aryans.

How late could it have been? Three o'clock? Four o'clock? I had not the faintest idea. I knew there were several trains to Munich. And were there not, I could always spend the night in some cheap *Gasthaus*. I got up, walked as far as I could into the meadow — until I was sure that nobody could see me from the road. And there I stood, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the place in which *Mein Kampf* was written; in which the Seven Blood-witnesses of 1951, and over three hundred others before them, have won the martyrs' immortality; in which a few more hundreds of my superiors are prisoners for the sake of our everlasting Hitler faith. And I sang the selfsame old *Kampflied* that had sprung from my lips upon the devastated site of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg

*“One day, the Day of revenge will come;
One day, we shall be free . . .
Creative Germany, awake!
Break thy chains asunder! . . .”*¹

Tears ran down my cheeks as I sang the conquering words, the old message of revenge, freedom and power, as relevant today as twenty-five years ago, if not more so.

My loved ones, my superiors, from behind the barred windows of your work rooms and cells, did you hear my voice? Or did you at least, on that afternoon, — the 24th of April, 1953 — feel, with somewhat more insistence than usually, the certitude of our coming dawn?

* * *

I walked back to the road and, turning to my right, followed it on and on, until it led me into another road running, to my right, between the meadow in which I had been sitting and another endless one, and, to my left, along the remaining side of the prison enclosure. I turned to my left, and continued walking past high walls and courtyards and various sheds, behind which the bell tower of the prison chapel could, now and then, be seen; I walked until I finally found myself back on the road into which I had at first emerged, when coming from the riverbank — the road that ran along the front part of the premises of gloom. There was the chapel, quite near behind the forbidden walls, and, by the side of it, the cemetery of the prison. Turning once more to my left, I soon reached the entrance of the cemetery. It was open. There was nothing to indicate that one should not go in. Seeing this, I crossed the threshold, and slowly walked along the alleys.

Among the many graves were those of our martyrs — or at least of *some* of them, for others had been, with the permission of the Occupation authorities, taken back by their families and buried in different other cemeteries of Germany. I read the names upon several wooden crosses, seeking the few which I knew —

¹ “Einst kommt der Tag der Rache;
Einmal da werden wir frei;
Schaffendes Deutschland erwache!
Brich deine Ketten entzwei!”

which I remembered, for having read or heard of their trials and sentences to death. But *I could not find any of them.*

I walked further on, and came to a series of graves that bore neither names nor dates, merely numbers (apparently, the numbers of the cells in which the men who lay there had spent their prison life). And something — some intuition, — told me that *these* were precisely my comrades' graves; the ones I was seeking.

I had no flowers. I had not known that anybody could, without special permission, visit the cemetery of the prison. And it would have anyhow been difficult to bring flowers *for all*, for the nameless graves were one hundred and fifty-eight (I counted them before leaving the place). But I knelt upon the bare earth before one of them — *anyone*. And my mind wandered back to the nightmarish years 1945, 1946, 1947; to the collapse of the Greater German Reich through treason; to the ghastly persecution of its creators and defenders, — the long-drawn mock trials; the daily tortures; the final hangings. How vividly I remembered all that! How vividly I also remembered the relentless propaganda of lies which our enemies so loudly carried on in order to justify their own atrocities in the eyes of the stupid world — and the readiness with which the stupid world had swallowed it. And now, before my comrades' graves, I *lived* once more, as intensely as ever, all the horror of that death that they had faced so bravely; of that death at the end of a rope, for having loved and obeyed our Führer unquestioningly. I thought of the many who had been killed in 1945 and 1946, when the hangman in this prison was busy practically every day; I thought of the last ones, of the exalted Seven, killed in 1951, — the Seven, whom I had tried so hard to save — and I wept. And I prayed. I called the wrath of the heavenly Powers upon those who had had a part in the executions; upon those who had ordered them or allowed them: upon those — *all* those; all the millions — who in or after 1940, had approved of them; upon all those who had believed our enemies' propaganda, and looked upon the "war crime" trials as a good thing. "Just as *I*, who approve of whatever my comrades may have done for the triumph of our ideals and the strengthening of our régime, am morally responsible for it all." thought I, "so

are those millions of fools, who hate us in the name of ‘humanity,’ personally responsible for the persecution of National Socialism and the death of our martyrs. I accept *my* responsibility in its entirety, and carry it with pride. Surely *they* can do the same, if they really have faith in that which they profess to uphold! Fire and brimstone upon them!”

I thought not of any personal God, but merely of the mathematical justice, immanent within the cosmic Play. To It and to It alone I appealed, now, as five years before when facing for the first time the ruins of Germany: “Avenge my Führer’s faithful people, Thou merciless One, inaccessible to remorse, hope of the Strong! And allow me to be, in Thy hand, an instrument of Thy vengeance!”

* * *

I went to the chapel and remained there for a while. It was empty, — peaceful. Yet, I could feel nothing of the emotion that had seized me in the little church at Leonding. This place, unconnected with anything sincere and vital in the lives of those I love, did not speak to my heart. None of Adolf Hitler’s iron fighters imprisoned here, be it in 1923 (with him) or in 1945, were men likely to have needed any Christian “consolations”; none were likely to have sought, in this chapel, that hope of a hereafter, without which most people outside our circles cannot face death with serenity. No. The Strong, dedicated to our Führer and too his impersonal Truth, are not — never were; never will be, — like “most people.” They *have* faced death with serenity — with the detachment of perfect warriors — *without* lulling themselves into believing that they knew what comes afterwards. Or rather, they knew what would — what *shall* — “come after” their death, on this earth; what would remain, indestructible, of their life-long action, once they would be no more: Germany, who would one day resume the glorious onward march; Germany, who would, sooner or latter, find, in any possible succession of events, a reason to look back with nostalgia to the golden days of National Socialist rule, and in any teaching other than that of *Mein Kampf* — more and more, as time would go on — nothing but dreary nonsense; lies,

and unexciting ones at that; Germany, awakened by Adolf Hitler, once and for all. That awareness — along with the satisfaction of duty done — was enough for them.

Such was at least the feeling that I had. It is possible that I was mistaken. It is possible that there was, in the reactions of my comrades and superiors, place for more variety than my simple logic could conceive. If so, I am not to judge those who died. They died for my — for *our* — proud heathen ideals, — for the ideals embodied in the National Socialist Way of life, — whatever might have been, at the approach of death, their attitude to that traditional Judeo-Christian philosophy, which is incompatible with ours. And I revere them unquestioningly. Yet, a “Landsberger” whom I had the honour of meeting a month later, told me, confirming my own feeling, that practically every single one of our martyrs died with the courage and serenity befitting an Aryan warrior, with the Words of pride, faith and power upon his lips: “Long live eternal Germany! Heil Hitler!”

Although I knew it, I was glad to hear it.

* * *

As I came out of the cemetery, I saw a man with a sympathetic face, who was cleaning the road. Doubtless, he lived in Landsberg, and probably in the neighbourhood of the prison. *He* probably knew whether the nameless graves in the cemetery were or not, as I had surmised, those of the victims of Democratic hypocrisy and cruelty, and would not mind my asking him.

The man at once scented in me a National Socialist like himself, and spoke without the slightest restraint.

“Of course they are!” said he, answering my question. “You guessed the truth all right. In the beginning, *all* the graves bore the usual inscriptions, with the names of the dead, as a result of which *ours* were honoured as tombs of heroes, which indeed they *are*. On Sunday afternoons, all Landsberg used to come here, with masses of flowers. And on weekdays, children would step into this cemetery on their way to school, bringing a few roses or carnations from their mothers’ gardens to those who died for Germany. When the American

bastards saw this, they tore off all the names and dates. But still people come. They know that the nameless graves are *ours*. And this is and will remain a place of pilgrimage in spite of those swine — a plague on them!”

“A place of pilgrimage for all times . . . You are right,” replied I. “Do you know? I came from Athens in that spirit: to see (from outside) the prison where our martyrs suffered; where our Führer himself was once imprisoned . . .”

“Quite natural!” agreed the man. “I know two people who came the other day from Argentina, with the same devotion. We are all over the world — and more powerful than these people think, although we may be silent, for the time being. One day, when the Third World War starts, they will find out that we don’t forget . . .”

“Yes,” said I. “And they speak of ‘collaboration against Bolshevism’ — Now! They should have thought of that in 1941, and made peace with Germany. Too late, now; too late! We shall never forgive! They speak — the fools — of ‘defending the values of Christian civilisation’; the ‘values’ in the name of which they killed the Seven only two years ago, and thousands of others before them, including the great ones of Nuremberg. Who wants to defend such ‘values’? Who wants such a civilisation to live? Not I! The sooner it is smashed, the better. We will rule upon its ruins, — rule, and avenge those who died here, and elsewhere, for the love of Greater Germany.”

The man gave me a smile of sympathetic understanding. “I can tell you,” exclaimed he, “one will not need to call *me*, when the time at last comes — the time for taking revenge for all that *I have seen*. I’ll be there all right! And God help them — if there be a God who helps liars and hypocrites, and Jewish swine and slaves of Jewry! For *I* shall spare none of them!”

He had put down his broom to talk to me. His eyes blazed. I was delighted to find someone like myself. “Indeed, the further away from ‘intellectual’ circles, the more thoroughly like myself,” thought I. And I was pleased at the feeling that I was so free — that I had always been so completely free — from the various prejudices of my supposed ‘class’ and upbringing; pleased to experience that I was more at ease with this handsome,

noble, pure-blooded German roadman, than with any of the University professors whom I had met (people who had the same diplomas as I, but not the same scale of values. “Better the same scale of values, without the diplomas!” thought I).

“Do you know what *I* would like to do, when our days come back?” said I, resuming our talk after a pause. “I would like to be at the head of concentration camp; or to hold a responsible post in some ‘Bureau for Jewish Affairs.’ Gosh, I would enjoy myself!”

“I readily believe you,” answered the workman, with a bright smile. “And how I understand you! After all that went on here, I feel exactly as you do. And I tell you: *every single man in Landsberg feels the same.*”

“I have seen the houses where the ‘Arms’ live . . . That luxury . . . !”

“Naturally! — at our cost! But the Day will come. Not one of the bastards will get out of Germany alive . . .”

“May I then be here, and take an active part in the revenge! I remember the Nuremberg Trial as though it were yesterday. It haunts me . . .”

“It haunts us all. You are not alone, believe me!”

“Avenge our martyrs, merciless One, inaccessible Power, deaf to whining remorse, and allow me to be an instrument of Thy vengeance!” I recalled the prayer I had just now uttered from the bottom of my heart, by the graves of those who were hanged for having been faithful to Adolf Hitler to the end. It sounded definitely as though, apart from me, there would be other willing instruments of the irresistible Nemesis.

I took leave of my rough and sincere comrade after exchanging with him one of the formulas that *mean*: “Heil Hitler!” (We were in the street, and could not utter the actual forbidden Words.)

Once more, before walking down to the river bank and back to the station I passed before the main entrance of the prison. Once more, I pictured to myself my brothers in faith behind the high walls and rows of live barbed wire, and barred windows. I also thought of the humble madman whom I had just met in the world of the free — on this side of the walls. “The indignation of that man and of millions of others — including mine — is working in the invisible realm against all those who

are, directly or indirectly, responsible for the iniquitous ‘war crime’: trials, and the spreading of all the lies connected with them,” thought I. “It will — it *must* — unfailingly bring fire upon their countries, and death upon them, one day.”

My brothers in Landsberg, in Spandau, in Werl and elsewhere, — my superiors — stronger than the armed guards and live-wires and Military Police Jeeps around your prisons, are these intangible Forces. They will release you — one day — and avenge you!

* * *

I caught a last glimpse of the prison as the train carried me back to Munich. And again the painful feeling — the strangely depressing feeling of indefinable guilt — caught hold of me at the thought that I was free — sitting in a railway-carriage; travelling — while *they* were there; would still be there the next day, the day after, and the following . . . For how long more?

On the right side of the track, in the grass, I noticed, as we rolled past them, two tombstones bearing the Jewish star. A man seated opposite me told me that these were graves of Jews who had been killed there, during our days of power.

“I do hope we shall one day, blow tip all those monuments to the memory of dead ‘Yids’ — these, and the others,” declared I, unable to refrain from speaking in a manner that *could have* landed me into serious trouble. (My visit to Landsberg had thoroughly upset me.) But for my good luck, the man was “in order.”

“That is what I feel, every time I see a stone such as these,” replied he.

I recalled the question that had once been put to me in France: “With whom will Germany side during the Third World War?” I had then answered: “With those who will *first* have the good idea of encouraging the Germans to blow up, with as much spectacular defiance as possible, the monuments that they were forced to erect in all ‘Zones’ to the memory of dead Jews, ‘victims of the National Socialist régime.’”

I was glad to see that one more German agreed with me.

I reached Munich in the evening, and was able to catch at once a train to Nuremberg, where I arrived at about ten o’clock at night.

Chapter 6

NUREMBERG

I had never *seen* Nuremberg — any more than the other places which I had been visiting for the last eight days, — save on pictures. But, the name was, like theirs, full of memories; and, which is more, full of the most opposite memories: linked forever, in our hearts, with the vision of the grandest days of Adolf Hitler's struggle and rule, as well as with all the horror of the post-war persecution of National Socialism.

As in a dream, I stepped out of the train, followed the porter who carried my heavy suitcase (while I carried the rest), gave my ticket at the exit, and waited for my turn to leave my luggage at the cloakroom, all the time strangely moved at the mere knowledge that *I was* in the immortal town: Julius Streicher's town; the seat of the great Party Rallies: the place of the infamous Trial, and that where the Eleven great Martyrs of 1946 had given up their lives. I forgot, in my excitement, that I had not slept far nearly forty-eight hours. But it was too late to go visiting the town. I went to the "Station Mission"¹: I was running out of money at an alarming speed (in spite of all my efforts to scrape and save) and I could think of no cheaper place to spend the rest of the night in.

Here, as in Hanover and in a few other railway stations in which I had slept in the course of my former journeys, five years before, the dormitory of the Mission is underground: the reception office also. I was shown a wooden staircase — some twenty steps — leading down to the place. Quite a number of people, men and women, were already there, waiting (for goodness alone knows how long!) for their turn to bring out their *Ausweis*² (or the equivalent) and to pay half a mark (if at all

¹ A place attached to every important German railway-station, with a view to provide accommodation and food for poor travellers.

² Identity card.

they could) and get in. I took my place in the dreary, shabby, resigned “queue.”

Had I come not as a National Socialist pilgrim but merely as an impartial, open-minded observer, I could not have chosen a better place to study *real* post-war Germany. And the impartial observer could not have helped comparing the dignified, but sullen, joyless faces in that “queue,” with those one met in Germany before and even during the war (according to people who were there and saw them). He (or she) could not have helped measuring the gap that separated those men and women, *victims* of the war, from those who, even at the end of 1944, listened to Dr. Goebbels’ fiery speeches with ever-renewed rapture, and who, in spite of all hardships — in spite of years of rationing; in spite of months of successive sleepless nights under the bombs — still shouted frantically — sure of victory — as the orator once more asked them whether they wanted “cannons or butter”: “Cannons!” He (or she) could not have helped experiencing a feeling of painful amazement at the sight of the difference between Germany *with* and *without* Adolf Hitler. And nowhere, perhaps, could he (or she) have, better than here, understood the immense, desperate nostalgia of the German people at the recollection of National Socialist rule; the frightful “moral ruins” (to quote the suggestive words of the most honest of all post-war non-German historians of recent times, Maurice Bardèche) which the American “crusaders” and their allies have accumulated in the heart of our continent.

These sullen men and women now standing before me and behind me, whether refugees from the Eastern Zone (or from further still) — turned out of house and home at the decision of the victors of 1945, or by the conditions of a life of slavery that they could stand no longer — or just people of this half of Germany who, like myself, hesitated to spend the night even in a cheap hotel; people without work, existing on the forty marks’ fortnightly State loan; people who had been waiting for months, perhaps for *years*, for a pension, again and again denied to them under some pretext or another; people on our side, politically persecuted *after* 1945, who have no rights, *all knew* that they had been robbed of the victory which they had deserved. They were full of lasting, silent, insurmountable

resentment, less perhaps because of their material losses (enormous as these were), than because of the loss of that happy confidence in the Nation's future, which had been the keynote of the great "Hitler days." The elder ones had put all their hopes in the miraculous Movement that had raised Germany out of the shame and misery of 1918 and of the following years. And lo, after seeming as though they had brilliantly and definitively materialised, their hopes had proved vain: the shame and misery of 1945 had been worse than that of 1918; and there was no young Movement that spoke of resurrection, as after the First World War. The younger folk had been brought up in the inspiring belief that Germany was invincible. And they now knew — or *thought* they knew — that this was not true; that victory and its fruits, riches and power, were for those whom they had been taught to despise as slaves of the Jews, while for them, who had been faithful to the new Faith of Aryan pride and had sacrificed everything for its triumph, there was but misery, injustice, all manner of abasement and oppression.

And now, Germany's everlasting enemies and their agents — the comfortable slaves of Jewry — came and told them that "all this" (their being expelled from house and home; their being without work, or without a pension; without the hope of a future) was the consequence of the "arrogant" philosophy, to which they had so readily adhered; the bitter fruits of the new wisdom of that miraculous Movement, in which they had put their confidence; and that salvation for them lay, now, in the renunciation of proud Pan-Germanism for the sake of a "Democratic Europe," bastion of the "free" world against totalitarian Communism. Were they deceived into believing *this*? Had the bitterness of defeat, and eight long years of wearisome, hard and insecure life shattered in them the glorious old faith to the extent that they could accept the enemy's latest lie? I was the next day to know — to *see*, glaringly, for the thousandth time since my return to Germany a week before — that they *had not*; or at least that, *if* ever they had, — temporarily — the old faith had soon grown again, stronger than ever, thanks to the disgust with which Democratic hypocrisy had at once filled the people's hearts.

Now, for the time being, I stood in the ‘queue,’ noticing the tired faces, the clean — spotlessly clean — and shabby clothes; hearing bits of conversations — bits of the recent life history of those men and women, who ten years before, were so happy; so sure (as I had been myself) that the future was theirs; *ours*.

I thus came to know that the woman who stood behind me lived in a refugee camp, and was travelling, with hardly any money, to meet her husband, who had only recently arrived from the Russian Zone, and who was staying with relatives of his, somewhere in the Nuremberg region; that the man on my left was, for over a year, without employ; that the woman in front of me was the widow of one of us — not entitled to a pension, because her husband had been killed by the Americans as a so-called “war criminal”; and that the girl, looking so tired, who was sitting upon her suitcase at her side, had been compelled, on account of her health, to give up the job she had as a household maid, and that her illness was the consequence of the cruelties she had undergone at the hands of the Russians, etc. . . . etc. . . . As the girl had finished speaking, a woman of my own age, standing on my right and leaning against the railing of the staircase, gave out calmly — casually; as though she were speaking of someone else —: “I too, have just come out of hospital, where I was since my return, a month ago. Before that, these last eight years, I was a prisoner in Russia. I worked in the mines, in the Urals. I was released without a penny, possessing nothing in the world but the rags I wore, and ill. And yet, I deem myself lucky: thousands of other German women are still there, for how long more? nobody knows.”

An icy sensation ran along my spine as I heard this. And tears filled my eyes, as I looked at the woman. “My Führer’s people,” thought I; “how long more are you to suffer for having fought for us all: for Aryan mankind? And when will Aryan mankind at last understand your sacrifice, and willingly accept your leadership?” I would have expressed my feelings openly, had I not known — from bitter experience¹ — that police informers often hang around such places as “Station Missions” in present-day occupied Germany.

¹ See *Defiance*, edit. 1951, Chapter 2.

The woman had an energetic, I should even say a masterful face — the face of someone who had intensely suffered, but who had stood the ordeal victoriously, and who was now prepared to carry on a new struggle, with the same courage; to win, in course of time, a new victory over Fate, or to accomplish her fate heroically, which is the same. One could not say that she was “pretty.” She had deep wrinkles on each side of her month, and her complexion was not healthy. But her large pale-blue eyes were young — much younger than her face; immortal. They looked straight into life beginning anew for the second or the third time, with confidence in spite of all; nay, with a detached interest in the future. The mouth showed will-power; the forehead intelligence. The expression was serene and strong. I admired this woman, as I had admired Fritz Horn, the martyr of Darmstadt, whom I had met in 1949: as I had admired my beloved comrade Hertha Ehlert, whom I knew to be still in Werl. “*Those people of gold and steel, whom defeat could not dishearten, whom terror and torture could not subdue; whom money could not buy; my comrades, my superiors . . .*” “One of them,” thought I, considering her, and recalling within my heart the words in which I had, myself, described the persecuted élite of Germany in one of my books.¹ “Eight years in hell for having served our ideals faithfully, and now, so full of poise and dignity in the old clothes, too loose for her, that were probably given to her in hospital or in some *Durchgangslager* in which she has spent her first days home; so full of patient, unshakable strength! Could *I* have gone through what she has, and yet remain serene? — I wonder . . .” Once more I realised that every contact of mine with *real* Germany was for me a further lesson of humility.

But the woman was speaking, answering a question that the widow without a pension had put her. “Yes;” she was saying, “I now have a job. I am starting work on Monday morning.” (It was Saturday night.) “A good thing too,” she added: “for I have absolutely no money.”

“What sort of a job? Well paid?” was the next question.

“Hard work, but well paid,” replied the woman. “A kitchen maid’s job in the barracks for American coloured troops.

¹ *Gold in the Furnace*, edit. 1952. (Introduction), p. xv.

Potatoes to peel; plates and dishes to wash. I took what was given to me. One cannot pick and choose, when one is in need. I only pray I remain in good health, and am able to work regularly. In course of time, I shall find a more suitable occupation, and slowly build up a new position for myself, after this long nightmare — a position in which I shall live decently while being useful.”

I ventured to ask her what work she had done during the war. “I had a secretarial job in the *Wehrmacht*,” said she. “It was my line. I had worked in an office before the war.”

The bystanders, who heard this, seemed neither particularly astonished, nor shocked. They had come across so many many such cases! It was the history of the repercussion of defeat upon the individual life of a German — Germany’s own history of these last eight years in a nutshell. They were accustomed to it. And they understood it. They were too thoroughly warrior-like by nature, not to grasp the implications of the merciless words: *Vae Victis!* In the bottom of their hearts, they merely longed for an opportunity to reverse the parts in the endlessly repeated drama: to be themselves (for once!) the people who would enforce the Law of War, not those who have to submit to its dictates. And they waited patiently. I also waited — for the same opportunity. What else could I do? But *I* was shocked; and not patient. *I* was resentful. *I* was bitter. For the millionth time since 1945, I felt that the wheel of history did not revolve fast enough. And I suffered personally at the thought that it did not; at the thought that it still was the turn of my brothers in faith to be the vanquished, the destitute, the persecuted, the enslaved, and not yet the turn of our persecutors. That would no doubt come, one day. And I ardently wished I would be given a chance to play an active part in the revenge. But *now* — in the meantime — I had to put up with the fact that my beloved comrades, the only human beings I love on this earth, were the sufferers, and that I could do nothing about it.

I was so deeply moved that, had we been alone, I would have put my arms around the woman’s neck. Her hands, as unaccustomed as my own to hard work, had toiled under the whip from daybreak to nightfall, all these dreary years, while I

had merely suffered *moral* torture; they were now to wash plates and scrub floors for the Negro Occupation troops, while I would write my impressions about Germany . . . And she was one case among millions. She was the German people forced into a war which neither they nor the Führer had wanted, vanquished, and made to suffer for being the collective exponent of the Führer's Doctrine of health and truth — of our National Socialist wisdom. And at the thought of those countless German lives that have been wrecked, when not destroyed, for the defence of the Aryan values that we uphold, I felt more strongly than ever the new *Mythos* take shape within my consciousness: the *Mythos* of Salvation in *our* sense of the word, i.e., of racial salvation, through Germany's free sacrifice under the inspiration and in the name of Adolf Hitler, the Saviour Who comes back. And once more I realised that, alone my contribution to the creation, spreading and strengthening of such a new *Mythos*, in Western Aryan consciousness, could justify my existence on earth and make good, — if possible — for my past omissions; for my absence from this continent during the glorious years of National Socialist rule.

* * *

Step by step, the “queue” had come down to the tiny narrow room, at the end of which was the reception office. The men and women who stood before me, and she who had worked in the Ural mines, had been taken in one after the other. It was now my turn.

“Would you like, for two marks, a nice comfortable bed, with white bedclothes, in a four bed room, instead of a place in the general dormitory?” asked the woman in charge.

“Gladly,” said I.

I knew the general dormitories of the “Station Missions of other railway stations, if not of this one. They were all the same: upper rows and lower rows of straw mattresses on iron frames, with no bedclothes; light on, all night (or sometimes on and sometimes off, which is even worse); and thirty people in the same one large room, which resembled nothing as much as the “sleeping accommodation” for deck passengers on board the Greek steamers of the Piraeus-Marseilles lines, now as in the

days of my youth. I had slept countless times in such dormitories during my dangerous life in Germany in 1948. But I was now so tired that I wanted a good night's rest. And two marks was cheap, in comparison with four or five, which I would have had to pay in a hotel.

The former prisoner of the Russians was apparently in the general dormitory for half a mark, or even for nothing. "Had she not already been taken in," thought I, "I would have asked them to give her a place in my room and I would have paid for it. She deserves a good night's rest more than I." I hoped, however, to see her on the following day.

On the next morning, in fact, there she was: in the 'queue' waiting to wash at one of the three taps in the toilet room. She recognised me; greeted me. I felt that she liked me. I returned her greeting and, after washing, we both went upstairs and had a bowl of "mook-fook" and a slice of bread — breakfast. "It is for nothing," said my companion, expressing the practical point of view of one for whom every penny counted, nay, of one who actually had not a single penny, as I was soon to learn; — the point of view of the destitute.

A young blond girl of about twenty-two or three, with a pleasant face, sat at our table. We spoke a little. The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia asked me where I had come from, and the girl, how long I had been in Germany, and whether this was my first journey. And she put us both the same question, as our simple breakfast was drawing to its end. "What are we *now* going to do? Going together for a stroll? I am free till ten o'clock."

"I am going to see the town," answered I. "I have come for that. I shall be glad to accompany you, if you want me."

"Of course we want you . . ." said she. "But I cannot understand your coming from Athens, to see this place *now*. There is nothing left to be seen, — except, perhaps, the Castle. *They* have smashed all the rest; and smashed it on purpose: for the pleasure of destroying this loveliest of all German towns — the devils!"

Her sparkling eyes had become hard. But, oh, how I understood her! And how she would, doubtless, understand *me*, thought I. I looked at her earnestly:

“I have come precisely to see what *they* have done, and to feel once more how deeply I hate *them*,” said I. “I have come, also, to see the building in which the infamous Trials took place; to stand as near as I can to the spot where the martyrs of 1946 died for Germany and for the Aryan ideals that Germany embodies, and to call unto the unseen Powers of heaven for that revenge that I have been wanting, awaiting, — preparing, through the magical potency of thought — day and night, for the last eight years!”

The woman who had suffered in Russia spoke of the long-delayed revenge: “It will come anyhow, whether we call for it or not. It will come because there is such a thing as God’s Justice, even if it be slow in manifesting itself. I am convinced that it is so.”

“But *I* want to become Its instrument, be it through the power of thought, if I cannot get a better chance!” shouted I, passionately.

“Right! But there is no need to *say* so in such a loud voice,” whispered the young girl, putting her finger to her lips. She gave me, however, the unmistakable smile of comradeship, and shook hands with me across the table. “I feel as you do,” said she, again in a whisper. “But this is no talk for such a place as this. Let’s go!”

We all three got up, left the room, and went through the station into the street.

* * *

Walking between the two women, I had a first glimpse of what was left of Nuremberg, the old mediaeval walled city, famous for its arts and crafts, its Castle, its churches, its picturesque houses; the modern seat of the recent yearly Party Rallies and (I had been told) . . . the “city of cats” — one of the loveliest of all German towns, if not *the* loveliest, as the girl at my side had just now said. And I felt my heart sink within my breast and tears well up to my eyes as in 1948, during my first journey through ruined Germany.

The whole country was destroyed with calculated savagery. Nuremberg was destroyed with a still more relentless and, if possible, still more systematical savagery: with the fanatical glee and superhuman efficiency of devils mobilised against the

main bastion of the Forces of Light — the mad thoroughness of Anglo-Saxons when, for the love of big business, they give themselves up to devils and become traitors to their own Nordic blood. In 1948, all Germany looked like an excavation field. Now, bit by bit, her wounds are getting healed; in every town, new houses are being built over the ruins; new life is taking shape — present-day life, in which the bitterness of recent years, though never forgotten, is thrust into the background to make place for practical plans of reconstruction and for immediate hopes. But Nuremberg, in spite of all reconstruction efforts, still looks like an excavation field; and speaks of the past, not of the present. Its wounds are still gaping, unhealed — unhealable.

Here and there, of course, buildings have been repaired, or rebuilt. Others *are being* rebuilt (though, half the time, not in the lovely style of old). There are huge iron cranes — and hundreds of labourers — to be seen, feverishly at work, everywhere. But that — even that — does not change the aspect of general and irreparable devastation that the town now has, — any more than the modern living quarters, quickly built in the midst of an excavation field for the use of the surveying archaeologists, alter a ruined site as such.

I could not tell *where* we went. We wandered and wandered and wandered along skeletons of streets; along other streets that were but partly ruined — too ruined to be repaired; not ruined enough for the old loveliness not to be guessed, felt, *lived*, through many a surviving detail of architecture or decoration, and for one not to experience, at every footstep, an outburst of desperate nostalgia, coupled with hatred for the destroyers; — over charmingly picturesque old bridges: the same ones I had so often seen on postcards, before the war, in the irreplaceable setting that centuries had slowly given them. Occasionally, we passed under some beautiful mediaeval archway (a “gate” of the former walled city that had grown out of its walls.) That too stood alone against the charred remnants of its natural setting, or against a line of modern shops built upon them. The real setting, that perfect background of patient collective art in which the German soul of *all* ages used to breathe, has been charred and blasted to pieces by the “Crusaders to Europe” and their gallant allies of the R.A.F.¹ And *one*

¹ The British “Royal Air Force.”

cannot build it again — ever! — any more than one can build old Babylon, old Thebes or old Knossos again. The only difference (for there *is* a difference) is that the nations that once built Babylon, Thebes or Knossos, are dead. While the Nation that built Nuremberg — and paraded but yesterday through its streets under hundreds of Swastika flags hanging from the windows; and asserted, year after year, its will to live, in an immense display of pride and joy in Luitpold Arena and *Zeppelin Wiese*, *is alive*. The people of Nuremberg are part and parcel of that great Nation. And Nuremberg lives — in spite of its gaping wounds; in spite of its half-charred body. It lives, and cries for vengeance.

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia spoke little. She looked intently all round her. I imagined her thinking, at the sight of the devastated town: “So *that* is what the Western Allies have done to our poor Germany! There is indeed nothing to choose between them and the Russians!” And I could not help expressing what I myself felt: “Look at this!” exclaimed I, pointing to a space in which there was practically *nothing* left but mere foundations of former houses, upon which a row of shops had been hastily set up along a part of the foot path; “look at this! It is the handiwork of those who, *now*, would like Germany to join them in their new ‘Crusade to Europe’ — a ‘crusade’ against Bolshevism, this time! As if Germany had not suffered *this* precisely for being the main, nay, the only fighter against Bolshevism, which *they were*, *then*, helping as much as they could, with arms and ammunitions and repeated declarations of friendship. Join in a new crusade to defend their stinking Democracy, in the name of which *this* was done? Never!

“Right you are!” burst out the young girl, without giving the former prisoner in Russia time to speak; “*I* shall never help these people, for one! It is not only the destruction of our towns that makes me hate them: horrible as it was, this was *during* the war. I hate them even more for the way they treated us *after* the war — and I don’t speak only of the important people, whom they hanged as ‘war criminals’; I speak of each and every one of us (save, of course, of the traitors, whom they pampered and are still pampering, as it is understandable). Take *my* case, for instance. I was fourteen when the disaster came.

I was in the B.D.M.¹ We practically *all* were. And I liked it. I am not ashamed to say so; on the contrary! The loveliest time in my life, I spent it there, learning all sorts of useful things, singing, marching, camping, and living in a healthy atmosphere of comradeship and joy, such as I never knew the like of since. I was well-loved by our chieftain and by all those above me, and, had the Capitulation not put an end to everything, I probably should have been put in charge of a group of little girls, a year or two later. Well, *these people*, caught me as soon as they came in. They did not kill me, admittedly: I was too young to be classified as a ‘war criminal.’ But they made my parents pay a fine of 500 marks for me to be ‘de-Nazified.’ You know what a sum of 500 marks means to a modest workman’s family! We starved, in order to pay it (we were half-starving anyhow, then). But if *they* think they have ‘de-Nazified’ me for all that, they make a mistake. I am a more convinced, more fanatical Nazi than ever, and *nothing* can shake my faith in our Führer and in the Régime. I adore him. And I love it. I find it wonderful. It is my ‘right,’ as an individual to feel that way, isn’t it? And I will not help its enemies against Bolshevism or against anything else. Let them fight their own war — without us!”

“Bolshevism will not fall under any American ‘crusaders,’” put in the woman who had spent eight years in Russia. “The Russians are far too well-prepared for war; better prepared than anyone can imagine. And their military power is growing every day. No; Bolshevism will fall, but not as these people would like it to. It will fall, as a consequence of a national awakening of the Russians themselves, one day. That is, at least, what I am inclined to believe.”

“Why did the Russians fight so vigourously, if they do not really like their régime?” asked I.

“They fought for Russia, not for any régime,” was the answer. “Moreover, they did not know *our* régime in its proper light; I mean, they had no idea at all of its social aspect. They had a glimpse of that only as they themselves first came to Germany, be it under the worst possible conditions, i.e., as invaders.”

We walked a long time. It seemed to me, nay, as though

¹ “*Bund Deutschen Mädchen*,” the girls’ counterpart of the “Hitler Youth.”

we had come back to a place where we had been already, somewhere not far from the station. I had the impression that I recognised an outwardly fairly undamaged church, in front of which we had passed an hour before without stopping. “You are right,” said the two women; “this is Saint Lawrence’s, the first church we saw on our way from the station. Would you like us to go in and have a look at it?”

“Why not?”

We went in. An old man offered to take us around, telling that we were not expected to pay him, but that we could leave whatever money we liked as a contribution to the reconstruction of the church, which had been heavily bombed. We accepted. “I’ll leave a mark for each of us,” said I to the woman who had come from Russia, knowing, as I did, that she was penniless.

I felt sorry for the poor church as I listened to the old man’s tale of awe, and as I saw, at the top of the main vault, and on the walls, the new coating of cement and plaster, sign of the recent extensive repairs. I felt sorry for it because it too was a part of the martyred town. The faith to the glory of which it had been built had, it was true, never been mine. Still I was compelled to take it into account as an aspect of that composite past of Europe, apart from which our present-day Struggle — rebellion against the Jewish values — would have no meaning. It was, moreover, a faith which had, in the days when it was a leading force, stimulated, in men of my race, the creative love of beauty.

“I am glad, so glad to see that the church has been repaired to such an extent,” said I to the old man. “I wish the whole town could be!”

“It is slowly coming to life again,” answered he. “But it will take time. And it will never be like before. This war has caused more irreparable destruction than any other.”

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia spoke: “Naturally, it will never be like before,” admitted she. “But it is all the same better than what I saw of Nuremberg shortly before the Capitulation. The place was then so utterly smashed, that it looked as though it would never again be fit to live in.”

“Yes, I can imagine *that* — in early 1945! I can well imagine it, although I was not here,” said I. “And I can also imagine,

in the midst of those yet smoking ruins, that mockery of: justice if ever there was one, that shame of the West: the iniquitous Trial, and the hanging of the finest men of Europe; faithful men, who had done their duty to the end; who had obeyed orders as soldiers in war time, as citizens of a Nation fighting for its very existence . . .”

“. . . But unfortunately, as citizens of a Nation that had fallen into the hands of a warmonger and a criminal, and therefore, as willing accomplices of crime,” answered the old man, who was, apparently, a Christian, aware, as few *are* in Germany, of the essentially anti-Christian character of our Hitler faith.

I felt my blood boil with sudden anger. “In the great days,” thought I, “I would have had this fellow immediately put away!” — without at once realising that “in the great days” the fellow would certainly never have aired his views so shamelessly. The young girl at my side pushed me with her elbow so as to say: “For goodness’ sake, don’t speak!” But it was useless. I just *could not* — now, in 1953 — allow such a statement to be made in my presence without protesting.

“What do you mean by ‘a warmonger,’” asked I. “There was only one warmonger in 1939: England, who, out of base commercial envy, was determined to crush Germany and who, therefore, gladly became the tool of the Jews. Lord Halifax himself, — that pious hypocrite — described in public as a ‘success of British diplomacy’ the fact of having forced Germany *into a war that she had never wanted*. And whom do you call ‘a criminal’? What appears ‘criminal’ to you in him who was Germany’s ruler” (I nearly said: “in the Führer”; but I prudently used the word “Herrscher,” which means about the same, but is less glaringly evocative) “and in his régime?”

The two women looked at me, astonished, and perhaps a little uneasy; perhaps fearing that my boldness might land all three of us into trouble, and regretting that they had come out with me, who knows? The man was not only astonished, but positively shocked.

“It is criminal to murder people by the thousand just because they happen to be Jews,” replied he, abruptly.

“It all depends upon one’s scale of values,” retorted I. “You people who believe in ‘the freedom of the individual’ (or pretend

tend to) surely do not expect to force the same scale of values upon everybody, do you?"

Again the young girl at my side — the very one who, when conversing with me, was, herself, so outspoken — pushed me with her elbow so as to tell me: "Enough! Enough! Stop it!"

There was a heavy silence. Our footsteps resounded under the high gothic vault, as we walked out of the empty church. The old man did not speak to me again. It is I who, after leaving two marks in the tray at the exit, summed up my position in a few words before I left: "I respect all faiths inasmuch as I have not the power to eradicate those which I look upon as dangerous," declared I. "But I do not, personally, and never will, share the Christian superstition concerning the so-called 'sanctity' of each and every human life and, consequently, the Christian conception of right and wrong. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

* * *

We came out; walked on in the direction of the Castle.

"I don't like this fellow's impertinence," said I, recalling the guide in the Church, as soon as we were again among ourselves.

"Nor do I," replied my youngest companion; "but what can one do, nowadays? A hundred thousand fellows of that description will jabber — the same old nonsense over and over again: that which they were taught. It is no use calling their attention upon one's self. We cannot convert them any more than they can convert us. They love and want the exact opposite of that which we love and want. And they are now in power. And even such ones as this old fool can be dangerous."

"But I can't let him call our Führer 'a criminal' and say nothing!"

"Our Führer himself would no doubt order you to be prudent, if he could hear you," put in the woman who had come from Russia.

Against the nightmarish background of destroyed Nuremberg — of that Nuremberg that he loved so dearly, and that loved *him* so, — I pictured to myself my adored Leader. "Yes, what would *he* say?" thought I. "Would he really blame me for not being able to hear people insult him without replying?"

And the ever-vivid feeling of inexpiable guilt for not having come to Germany years and years before, rose once more within my heart.

* * *

We reached the famous square: *Marktplatz* — formerly *Adolf Hitler Platz*. I recognised, for having seen them on pictures, the seventeenth-century fountain with its intricate, gilded bronze railing, near the footpath along which we came and, at the opposite end of the square, the quaint and lovely little church: *Frauen Kirche*. Had it not been for these two standing landmarks, I never could have guessed that I was at that particular place, for nothing else is left of it — not a house. The historical landmarks have remained, as though by miracle; the historical setting has completely disappeared; the square is now an uneven expanse of sandy earth, on one side of which (at right angle to the street) can be seen a row of shops built in haste. Behind these, down to the stream and beyond it, gapes a deep depression full of rubble, that iron cranes — then, at rest, for it was a Sunday — are gradually clearing up. On the other side, parallel to the street, the church stands alone against the background of the sky. The picturesque Old houses right and left of it no longer exist.

We visited the church, newly repaired. In Saint Lawrence's at least some of the beautiful stained glass had been put back into its place; in particular, the magnificent *rosace*, in red and blue and ardent violet, was there again. Here, there were ordinary transparent windowpanes, through which the sunshine poured in; there were new benches; new blank walls. And yet, the place bore, like the whole town, in spite of all repairs, the stamp of devastation. I felt depressed.

We went out, walked across the square, had a look at the fountain. Within the ornamental curves of its railing, the two women showed me the famous Ring, mystery of workmanship, of which nobody can understand *how* it has been set in its present place. I left them in a group of people waiting to admire it from close and, if possible, to handle it and make it turn round, and went wandering for a while about the ruined square and along the footpath bordering it . . .

In the glorious days, at the time of the great Party Rallies,

somewhere facing that footpath and the opposite houses, from the upper windows of which then hung beautiful Swastika flags of red silk or velvet, with golden fringe, stood the Führer, dominating from his tribune the whole square behind him, the whole street before him. The square was entirely occupied by rows and rows of people; high officials, foreign delegates, specially honoured guests. From all the houses around it hung those splendid red, white and black flags, bearing the immemorial Sign of the Sun, which is that of the National Socialist faith . . . The crowd was silent. The church bells, that had rung in chorus with those of all the town at the opening of the solemnity, were also silent. Over the bridge and along the street, in the direction of the Castle, — from the Führer's left to his right, — regiments and Party formations came marching by, to the conquering music of the immortal Song, in unbelievable coordination, one after the other, for hours . . . And Adolf Hitler, his right arm outstretched, watched them march. And they saluted him — the living Soul of the new Reich — halting before his tribune as they passed.

I tried to picture to myself that unique display of order, grandeur, power, controlled enthusiasm; that scene of the great Awakening of my race in the West; and I knew I could not. Nobody could, unless he or she had *seen* it, *lived* it, in its tangible reality . . . And again I thought: "Where was *I, then?*" In South India; in Central India; in Lucknow; in Lahore; in Kashmir; in Calcutta — at the time of every Rally, in some different far-away place, — striving to be the bridge between the two halves of the Aryan World; striving to make the path straight for the establishment of the National Socialist World Order; speaking against the false doctrines and the erroneous values that stand in its way; believing myself to be useful — the fool I was! *Oh, why had I not been here?*

I tried to imagine the Führer's proud figure in the attitude of the ritual Salute, against that background of beauty, of strength, of joy; of youth in uniform, of waving flags and glittering helmets and heroic music, within the frame of the lovely old German city, there where I *saw, now*, nothing but desolate earth and a few pitiful new shops and, on the opposite side of the street, a new house or two, and faces full of disillusionment, nostalgia, bitterness or simply boredom; faces weary of that uninteresting post-war world, which is the contrary of all that the

German people had fought for, of all that they wanted, and still want. And the old longing grew in me: “Oh, to set up *that* vision of the modern Saviour of the West as *the one* around which all the scattered forces of Germany, nay, of Western Aryandom, would gather and crystallise! Oh, to preach the unity of the Aryan West — that is nothing else but the Greater Reich of his dreams — in his name, openly, one day . . . !” — But when?

In the meantime, children who were too young to have known the great days and who were taught in school to look upon them as a period of horror, were passing, with their parents who remembered, but dared not speak in this so-called “free” world. How long would all this last? For how long more would there be that ban on all we stand for? . . .

I walked back to the fountain where the two women were waiting for me. The girl was anxious to take leave of me, because it was not far from ten o’clock. “When are you leaving?” she asked me.

“This evening, or tomorrow,” answered I. “I wish I could stay longer, but . . . I am afraid I cannot. I just want to see *Luitpold Arena* and *Zeppelin Wiese*, and also the place of the Trial and, if I can, the place where the Eleven died.”

“In that case, I shall probably not see you again. But I am happy to have met you. And I shall remember you. Good luck to you wherever you go! *Auf Wiedersehen!*”

“*Auf Wiedersehen!*”

* * *

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia remained with me.

We continued wandering among the remains of Nuremberg, and I kept trying to picture to myself the lovely city in the days of peace, pride and happiness, — before the devils destroyed it. Wherever we saw charred walls, blank spaces, or rows of shops quickly set up out of wood or cheap bricks and cement with or without a plaster coating, I tried to imagine such rows of houses as I had seen on photos or on the attractive tourist posters — “Visit Germany!” — that used to hang against the walls in travelling Offices or in important railway stations, before the war, calling people of the whole world to Adolf Hitler’s beautiful

and prosperous country. I remembered, also, that this bastion of National Socialism was, at the same time, “the city of cats,” and I recalled the picturesque wooden balconies before the windows of the dear old houses (and of many a modern, several-storied tenement building) — the balconies upon which the well-fed, glossy, happy felines, whose owners had no gardens, used to bask in the sunshine. One of the best German National Socialists I know, who happens to be, — like I — at the same time, a cat-lover, had told me about those balconies. And I imagined comfortable, round, furry heads, with silky cars, and green or golden eyes, black-and-white, velvet-black, ginger-coloured or ash-grey, — or bearing the primaeval stripes which make the wild felines invisible in the jungle — looking out between the bars of the wooden railings. Looking out over what? Over the rising of superior humanity: over healthy, handsome young men in brown uniform, parading the streets; over beautiful healthy children, growing in the consciousness of their strength; over young women and girls — more and more of the latter in blue uniform — happy to be the actual or potential mothers of more such children and more such real men; and, now and then, over happy crowds with arms outstretched in enthusiasm at the passing of some procession, above which flags would flutter against the blue sky (always those splendid red flags, bearing in black, on a white disk, the Sign of Life — and Death — in health and glory!). Yes; medieval-looking houses endowed, inside, with all modern commodities; homey cats, creatures of grace and poise; and thousands of young Germans — young, even if they were over fifty, for all Germany was young in the great days — working and speaking, marching and singing to the rhythm of a new life, under Julius Streicher’s immediate administration, under Adolf Hitler’s inspired leadership, in the shadow of the eternal Swastika; *that* had been Nuremberg — my own very dream, visible and tangible; materialised on this earth, for years . . . until the devils had destroyed it. How often had I not seen pictures of it on the “Visit Germany” posters! For the millionth time I wondered why I had always put off my return to Europe (as though there had been no need to hurry) and never seen that thing of glory that was a Party Rally in that extraordinary setting.

We saw the Saint Sebaldus church: a ruin, that German

skill, patience and will-power would bring to life again, one day — no one could yet say when. We saw the house in which the painter Albrecht Dürer (who, like all exceedingly great artists, was also a sage) has lived and meditated, and created. Like the *Frauen Kirche* on *Adolf Hitler Platz*, it has escaped destruction as though it were by miracle. The whole neighbourhood is a series of pits full of rubble, between a growing number of entirely new houses. I thought of the mysterious, impersonal Power that had kept just that single old one standing in the midst of streams of fire. And I shuddered with a sort of religious awe . . .

On the doorstep of a half-ruined but still inhabited home, I noticed a well-fed, well-kept yellow cat — the first one I saw in Nuremberg. Another one, a black and white one, also in good condition, lay a few steps further. I halted, shut my hand, and held it out to the nearest one. The feline gazed at me with understanding, got up, and rubbed its glossy head against my fist, purring. I stroked it, picked it up, held it for a while in my arms. “My velvet, my silk, my yellow stripes, my purring fur!” said I, continuing to stroke it. It purred louder. I remembered the expression: “city of cats . . .” The lovely creature seemed to tell me: “Had you only come before . . . years ago! You would have seen plenty of us. Now *they* have wrought destruction on us also. It is too late . . .” Again tears came to my eyes.

I put down the cat and caught up my companion, who had slowly walked on, and was now looking at Albrecht Dürer’s statue in the middle of a small square. I too gazed at it in silence. It is a good statue; less evocative however — perhaps, — than the mere *atmosphere* of the old house.

There was a long pause, both my companion and I being absorbed in our thoughts. Then, suddenly, after having made a move and walked a few steps with her.

“Could you not take me to *Zeppelin Wiese*, and Luitpold Arena.” said I; “it is getting late. And I also want to see the place of martyrdom; you know what I mean: the place where the Eleven were killed on the 16th of October 1946.”

“*Zeppelin Wiese* and *Luitpold Arena* are far away — outside the town — and it looks as though it is going to rain, and I have no umbrella, nor have you,” replied she, pointing to the clouds

that had appeared in the sky. "But I shall take you to the other place. I only wanted us first to see the Castle. We are actually on the hill at the top of which it stands. Don't you wish to see it? Kaiser Barbarossa's castle?"

"Of course I do!" answered I without hesitation. "Only I was not aware that we had come back to the Rock after our wanderings. I did not know it was so near. Yes, let us go up!"

In a flash, I recalled the great Hohenstaufen Emperor, Friedrich Barbarossa, who took part in the Third Crusade with Richard the Lionhearted, king of England, and Philip-Augustus, king of France, and who died in the far-away East but who — it is said — "will come back."

We went up and up, through old, narrow streets, clean, and still picturesque, still lovely, although many of them were half ruined. We reached the entrance of the Castle: the massive doorway, leading into a square courtyard, where a guide was now explaining something of the history and architectural features of the building to a few American tourists, before taking the latter upstairs. My companion, who had seen the Castle before, did not feel like seeing it again; she merely wanted *me* to see it. She sat in the office room, by the door, as she was tired, while the other appointed guide — an elderly man — took charge of me.

I followed the latter upstairs, into one hall and then into the other, half-listening to the detailed story of the Castle, which he was repeating to me after having told it a thousand times to other visitors, always in the same monotonous, tired voice, as though he were reciting a lesson. For a while, my eyes rested upon the portrait pictures of kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, that were to be seen hanging against high, whitewashed walls, and upon the armours of different types and different periods, that stood in a row, on each side of a special hall. But all the time *I felt* the presence of the ruined town at the foot of the rock on which the Castle is built. And whenever I could have a look at it though a window, I did. Even from a distance, one could see that it was ruined.

We reached the beautiful Double Chapel: two austere vaulted halls, one above the other, with little ornamentation, but of the very best style: stone pillars, with finely sculptured capitals — all different — and a sculptured stone altar. Here the

knights of old attended mass, and prayed for the success of their arms. Leaning over the railing of the higher Chapel, I stood just opposite the altar. There reigned an unearthly silence; a timeless silence — in which footsteps resounded strangely upon the cold stone pavement. Then the old guide spoke again, in his same monotonous, tired voice. For some reason, in this particular corner of the Castle, full of echoes, his voice took on a ghostly solemnity; sounded as though it too came from another world: “In 1188, here also stood and prayed Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa, who was soon to lead the German knights to the East, and never to return,” that voice was saying. “You know the story, don’t you? He was drowned in a river of Asia Minor. But his people would not believe that he was dead. They related that he had retired with his paladins to a mountain fastness, but that one day, when the people need him, he would come back to lead them to glory once more. We needed him many times since the Twelfth Century. But he never came. And we are still waiting . . .”

I shivered, for the staggering Truth — the Truth behind the eternal Myth of salvation — had again all of a sudden dawned upon me.

“Are you so sure that *He* never came back?” asked I, enigmatically. “Would you have recognised *Him*, — the good Leader of all times, and Germany’s real Saviour; the natural Ruler of the ruling Race — had you seen *Him*? And if you see *Him* return, next year or the year after, or in five years’ time, will you recognise *Him* in *His* modern garb?”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed the old guide. Should I understand that you are alluding to . . . someone . . . of our times? Or are you speaking symbolically, without referring to any precise person?”

I did not want a discussion. I felt, somehow, that this was not the place for one. And I nearly repented for having spoken so openly. I answered evasively:

“Never mind what I said. Take it as you like. One can always give more than one meaning to poetical legends, can one not?”

But in reality, I had thought and was still thinking of our Führer.

I remained for a while leaning over the railing — as a

mediaeval lady . . . — to ponder over the old legend of the immortal Leader Who comes back. And the holy words of the Bhagavad-Gita — the oldest surviving Aryan Book of integral Wisdom — came to my memory, here, in the Chapel of the Caste, in the midst of ruined Nuremberg, as a few days previously in Braunau am Inn, before the house where Adolf Hitler was born: “When righteousness is crushed, when evil rules supreme, I *come*; age after age, I take birth again and again, to save the world.”¹

At that moment, from a church somewhere in the town below, the sound of bells reached me. There are few things as nostalgic and as lovely as the music of bells. I vividly remembered myself listening to such music, with a strange awareness of fatefulness, for a long time, in my native town, on the eve of my departure to India, over twenty years before . . . Oh, why had I gone, *then*? Why *had I had to go* — and miss all direct contact with the Third Reich at the height of its splendour? Had it been thus ordained by the unseen Forces who rule every destiny, so that I might learn, there, to link the old German legend — expression of an everlasting collective yearning — with the immemorial Essence of Aryan truth; the Message of Him Who comes back? so that I might, *now*, after Germany’s temporary collapse, give National Socialism — *her* National Socialism — that stupendous more-than-political interpretation that few of its German exponents themselves dared to give it, hailing it as the Western equivalent of the old, old Wisdom of the fair, Sanskrit-speaking invaders of India, and bridging the gap between the two halves of Aryandom in Adolf Hitler’s sacred name? So that I might understand and proclaim Germany’s mission, in the light of cosmic Truth, as no one else — no foreigner, at least, — had done before? Oh, if *that* were the hidden reason, — the *real* reason, which I myself did not know — of my departure, to the nostalgic sound of bells, (thought I, with tears in my eyes,) it was worthwhile! I had not seen my beloved Führer, — ever; not seen the magnificent Party Rallies; not seen the Third Reich in its greatness. But even that enormous price was not too high, if I had paid it in order to become fit to do that which I alone could do for the triumph of our National Socialist truth forever: for the double domination

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 7 and 8.

of the Greater German Reich: over the earth *and* over Aryan consciousness, forever!

The guide, seeing that I wanted to be alone for a while, had left me. The voice of the bells continued to speak to me, from the heart of martyred Nuremberg — to me, who had not heard the joyous chorus of bells from all the churches of the city, at the opening of the old Party Rallies, in the great days. “Performance of that action which is duty, for duty’s sake alone; *renunciation of the fruits of action*, in the words of the old old Book; is also the rule of our Struggle for the assertion of the Aryan values. See, have we not renounced immediate victory, nay, our very existence, in that holy Struggle?” said the Voice of Streicher’s city, — the Voice of Adolf Hitler’s Germany; also of Friedrich Barbarossa’s Germany and of Hermann’s, still long before; the Voice of Germany of all times; the living expression of the indestructible warlike Aryan Wisdom in the West.

So near, and yet distant, detached, aetherial, the Song of bronze seemed to foreshadow, beyond the disillusionment and bitterness and powerlessness of the present day, — beyond the heroic renunciation of rapid and easy success — the joy of the return of the eternal Führer *Who comes back, age after age . . .*

Reluctantly tearing myself away from the Chapel in which the great Hohenstaufen Emperor had prayed, I joined the guide in the adjacent hall, and followed him back to the entrance of the Castle, to the music of the far-away bells.

* * *

The other guide, who had long finished lecturing to his Americans, was standing at the door of the room where I had left my companion. He was much younger than the one who had taken me round, — younger than myself, in fact, — and had a beautiful energetic face; “the face of one of us,” thought I. My companion and I remained alone with him, as a new hatch of Americans (soldiers in uniform, this time) came in, and my former guide offered them his services.

The young man probably noticed that I was profoundly moved; perhaps, also, was I sympathetic to him as he was to me. He spoke to me. “Liked the Castle?” he asked me, as a matter of introduction.

“Surely!” replied I. “All those fortresses of the Age of

Chivalry appeal to me. They appeal to me apart from their architecture, because they belong to that age which had a faith (never mind if it was or not the one *I* have) and which was earnest, and believed in honour and loyalty, and in force put to the service of truth, as only the persecuted minority does nowadays.”

The man’s stern eyes looked scrutinisingly into mine. “Whom do you call, with such wholehearted admiration, ‘the persecuted minority’?” asked he.

“Those who suffered torture (and, in thousands of cases, death) not for the sake of an illusion, but for that of the unshakable Truth of all times in its present-day expression, and who would go through another eight years’ hell rather than deny their faith, that is also mine: faith in higher mankind, and in Germany as the herald and leader of higher mankind’s awakening; those whom the world hates, because they are free even behind bars and strong, even if their bodies be torn and broken — unvanquished, even if this war they fought be lost; those who are *‘faithful when all become unfaithful,’*” answered I from the bottom of my heart, daring at last to quote the first words of the Song of the S.S. men. “*Them* I proclaim fit to rule the earth!”

The man drew me apart into a corner of the courtyard, gave me the reassuring smile of comradeship, stretched out his hand to me and said, holding my hand in his: “Your admiration touches me. I am an S.S. man, faithful to my oath. And you? . . . You look South European . . . But no foreigner ever spoke as you do. Who are you?”

“A South European indeed — partly at least,” replied I. “But an Aryan first and last; an Aryan who has hailed in Adolf Hitler’s new Germany the natural leader of Pan-Aryandom.”

“I know you mean what you say,” said the man. “And I am glad to have met you.”

He gave me his name and address. I gave him an address where he could reach me.

“Are you living in Germany?” asked he.

“I shall be, — if I possibly can...” answered I.

And we parted. The former S.S. man took a further boisterous

and showy batch of American tourists into the old Castle.

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia was standing at the gate, waiting for me. I followed her down the half-ruined streets to a crossing that I did not recognise, although we had, she said, passed there before, sometime in the morning. From there a tramway car took us, along *Fürtherstrasse*, to the Palace of justice: the building in which the greatest infamy in world history — the series of Nuremberg Trials, in 1945, 1946, 1947 — has taken place; and near the prison walls behind which the Eleven have won forever the martyrs' glory.

* * *

This succession of three-storied gabled buildings, of elegant and sober architecture, is one of the few large monuments of old Nuremberg that have survived the ordeal of the Allied air raids. It occupies (along with the ground, planted with beautiful trees, and the lawns, that stretch before it) the whole space limited by the broad *Fürtherstrasse* and two side streets running at right angles to it.

I slowly paced the footpath, along the iron railing limiting the green and shady ground. The gates were shut, so we could not go in. At one of the closed entrances, a notice attracted my attention: "Visiting hours from 8 to 12." "I have come too late, — too late, as always," thought I. "I should have come straight from the Station, instead of visiting those churches. But the harm was not irreparable. I would stay another night at the Station Mission, and come the next day and see the hall in which the sinister Trial had been staged . . . (Anyhow, it was Sunday; and who knows whether visitors were at all allowed, even "from 8 to 12"?) And if, for some reason, I were not left in on the next day, well, *sometime* . . . — when the Day of revenge would dawn — I would see the hall in any case. See it . . . and . . . — perhaps, who knows? . . . — be given the pleasure of impeaching our persecutors before the whole world, within those very walls within which *they* have conducted their long-drawn proceedings of hatred, hypocrisy and lies.

In the meantime, I paced the footpath, my eyes fixed upon the stately series of buildings, while the woman who had come

from Russia walked in silence at my side. I recalled in my mind those spectacular proceedings, and the comments of the newspapers of the time (that people had *told* me; for I never used to read them) and the worldwide campaign of slander that was then carried on to buttress the whole shameful show. I recalled my own life during the great infamy: my bitter quarrels over it, in India, with ill-informed or stupid people, or people actually hostile to our faith; and the even more detestable spirit I already had to face upon the steamer that carried me from Bombay to Southampton; and my arrival in London, only to see, somewhere in Oxford Street, in enormous black letters against a white background, the announcement of an exhibition “Nazi atrocities; entrance: one shilling six pence”; only to hear, wherever I went, — in milk bars and “express dairies”; in railway station waiting rooms, in people’s houses, — the wireless, barking at me its insults against all I loved; its information about the Trial, then going on; about further arrests of prominent National Socialists and further dismantling of German factories; its praise of the Morgenthau Plan and, more enraging than all the rest, its pious and patronising exhortations of naive clergymen for Germany’s “return to Christian feelings”; only to see, against the walls in the “tube” (the underground electric railway) that masterpiece of anti-Nazi hypocrisy: picture posters of Christ, with one hand nailed upon the cross and the other . . . blessing little boys and girls, under which one read the words: “Have pity upon the starving German children!” I remembered myself standing before one of those pictures — an insult both to us *and* to the Galilean Prophet (who was, at any rate, *sincere*, and cannot be held responsible for Paul of Tarsus’ caricature of his unworldly teaching) and feeling dumbfounded before the depth of inconsistency of the designer who had conceived it, and the depth of stupidity of the Bible-ridden masses it was intended to impress. (Could the latter not understand that *they* and their hatred and the R.A.F. bombers were at the root of the German children’s distress?)

I remembered the night I had spent at Mrs. Ponworth’s boarding house, 37 Wood Street — or was it Wood Lane? — Highgate, London; an international place, if ever there was one, which someone had recommended to me, naively presuming

that, “being a foreigner,” I could but like the atmosphere. And I recalled the supper table at which I had sat, right opposite a most objectionable Jewess, while an Indian sat at my side and a Negro between him and her. The English people present, hardly better than her, (and anyhow less justified than her in their hatred of us and of all we stand for) all listened with loud exclamations of horror to what the Israelite had to say about the treatment of her racial brothers in Germany and loudly shared her conception of “justice.” She and they — the whole brawling table, with two or three exceptions, — agreed with the principles that were supposed to justify the Nuremberg Trial. They merely found the Trial was lasting too long. The Indian was silent — perhaps not interested in European affairs; perhaps holding different views and not daring to speak. And I — I, the only Nazi in the place, as far as I can tell, — also said nothing; *could* say nothing, although I was boiling with indignation and hatred. I had come from India in order to secure myself, somehow or another, a military permit for Occupied Germany. At all cost, I had to remain unnoticed. But nothing was more against my nature, and therefore more painful to me, than that forced silence. Then, something unexpected, — something extraordinary — happened. As the Jewess and the slaves of Jewry had finished insulting our Führer and those about to die for Germany and for him and for the Aryan race, the Negro raised his voice. “I am a Christian,” said he simply. “I don’t understand politics, but I know one thing: Jesus, my Master, told all those who love him to love their enemies and not to judge any man. Such is his will. You English people also call yourselves Christians. In that case you should neither speak nor act as you do. God alone will judge those men whom you call ‘war criminals,’ as He will judge us all. *Your* business is to forgive them, if you think they have harmed you; to forgive them, and set them free. This Nuremberg Trial is a monstrous act of hypocrisy, and a shame upon Europe, America and Russia; and a shame upon all Christians who do not protest against it!”

This was so irreproachably logical in its naivety, that the brawlers did not know what to say. There was an uncomfortable silence, — the silence of the ashamed. Alone the Jewess laughed loudly and, turning to the Negro:

“*That* is the most comical thing I have ever heard,” exclaimed

she. “Defending Nazis in the name of Christianity! But *they* don’t believe in your Jesus, my fellow! They believe in Hitler. And would he be the first ones to laugh, if they could hear you . . .”

But the simpleminded African was not to be disheartened. “That may be,” replied he. “But *I* believe in Jesus. And the judges who are sitting there, in Nuremberg, say they do too. Every man should do what *his* own Master tells him. The Nazis are right inasmuch as they treat others as Hitler wants them to. But we are wrong if we do not treat them as Jesus, — *our* Master — wants *us* to. And *he* said: ‘Love thine enemies, and do good to those who hate thee.’”

“Honestly, you are the end!” burst out the Jewess. And she added ironically: “You should ask to be sent to Nuremberg and take the place of the war criminals’ lawyer!”

For the first time as far as I can remember, — and perhaps also for the last — I had felt, in spite of myself, on that occasion, a meed of sympathy for the Galilean’s teaching, I, the proud Aryan Heathen, who had fought it so bitterly all my life. I had at least thought, in a flash: “Gosh, I had never realised that the old superstition could be put to such good use!,” this being the highest tribute I can pay to a teaching which is the denial of our Führer’s.

I now remembered that eloquent episode, in all its vividness. I also recalled the state of Germany in 1948, and imagined what it must have looked like two years before. And against that nightmarish background of ruins and despair and relentless, unheard-of persecution, I imagined *them*, — our Führer’s closest collaborators; his fighters of the early days; along with him, makers of the Third Reich and founders of the New Age; my superiors — I imagined them cross a hall packed with people, — somewhere, in one of those buildings right in front of me, — and stand one after the other before their judges and before the whole world and before history, their heads high, and declare: “I plead innocent!” I imagined, among others, Hermann Göring speaking for the last time before that hostile crowd — judges, public prosecutors, interpreters, secretaries, typists, official “observers,” private onlookers — as calmly and convincingly and inspiringly as though he had been addressing the *Reichstag* of a victorious Germany. And one after the other, the

firm and fearless voices drowned the worldwide din of base calumny and mad hate. And Göring's voice — thought I — will still impeach and condemn our persecutors in five thousand years to come . . .

Standing in front of the "Palace of Justice," now, after seven years, and recalling all this, I shuddered from top to toe.

The woman who had returned from Russia was, for a long while, silent and motionless at my side, doubtless thinking also of our martyrs. At last she turned to me. "Come," said she; "I shall show you the wall behind which *they* died."

We followed a street that runs along one side of the outer enclosure. The prison is behind the last block of buildings. The walls that surround it seem to prolong those bordering the Tribunal premises. We walked up to a place from which one could distinguish the roof and upper story of it. The woman who had come from Russia halted, and, stretching out her hand, said:

"It was here, somewhere behind this wall, in the *Turnhalle* — the gymnastic hall — of the prison, I was told . . ."

Once more, I shuddered. A cold sensation ran along my spine and throughout my body. And I had the strange impression that a power — a nervous flux — was released from the top of my head, (an experience that was not new to me, although I had but seldom had it in my life). I felt in direct touch with almighty Forces which I did not know and could not control, yet, which I did not fear — on the contrary; which I was glad to feel so near; at hand. I thought intensely of the Eleven — and of those (also sentenced by this Court of shame) who are still in Spandau, after all these years; and of all those who died or suffered, and are still suffering for their faith in our Führer, at the hands of our persecutors.

And my mind rushed back to Him-and-Her — to Her, Energy of the Lord of the cosmic Dance, inseparable from Him, — Whom I had thanked with offerings of rice and sugar and fruits, and bright red *jaba* garlands, for Germany's victories, *then*, in glorious 1940, in Indian temples far away; and Whom I had implored in the depth of disaster, and over and over again, at the sight of the ruins of the martyred Land. Above the place where the gallows had been set up, nearly seven years before, I felt the presence of the double Avenger; I saw, with the inner eye,

the curved Sword of the Dark Blue Goddess — of the unfailing Killer — shining in the darkening sky: the one Sign of hope that had kept me alive during the nightmarish years, immediately after the war. And once more I prayed: “On the dismal day these men were hanged, I have asked Thee a million of our enemies’ lives for every one of theirs’ and a hundred thousand for every one of our other martyrs. Don’t forget, Essence of the Rhythm of Action and Reaction without beginning nor end; Mother of Destruction, Whom India honours with gifts of innocent blood, on moonless nights! And if this is not asking too much, make *me* an instrument of revenge!”

I remembered myself standing under the rain, on the evening of the ghastly Day — the 16th of October 1946 — and my friend Elwyn W., the finest Englishman I know — first an Aryan, and then an Englishman, — walking up to me, and there, at the corner of Great Russell Street and Museum Street, lifting his right arm and saluting me openly, fearlessly: “Heil Hitler!” and then, as I had repeated the gesture and uttered in my turn the holy Words, pointing to me the buildings around us and, beyond them, London — immense London, of which one could see so little, but which one guessed, — felt — stretching in all directions, over miles and miles — and telling me: “See: in twenty years’ time, nothing will be left of all this! And that will be England’s wages for the crime committed this morning: the darkest crime in European history . . .” Not words of consolation, no, but words of revenge: the only words that could, then, in spite of all, rouse in me a feeling of elation. It had been the best sign of sympathy he could give the in that dark hour, and I had gazed at him as though he had promised me the world.

And I remembered myself answering: “May you be right! Fire and brimstone upon those who, today, hanged our martyrs! And *who* hanged them? All those who were pleased that the war ended as it did; all those who call that end a ‘victory.’ They are *all* responsible. May they all suffer — and all perish!”

Now, before the sinister wall, I recalled that conversation.

“They have not had Hermann Göring, at least,” said I

to the woman at my side. “Nor did they have Dr. Goebbels, nor Himmler, nor Ley . . .”

But among the Eleven, I was thinking of Julius Streicher more than of any other, not merely because of the exceptional beauty of his death after untold torture and humiliation, but because he was a man of Nuremberg, nay, *the* man who had “given Nuremberg to the Party,” as the Führer himself had said, and also, perhaps, because the particularly wild hatred of this ugly, Jew-ridden world has entitled him to special reverence on the part of Adolf Hitler’s true disciples. I mentioned him to my companion. “Poor Streicher! so uncompromising and selfless! I have always admired him whatever faults people may have found in him (it is so easy to discover others’ faults!). May he, and may they all be avenged a million-fold!” And I could not help relating the atrocity — the one among many inflicted upon him — the description of which I had read long before, in Montgomery Belgion’s book *Epitaph on Nuremberg*, published in London in 1947.

“As he lay in his cell, his tortured body in pain from head to heel, his throat parched with thirst,” said I, as we slowly walked away from the prison wall; “and as he begged his tormenters to give him a little water, they, — mostly Jews, — all spat in a basin and, holding him down, so that he could not move, forced open his mouth with crooks and poured the disgusting liquid into it, laughing and grinning and telling him jeeringly that, if the beverage was not to his taste, he could go and drink the contents of . . . the lavatory! Not only cruel, but mean, dirty, typically Jewish, such was the revenge of our persecutors; of those who ‘believe in humanity,’ and who sentenced the men of the Third Reich for believing only in Greater Germany. When the Day comes, *our* revenge will be different: terrible (at least I hope) but warrior-like . . .”

“You are right.” replied the woman who had come from Russia. “And many more horrors were committed. The persecution of National Socialist Germany is the one point on which Americans and Russians agreed from the beginning — and agree to this day. Take the case of the surviving victims of the Nuremberg Trial, in Spandau: everything has been invented by the representatives of the *four* victorious nations

(not only of one or two) in order to make their lives an uninterrupted moral torment, when not also a physical one, after all these years. And you know with what calculated cruelty the martyrs of the 16th of October were hanged. One only has to see the photographs of their dead bodies, in order to realise it. I saw them; was shown them a few days ago. And after what *months* of moral and physical agony, have they undergone that awful death! No treatment is bad enough for those who could perform such horrors *in the name of justice*. They will get their reward from God Himself, for no sin ever remains without its wages, no action without its consequences. And yet, we have to pretend to forget, so that we might be able to raise our heads once more with the financial help of the U.S.A.”

“It matters little, as long as we only *pretend*,” said I.

“Of course, we pretend,” answered the woman. “We act up to the part we have to play: the part that defeat has now imposed upon us. But in order to play his part perfectly, an actor has sometimes *actually* to forget — for the time being — that he is on the stage; that he is *acting*. What if we, what if some of us, at least, also have actually to forget all that they and their comrades suffered . . .”

“Never!” exclaimed I, interrupting her vehemently.

The woman who had spent eight years as a slave labourer in the Ural mines, fixed upon me her large eyes and replied calmly: “You say: ‘Never’! . . . and yet . . . If it were in the interest of the Reich, would you not, then, at least *try* to put yourself under the best possible conditions to act with a clear mind, in accordance with the sole necessities of now and of tomorrow, that is to say: *efficiently*?”

I thought of all she had gone through, while *I* had, in relative comfort (in absence of pain, at any rate) cultivated my hatred of the Anti-Nazi forces and of their agents. And I admired her serenity . . . “Perform without attachment that action which is duty, desiring nothing but the welfare of Creation...”¹ The words of the eternal Book — the Bhagavad-Gita — came back to me. “The welfare of Creation and the interest of the Reich are ultimately the same,” reflected I. “This woman is nearer than I to the Essence of Aryan wisdom: nearer to it by

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, III, verses 19 and 25.

nature, because she has in her blood the whole military tradition of the most Aryan of all Aryan nations; the sense of inner as well as outward discipline; the cult of efficiency . . .” And I felt small. The confidence that she showed in my loyalty to Germany, — the way she spoke to me as though I had, in fact, been a German, — helped me, however, to raise myself above all forms of weakness, be it the most deceitful ones, i.e., those that look like signs of strength.

“You are right,” said I, answering her question in a low voice. “I would indeed, if that were the case; if those who know better than I believed that it was. The interest of the German Reich comes before everything.”

And as I just had, from the bottom of my heart, uttered these words, I thought in a flash: “*His Reich; his Germany . . .* I am prepared to do anything in its interest *because it is his...* while *she* doubtless loves and reveres *him* — Adolf Hitler — because he is the greatest of all Germans. It may look different; it may be different, philosophically speaking. *Practically*, it boils down exactly to the same: selfless devotion put to the service of the Great German Reich.”

* * *

I had not the slightest desire to eat or drink. Had I been alone, I would have at once gone to Luitpold Arena and *Zeppelin Wiese* — the immense areas outside the town where the Party Rallies used to take place. It was visible that the weather was not going to remain fine, and that I had no time to lose. But I thought of my companion: recently come out of a hard labour camp in the Urals; ill; destitute; wearing nothing but a thin summer jacket over her cotton dress; perhaps tired and surely hungry, although too considerate to say so; and having suffered all she had — cold, starvation, ill-treatments, and eight years of dreary, unpaid labour under the whip — for the sake of my ideals . . . I had no right to go and see the places where those ideals had solemnly been proclaimed, leaving her to return alone to the Station Mission, now that she had taken me where I had wanted. And it looked also as if she enjoyed my company. (*Any* company, in fact, — I suppose — is enjoyable, after eight long years spent in the Ural mines.) And she seemed “in order” all right.

“Let us go in and have something to eat,” said I, crossing the road at the sight of the first *Gastwirtschaft* I noticed.

“I have not a penny,” was the answer of the woman who had come from Russia.

The words brought tears into my eyes. I knew what it feels like to wish to walk into a shop and buy a bun or a piece of chocolate, and to stay out because one has “not a penny.” “Come,” said I; “you have suffered for all that we love. You are my comrade and my guest. I am only sorry I am not myself in a position to take you to a better restaurant than this one. Still, I hope we shall be comfortable here.”

“I thank you!” uttered she, her large blue eyes gazing at me.

“I thank *you*,” replied I. “You have defended *me* — the Aryan world. I can never do enough for your, or, in fact, for any German.”

We sat in a cosy corner. She ordered herself a portion of vegetable stew and a piece of boiled sausage. I ordered some lettuce salad, bread and butter and a cup of coffee for each of us. Boiled potatoes were brought to us as a matter of course, — as always in Germany — without us having to order them. And we talked . . . about our lives, about our faith, about present-day occupied Germany and the possibilities of tomorrow; the chances of peace and war; the Jewish question. The woman who had come from Russia was far from being as radical as I (and once more the fact struck me, that it is not always, — not *necessarily* — the most radical among His who suffered the most for the common Cause) but she — even she — admitted that destruction would be better than the indefinite extension of such “peace and freedom” as we now enjoy in the so-called “free” world, and that the Jews must be, sooner or later, made to leave Europe. (Personally, I would prefer that they be made to, leave the planet.) We talked for a long time, drinking further cups of coffee. It was about four o’clock when we left the place. It had rained. April showers. But the Sun was once more shining through the clouds. We took a tramway back to the Station. My companion wished to rest. I bade her farewell, and after asking the woman in charge of the Station Mission my way to Luitpold Arena, I walked out into

the street once more, and turned first to my right and then to my left, as I had been told.

* * *

“Follow *Allersbergerstrasse* until you get to the S.S. barracks, and then, turn again to your left . . .” I remembered the words as I walked along the dreary street, after having gone through the passage under the railway. The woman had mentioned “the S.S. barracks” as a matter of course; as though we had still been in the great days; she had not taken the trouble to say “the *former* S.S. barracks.” Were her words and attitude unconsciously prophetic? Would time soon mingle with time — the recent great days with the rising future — as water with water, effacing all trace of these present nightmarish years as that of a useless, powerless sword-thrust into the sea? Was one really, soon, to speak of S. S. men and of their barracks as though nothing had interrupted the course of the glorious new life that they represented and defended? “Oh,” thought I, ardently, as I already, in the distance, caught sight of the great modern blocks of dark red brick; against the bright background of the sky, from which the clouds had suddenly disappeared; “oh, how I do wish it were so! “ And all the hope, — the hope against all “normal” material possibilities; the faith in the everlasting German miracle, — that had sustained me ever since I had actually come to Germany and *met* members of the real National Socialist élite, filled me once more. And warlike music, and old songs of revenge and of conquest rang within my heart, as I hastened my footsteps.

I finally reached the red brick buildings, turned to my left into *Wodanstrasse* and, after a few minutes’ walk, came to a public park: trees, and emerald-green lawns, and benches on the side of neatly kept alleys running through the latter. An elderly woman was sitting alone on a bench. I asked her whether she could not tell me where Luitpold Arena was. “I know it is not far from here; but in what direction should I go?” enquired I.

The woman considered me with curiosity. “Luitpold Arena,” repeated she, slowly and thoughtfully. “Why do you wish to see the place? There is nothing for you to see there, but a few disjointed stones . . .”

“There is the earth, and there is the air,” replied I. And, so as to counteract the effect that these spontaneous words might have produced, I added cautiously: “It is . . . a historic place. And I am a foreigner visiting the town . . .”

“It is the place where our passionately beloved. Führer so often spoke,” stressed the woman, whether speaking sincerely or trying to find out who I was, I could not yet tell.

“I know,” interrupted I.

“But you surely do not love him, if you are, as you say, a foreigner. Foreigners hate him . . .”

This was more than I could bear. I experienced sudden anger at the idea of being — again! — taken for the contrary of what I am, merely on account of my nationality. I forgot I was not in a free land.

“*I adore him,*” retorted I, with vehemence. “I adore him, and fought on his side, and Germany’s. I am not a sheep that bleats in chorus with the rest of the contemptible herd. I look upon Adolf Hitler as the Saviour and Leader of all Aryans worthy of their race. Is that clear?”

The woman was forced to acknowledge that I was speaking the truth. She gazed at me with astonishment, admittedly, but got up and said: “Come, I shall take you myself to the tribune from which ‘he’ used to address the multitude . . .”

We walked between the fresh green lawns full of daisies. I soon caught sight of the remnants of a long structure, built of massive blocks of stone, that stretched on our left, at right angles to the road. Grass and bushes half hid the entrance of an underground staircase. On our right began an immense crescent. Three successive flights of four enormous stone steps ran the whole length of it, dominated, in the centre, by regular rows of stone seats like those in a Greek or Roman theatre. Grass and bushes were growing between the disjointed blocks, upon the terraces that divided the monumental construction horizontally, into three parts: the gigantic eagles, at each extremity of it, had disappeared, while, half-ruined, but still recognisable, right in the middle of it, — on the side of the beautiful broad pavement that had, no sooner we had reached the crescent, taken the place of the former sandy alley, — appeared the Tribune. Stairs half-buried under rubble led to it from either side. And, exactly opposite, beyond the vast grassy space that

the crescent half-embraces, — the space where the S.A. and S.S. men once used to stand, in thick, regular formations — I recognised the Memorial to the dead of the First World War, with its nine arches. That, thank goodness, looked intact! That, at least, thought I, even the bitterest enemies of National Socialism had respected. Before me, limiting the horizon, — between the green landscape beyond the memorial and the green landscape beyond the end of the stone crescent — rose the proud structure of the *Kongress Halle*, another (but unfinished) building of the great days, that looked as though it had been spared.

The woman at my side pointed to the Tribune before which we now halted, and said: “It is from here that ‘he’ used to speak.” And the simple words sent a shudder through my body and brought tears into my eyes.

I was silent — overwhelmed by the atmosphere of utter desolation that pervades the whole place, even though the stately war-memorial and the *Kongress Halle* be still standing; crushed by the bitter, tragic, persistently torturing awareness of the irreversibility of Time: by that “Too late!” feeling which is the very essence of hell.

I pictured to myself the Tribune as it once had been; as I had seen it on photos of the days of glory: bearing in its midst, *en relief*, the holy Swastika, the Wheel of the Sun. I pictured to myself our Führer standing at this Tribune, over that immense expanse, that vast stone area (as it was, *then*.) covered with no end of orderly formations of men in uniform — thousands of them, bearing hundreds of standards — and surrounded by an even more numerous crowd of enthusiastic people pressed upon the stone seats of the great semi-circle. I imagined his voice, which the microphone amplified, filling the whole space; the roar of applause, divine and irresistible like the roar of the sea — *Vox populi, vox Dei*, — that answered at intervals the most impressive of his immortal sentences: “Sieg! Heil!”: the cry of the awakened Soul of the Best, proclaiming to the face of the bewildered world of the day and of the morrow. Germany’s everlasting will to live and will to conquer. And I imagined *him* — his extraordinary sky-blue eyes, under whose magnetic effulgence that disciplined and inspired crowd, nay, that whole nation of soldiers and artists, was at last living, in full consciousness

of its real divine Self; his extraordinarily eloquent hands, that moved in harmony with his speech. I imagined him, as the thousands — old fighters, who had carried him to power; onlookers, who breathed under his spell; foreign guests (some of whom already witnessed this awakening of Germany with bitter envy) — had *seen* him, while I had been far away. And the maddening feeling of irreparable guilt which had tormented me a whole day upon the ruins of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg, nay, which had been tormenting me for the past eight years, wherever I had gone, rose once more within me: “Where were *you*, then! Why were you not *here*?”

Oh, to avoid the accusing Voice! Oh, to acquire the assurance that it *was not* ‘too late’ after all; that some day, in the course of my life, still I would witness on this spot, in *his* presence, the equivalent of the old mass meetings — and hear the triumphal “Sieg! Heil!” resound, from half a million breasts, and see the Swastika flags fluttering in the sunshine!

My hatred of the Anti-Nazi forces and of their agents suddenly flared up at the thought of all I had lost. “A curse upon those who destroyed that splendid new world that we were building!” cried I, as though speaking to myself. “May they become slaves, and see the precious values for which they fought mocked and despised all over the earth, and may they sink into nothingness, not through the rapid and clean death of the heroic vanquished, but through the slimy path of vice! No wretched end is wretched enough for them!”

But the woman who stood at my side — and whose presence I had forgotten — spoke in her turn: “Had the Führer’s close collaborators not made a mess of his whole work,” said she, “we would not have lost the war, and our new world would still be in existence. *He* is, of course, not to blame for the horrors committed in his name. But we must admit that these were horrors.”

I suddenly realised that, in spite of her professed devotion to Adolf Hitler, she understood nothing of his spirit and was not what *I* would call one of us.

“To whom among the great ones are you alluding?” asked I. “And may I know what *you* call ‘horrors’?”

She hesitated a few seconds. She now felt, perhaps — at last — how wrong she had been to mistake me for an anti-Nazi on

the sole ground that I was a foreigner. Eight years had passed since the collapse of the Third Reich. But the outlook on life that had built new Germany (and that will, I hope, restore it) was everlasting; and it was my outlook. And she was becoming aware of that fact. However, she answered my question: "I was thinking of the things that were done to the Jews and of the people who ordered such things to be done," said she. "Surely, you do not approve of the systematic uprooting of a whole people, — or do you?"

"I do when that people stands in the way of the Greater German Reich," replied I, sincerely.

"But that is not human, and not Christian-like," pointed out the woman.

"I could not care less: I am no Christian," was my answer. "As for humanity, well . . . as long as men tolerate slaughterhouses and take such crimes as vivisection as a matter of course, they have no business to speak of such a thing. It is easier, far easier, to avoid inflicting pain and death upon innocent animals than it is to spare one's dangerous two-legged opponents. I begin with that which is the easiest, and eat no flesh. But I am all for the destruction of bugs and lice, and *a fortiori*, of far more dangerous beings such as Jews and traitors."

The woman felt it was useless to talk to me. Curiously enough, although I was a foreigner, I represented that very element which she disliked in the Third Reich; that proud, hard, heathen element, that had made our New Order appear so "strange" even to such a friend of Germany as Robert Brasillach. The same abyss gaped between her and me as between her — the old generation of modern Germany — and Goebbels, Streicher, Himmler, Terboven, etc. . . . and the most conscious among the S.S. men. But she naively imagined (because she loved him) that the Führer was on the other side of the abyss with her, not on the side of his best followers.

"I agree with you entirely about vivisection and the like," said she. "The Führer was also against that. And he too ate no meat. But I feel sure he would equally have disapproved of the sort of things that went on in the camps, had he known of them. Whatever people may say against him, now that he is no longer there to defend himself, he believed in God."

I replied nothing. I could have remarked that "God" is a

vague idea, susceptible of more than one meaning. But I did not want a theological discussion. Once more, I felt that this woman loved Adolf Hitler without understanding him. I was not going to cause her to understand him, while perhaps ceasing to love him. For love is a force, in the invisible Realm. And *all* forces that help us are to be kept. We spoke a while of other things, and the woman soon took leave of me.

I went up the steps that lead to the Tribune, from which Adolf Hitler spoke. And for a moment, I tried to picture myself the whole area packed with people, as *he* had seen it. Grass and bushes now grew where the S.A. and S.S. had stood in passionate, iron immobility, listening to his fiery words; scattered blocks of stone and rubble filled the place where the people had sat, feeling as though their own greater Self — their collective Soul — were speaking to them. The peace of desolation weighed oppressively upon the former field of enthusiasm. Alone the Monument to the dead soldiers, which hatred had spared, cried to me, across the now emerald-green expanse, that Germany is eternal. And my own good sense told me from within that National Socialism is nothing else but the justification of Pan-Germanism in the light of Aryan Wisdom: the integration of Bismarck's dream and of Hermann's dream, into the old old Doctrine of Pure Blood and of Detached Violence, as the Aryan seers of ancient India had expressed it. "And *you* are to contribute to that integration!" the place of desolation told me. "Even if these stones never be put together again, still, truth will conquer in the end; still, sooner or later, Aryan mankind will hail Adolf Hitler as its Saviour and his people as its natural leaders. And you shall contribute to *that*, whether you ever see him or not!"

Tears filled my eyes. I sat on the border of the Tribune and remained a long time motionless, absorbed in the thought of the everlastingness of National Socialism, of Germany's coming resurrection, and also of the tiny but sincere part that I had played and would continue playing in the greatest drama of all times

I noticed two hollow places within the front wall bordering the Tribune. In one of these, were two flat stones, one on the top of the other. I had a sudden idea. I drew my pen and ink and a piece of paper out of my bag, and wrote down the

first sentence from *Mein Kampf* that came to my head “People do not go to ruin as a result of lost wars, but through the loss of that power of resistance that lies in purity of blood alone.” I wrote down the page of the Book, where this sentence is to be found, as I happened to remember it: p. 324. edition 1939. And I added: “Yes, never did these words ring so true as they do now. German people, you are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar: nothing can destroy you! One day you shall rise and conquer once more” — words I had written in the first leaflets I had distributed, in ruined Germany, in 1948. I carefully folded the paper in eight, and put it between the stones in the hollow place. One day, thought I, someone would find it. Then I got up, walked down from the Tribune, lifted my right arm in salute before it as though our Führer had been there, invisible (after I had, of course, made sure that nobody was watching me.) And I followed the paved road that leads, around the immense lawn, to the Monument to the dead.

It was intact in its structure, as I had surmised. But the enemies of our faith had rubbed out the old words upon the wall and put new ones: “To the victims of both wars 1914–18 and 1939–45, *and of the rule of tyranny* 1933–45, the town of Nuremberg.” “Rule of tyranny (*Gewaltherrschaft*)” thought I bitterly. “And what sort of a rule is it now, under which we cannot even open our mouths in praise of our Leader and of all we love? Is *that* not a ‘rule of tyranny’? The liars!”

But on one of the bronze stands fixed into the wall hung a beautiful fresh wreath, tied with a ribbon bearing the words: “The members of the armoured Division ‘Greater Germany’ *of the traditional Community*, to their comrades fallen in action . . .”

I knew, as everybody does, that “the armoured Division ‘Greater Germany’” is one of the famous divisions of the S.S. élite. And I thought of that élite, — of that National Socialist organisation *par excellence* — whose ideals were and have remained mine; whose members I still look up to as to gods on earth. Those among them whom I had actually met, or whom I knew personally, had not disappointed me: they had only made me feel more sorry than ever that I had not met them years before. That élite, thought I, would one day take the lead of resurrected Germany, and build up the world of our

dreams upon the ruins of Christendom. And I recalled the words of a comrade to whom I had once asked whether there was today, in Adolf Hitler's unfortunate country, any group of people capable of organising and conducting a successful National Socialist *Putsch* at the first opportunity: "Yes: there is the S.S."

I stopped in the paved courtyard before the Monument, and once more took a glance at the wreath with the cleverly worded inscription which defied the spirit of those who had arbitrarily dedicated the memorial to the so-called "victims" of the so-called "tyranny" which the Hitler régime is supposed to have been. Defied it, — for the members of the S. S. division "Greater Germany" who were slain in battle during this war, died in defence of that régime.

On each side of the court, on my right and on my left, stood six square stone pillars. I pictured to myself fires burning at the top of every one of them, as there had been on solemn occasions, during the great days . . . ; and the last words of the defiling wall-inscription effaced and replaced by new words: "...and to the unflinching National Socialists who died from 1945 to 19... for the sake of their faith in Aryan superiority and in Germany's God-ordained mission." One day, hoped I, flames would again twist their restless tongues of light, in sunshine and darkness, in honour of my beloved comrades and superiors — from the Eleven of Nuremberg to the humblest martyr. And the names of all the latter would be exalted, at last.

* * *

It must have been not far from six o'clock. I walked out of the paved court, turned to my left, and followed the sanded alley that leads to the street (in the opposite direction to that from which I had come.) I crossed that street, stopping for a while to look at the *Kongress Halle* from a distance, turned to my left again, and then to my right as I reached the border of a lake — the famous *Duzend Teig*.

The upside-down image of the *Kongress Halle* shimmered in the shining waters, while a wood covered the border of the lake facing me as well as the one along which I was walking. On my left, luxury cafés outside which many people were having drinks, to the sound of dance music, succeeded one another in the shade of the tall trees.

I walked on, indifferent to the noise, and to the crowd seated at the tables, and to the passers by, — thinking of the great days, when all those men and women had something both impersonal and *real* to live for. And in my heart, I once more cursed the forces that have robbed the many of that glorious *raison d'être* and reduced the few to silence and compelled them to secrecy.

The road I trod soon led me into a broad asphalted avenue, on the left side of which I could recognise the magnificent stone structure — rows and rows of seats, pillars and central tribune — that dominates the breadth of *Zeppelin Wiese*. And my heart leaped within my breast: I had reached the ground on which the great Party Rally of 1935 had been held — that unforgettable Party Rally at which the famous Nuremberg Laws, basis of our New Order, were proclaimed. I remembered myself in Lucknow . . . listening on the wireless to the proceedings of the gorgeous mass gathering, so far away, — and yet so near. The solemn martial music, and then, the speeches that filled the pin-drop silence, and the periodical thunder of applause — “Sieg! Heil!” — rang once more within my memory. And I recalled also the pretty, naive Bengali song that my host's daughter had played upon the harmonium, after the grand voices of distant Europe were no longer heard: the tune that I can only think of with a profound sadness, as the reproachful reminder of all that for the sake of which I have missed my real duty and spoilt my life:

“*Nanda, Nanda, Nanda Rani . . .*”

And as upon the ruins of the Führer's dwelling at Obersalzberg, and as at Luitpold Arena, the place of the first Party Rallies, I felt tears well up to my eyes. But, being in the street, I controlled myself.

I walked on. On my right, I could now see the series of blocks, with parallel rows of seats, all round the immense space, even broader than that of Luitpold Arena. Myriads of onlookers used to watch from there the Rally they had come to see, from all parts of Germany. I counted sixteen or seventeen blocks on each side. The immense space thus limited was now occupied: by two circular grounds — playgrounds for the American occupation troops — railed off. Nay, in the midst of the monumental structure on my left, on the very wall sustaining the terrace over which towered the Führer's tribune, I could

read in great black letters the English words: Soldiers' Field. At first, the words stirred in me bitterness and anger. Once more, I felt all my hatred for the occupants rush to my heart. But then, remembering the exploits of the German S.P.D. Government of Bavaria in Obersalzberg and in Munich, I thought it was perhaps, in one way, just as good that the Americans *had* requisitioned this sacred place of ours, thus protecting it against the destructiveness of German Anti-Nazis. After all, the words "Soldiers' Field" would not be difficult to rub out, when my comrades, one day, would come back to power. And in the meantime, the presence of the detested Yanks prevented the monument from being torn down stone by stone, or blown up, like the *Berghof*, like the Brown House, like the double shrine to the memory of the first martyrs of National Socialism, on *Königsplatz*, in Munich.

Monumental walls, as massive as the pylons of some gigantic ancient Egyptian temple, limit the structure on either side. Between them stretch endless rows of enormous steps. Parallel flights of stairs, half as high, divide the slope into several regular sections, while in the centre, a double parallelepiped, as massive as the side pylons, and conveying the same impression of strength and duration, — two broad stone platforms, one on the top of other, — supports the Tribune from which the Führer used to speak. A flight of steps leads down to the latter, from a bronze door in the uppermost wall that dominates the central structure. On each side, connecting the middle wall (and the halls behind it) with the pylons at each end of the monument, a double row of twice thirty-six square pillars, runs along the highest terrace. Right at the top of each pylon, and of the central structure, untouched and in their places, I could see the three great vessels of bronze in which, on solemn occasions, fire was lighted. And the five flag staves above the central structure were also there — waiting for their new Swastika flags.

I pictured to myself the flames in those bronze vessels and the red-white-and-black flags stamped with the old Sign of the Sun, hanging from those staves, and the thousands and tens of thousands seated upon the tiers of this main building as well as of the thirty-two or thirty-four smaller structures all round the immense area; and the Party formations, — the Youth Organisations; the S.A.; the S.S. — and the Army, marching, from the

Field of Mars still further away, along, that very road in the midst of which I now stood, to the music of the Horst Wessel Song . . .; constantly pouring in, and gradually filling the whole expanse . . . Oh, why, why had *I* never seen *that*?

Slowly, I walked up the tiers, reached the topmost terrace, — the stately pillared gallery; threw a glance over the splendid paved avenue which runs along the back of the building, and over the railway line and wooded scenery beyond and, — turning round, — finally over the vast area in which the thousands had heard the proclamation of the Nuremberg Laws in defence of mankind's Aryan élite; the announcement of a new era.

Evening had come. And the weather had cleared. Above the last receding mass of clouds, the moon was making its appearance, ghostly bright, in a growing patch of luminous blue sky. And its phosphorescent light fell upon the white tiers and walls, and terraces and pillars, conveying them a sort of dreamlike life. The people whom I had, at first, seen, sitting here and there or walking about, had all, or nearly all, gone away. I followed the lonely gallery, full of the dark shadows of the pillars, till I reached the central part of the building. Then, I walked up to the bronze door and down again, along the steps that led, from it, to the Tribune from which the Führer has spoken. And there I stood, leaning against the railing, and watching the last ray of daylight disappear and night set in.

I thought of the Party Rallies, that I have not seen. Descriptions of them, that I had read long before in different books or magazines, came back to my memory, in particular, the beautifully evocative picture that Robert Brasillach has given of the 1935 one, in his novel *Les Sept Couleurs*. He had seen it, he who, in his own words,¹ had been “first a Frenchman and then a National Socialist,” i.e., who never would have sided with National Socialist Germany (however much he might have admired it) had he not deemed his collaboration to be “In the interest of France.” So many others had seen it. But *I* . . . had been six thousand miles away. I imagined the whole scene so vividly that it was as though I *felt* it, *saw* it in the Invisible; as though I could feel and see the ghost of it — the endless crowd of onlookers seated upon the tiers, here at the foot of the pillared gallery and all round the immense ground; Party formations,

¹ See Isorni's book *Le Proces de Robert Brasillach*.

standing in impressive order and immobility in the midst of the field, while further sections of them, bearing flags, and flags and still more flags — streams of red-white-and-black — kept pouring in. I imagined the famous columns of blue light — the pillars of the “Temple of Light” — that enormous projectors, placed around the gathering, sent forth; and the flames in the great bronze vessels at the summit and at both ends of the building, and the long fluttering flags that hung from the five staves behind the central, topmost flame. I imagined the Führer speaking from the very place where I was now standing. The surface of the wall of the Tribune, facing the immense expanse, was now bare. In the past, here like in Luitpold Arena, a great stone Swastika was to be seen upon it. Now all signs of the splendid days had been effaced. But the air and the landscape were the same. And the people, although silent for eight long years, were the same German people whom Adolf Hitler had loved, and in whom he had awakened the consciousness of their superiority. One day, they would express themselves again.

And after the Führer’s speech, there was the roar of applause, and then, silence. And after the silence, there was the martial music of the great Days, — the Voice of the new era . . . And now, that voice was no longer to be heard. And the new era looked (outwardly) as though it had come to an end. Where the thousands and tens of thousands had gathered, I was now alone.

Would thousands and tens of thousands again one day, in my life time, fill this space in enthusiastic, solemn gatherings, in the name and spirit of Adolf Hitler, even if he no longer be alive to address them? An inner feeling of mine answered that question: “Why not?” And was the Führer somewhere upon this earth? “Wherever he be, alive or dead, *his spirit is alive*, and will one day rule Germany. And Germany will rule the other nations of the West *through it*,” answered once more my inner certitude. It mattered little whether *I* could or not *see* the signs of its rising. Could one *see* corn grow? And could one *see* the burning lava rise in the bowels of the earth, months before the eruption of a volcano? The power of National Socialism, expression of the vitality of the Aryan race, is like the power of germinating corn and like that of slowly rising molten rock: invisible, and irresistible.

I remembered how it manifested itself in all the comrades I had met since I had crossed the frontier; in all those I had met before, during my former stay in Germany. And I realised its presence in me. And with all the ardour, all the determination of my being, I willed that I should, through all I might think, say, write or do, contribute to the resurrection of the Greater German Reich under National Socialist rule, whether I was or not to see the result of my action.

I walked down the steps between the tiers, and once more along the road where the S.A. and S.S. men had marched, so sure that our new world would last forever; back to the lake and to the street beyond the lake, and to Luitpold Arena. It was now completely dark.

I went and sat again for a while upon the ruined tribune facing the other site of the old Party Rallies and the Memorial to the dead of the two wars. The impression I had had on *Zeppelin Wiese* was strange enough. The one I had here, sitting alone in the night, was terrifying — or *would have been so*, had I not felt that a power from the very earth protected me. But I actually felt such a power. And I also experienced, in the chilly darkness — under the black clouds which, at that moment, once more hid the moon, — like a symbol of the time we are now going through. The next day, the Sun would shine again, and children would come and play upon the ruined site. They, and all German children — all Aryan children — would sooner or later realise the soundness of our Führer's doctrine, the divine character of his mission. And it would then be his rule, in spirit, forever. In the meantime darkness — forgetfulness on the part of the hostile world; the widespread belief that our faith no longer exists — was a protection.

* * *

It was past midnight when I reached the station.

The first thing I did the next morning was to take a tramway going in the direction of Fürth — along the *Fürtherstrasse* — and to get down in front of the Palace of Justice. I remembered the notice: “Visiting hours from 8 to 12.”

This time I was alone. My companion of the day before had apparently begun to work. I had not met her again.

For some time, I walked up and down before the railing, having once more a general glance at the building. The latter, although not as old as many other historical monuments of Nuremberg, was, with its regular succession of gables, and with, on the ground floor, the long arched passages that characterise it, architecturally most attractive — austere, yet elegant; of perfect proportions. But the thought of the infamy that has taken place within its walls, made me insensitive to all externals.

I walked up to the cross street at the end of the building. There, I noticed a writing, with an arrow pointing to my right: “To the Jewish chapel.” “They *would* choose such a place to build a Jewish chapel!” thought I. And I recalled the fact that the Martyrs of Nuremberg were killed on an important festive day of the Jewish faith, as though one had consciously and intentionally sacrificed them to the Dark Forces, and sealed the victory of the latter through that deed.

I slowly walked back along the same footpath. Never, perhaps, had the whole post-war persecution of National Socialism, and the war itself, and the monstrous campaign of hate and lies carried on *before* the war against National Socialist Germany all over the world, appeared more glaringly to me as the work of the diabolical Jew. I knew more vividly than ever (although I had surely never ignored the fact) that all people who, without being Jews, have sided against Germany during this war, — from Mr. Winston Churchill, down to the last wretched Indian recruit who entered England’s service for eighteen rupees a month, without even knowing whom he was to fight and why, — were either criminals or fools; more often fools than criminals, but criminals of very first magnitude when they happened to be politicians or journalists: responsible deceivers of the masses.

I walked into the garden, seeking someone who would tell me what I should do in order to see the famous “Hall of Judgement,” and I was directed, by one of the numerous clerks I came across, to an office in one of the wings of the building, on the ground floor. There, a man seated at a desk told me that I needed a permit and was to apply for it to one “Herr Einstein,” head of the Bureau “for Compensations to the victims of National Socialism.” (A fellow with such a name *would* be the director of such a “Bureau”! though I, with bitterness. But I did not feel at all sure to get my permit: the

only people who ever have fully well understood me in this world, apart from out and out National Socialists, are Jews. They understand me — they even seem to detect me from a distance, through a sort of telepathy, — but . . . they do not particularly *like* me . . . !) However, I went to the “Bureau” I was told. For my good luck, Herr Einstein was not there. A clerk, — a German girl — received me. I told her, in a casual manner, that I wanted to see the building, being, myself “a tourist.”

“But,” said she, “there is nothing interesting to see in it, save the hall in which the so-called ‘war criminals’ were tried. The rest is just American offices . . .”

“All right,” answered I; “in that case, I would like to see that hall.”

I tried to look as unconcerned as I could. But my heart was beating. The girl took up a telephone receiver; spoke to someone (probably to Herr Einstein). The reply was apparently positive, for she took a bunch of keys and told me: “Follow me.” My heart beat faster. I was really going to see the room in which the greatest infamy in history had been staged — the room in which the élite of Europe had been “judged” by the agents of the dark Forces — less than eight years before . . .

We walked along a passage, reached a door — an ordinary brown door like any other, save that it bore a notice: “Hall of Judgement.”

The key turned in the keyhole, and I was ushered into a room much smaller than I had imagined. On my right: rows of wooden benches parallel to the wall — at right angle to the passage on which the hall opened — on my left: other rows of similar brown, polished wooden benches, parallel to the wall behind me, i.e., at right angle to the former ones. In front of these benches, a long writing table from which hung several listeners, each one before a brown polished chair; while against the wall, facing me, stood a high desk, — a desk that towered above the whole room — and, behind it, an American flag. The silence was impressive — ghostly.

No details of the iniquitous Trial, and no facts dating back to those atrocious days when the Trial was taking place, came to my memory, for *I did not think*. But *I felt* once more, — I experienced, in all its renewed vividness, — the atmosphere of those days and months, just as though I had suddenly been

thrown back into the past. I kept on telling myself (as to free myself from a nightmare): “It is not true; it happened seven years ago, not now. Now *they* will soon be avenged. Now every passing minute brings us nearer to the day when the judges who sat here will be judged in their turn by a higher justice, and publicly branded with infamy for all times to come . . .” But it was of no use. I was again in 1945–1946. And I shuddered from top to toe at the renewed contact with the depth of horror. In a feeble voice that I could not recognise as my own, I asked: “Where did *they* sit?”

The young woman pointed to the benches behind me. I turned around.

“There!” said my guide. And she added, pointing to the seats one after the other, beginning with the one at the end of the lowest bench, on my left, (on the right when one is facing the judges’ desk). “Here sat Göring and here Ribbentrop, next to him; and then Hess . . . and the others . . .”

I stretched out my hand and touched the polished wood on which the hands of my superiors had rested, day after day, for hours, during those eighteen months that the Trial lasted. Göring, von Ribbentrop, Hess, “and the others”. . . I could now visualise them sitting on this first bench and on the ones behind it. I could read upon their faces both bitter contempt for those agents of international Jewry who were pretending to judge them, and the proud, austere satisfaction that, whatever would be the fate assigned to themselves, *they knew* that our Führer, in whom they had believed, was right; and *knew* they had chosen the right way and done the right things.

“*Marschier’n im Geist in unsern Reihen mit*” — “March in spirit with us, within our ranks!” thought I, my hand upon the table upon which Hermann Göring had leaned, listening to the endless series of lies poured out against him and against our common faith. “March in spirit within our ranks, and live in us forever, great Ones, whom I have never seen, alas, but whom I love; close collaborators of our immortal Führer, live in *me* as long as I live!”

I was moved to tears. And I was silent for a long time, my eyes fixed upon the now empty benches; my mind lost in the nightmare of 1945. The woman who had come with me was

considering me with astonishment. My attitude did not fit in at all with the preconceived idea she had of a foreign tourist.

“And where did General Keitel sit?” asked I at last, addressing her.

“Here,” replied she, pointing to the first seat on the second bench in the lower rows — the bench following Hermann Göring’s. And she added: “Jodl sat there, next to him. Are there any others, of whom you care to know?”

I hesitated a while and asked: “Could you tell me where Wilhelm Frick sat? Wilhelm Frick . . . and Julius Streicher . . .”

“There,” answered the young woman, showing me two seats on the upper benches, at the back of the first ones.

I pictured to myself the fine faces of the two men, and of the generals in the row below. I pictured to myself *all* the accused sitting there. “Yes, live in spirit in us — in me — men of devotion and of duty, forerunners of a nobler mankind, my superiors!” thought I. “Be an example to us, forever. And may we avenge you soon!”

And turning to my guide I asked: “And where did the accusers, — the so-called ‘witnesses’ — sit? May I know?” There was contempt in my voice, but the woman did not seem to notice it. She simply pointed to a place against the wall that ran at right angle to the benches of the accused and said “There.”

“And where were the so-called ‘judges’ seated?”

“There,” answered she, pointing to the desk under the American flag. “And here sat the lawyers,” added she, showing me the table right before me. Then, picking up one of the listeners that hung from it, she explained: “With these, one could hear any of the four languages one liked, i.e., German, English, French or Russian. One only needed to shift a lid a quarter of an inch this way or that, — like this” (she actually pushed a lid in the listener she was holding) “and the language that came through was a different one. Thus every word uttered during the proceedings was immediately heard in the four tongues. It is a wonderful achievement of modern technique . . .”

“Advanced technique put to the service of the most shameful farce in history,” thought I. But I did not speak; — not yet.

Pointing to the rows of benches facing the place from which

the so-called witnesses had spoken, the woman pursued — perhaps in a hurry to put an end to her role as a guide, and to go back to the work that was awaiting her in the “Bureau for Compensations to the victims of National Socialism”: — “And there sat the onlookers . . .” She made a gesture implying that I had seen all there was to see, and that my visit had, consequently, come to an end. But I was not in a hurry. And although I might have had finished *seeing* the room, I had not yet begun to *say* what I wished to say — what I *had to say*. I stood back, as the women mentioned “the onlookers at the famous Trial,” and, for the first time since I had entered the hall, expressed my feelings in unmistakable language:

“I could never have ‘looked on’ at such a thing as *this* trial,” declared I. “But there will be — I hope — some future trials, much shorter than this one, . . . trials in which I would most gladly be not merely an ‘onlooker’ but an accuser,” said I.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was, *possibly*, wasting my breath. So I asked the woman: “By the way: are you a German, or . . . an American?”

“A German,” replied she; “and a real one.” The pride in her voice told me that she was not lying.

“*Gott sei Dank!*” exclaimed I. “Well, in that case, do listen to me as a German.” And I pursued: “Yes; I would most gladly be an accuser one of the many accusers — when the sinister fellows who sat as judges over these men will be, in their turn, judged by their avengers . . .”

The woman gazed at me in bewilderment, not knowing what to think of me. Her intuition doubtless urged her to trust me. But months of daily work in a Jewish office had taught her to trust nobody. She answered cautiously: “Were this same trial to take place *now*, these men would not be sentenced to death.”

“I know,” replied I, impatiently. (I have no time for tardy remorse; especially for tardy remorse originated by fear.) “But they were sentence to death, and killed — murdered. Let Jackson, Strawcross, Andrews and Co. bring them back to life, if they can! Or let their people and the Allies of their people, — *every man, woman or child who approved of it*, out of ignorance stupidity, or whatever it be, — pay the price for this crime!”

Hatred poured out of my eyes as I spoke. Standing before

the American flag, and before the desk at which the judges of 1946 had sat, I uttered slowly and distinctly — mercilessly: “The price is annihilation. Nothing less.”

From the depth of my heart rose a cry of triumph as the verdict — not mine but that of the immortal Gods through me, — resounded in the empty, silent room. Seven years before, in that same hall, the Twenty One had stood and heard the verdict of the Judeo-Christian world against them and against our common National Socialist faith. And from the depth of my heart, along with that cry of triumph, rose an equally silent cry of love addressed to them: “Hear me, my superiors, wherever you be! I have come, and shall come again. I am defiance. I am revenge — the real justice that you have called for in vain, for months and months. I am the future that creates the past; the National Socialist future that will glorify you!”

Automatically, I had turned my back to the judges’ tribune, and was looking towards the rows of benches upon which the hallowed Accused had sat.

The German woman who worked in Herr Einstein’s office, was considering me with amazement.

I spoke a few words explaining the boldness and radicalness of my verdict on the Judeo-Christian world. “I revere these men,” said I, referring to the Martyrs of 1946, “They died for the cause of superior mankind; for that real Germany, which is the forerunner of it, the champion of its rights, the embodiment of its virtues. And they had lived and fought to make higher mankind a living reality.”

“Perhaps,” replied the woman thoughtfully — and cautiously — “but at what cost? And by what means?”

“At the cost of that which is not worth saving,” declared I, without hesitation; “and by the only means that work, in this Dark Age. Do you know any ruler, any nation, ancient or modern, who has used other means? I know none. I only know liars who, while denying them with feigned indignation, have used those same means to forward base ends. These men have used them to forward the very highest goal of creation. And they have not denied them. They were neither self-seekers, nor liars, but the builders of a coming Age of health and Truth.”

The young woman continued to listen to me without expressing

her own feelings, whatever these may have been. I knew it would have been for her the easiest thing to go and telephone to Herr Einstein and get me into serious trouble. But I knew no less certainly that she would never do so; that natural German pride was stronger in her than any amount of acquired allegiance to Christian or “human” values. In the existence of that deep-seated German pride was rooted, in fact, my hope that National Socialism would rise again. It would rise and conquer precisely because, apart from being in harmony with Nature itself, it is the most glorious expression of age-old, invincible German pride. In the meantime, my unhindered praise of our martyrs here in this hall, in defiance of the American flag, rang as a foretaste of the fiery impeachment of their self-styled judges, which would, — I hoped — fill this room and be broadcasted throughout the world, one day, when my comrades would once more be in power.

* * *

The young woman, my guide, asked me to follow her. “I shall show you the prison and the place of execution from as near a spot as I can?” said she.

She walked out of the room. I followed her to the door, but then came back, asking her to be kind enough to wait for me “just a minute.” Knowing I was now alone in the tragic hall, I stood before the benches upon which my superiors had sat and, lifting my right arm in the ritual gesture, I uttered in a low voice the words of faith, hope and defiance that I had written upon the ruins of Adolf Hitler’s dwelling in Obersalzberg: “*Einst kommt der Tag der Rache! Heil Hitler!*” And I felt as though I had, through these magical Words and this symbolical gesture, struck a further blow at our enemies in the all-important realm of the Invisible.

The young woman took me to a window somewhere in the passage, and showed me from there a building in which one could easily guess a cell behind each and every barred opening, and, in the midst of the nearby courtyard, a house, or maybe a mere shed with walls around it, — walls which were entirely painted in black.

“This is the prison,” said she. “It is no longer under

American management. That is why visitors are not admitted: The men of whom you spoke were a year and a half behind bars in that building. And they were executed in that black house — the ‘gymnastic hall’ of the prison — one at the time.”

“Murdered one at the time,” rectified I. “But let it be; they shall be avenged.”

I stood a long while by the window, looking at the sinister house of death. The woman waited for me in the corridor, her keys in her hand. She showed no sign of impatience. I was thinking of the Third World War, and calling the inexorable Nemesis — mathematical Justice that never forgives — upon the persecutors of our National Socialist faith. God alone knows what the woman was thinking. She waited for me till the end — till I had, within my heart, recalled the past and evoked, as long as I pleased, future scenes of redeeming violence. At last I turned to her and stressed:

“Yes, one day, *they* shall be avenged, — and exalted!” And I added: “When you *see* the revenge in all its terrifying grandeur, remember me. Remember you have met me in these dark days!”

She gazed at me as though she wanted to say something, but held her peace. She walked by my side along the passage until we came to a staircase. “This is the way out,” she then said. “Straight down, and then, past the sentry’s box — the way you came. It is easy. *Auf Wiedersehen!*”

“*Auf Wiedersehen,*” repeated I. And we parted.

* * *

I spent the rest of the day at the Stadium, and in the grassy open places around it; along the road that leads to the Field of Mars — the road along which the regiments and Party groups used to march (coming from the Field of Mars) to *Zeppelin Wiese* and to Luitpold Arena.

I remained hours sitting upon the steps below the pillared gallery that looks over the former, — hours thinking of all that had been said and done there, while I had been in the distant East, and being desperately aware of all that I had missed, of all that I had lost.

When the Sun became less hot, I walked back to the Lake

— *Duzend Teig* — and to Luitpold Arena, revisited the Memorial to the dead soldiers, and finally came and sat upon the half-ruined wall bordering the Tribune from which the Führer used to speak in the days of glory.

I sat there, absorbed in my thoughts, God knows how long, wondering when would this place, where hundreds of thousands had acclaimed our Führer, again become the site of solemn National Socialist mass demonstrations; when would the fiery praise of Adolf Hitler's name (if not his own voice) be heard over the immense historic expanse, covered with rows and rows of fighters, in perfect order, and with Swastika flags, and, upon the tiers, all round, — enthusiastic men and women answering the speeches with the old cry of triumph: “Sieg! Heil!”

Now and then, along the road, people walked past the Tribune.

And the Sun followed his course. And shadows grew.

I was thrust out of my meditation by the shrieks of laughter of half a dozen children, boys and girls, from ten to five years old, who came running up the ruined stairs. Having reached the level of the Tribune, they ran and danced about the place for a minute and, — all save one — rushed down the steps on the opposite side. The one who did not at once follow them was the loveliest of all: a little girl about seven or eight, with flaxen-blond locks, regular features, and large, deep, inspired blue eyes. She came running up to the actual place from which Adolf Hitler once used to address the multitude, ascended the two steps that finally lead to it, stretched out her right arm, and cried, at the top of her voice: — as though she were speaking to invisible thousands and tens of thousands gathered in the vast area where the S.A. and the S.S. men used to stand.

“This place is the throne of the world, — and it is *my* throne! For I am the Queen; the Queen of the World! The Queen of the World! . . .”

Clear and joyous like the sound of bells, the German child's triumphal words rang over the ruins, and over the empty space now covered with grass: Luitpold Arena.

I got up; opened my arms . . . I wanted to hold the little girl for a minute against my breast and tell her — although she would not have — yet — understood what I meant — “You are right! This is the place from which “He” spoke; *He*, the

now invisible King, yours and mine, — the Führer. And *you* are beautiful, eternal Germany — *his* Germany — the aristocracy of the chosen Aryan Race; queen of the world indeed, for all times to come, if you so wish, by the side of *Him*, your everlasting King . . .”

But the child had already danced down the steps, and was now running along the road; running to catch up her playmates.

I remained a while standing, absorbed in an inner vision of grandeur: the vision of centuries of coming history, succeeding one another like a parade without end, to the glory of Adolf Hitler and of his faithful ones.

Evening was falling. I walked down from the historic Tribune, followed the sandy road through the darkening lawns, then the practically desert Wodanstrasse, and the long, busy Allerbergerstrasse, back to the station.

Like the nearing sound of bells of victory, like the nearing music of an army on its way, the child’s prophetic Words — the Voice of young Germany — accompanied me: “This — Adolf Hitler’s Tribune — is the throne of the world, and it is *my* throne — for I am the Queen . . . the Queen of the World!”

Chapter 7

MARTYRS' GRAVES, SMOKING CHIMNEYS, AND MEN OF IRON

Homburg von der Höhe, 28 April 1953

My heart took to beating as I heard footsteps in the wooden staircase, at the top landing of which I had been sitting for over two hours, waiting for Herr E. — my beloved Hertha E.'s husband — to come home. (He was not expecting me.)

Something told me definitely that it *was* he. I leaned over the railing and looked down: a man, dressed in a greyish-green hunter's suit was coming up as fast as he could. I knew Herr E. worked as a forester. I was now sure it was he. He stopped half way up the last flight of steps; gazed at me.

“Herr E!” exclaimed I, with enthusiasm. (In a flash, I remembered all that Hertha E. had told me about the “old fighter” of the early days of the National Socialist struggle and later S.S. officer to whom she was wedded.) And without uttering the two forbidden Words, I raised my right hand.

“Frau Mukherji! — Hertha's friend!” said he, with joyous emotion, recognising me, although he had never seen me before, and raising his hand in his turn. “Come! Do come in — although my room is not a fitting place to receive anybody. But I know *you* do not mind those details. Come; I am so glad to make your acquaintance — at last!”

He stepped unto the landing — a blond man of moderate stature, with regular — irreproachably Nordic — features; blue eyes that looked intensely at me as *hers* had, sometimes. And I followed him into what was about the poorest, darkest and most desolate rooms I had, up till then, seen in Germane: a room with slanting walls (for this was the very top of the house) containing nothing but a table, two chairs, an old stove, and a narrow wooden bed like those one sees in a cabin on board ship, and lighted to some extent through a small window. But I saw all that without really seeing it; I could see nothing but Herr E. and, in the background — as in a dream —

Hertha E. in her blue overall and light grey apron (her prisoner's clothes) as she had sat upon my bed in my cell in Werl, during those clandestine meetings of ours that were the great events of my life in jail; as she had looked when telling me about him.

So *this* was the man of whom she had said that "he would get on splendidly" with me; the fighter of those far-gone first years, during which one had all to lose and nothing to gain by joining Adolf Hitler's iron band; the man who had chosen to march under the Swastika banner solely because he believed in Germany's mission in the world and in the Führer's mission in Germany, and because he was aware of the Jewish danger; the man who had won himself the Golden Medal of the Party and who, after the war, had known captivity in France and in England; also the man who adored *her* . . .

I remembered her relating me an episode that had taken place in a tramway car in Berlin, during the war; her husband, who had come from the front, on leave, and she, who had come, also on leave, from the camp where she was working as an overseer, were going together to the theatre. She was standing at his side when he suddenly noticed a Jew who had made himself comfortable in a corner without bothering to offer his seat to a lady and, which is more, to an S.S. officer's wife. He had looked at the man sternly and, in an icy-cold voice, in which clang all the pride and power of the Third Reich, which he embodied, — a voice that had sent a thrill of satisfaction through most of the bystanders (and perhaps a tremor of terror through a few of them) — he had merely said: "Get down!" As one can well imagine, the Yid had not waited for the order to be repeated; he had speedily obeyed, shrinking before the man in black uniform, — the emanation of the Führer's will, of Germany's self-assertion; the master of the West. And I remembered myself telling her, in an outburst of enthusiasm: "Wonderful! I wish I had been there! Oh, the splendid days, the glorious days, when an S.S. man only had to look at a Jew to make him shrink and vanish into thin air! When will they come back?"

And there was the man: Herr E.; the officer in black; the man of the Third Reich; Hertha's husband, whom I admired as I admired her. There he was standing before me. Who

could have foretold that I was to have the honour of meeting him so soon?

He closed the door, squeezed both my hands in his and said, with tears in his eyes and an expression of such ecstatic happiness that it verged on one of pain: “*She* will be free on the eighth — in ten days’ time! Do you know it? Free, *free* once more after all those nightmarish years, my poor Hertha! She is coming back, *coming home*. I am counting the days. Oh, I am so glad that you have come, you who love her; you who were such an uplifting force to her in jail (she told me all about you, last year, when she was allowed to come and spend a few days at my side in hospital, because the doctors thought I was going to die. And then I received your books and learnt from your own words how devoted you are to her). I am glad to make your acquaintance at last. I cannot talk about her to other people as I can to you.”

It was news to me that my beloved comrade was soon to be released — the happiest news I had heard, in fact, for a very long time. How I had thought of her (and of the others) all these three years! Not once had I seen a bright day, — a day when one is glad to live — without my mind rushing back to *them* (to those I knew, and also to those I did not know) and without my feeling ashamed of my undeserved freedom; urged, at any rate, to do all I possibly could to justify it, when not to deserve it. And now, during all this beautiful journey — over Greece and the sea and South Italy, in a plane; through Italy and the Alps and Germany, by rail, — how many times had I not thought of them, in particular of *her*, confined to that same old cell of hers (the last cell of the D wing, by the corner of the C wing) in that “*Frauenhaus*” in Werl, that I knew so well; living to the rhythm of prison routine, still, eight years after the end of the war — until when? until when? The answer was now given to me: until the 8th of May — the eighth anniversary of the Capitulation — in ten days’ time. The choice of the date shocked me, admittedly. And I could not help mentioning it. Still; this was the best news I had heard for months at least ever since that of Fieldmarshal Kesselring’s release.

“I am so happy to hear this, — much happier than when I was myself released,” said I sincerely. “It is doubtless hasty on

the part of the British to set her free on such a day, as though they were trying to make her forget the bitterness of the Capitulation in the joy of her own liberty. (As if she — or any of us — can ever forget!) But this is a detail; the main thing is that she will be free in ten days' time."

"Yes;" stressed Herr E. "*Free!* I can hardly believe it is true. Oh, nobody knows how I love her. And nobody knows what I have suffered . . ."

"I have heard of some of the hardships that you have endured," replied I. "You too are one of our martyrs."

I knew that Herr E. had been savagely beaten upon the head by an English Military policeman to whom he had refused to surrender his Party decorations for them to be defiled; so savagely, that he had never recovered from his injuries. I knew he had, after his return to Germany, spent all his time in a "Home for the brain-injured," only a mile or two away from Homburg. In fact, I had first sought him there, not knowing that he had become well enough to work, and that he had taken a room in the town.

"As a prisoner of war," continued Herr E., "I was, in England, *for months* confined to a cold, damp, and absolutely dark cell, my hands and feet chained to the wall, only because I had stood up to 'them' and would not say 'yes' to their nonsense about our glorious National Socialist régime. But even *that* was not the worst. They would come now and then to my cell to bring me my meagre food, and tell me about the Belsen trial. 'Your precious wife you will never see again,' they said. 'She is to be hanged with the rest of that murderous lot. Serves her right!' I could not *see* them, but I could hear the glee in their voices. They knew all the time that it was not true. Hertha had already been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment as you know. And yet, they would come and tell me that for the sheer pleasure of tormenting me, only because I was — because I am — a convinced Nazi. Those kind-hearted Englishmen, who call, us 'monsters'! *That*, for me, was worse than iron chains." But he added: "It is, however, all past. And she is coming back; coming back!"

"My poor Herr E.! exclaimed I, filled at the same time with comrade-like love, admiration, disgust (for the Englishmen's behaviour) and with the old longing for revenge. "May

I be, one day, given the opportunity of tormenting those who hated the Third Reich! I bet I shall also find nasty things to tell them, not things of the same nature as those our enemies told you (I am not so mean) but still, so nasty that they will beg to be killed rather than have to put up with my remarks. My poor Herr E.!”

He was, in my eyes, the embodiment of persecuted National Socialism.

“Then, one day,” continued he, “I came to know that she was alive and interned in Werl. This was very much later. And I was no longer in that dark cell. *They* had given up all hope of breaking my spirit. Nobody can tell how happy I was at the thought that, one day, be it after fifteen years, I was to see her again — my beautiful blonde Hertha . . .”

“May you and she soon stand together in the new struggle for freedom and for power, and I by your side!” said I, with all the fire of conviction.

The bright blue eyes, so full of human love but a minute before, looked at me with a different flame:

“The only thing I want is to begin again,” exclaimed Herr E. forcefully; “to wash away the bitterness and shame of these years of Jewish rule, and raise Germany once more out of this misery, to power and glory under Adolf Hitler’s leadership, if he be alive, under his inspiration and in his immortal spirit, — his invisible leadership — if he be dead.”

I enquired about Herr E.’s health. I had indeed never expected to find him looking so well after having been given up for lost only a year before.

“In Dornholzhausen, — in the Home for the brain-injured — I had the good luck of falling into the hands of an exceptionally able doctor,” explained he. “I suppose that is what saved me. That and . . . my own will to live; and Destiny . . .”

He asked me how and since when I had come back to Germany and what were my plans. He then spoke of my books. But I remembered the horror of his captivity in England. I pictured him in a dark damp cell, — probably somewhere underground — in fetters, and chained to the wall. And I imagined the voice of some slave of Jewry, or perhaps of a Jew, telling him in a sneer: “You won’t see your wife again: she is to hang with the lot of them . . .” And yet, he had stood up to *them*

to the end, and never lost faith in our Führer, in our truth, in Germany's endless possibilities. I felt small before him, as I always do in the presence of those real German National Socialists who were put to the test of persecution.

"I am merely the one who wrote *Gold in the Furnace*," said I; "you are the 'gold in the furnace,' you, Herr E. and you, my Führer's people, as a whole. I love you and revere you, and wish you the domination of the world! You deserve it."

We talked a while longer, and then took leave of each other with the eternal words: "Heil Hitler!" I returned to Frankfurt by bus.

* * *

Frankfurt, 29 April 1953.

The next day, I had a conversation with Herr S., — a man to whom I had no introduction whatsoever, but who proved to be one of us. (Did I not say, in the beginning of this book, that I have the knack of spotting out such ones?)

I met him in a shop where I had come to buy General Ramke's well-known book *Fallschirmjäger damals and danach*. We spoke of General Ramke. Herr S. made a few remarks that I liked. In particular, he told me he entirely agreed with the General's description of the Waffen S.S. as "the first pan-European army against Bolshevism." The words, reported in the English newspapers, had filled me with enthusiasm at the time they had been uttered. Herr S. and I spoke more and more freely until we felt we no longer needed to hide anything from each other.

"How long is it since you left Germany?" Herr S. asked me.

"About three years."

"And may I ask you what are your first impressions on coming back after all that time?"

"I have not seen enough of the reconstruction to speak about it," replied I. "Yet, I was, already at the frontier — that false frontier in Salzburg — agreeably surprised by the fact that it now takes nearly a hundred French francs to make a German mark, while I remember having exchanged a mark for sixty-five francs only, five years ago."

“I have seen many buildings rebuilt — thank goodness! But too many shops (and too many cinemas) in proportion to the number of residential houses. The Jews are at the back of that, I bet — both those who have come back to plunder Germany after her defeat (and for whom cinemas are a better commercial proposition than houses) *and* those of the far-away ‘State of Israel,’ to whom this puppet government in Bonn has accepted to pay I do not know how many milliards in compensation for the ‘wrong’ that the National Socialist régime has done to ‘God’s own people’ (as they call themselves, and as good Christians call them). One cannot do everything: provide for millions of refugees from those provinces which the Allies have torn away from Germany; pay the expenses of three occupation armies; serve a pension to every man or woman of German nationality who, during the great days (never mind on what grounds!) has spent some time in a concentration camp; pay milliards to the State of Israel, *and* build houses for the faithful and worthy German families.

“My one great satisfaction here, in this land I so love, is to see that there still are people like you: National Scientists who have kept their faith in spite of all. Even when it is not definitely hostile to us, the rest of the Western world, in which such people do not exist, is so dull, so boring! Here in Germany, one is also depressed, at times: everything and everybody looks, outwardly, so goody-goody — so in tune with the Christian-like, liberal, hopelessly *dull* ‘bourgeois’ civilisation that I already hated before the First World War; in one word, so ‘de-Nazified’; as though all traces of the glorious days were wiped away forever. One sees quiet, ‘decent-looking’ people going to church, as in pre-Nazi times; one sees definitely anti-Nazi books (or perfectly non-committal ones: ladies’ novels and cookery books) at the book stalls; one encounters downright shocking sights: one meets, for instance, here in Frankfurt, German girls arm in arm with men of all races (Aryan, Mongoloid, Jewish and Negro) in American uniform, and one envies those who died in 1942, before the war took a bad turn. But then, one meets a man like you — or goes and spends an hour with a comrade like the one I went to see yesterday in Homburg — and all the bitterness and all the disgust of the present is pushed into the background, and one sees nothing but real Germany — Adolf Hitler’s Germany;

eternal Germany — in its invincibility. Again, one wishes to live; to see *that* Germany rise and conquer.

“Tell me: how long will all external signs of National Socialism remain banished, here, from everyday life? And it is not only the ‘external signs’ — the pictures of the Führer, the Swastika flags and the like. I miss the self-assertion of the great days — what the enemies of our faith call ‘the Nazi arrogance’ that joyous, boisterous aggressiveness that is the sign of healthy youth, and something so congenial to my own nature. How long more shall I have to go without the sight of *that*?”

“As long as it is Germany’s interest precisely not to show *that*,” replied Herr S.; “and as long as it is Germany’s interest that each and every one of us, should (in order to be sure not to show it by mistake) *train himself not to feel in that way* (save at times); as long as we are compelled to act in order to live and prepare, on a scale of which you have no idea, the glorious revenge for which you so ardently crave.”

His words reminded me strangely of those of that woman I had met in Nuremberg, — the one who had been eight years a prisoner in Russia.

“Rest assured,” added he, “that the feelings you so value are there all right, deep in the bottom of our hearts. They are alive. But we cannot impair the possibility of our reconstruction, for the sheer pleasure of exhibiting them.”

“What would happen,” asked I, “if, — for sake of argument — all Germans who have those feelings suddenly chose to exteriorise them, be it in a legal manner?”

“In a legal manner?” Herr S. was surprised. “How do you expect to exteriorise ‘legally’ feelings which are themselves ‘illegal’ under this hypocritical régime of so-called individual freedom?” said he.

“Well, suppose the whole country boycotted the elections which are, I am told, to take place in the autumn; I mean, suppose only an infinitesimal proportion of the people voted at all or, — better still — suppose they all or nearly all ‘voted’ *but . . .* wrote upon their paper ‘We vote for Adolf Hitler’ or ‘We don’t want your foul Democracy! We want a National Socialist régime. It suits us. We like it!’ A German woman I know told me that she had voted in such a manner in 1949, for which I congratulated her.”

“If we all, or even if a high percentage of us, did that,” answered Herr S., “we should once more get a taste of 1945 style Occupation: controls, interdictions, restrictions on our movements etc. . . . , to a degree which you cannot imagine, and should not be given a chance to raise our heads. In addition to that, our industries would either be taken away from us or placed completely under foreign control, and all financial aid from the U.S.A. would be denied us. In other words, we would live the days of the Morgenthau plan all over again. Do you want that?”

“Of course not!”

“Well, in that case, put up with the sight of the long-drawn farce which we *have* to play to these people. We are ‘de-Nazified’ — or *supposed to be*. We must continue *pretending to be*. We live, — or are supposed to live — only for ‘the integration of a Democratic Germany into a Democratic Europe’ under American protection. We look upon — or are supposed to look upon — our glorious National Socialist days as a ‘period of tyranny,’ and we are, or, at least, it is presumed that we are, most willing to ‘make good’ for all that was done to the ‘poor Jews’ during that period. We must not allow the silly Democrats to suspect, be it for a minute, that all that which they ‘suppose’ and ‘presume’ about us, boils down to nothing but a childish illusion. We must keep up the show. And at that price, in spite of all the expenses with which we are burdened, millions of dollars are lent us — i.e., *given* us, (for the future National Socialist Government will never recognise the debts of the German Federal Republic) — millions with which we can rebuild at least some houses. And new, ultra-modern machines are given us, in the place of the old ones which those people stole before they considered us as a ‘Democratic nation.’ See our industries come to life again! Go to Essen, to Duisburg, anywhere in the industrial area, and see if you can recognise the skeletons of factories that you left behind three years ago! See the wheels turning round and round, full speed; the rivers of molten metal streaming out of the blast-furnaces; the chimneys smoking, under the rising Sun . . .”

I shut my eyes and recalled the sight of the ruined towns: — Duisburg, Essen, Dortmund — that I knew so well for having passed through them number of times under police escort, in

the car that used to take me from Werl to Düsseldorf and back. And I smiled to the glorious vision that Herr S. evoked: the smoking chimneys, the streams of liquid steel, — Germany's victory in spite of the disaster of 1945. But Herr S. still spoke. "And now," — he was saying — "we are acquiring arms and ammunitions . . . at the expense of the American taxpayer. . ."

However, the idea of an "European Army" under American leadership roused me from my happy contemplation. "Arms and ammunitions to defend Democracy against its ex-Allies the Communists; to make the Germans cannon fodder for the war aims of the Yanks — a plague on them! Cannon fodder for the profit of the Jews in Wall Street!"

"No," said Herr S. in a low voice; "*no*; but fighters for a Greater Germany extending further than we National Socialists had yet dreamed: a Greater Germany comprising all Europe . . ."

"A bastardised Europe into which the international Jew would like nothing better than to see Germany absorbed!" protested I.

"No; no;" answered Herr S, "but a Europe that we shall control through our skill, and upon which we shall, in the long run, impose our faith . . ."

"If it really be so, then, well and good," said I, after a pause. "But if the best lose the *feeling* of being Adolf Hitler's privileged countrymen, born to rule; if they no longer possess the inspiring consciousness of fulfilling a God-ordained mission, but merely think of themselves as good Democrats putting their skill 'to the service of mankind' — hypocritical Democrats like the rest of them — then, is it worth it? 'What is the use of conquering the world, if you lose your soul?' I find nothing so true as that Gospel sentence, provided it is given the proper — psychological — interpretation. And I only fear Germany's soul will be lost through the bastardisation of the new generations brought up in democratic principles, (taught to hate racial pride, taught to look upon Jews and Negroes and what not as 'men like others,') if this Democracy were to last another fifty years. Personally rather than have *that*, I would prefer the atom bomb and the end of this continent. Of Course, what would be better still, would be the atom bomb and the end of the Democracies, and the unhindered rule of the Aryan élite upon their ruins."

"Unfortunately, the atom bomb is not selective," replied

Herr S. bitterly. “No bombs are. We had a practical demonstration of this during this war. You do not seem to realise what ruin another war would mean *to us*, let alone to Europe as a whole. Possibly our population would be reduced to something like ten million; that of the whole continent to fifty million — if as many as that.”

“And among those ten million, how many real, hundred percent National Socialists would survive, do you think?” asked I. “A hundred thousand at least?”

“A hundred thousand, perhaps,” admitted Herr S.

I smiled — although I felt sorry for those of my faith who would *not* survive. “Well,” said I, with sudden enthusiasm, “would not even that be better than endless peaceful prosperity under a pride-killing and race-killing régime? Would that — even that — not be enough to secure the strong, the beautiful, the healthy, the *valuable*, — the *worthiest* — the domination of the future, even if there still be some fifty million two-legged mammals scattered over the surface of what will once have been ‘the Western world’? One Nazi can control five hundred apes — don’t you think so?”

Herr S. gave me a warm, lovely smile of assent. “You are right!” exclaimed he, holding out his hand to me in a gesture of comradeship. “Yes; you *are* right.” And he added: “At heart, we all feel as you do. But, like most National Socialists who live abroad, you do not fully realise the practical difficulties that stand in our way, and that will continue hampering us until East and West Germany are again united into one state, and the last foreign trooper is gone. We are forced to put up an attitude in order to attain that double goal, which is the condition of our return to power. Don’t you understand me?”

“I do,” said I; “but don’t you lose your souls in the process! And don’t allow Germany’s body to be infected — defiled! That is my only warning. I was horrified, here in Frankfurt, at the sight of so many blonde girls walking about the streets in the company of American Negroes. And what about the mixed products? — for there must be some . . .”

“We’ll sterilise them — or ‘liquidate’ them — in time; don’t worry! And we’ll teach the young generations our clean and

virile way of life. It is only a matter of a few years, after all. Those who are now two or three, — perhaps even those who are now six or seven — will all be marching in the ranks of the reorganised Hitler Youth when they are fourteen.”

“Oh, I do hope you are right! That is all I want.”

“We *are* right: you *and* I, and our comrades,” said Herr S. And these were his final words.

I gave him a copy of my books. He gave me the address of one of the finest National Socialists in the world: a real, modern Germanic Heathen, who was already fighting for our ideals before the birth of the immortal NSDAP. “He is the man to understand you,” said he as a matter of introduction; “an old priest of the Sun and disciple of Friedrich Nietzsche as well as of Adolf Hitler.” I thanked him. And we parted saluting each other with the ritual gesture, and the holy Words: “Heil Hitler!”

* * *

Between Frankfurt and Koblenz, 29 April 1953

I don’t remember the name of the place; the train rolled too rapidly past it. But I remember, — I shall always remember — the sight: on the right side of the railway: motorcars; bright and shiny, comfortable-looking motorcars; and more and still more motorcars — light grey; dark grey; black; greenish-yellow; greyish-yellow; of all colours — in successive series of regular rows covering space as far as my eyes could see. And a whole double row of them, that seemed to me endless, already upon the flat wagons that were to carry them away . . . where? Never mind where! To the four corners of the earth — wherever there is a demand for products of Germany’s resurrected industry.

From the window of the railway-carriage, I gazed at them with elation, with enthusiasm; with love. Tears filled my eyes; and I felt a thrill of immense, inexpressible joy — such joy as I had, for years, believed I never should have a chance of experiencing again; something like a repetition of that which I had felt in the beginning of the glorious days, at the sight of pictures of new Germany’s unheard-of industrial expansion under Adolf Hitler’s rule.

Was it true? Were all these hundreds of cars not a dream?

Was the present-day industrial output of the martyred Nation really as great as *that*? — definitely beyond my expectation! And was this a sign that the glorious days were soon to come back? I was happy; sincerely, absolutely happy; happier than if all those autos had belonged to me personally. (In fact, they *did* belong to me in a way — nay, more intimately, more “personally” than they ever would to the people who would buy them. They were the first unexpected sign telling me that the long nightmare, which I had been living since 1945, was nearing its end. They were messengers of power; messengers of joy.)

I shut my eyes, and recalled the long nightmare — the mental torture I had experienced every day since my return to Europe and already before; since the Capitulation; since the time one had been practically sure that National Socialist Germany would have to capitulate. I remembered myself in September 1946, sitting in a garden in East Horseley, a place near London, by the side of Mrs. Saint-Ruth, one of the rare women in England to whom I could, in those days, pour out my heart. And I remembered her telling me: “Alas! *they* are planning to uproot Germany’s industries; to destroy them completely; to turn Germany into a purely agricultural area. Without her industries, Germany cannot possibly support her population. But these people don’t care. They want to force nine Germans out of ten to emigrate and get absorbed into the mixed population of the outer world — of the U.S.A. in particular — and cease being a conscious force, a collective will set against international Jewry. That is the spirit of this satanic Morgenthau Plan, which aims at nothing less than the destruction of Germany.” Crushed at the idea of all the possibilities the Jew was about to annihilate, and at the feeling of utter powerlessness before that crime, I had then wept. *Now* I recalled that awful experience as one recalls a bad dream, after one is once more wide-awake. Now, it was all a thing of the past; a thing that the skill of a few diplomatic Germans, who had played the Democrat, and the favour of the Aryan Gods, Protectors of Adolf Hitler’s Fatherland, had definitely made impossible. Shining under the Sun-like steel and lacquer beetles, in endless rows and rows, — ready for export — the hundreds of autos defied the obsolete Morgenthau Plan; defied the Allies and their unholy efforts to impose their will upon this land!

Slowly a tear ran down my cheek. And I smiled. “Look!” exclaimed I, with rapture, suddenly addressing the only person in the compartment besides myself, a man about fifty years old, who sat opposite me; “look! — The beginning of the great new Beginning! — Tomorrow, *these* will be rolling along all the roads of the world, telling the world that nothing and nobody can crush Germany’s will to live! How many years is it since one used to hear of the Morgenthau Plan? Seven years? Six years? It seems now a century ago; and yet, it was but yesterday. Look! In such a short time, in spite of defeat, ruin, occupation, and all the trail of misery that this means; in spite of all the efforts of the international Jew and of his vile satellites to break the spirit of this land, German industry is again flourishing. Hail, invincible people! I admire you, and I love you!”

The man looked at me with sympathetic surprise and curiosity. “But aren’t you not yourself a German?” he asked me.

“No. I am just an Aryan from far away, who looks up to the German people as to the embodiment of the finest qualities of our common race, and as its natural leaders,” replied I.

The man smiled. “I wish all Aryans of the world felt the same as you do about us!” said he, after a short pause.

“So do I! If they did feel as I do — if they *had* felt thus in 1939 — this fratricidal war for the benefit of the Jews would have been impossible!”

We talked a long time. The man was one of the right sort. At last, when he was about to get down, he held out his hand to me and said: “You have spoken the truth: *we are real Germany, we National Socialists*; and we shall win in the long run. In the meantime, I thank you for the confidence you have shown me by expressing yourself as frankly as you did.”

“I could not help it,” answered I. “The sight of those autos has given me back, all of a sudden, that old feeling of invincibility that I experienced so many times in the early months of this war. It is the loveliest feeling in the world!”

“It is a feeling that you will experience many times more in front of Germany’s extraordinary industrial expansion in spite of all hindrances,” said the man.

And he was right.

“How greater still that expansion could be, were only Germany not burdened with the Occupation costs, and the ‘damages’ to pay to the so-called ‘victims of National Socialism’ at home and abroad, and to the State of Israel!” thought I. But then, I remembered what Herr S. had told me: “It is only through our pretending to be ‘de-Nazified’ that we have been able at all to raise our heads again.”

I only hoped that the farce was not to last too long.

* * *

Koblenz, 30 April to 5 May 1953

“Heil Hitler, Bertel!”

“. . . You, Savitri! — Heil Hitler! — I was wondering who it could possibly be, greeting me at this time of night with the old, unforgettable, eternal Words. Come in and let me see you! I am so glad that you have come back!”

This exchange of greetings took place in Koblenz, in a pitch-dark staircase (the light was out of order) at about 11 p.m. It was lovely to be thus welcomed by one of the purest and finest National Socialists I know; lovely to hear the friendly voice — and the familiar salutation — after these three years in the hostile outer world.

“Come in. Dear me, you are drenched! So, it is still raining...”

“Pouring!”

“And you have lost your umbrella, naturally . . .”

“I left it in the plane, between Athens and Rome.”

“Exactly like you! Come, and take off your coat, and sit down; I am going to make us a nice cup of coffee.”

Yes, it was lovely to come home. For here, at Fräulein B.’s, I *was* home.

I walked in, seated myself comfortably in the armchair she offered me. She put some water on to boil, and seated herself by my side.

“I thought you had told us *then* that you had been expelled from Germany,” said she. “How did you manage to come back?”

“Oh, that is a fine story,” replied I with a smile. “I’ll tell you some time — today or tomorrow. You see, my case is just an illustration of a general fact, which is the following: it is always easier for one of us to pass, undetected, through the meshes of the Democratic net, than it would be for one of our opponents to escape our control, if *we* were in power . . .”

“And yet,” remarked Fräulein B. sadly, “how many *have* escaped our control, and betrayed us, during this war! You know that yourself.”

She went and brought out some marmalade and honey, and a cake, for the coffee was now ready, and she called in her neighbour, Fräulein K., who also knew me, and who had not yet gone to bed, to come and see “who had turned up” and to share our feast. Further greetings, further exteriorisations of joy took place. I was happy — deeply happy; we were all happy. And yet there was a shadow in the picture; something that made us feel it would never be “like before.” And that was the absence of our beloved Fritz Horn, who had lived in this room after his release from two post-war Allied horror camps — Schwarzenborn and Darmstadt — in which he had spent three years, and who had died here on the 12th of December 1949. Fräulein B. had had a death mask of him taken. And that — so like him that it was hardly believable — hung against the wall right opposite my seat. There were a few fresh flowers in a vase upon a little shelf before it. Next to it was a photograph of his only son, a very handsome youngster of about twenty-five, slain upon the battlefield somewhere on the Russian front, in 1942. And on the other side — now, was *that* possible? Did she really deem it worthy to figure by the side of the likenesses of those two men who had died for Germany? . . . — picture of myself! A photo that I had sent her after my release from Werl.

I took a glance at the other walls. They were decorated with pictures of Schwarzenborn and Darmstadt that Fritz Horn had drawn himself during his internment. There was hardly anything changed in the room since the martyr’s departure: only the fact that there was now one bed there instead of two. The whole place was still alive with his presence. And his presence sanctified it. And any gathering of ours within its

walls took on an unusual seriousness — I would nearly say: a solemnity — of which I became more and more aware. And it seemed strange to me to see cups and saucers and bread and a pot of marmalade upon that very table at which Adolf Hitler's life-long disciple had sat and read passages of *Mein Kampf* to me. Of course, it was only natural. The old fighter was now dead, and life continued . . . Still it was strange to feel myself drinking coffee in a sacred place.

I told Fräulein B. what I felt. She understood it perfectly. "I have often felt the same, although I live in this room where I have nursed dear Uncle Fritz till the end," replied she. "But I have gradually got accustomed to his invisible presence. I say to myself that, if he were here, in flesh and blood, he would find it most natural that we should eat and drink. He did so himself when he was among us. Do you remember how delighted he was with that pound of coffee you had brought us? He loved coffee. And he needed it, to keep his heart beating. That was perhaps the only medicine that could have saved him. But coffee was an expensive luxury, then. I had no money to buy any. You remember how we lived in those awful days, don't you?"

Didn't I remember!

I recalled the welcome of those two perfect National Socialists: the former *Ortsgruppenleiter* Fritz Horn, and his former secretary and most devoted comrade Fräulein B., who knew nothing about me apart from the fact that I too belong to Adolf Hitler. I recalled the story of the Chambers of hell which Herr Horn had told me from his own experience and from that of other Party men in the American horror camps, — and the serenity, the detachment with which he spoke, as one who knows that his days are numbered but who, still, regrets nothing, while the Cause for which he lived and for which he is dying is that of Truth and that of Life. I remembered him seeking out exceptionally beautiful passages of *Mein Kampf* to read them over again to me and then, — on the day I had left Germany — giving me the immortal Book as a farewell gift: Germany's gift to me, as he himself had said. It touched me profoundly to see that Fräulein B. had placed my likeness next to that of the martyr's son and to his own death mask. I could not help telling her how I felt she had honoured me by doing

so. Her answer honoured me even more: “He loved you,” said she, speaking of Fritz Horn; “he liked that youthful enthusiasm that you have retained; that confidence in us, that the disaster of 1945 has not lessened; and above all he marvelled at the orthodoxy of your views, all the more noteworthy that you have evolved them so far away from us.”

“Yes,” thought I; “would to goodness I had *not* remained so long far away . . .” And a great sadness came over me at the awareness of all I had missed. But it was no use deploring my past omissions again and again. The best I could do now was to face the future, making the greatest possible use of the experience acquired at such a price in the distant East. The future of National Socialism lay in men of Germany’s younger generation: old enough to be bitter on account of their memories of 1945; young enough to be fanatically devoted to the contrary of the imported Democracy, and to be proud, aggressive and merciless in 1955. The future was young Hermann — Fräulein B’s nephew — who had come with her to see me off, when I had left Germany, over three years before.

“By the way . . . how is Hermann — my youthful Nordic god?” enquired I. “And how is your sister, and the rest of the family?”

“Fine!” answered Fräulein B. “You will see them all again. Hermann is now nearly eighteen, as handsome as ever, and so tall and manly that you would hardly recognise him. He is still studying. He would like to fly — to pilot a bomber one day, whenever we have an air fleet of our own once more. He is an out and out National Socialist in spite of all the pressure ‘these people’ try to exert upon our young men. In fact, that pressure has only made him hate the Allies — and in particular the French, with whom we are here concerned — all the more. He was immensely pleased with your books, and so proud to be mentioned in one of them! Klaus is fifteen; a sweet child; working as an apprentice at an optician’s, for he did not want to go to school any longer. Doretta is twelve; still goes to school, naturally. She feels jealous when you write so enthusiastically about her elder brother; ‘I too have “hair like sunshine” and Germanic features,’ says she. Much as we dislike the whole business, she had to be christened and will have to be confirmed — to, avoid unpleasantness in her school life and hindrances

in her career (she wants to be a schoolmistress; she says. And nowadays, here in Rhineland at least, all schoolmasters and all students who wish to become teachers *must* be either “Catholics” or “Protestants,” whether they actually believe in Christianity or not). My sister and her husband accepted to go through the farce because it was not possible to do otherwise. ‘Freedom of the individual conscience’ as you can see!”

“Yes,” said I, disgusted; “Democratic freedom! But I do hope that will be all over — and our régime re-installed — before Doretta is old enough to be a schoolmistress.”

“I hope so too,” said Fräulein B. “And the child does not believe a word of the nonsense she is taught: we see to that. But we are forced — outwardly — to play up to these people in order to live. Take my own case: I am now working for an American-sponsored newspaper, the only work I could find after having lived two years on the State loan of 20 marks a week. Well, I had to swear — to *swear*, mind you! — that I am ‘not a Fascist,’ so that I might, be accepted. I swore it. In fact, I swore the truth. I *am not* ‘a Fascist’ but a National Socialist. It is not at all the same thing, save in ‘these people’s’ stupid heads.”

I could not help smiling. “During the war,” said I, “when my husband wished to get rid of some boring fool come to make him waste his time, he used to put him the question: ‘Can you tell me the difference between National Socialism and Fascism?’ Nine times out of ten the fool would declare that the two were ‘the same thing.’ Upon which my husband would tell him: ‘In that case — since you can see no difference between a way of life based upon eternal principles, and a politico-economic system, — you’d better talk of something else. Tell me, for instance, what price your wife paid for a pound of fish, this morning at the market. That, I suppose, you know.’ And nine times out of ten, the fool would invent an excuse to go away — to my husband’s relief! Of all varieties of mammals that I know, there are none sillier than the Democrats, whether they be Americans, or Bengalis, or whatever else.”

Fräulein B. laughed. “You are right,” said she. “And our dear Uncle Fritz used to say the same. Far from shattering his National Socialist faith, his contact with these reformers of mankind had strengthened it. Poor Uncle Fritz! I can *see* him

sitting at this table, reading *Mein Kampf* and telling me ‘Now — now, after I have seen what Democracy means — I understand better than ever the truth of those eternal sentences. Now — I *know* better than ever, how absolutely right our Führer is. *There is not a word he wrote or said, which is not right.*’ He used to read the Book every day, and ponder over that which he had read for hours. How I can understand him! . . . On Saturday afternoon, or Sunday, — when I am free — we shall go together to see his grave.”

“Yes,” said I. And the vivid recollection of the National Socialist martyr brought tears into my eyes.

We talked a long time more — till Fräulein K. went and prepared, upon a comfortable sofa in her sitting room, a place for me to sleep.

* * *

On the following Sunday, — 3rd May — Fräulein B. and I stood before Fritz Horn’s grave.

It was a warm day. But the weather was cloudy — with patches of blue sky between the clouds, and intermittent sunshine. The place where the grave has been dug — on a grassy slope between two woods, right at the top of the large Koblenz cemetery, — is lonely and beautiful. Through the trees, one can see something of the town in the distance. The grave is simple: a rectangle of earth and gravel; a few flowers in the midst of grass; a name; a date. But it is well kept. One sees that the man who lies here is not forgotten.

We lay the flowers we had brought — narcissuses, and dark velvety pansies — upon it. And we stood in silence, both absorbed in our thoughts.

In my mind, I recalled Herr Horn’s last words to me as he handed me the priceless copy of *Mein Kampf* — the only one he had — as a farewell gift. “Go wherever you might be the most useful,” had he said, “and wait. ‘Hope and wait.’ One day we shall welcome you again. In the meantime, if, being alone, you feel powerless, you have your burning faith, — our common Nazi faith — to sustain you. And you have this: our Führer’s immortal words; a remembrance from Germany.” And I recalled how he had, after I had thanked him, greeted me for the last time, raising his arm as though he had been accomplishing

a religious rite, and uttering the spell-like words — the Words that bind me to him and to all my comrades and superiors, alive or dead, forever and ever: — “Heil Hitler!”

And I could hardly believe that he was really dead; that his bones (all that was probably left of his tall and handsome physical self) lay under that earth and grass, and that I would never see him again. I felt all the irony of destiny in his words: “One day, we shall welcome you again . . .”

But he had said “we,” not “I.” And was he not right? reflected I. Had not his faithful comrade and friend, Fräulein B., welcomed me — and with what joy, what enthusiasm! — but a few days before? And had he not been right, also, when he had told me that, if only I were cautious, I should one day give Germany my written tribute of love and admiration *Gold in the Furnace*? The book was now printed, and was circulating among those for whom it had been intended. True, the wheel of history did not turn fast enough to please us. But Fritz Horn had told me — also during those last days I had spent with him in Koblenz — “Time does not count for us, who have truth on our side . . . We build for eternity.” He was doubtless right in that connection too.

I recalled his serene face, and that strange, more-than-human detachment — inseparable from absolute conviction — with which he used to speak of “the abysmal stupidity of the Democrats” who are preparing the irretrievable destruction of those very “values” that they pretend to represent. “They are more dangerous than the Russians, in a way,” he used to say; “more dangerous precisely because they hide their brutality under humanitarian pretences. Still they are doomed, for by persecuting us, they contradict their own profession of faith in ‘individual freedom’ and ‘the rights of every human conscience.’ Had they really given Germany ‘freedom’ in 1945, — granted every man the right to express himself, were he one of us or one of our opponents — then they *might have*, for a time at least, won Germany’s heart. Now, it is too late, even if they do reverse their policy. Germany’s respect is lost to them forever. Germany’s collaboration with them against Communist Russia, if at all it takes place, will be purely a matter of opportunism no ideological alliance whatsoever. And it is just as possible that Germany will collaborate with Russia against them, if

Russia is clever enough *not* to demand a collaboration upon an ideological basis. In any case, the Western Democracies have simply missed the bus. We shall be the ultimate winners, whatever happens; truth conquers, in the long run." He used to speak of the political — and psychological — blunders of those who had ruined his health and wrecked his life, with the indifference of a grownup person talking about the destructiveness of some unpleasant brats of the neighbourhood. I had seldom met a man so absolutely foreign to all manner of conceit; a man who not merely thought but *felt* that nothing really counted but the triumph of our Cause, which was bound to come sooner or later, anyhow.

The Sun suddenly appeared in one of the patches of blue sky, and the woods, the grass, the graves, were transfigured in the wink of an eye. I thought of the One Who is "the Heat-and-Light-within-the-Sun-disk," the inexhaustible fecundity of the earth, and the will of the better men to transcend humanity, and I prayed within my heart: "Make *me* also devoid of conceit, pettiness and sickly haste, like him who lies here, O impersonal One, — He-She-It Whom I do not know, but vaguely feel within myself and within Nature. Make me a passionless fighter for the cause of Life and Truth; a real National Socialist!" And a tear rolled down my cheek at the awareness of the beauty of Fritz Horn's personality.

It is Fräulein B. who broke the silence. "He was buried as he had lived and died: as a German Heathen," said she, speaking of him of whom we both were thinking. "I felt it would have been a mockery to call a Christian priest to mumble over his body words in which he had never believed. But a comrade of ours, an old fighter like himself, uttered a few sentences, reminding us of the virtues that had been his; of his career, and martyrdom and death for the love of Germany and of truth." And she added after a short pause: "We should not weep over him. We should live and serve the Cause of Greater Germany, which is the Aryan Cause, in the spirit in which he served it; with similar one-pointed devotion and, if possible, with similar intelligence, detachment and efficiency. I have told you how painlessly and naturally — and fearlessly — he passed into the great Unknown. May the recollection of his death give us increased faith in our Heathen

values, in our Struggle, in our comrades, whom he so loved and trusted, in our immortal Führer (visible or invisible) whom he so adored; new life . . .”

“Yes,” said I, in a low voice. And I was suddenly seized with a strange emotion. Fräulein B.’s last words reminded me of those of an old dying warrior, in a Greek folk song that I had often sung in my far-gone adolescence: “. . . Weep not over me, my children, for the death of a brave man gives new life to the young.”¹ It was an old song of the Turkish days, in which breathed the proud and violent soul of a pureblooded, poor and free élite of Greek mountaineers, embodiment of *my* Greece. *That* élite had nothing in common with the newspaper-reading parrots, admirers of Democracy and of the U.S.A.’s “generosity,” who had recently, in Athens, reproached me, on humanitarian grounds — again! — for my allegiance to Adolf Hitler’s people. And even though its descendants had been deceived during this war as during the last, they remained healthy to the extent they remained pure-blooded, and there would, one day, be hope for them, in our new Europe . . . In the meantime, in the way Fräulein B.’s words roused within my heart like an echo of the old song of my youth, here, before the grave of him who had died for our common Nazi faith, I took consciousness of the unity of my life, as I seldom had before.

“O my Bertel,” exclaimed I, as we slowly walked away along the grassy path, “it is so comforting to come here with you; and to feel myself, with you, in tune with National Socialist Germany, in the memory of Fritz Horn and of all our martyrs! What I sought as an adolescent, I have found in you, my Führer’s faithful ones, — in you, whom nobody could deceive and convert.”

“What I sought as an adolescent,” thought I, “i.e., the warrior-like outlook of the Aryan, as I then apprehended it in the virile poetry of the pure-blooded Greek mountaineers, — the *klephtic* songs; — but *that*, devoid of all Christian inconsistencies; carried to the end of its inner logic!”

Fräulein B. and I were silent until we reached the gates of the cemetery and found ourselves once more in the world of the living.

¹ Words of the famous Greek song “*O gero Demos.*”

5 May 1953, in the train

Seated in a corner of the railway carriage, by the window, I gazed at the landscape that rushed past. The speed of the train — an express — was too great for me to distinguish any details in the foreground. But the background was still, in comparison, although it too seemed to rush into distance and disappear no sooner it had appeared . . . Leaning out of the open window, my face against the wind — like on that unforgettable first journey of mine through ruined Germany, on the 15th and 16th of June 1948 — I gazed at it: blue sky and smoking chimneys; blast furnaces in a row; oil tanks (or was it gas? Or coke? Or what? I did not really care. It was at any rate *something* that was used in or produced by Germany's reborn industry; something that meant: dawning prosperity). And again chimneys — rows of proud chimneys — all smoking! . . . I recalled the autos I had seen on the side of the railway track after leaving Frankfurt. And I smiled. And I remembered what Herr S. had told me in Frankfurt: "See our factories come to life again; see the rivers of molten metal streaming out of the blast-furnaces; the smoking chimneys under the rising Sun!" He was right.

In a flash, I recalled the nightmarish landscape that stretched in 1948 from one end of the country to the other: the torn and charred walls; the heaps of twisted iron; the towns that *all* looked like excavation fields; the factories that were *all* either bombed out of use or being dismantled by the Allies . . . And now? . . . Oh, now! . . .

The train rolled on. Had I been alone in the railway carriage, I could have sung for joy. But though my lips were silent, a hymn rose within my heart, to the glory of the invincible Nation — a hymn of boundless praise, of the same quality as that with which I had (from far away) greeted Germany's industrial expansion twenty years before . . . "Oh, may this really be 'the beginning of the new Beginning'!" thought I, with all the yearning of my being.

The train halted in an important station. Absorbed as I was in my joy at the sight of Germany's reconstruction, I had not noticed the name on the side of the railway. I asked

my neighbours where we were. “In Düsseldorf,” was the answer. “Düsseldorf!” — the town in which my trial had taken place over four years before; the town in which I had lived the finest day in my life (after the great days of 1933 and 1940) and defied the persecutors of my Führer’s people, loud and clearly, in public, before the Military Tribunal! I could *say* nothing. But I was deeply moved at the thought that I was there once more.

But surely the station did not *then* look like *this*! I had not seen it, in 1949, (I had come every time in the Police car — under escort — directly to the Tribunal.) But I had seen it in 1948, as ruined as any other station in Germany. What a difference within five years! I could not recognise it. There were, in it, hardly any traces of destruction to be seen. Again, I thought of Herr S. and admitted that there was something in what he had told me.

I could have broken my journey here, and I very much longed to do so; to see, once more, the building in Mühlenstrasse in which I had stood before my judges and said: “I have come to defy the Democracies, their money and their might, and to tell you and the world that nothing and nobody can ‘de-Nazify’ *me*!” But Fräulein B. had advised me not to. The satisfaction — she had said — was not worth the risk of being found out and . . . again arrested for having come back without the permission of the Occupation Authorities. So I decided to remain in the train.

The train moved on, and soon resumed its speed. It halted in Duisburg; it halted in Essen; in Dortmund . . . In the corridor of the Nord-Express, somewhere between Duisburg and Düsseldorf, at about 3 o’clock in the morning, nearly five years before, two German railway clerks in uniform had thanked me “in the name of all Germany” for the message of fraternal solidarity — and of hope — contained in my leaflets, instead of having me arrested; in Essen, on one of my journeys between Werl and Düsseldorf, I had asked to get out of the police car, pretexting “a very urgent necessity” and . . . written “Heil Hitler!” upon a ruined wall; and I remembered the heart-rending feeling I had experienced at the sight of the charred skeleton of the immense iron and steel works, Krupp and Co. — Germany’s pride — wrecked out of all recognition by the

R.A.F. bombs; in Dortmund, I had once seen a young green bush growing out of the rubble, in the midst of the ruins, and wept for emotion at the thought of the invincibility of Life. Every place was thus connected with episodes of my former stay in Germany; with memories of love and hate — the most vivid and the richest I had. This *was* indeed my spiritual home, this German land. Overwhelmed, I gazed at it again after these three years of absence.

I would have liked to get down at every station and spend a day or two in every town in process of reconstruction; visit the resurrected factories — the Krupp Works, in particular, — if possible; congratulate the workers who had won the postwar battle for the survival and further expansion of German industry. But with the best will in the world, I could not afford to do so. I had to make the little money I still possessed last till I reached a place near Lübeck, where I intended to remain for a few days and where — I hoped — I would receive a few pounds from my husband. And on my way, I wished to stop at least in three places. For this reason, I had to be contented with a mere glance at that extraordinary industrial area that was, through relentless, methodical work — through determination and patience, and diplomacy, and all manner of intelligence and skill put to the service of the one-pointed will — freeing itself, little by little — in spite of the Montan Union — (and helping to free Germany) from Allied controls. It was all I could do. And one day, when the reconstruction would be even more complete, I would come again . . . In the meantime, I kept my head at the window, and gazed and gazed.

Was it in Duisburg? Was it in Essen? I could not tell. From some chemical factory quite near the station, where the train was stopping, came, in thick unfurling coils, like smoke, a tremendous gush of orange-coloured gas: most probably azote peroxyde — NO^2 . The product reminded me of the time I had myself been a chemistry student in France, in 1930 and 1931; of the time the victors of the First World War were still trying — in vain — to keep Germany down. Now the victors of the Second World War would have liked to try to do the same. But their ex-“gallant Allies” had not granted them for long a chance of doing so. The Russian danger had forced them to give up the Morgenthau Plan; it was now forcing them to rebuild,

at their cost, — through their “aid” — the factories they had destroyed or dismantled. And the tide of German might and subsequent self-assertion — the old tide of Nationalism backed by both industrial and military efficiency, — was rising; rising irresistibly . . . I remembered old Professor Grignard’s references to the achievements of the German scientists, and thought: “Now, just as *then* the world admires their genius and fears their skill . . .” But *I* had nothing to fear — on the contrary! I had identified myself with my Führer’s beloved people; I welcomed with unmixed enthusiasm every sign of their new industrial expansion. I gazed at the blast furnaces and smoking chimneys that I could see in the distance as the train moved on, and leaned out of the window to watch the heavy coils of fiery-coloured gas as long as I possibly could, and felt I had never been so happy within the last ten years.

Like the smoke of the proud new chimneys; like the glow of the streams of molten steel, this ever-renewed cloud of azote peroxyde was an irony, and a challenge and a cry of victory. How sweet to watch it rise towards the bright sky, proclaiming the powerlessness — and foreshadowing the annihilation — of those who once conceived or supported the infamous Morgenthau Plan; and to repeat once more within my heart: “Heil, invincible Germany!”

* * *

Hoheneggelsen, 6th May, 1951

We were following a country lane; nearing the cemetery in which is buried one of the Seven of Landsberg.¹ I walked by the side of the martyr’s widow and pondered over the extraordinary destiny that had brought us together.

I had been in correspondence with her for the last eighteen months but had set my eyes upon her for the first time only the night before, when she had come to the station to welcome me, and taken me to her house and received me as a sister. I would never forget that welcome and that reception — that homely atmosphere she had created around me, as though she had been knowing me for years. And that, solely because I

¹ The seven *last* Germans legally murdered by the Americans, on the 7th of June 1951, for having done their duty.

had, along with many others, done my best, *then*, — two years before, — to save the life of the man of whose very soul hers was a part; the one whom she had loved, and whose struggle for the glorious Idea she had shared already in her young days, before she had become his wife and born him sons and daughters; because she knew that I admired him and loved his children. He — the martyr; the man whom “they” had killed for having lived and fought for our truth — was the link between us; a link that would grow stronger and stronger as time would pass . . .

I had come to know of him and of his career (as of that of the other six) through the enemy’s newspapers; also through a special reference to him in Maurice Bardèche’s forbidden book concerning the Nuremberg trials. The first thing that had roused my admiration had been the fearless detachment with which he had given the Allied judges an account of his own activities. He had known all the time that, by accepting his responsibility to the full, he could only win himself a death sentence. But he had felt that, to reject it, would have been to betray the ideals that he had upheld all his life; that, in; this present-day post-war world, delivered, through the folly of misled millions, into the hands of self-seeking hypocrites and docile slaves of the Jews, — indifferent to all manly values; either utterly childish or utterly criminal — the life of an active and prominent National Socialist such as he, could not have a more logical end. And he had welcomed the end — the conclusion of his own life’s drama — as he had welcomed life itself and every opportunity which had been given him to serve the truth and defend new Greater Germany, built upon truth. And his voice had resounded, loud and distinct, dignified, passionless — natural — in the pin-drop silence of that Nuremberg Judgement Hall which I had seen; it had resounded, above the heads of the liars assembled there to condemn him — and us — in the name of a “universal conscience” that has never existed and can never exist: “Yes, being in command of my *Einsatzgruppe* I have, as a soldier, according to orders, and in the name of the higher State necessities which I have mentioned before, caused the execution of over ninety thousand dangerous elements . . .” (I could not remember his answer word for word, but I recalled its substance within my mind, as I walked in silence along the country lane, by the side of the martyr’s widow.)

And I also recalled an article I had read, in a leading French newspaper, shortly before the legal murder of the Seven: the *reportage* of an interview with the latter, granted to a French journalist through the American authorities. The journalist had spoken to this man about his so-called “war crimes.” And the man who was soon to die had answered with dignity: “Was your Allied mass-bombing of civil populations in any way more ‘humane’ than our mass-executions of partisans and Jews — actual or possible enemies? War is war, under whatever form it be. And in war as in peace *individual life does not count. Duty alone matters.*” The *Figaro* had reported these words in order to condemn our faith in the eyes of the Christian West. But *I* had seen in them an expression of the immemorial warlike Wisdom of the Aryans: words in the very spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita, in which it is written: “Taking as equal victory and disaster, gain and loss, pleasure and pain, fight with all thy might,” for such is thy duty “as a member of the ruling race.”¹ And I had admired the modern Aryan hero more than ever.

I remembered his latest likeness, taken shortly before the last Christmas that he had spent on this earth. He had been an exceedingly handsome man. But even more than the noble features, the serene expression of his face, the poise, the strength, and faith, that one read in his peaceful eyes, had stamped him in my estimation as one of the best among my superiors.

And now, in the company of his widow, who had become a friend to me, I was nearing the cemetery in which lie his remains. It was something as though I had the honour of being his own posthumous friend. I reflected sadly: “Had I but come years ago, I *might have* met him personally, who knows?” And once more I thought of all those I had never met and would never meet; and of all I had missed. And the well-known, awful sensation — the old torture expressed in the words: “Too late!” — twisted my nerves within my breast and cast upon me the shadow of despair.

We reached the cemetery, followed the main alley, turned to the left, took another alley parallel to the first. A rock stood on our right hand, a rock below which one could read, engraved upon a smooth slab of stone, the inscription: *Ruhstätte*

¹ As a *Kshatriya*.

der Familie O . . . A new grave could be seen within the old enclosure. The widow told me: “It is here.”

I remained a while motionless, conscious of being on sacred ground. Then I went and filled a vase of water, and placed in it the flowers I had brought, and put it upon the grave. And again I stood in silence by the side of the martyr’s wife. I could hardly believe that I really *was* there, before the grave of that soldier and thinker whom I so admired, and whose life I had so intensely wanted — and so actively tried — to save. “*Ruhstätte der Familie O . . .*” The name which I had read so many times in the enemy’s newspapers now drew all my attention. It meant unconditional allegiance, — faithfulness to the bitter end — to all that which I revere; it meant the living practice of the motto engraved upon the girdle of every S.S. soldier: “*Meine Ehre ist Treue.*” But below the family name, I now noticed upon the stone words half-hidden behind green leaves: “Gott ist Liebe” — God is love . . . This grave was that of a man who had loved his Führer — our common Führer — and his people above all, and who had died for them. The Christian words reminded me of a whole world of thoughts and feelings entirely different from and in many a way in opposition to our hard and proud National Socialist wisdom. They seemed to me somewhat out of keeping with the significance of this grave; with the significance of this life as an everlasting example of devotion to other — and, according to me, higher — values. Or was I mistaken, and had the martyr blended within his heart that which is “positive” — eternal — in Christianity, and that which is eternal in the faith in Blood and Soil, for which he died? Had he lived “positive Christianity” in the new light of National Socialism, and National Socialism in the light of the *whole* Western Tradition? From what his widow had told me, I was inclined to think so. But I did not really wish to know. I had not come to discuss metaphysics, whether in the secrecy of my own heart or in conversations. I had come to be silent before the grave of a German soldier, who was and remains one of my great superiors; of a man who, whatever might have been his religious views, had fought years and years for the one people in the world who had, in modern times, *collectively* exalted my ideals; a man who

had suffered and died to assert their right to rule . . . while *I* was still alive, and had not suffered — save mentally.

Better than ever before, perhaps, I realised how unimportant all metaphysics are, and how futile all discussions, compared with those great realities: the Struggle; obedience; death; faithfulness to one's oath in life and in death — that one religion of honour which is above all religions and which is free from metaphysics. In my mind, I recalled the oath of the S.S. men. This grave meant, to me, faithfulness to that oath before any other faith — nay, in spite of any other faith, it such be the case that another one's commands (or implications) clash with it.

One could hear nothing except, now and then, the rustling of leaves under the breeze — a warm, spring breeze. The sky was cloudy. And there was peace in the air — an overwhelming, all-pervading peace that was *not* the peace of death but that of life eternal, in serenity, in harmony, in *love* in the highest, impersonal, more-than-human sense of the word: awareness of one's unity with the Cosmos. I remembered the martyr's aged mother telling me that a nightingale had sung in a tree near the grave, at the most solemn moment of the burial. The peace of this sacred spot was that of a garden filled with a nightingale's aetherial music. Once more the words below the hero's family name drew my attention: "Gott ist Liebe." But I now no longer felt them to be strange. They expressed a supreme wisdom of Harmony beyond all struggles, including ours — the wisdom towards which we too, in fact, *tend*. What did it matter whether one attained that wisdom through the Christian path or through another, provided one did to the end one's duty as a fighter, as this young high-officer had? And provided one died bravely and with detachment, as he also had? The Gospel words no longer appeared to me as in opposition with the glorious Oath but, on the contrary, as the prolongation of it. They were eternal Words, susceptible of more than one interpretation: words that we too could utter, in all sincerity. Here, before the grave of this modern knight, I felt something akin to the emotion which I had experienced in the little church at Leonding, at the thought of my Leader's pious, simple and wise mother. Slowly a tear rolled down my cheek.

My mind flew back to those days of anguish — in early 1951 — when I had tried all I could to save the lives of the Seven. I recalled my long letter to McCloy, the U.S.A. High Commissioner in Germany, on the 2nd of February; my long telegram to President Truman on the 15th. I remembered myself on that awful day, coming out of the Lyons Central Post Office after dispatching my plea, and stopping in the middle of the bridge over the river Rhone, and gazing at the foaming green waters and praying — with what desperate fervour! — to Him Who is within all things, that the Seven might be allowed to live. And the roaring waters had rolled on — grand, living picture of irresistible Destiny — and it had all been in vain . . . And I recalled the unutterable night of anguish I had spent awake, thinking of *them*, directing all my energy in an effort to commune with *them* in a spirit of love and reverence as though I had known — felt — that it was *their* last night . . . And the news in the next day's papers: that the Seven had just been hanged "in alphabetic order, between one and three o'clock in the morning"; and my reaction to that news (after the first minutes of acute grief and indignation): my rising to my feet with a strange feeling of supernatural compulsion; my stretching out my right arm in the direction of Germany and my singing aloud, in a voice I could not myself recognise: "*Einst kommt der Tag der Rache, einmal da werden wir frei . . .*,"¹ as though the Forces that Germany's persecutors have roused against themselves through that dismal deed, had chosen me to chant the spell of destruction that was to set in motion, in the invisible Realm, the new chain of consequences fated to hasten the doom of the Democracies.

And at the thought of the agony of the Seven — and of all our martyrs — I wept.

"I have tried so hard to save *them*," said I at last, turning to the widow standing at my side; "tried so hard, and prayed so intensely! Why could not at least McCloy grant me my request to die in *their* place, if the Invisible was deaf to my prayer?"

"Because McCloy was merely an instrument of the Invisible," answered the widow with serenity. "This, apparently,

¹ *One day the Day of Revenge will come;
One day we shall be free! . . .*

had to be. It was hard for me to accept it. But I *have* accepted it, nevertheless, as 'he' had. He and I knew each other in the early days of the Struggle. We lived for the Idea and accepted our responsibility. We said 'yes' to our destiny in life. We also said 'yes' to Destiny in death. He died with courage and full of faith; I live to bring up our children in 'his' spirit."

"May he and all the others be avenged a million times!" exclaimed I with passion. "And may *I* be (among many others) an instrument of our persecutors' downfall!"

"He did not want to be avenged," replied Frau O. "I shall show you his last written words. He wanted his death to become a source of constructive power for the building of a new world, — not a cause of bitterness. The energy we spend in hating is lost for our creative effort."

"Is not hatred of the forces of evil inseparable from love of all we stand for?" ventured I to ask.

And the martyr's widow answered: "My husband conducted war without hatred in a spirit of absolute obedience to his hierarchic superiors and to his living ideals. We cannot strive to avenge him in a contrary — or even in a different — spirit, but only carry on, further and further, untiringly, the creative effort that his struggle represents. The merciless Play of Action and Reaction will avenge him — and the others — automatically, in a manner we do not know. It is not *our* business."

I thought of the Teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita: the Aryan Teaching of detached Violence. I thought of the title of a book containing General Rommel's memories and views *War without Hatred*. I thought of my own occasional insight into the higher truth of our National Socialist creed (even if I be too primitive to live up to that insight every day of my life). I remembered true words that I had happened to write in a moment of inspiration: . . . the perfect National Socialist is a man without passion; a cool-minded, far-sighted, selfless man, as strong as steel, as pure as pure gold; a man who will always put the interest of the Aryan Cause — which is the ultimate interest of the world — above everything, even above his own limitless love of it; a man who would never sacrifice higher expediency to anything, *not even to the delight of spectacular revenge.*"¹

¹ *Defiance*, edit. 1951, p. 500-501.

After a short silence, we walked out of the cemetery. “Oh, if only those who hate us could understand what we *really* embody!” thought I, as we followed the solemn alley and then, once more, the country lane, in the peace of darkening twilight. “How immeasurably high above all that the word, in its ignorance, now imagines, does the actual ideal of the S.S. stand!”

And I worshipped the dead hero within my heart; I worshipped, in him, the perfect S.S. high-officer which means, to me, the supreme type of German — the finest Western Aryan I can possibly conceive. And in him, the *essence* of the traditional ideal of the Christian knight, inseparable from European history, was not excluded but *integrated*. His last letters, a few of which I had the privilege of reading, during the following days, long letters, in which he discussed philosophical subjects in the most brilliant language, and in the most orthodox National Socialist spirit, and with admirable detachment, shortly before his hanging, — confirmed me in that feeling. While in the love with which his worthy widow and several beautiful children, and mother, and brother, received me, I experienced something of him as a living person; something like a hand stretched out to me from beyond the gates of timeless Life; something like a fleeting smile — all the more heart-rending that it was more natural and more friendly, — brightening his noble features at the sight of me sitting there, within his family circle.

* * *

Hanover, 10 and 11 May 1953

Herr S. — whom I had met in Frankfurt, — had given me Herr B.’s address as that of “a German Heathen according to my heart.” And every nerve of my body was tense with expectation as I rang the bell. An elderly man of proud bearing, with silver-white hair, bright eyes, and the classical features of an Aryan of the Ice Age, opened the door. “Frau Savitri Devi?” asked he, in a sympathetic voice.

“Yes,” replied I.

The old Aryan of the Ice Age and of today, — of all times — simply said: “Come in; you are heartily welcome. I was waiting for you.”

I stepped in, deeply moved. There was nothing particularly striking in the gentleman’s words: anybody could have

uttered them after receiving a telegram announcing my arrival. But my immediate impression at the contact of this nearly seventy year-old fighter for our Cause was about the nearest approach to “love at first sight” I had experienced in my life. I felt somehow, in him, the exact exponent of all I stand for. And I gave his words a symbolical meaning: he was Germany, welcoming in me the Aryan of the future outer world — the foreigner who had accepted her leadership for the love of Adolf Hitler, Saviour of the West. “Yes, how long have you been waiting for me, my Führer’s people?” thought I, as I heard his last sentence. “Oh, why did I not come before? And why has the outer Aryan world not accepted your leadership yet?”

I was ushered into a comfortable room full of books. Against the wall, facing me, was a wall plate, the whole surface of which was occupied by a beautiful Swastika of the curved type, with a circle in the midst of it. I was introduced to my host’s wife, a sympathetic, middle-aged woman, with dark eyes like myself. And I felt I was in *the* atmosphere in which I had all my life longed to live.

We first spoke a little of Herr S., the comrade in Frankfurt who had asked me to give “the old German Heathen” his heartiest greetings. Then I showed the latter — as a matter of further introduction — the last two samples I had of the leaflets that had occasioned my imprisonment in Werl. And I put him the burning question, the right answer to which I do not know to the present day.

“All I wrote here against the Occupation is doubtless accurate,” said I, speaking of my leaflets. “But was I right — not merely *symbolically*, but rigorously right — to state that ‘our Führer is alive’? Oh, do tell me! I have never had the honour and joy of seeing him. Shall I never have it — never? Is it really ‘too late’? And even if I be, myself, never to see him, still I would be so happy to *know* at least that he is alive . . .”

I spoke in a halting voice, with passion, as though my life depended upon the faithful old fighter’s reply. I had blind confidence in him because I knew he loved our Führer not merely *as* fanatically as I, but with the same sort of fanaticism: with religious devotion. “Do tell me whether he actually is alive?” begged I, after a few seconds’ silence.

The old fighter’s eyes gazed at me, hard and inspired. His

whole face brightened — suddenly looked thirty years younger. And he spoke with a smile that could have been mine when I speak of Adolf Hitler in circles where I am free.

“He is immortal,” said he with enthusiasm. “More than immortal: — eternal. ‘In five years’ time: the *mythos* of the German Nation; in ten years’ time: the desire of the whole world,’ thus have I, in 1945, as we, his people, lay at the bottom of the abyss of humiliation and powerlessness, summed up the history of his second and real ascension to glory and to power.

“It may be that he breathes somewhere upon the surface of this earth. In that case, one day, we shall acclaim his return. And the greatest demonstrations of collective love, verging on adoration, that greeted him in days bygone, will seem paltry in comparison with the delirious reception Germany will give him then. It may be that he is *dead*. In that case we shall not see him or hear him again. But we shall adore him for the rest of Germany’s life as the Man who gave us back our collective soul. Under the Sign of the Sun, which he stamped upon our flag, we shall rise and take the lead of the Aryan race. And his deified features will dominate our national life and the further evolution of superior mankind. In any case the destiny of National Socialism begins in 1945, when we ceased being a ‘Party’ to become, more consciously and more fanatically than ever, in the midst of persecution, the first few faithful of the true Religion of this earth and the founders of the new civilisation of the West.”

I experienced along my spine and throughout my body that peculiar sensation of sacred awe that I always feel at the renewed awareness of being integrated into something tremendous and everlasting. In my elation, I forgot that Herr B. had not answered — *could*, apparently, not answer — my precise question. For a while, *any* possible answer seemed to lose importance in comparison with the staggering certitude which he was giving me. Oh, it was worthwhile having gone through the experience of complete despair — through the horror of a life like unto a starless night — for three long years; it was worthwhile having chosen poverty and obscurity — complete insignificance in the eyes of the world — along with uncompromising faith; allegiance to my leader, whether in victory or defeat — in order to hear *that* from a German National Socialist, by far

my superior; from a man who had lived and fought not thirty but sixty years for the Aryan Cause! In a flash, I recalled the words of the Bhagavad-Gita; “I come again . . . I am born age after age to establish on earth the reign of truth.” “My beloved Führer,” thought I; “*thou art He*; I knew it all the time!”

And looking at Herr B. with burning eyes that were really full of the image of Adolf Hitler, I said, — I too, inspired: — “I have deified ‘him’ from the beginning — for *what* is ‘a God,’ if not a perfect exponent of higher mankind? I have hailed in him the embodiment of the everlasting Self of the Aryan race: Him Who comes back at the dawn — or *before* the dawn — of every new Age to establish the New Order of truth, image of the eternal Order of Nature, at the human scale, — for He Who comes back is nothing else but that. Where so many have served a political party, I have lived a religious faith: the perennial Faith of Light and Life rooted in this earth, but embracing the Cosmos — for the Religion of Race is nothing else but that. So, I was right?”

The man who had known Adolf Hitler personally from the earliest days of the Movement; the man who, before that, had taken, an active part in all the lesser movements that have prepared the ground for the N.S.D.A.P.; who had fought as a young man for Hans Krebs’ idea of the Greater Reich on a racial basis and who had, as an adolescent, greeted Friedrich Lange’s similar Idea, fixed upon me his bright, steel-blue eyes, and replied: “You were right; you *are* right — rigorously, absolutely right!”

Again the icy sensation of religious awe — the word is not too strong — ran along my spine. The old fighter, — modern priest of Light and Life on behalf of Germany’s collective soul, who had presided over national rites under the Third Reich — had accepted my life’s dedication to our common National Socialist faith; had accepted *me* within “the iron Legion, that struggles for freedom, against the Jewish danger”¹: the one militia of the Forces of Light and Life, and Order, in the modern world. Could it be true?

¹ “...die eiserne Schar,
die kämpfet for Freiheit, gegen Judengefahr...”
(Words of a National Socialist song)

I felt as one who has reached a high place, and who looks down at the winding path which has led him up to it, — and also at other possible paths that were, perhaps, shorter, or less dreary. But what does the path matter, when one has reached the summit, and when the breadth of the resplendent snow-clad ranges and of the world below stretches in the sunshine under one's eyes? "What does indeed, the dull course of a life of failure matter," thought I, "when one has at last conquered the clear knowledge of Thee in Thy eternal reality, my Führer?"

But the woman was, for a while, stronger in me than the selfless National Socialist. And the woman spoke: "And yet . . . ! How gladly I would give my life to see 'him' for five minutes! — to lift my arm in salute to him and say: '*Heil, meinem Führer!*' be it only once!" And at the awareness of all that I had, perhaps irretrievably, missed, a tear rolled down my cheek.

The man who had fought for our faith even before it had a name in modern history, reminded me of my nothingness: "We are not born to seek personal happiness in this world or in another," said he. "We are not Christians who need hopes and consolations and 'something to lean upon' and 'Somebody to love us.' We are the Strong *par excellence*, who stand alone, equally indifferent to hope and fear, inspired exclusively by our binding sense of duty to and our unconditional love for our Führer and for all he represents and all he loves. It does not matter whether you ever see him or not. All that matters in your case is that you continue serving him and his people with all your heart, will and intelligence. None of us count, save as agents of his will; as instruments of the materialisation of his programme."

"You mean his worldwide New Order, naturally," commented I; "the *spirit* of the Twenty-five Points applied in all walks of life, not merely their strictly political tenets . . ."

"Yes, of course. I mean the new civilisation centred around the idea of blood-purity and the belief in the fundamental superiority of the Aryan. The conception of such a civilisation is contained in the Twenty-five Points, no doubt, but its reality exceeds their frame and their scope. Inasmuch as we

contribute to the advent of *that* reality, we are useful, and worthy of Adolf Hitler's praise, — even if we never see him.”

“It is true,” admitted I — was I *forced* to admit: — “it is better to deserve his approbation and never to see him, than to see him and not to deserve it, or to deserve to a lesser degree.”

I put Herr B. another question. “Some seem to think they can be National Socialists while retaining what they call ‘the essential’ of the Christian teaching: such moral commandments as ‘love thy neighbour’ etc. . . . They are, (or feel themselves to be) National Socialists because they are good Germans. And they seem to wish to retain the essential of the Christian outlook on man because they are human beings. While I, on the contrary, would do anything, give anything, undergo anything to forward Germany's interests because I see in her — in spite of all — the stronghold of the new (or very old) thoroughly anti-Christian National Socialist *Weltanschauung*. I love our *Weltanschauung* precisely because it appears to me to be the exact antithesis of that Judeo-Latin (or Judeo-Greek) bastard product: Christianity; because I was, am and will remain, on aesthetic as well as on moral — and racial — grounds, one of the sincerest and most relentless enemies Christianity ever had. And I have never ceased stressing the incompatibility of the two doctrines. Am I right?”

“The two doctrines are absolutely incompatible,” replied Herr B. without hesitation. “And apart from being a glaring tribute to Germany's greatness, your course was and is the most logical which a racially conscious non-German Aryan could take. As for those who think they can reconcile our Hitler faith with that of Jesus Christ, they underestimate the significance of National Socialism, taking it for a purely political movement, while Adolf Hitler has proclaimed quite clearly that he was bringing ‘not a new election slogan, but a new outlook on the world’¹ — a new philosophy and a new Way of life. Or, maybe, they mistake the deed for the spirit. *In practice*, no régime has succeeded better than ours in giving people, for one another, such feelings as one has become accustomed to miscall ‘Christian-like’; no régime has done as much in the way of social service. It was — and might be for a long time more — *expedient*

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 243.

to refer to that as to ‘positive Christianity.’ In reality, it is no Christianity whatsoever. We do not love one another because we are ‘human beings,’ but because we are blood-brothers — Germans; Aryans; — building together Adolf Hitler’s great New Order. We do not love and help our people because they are ‘human beings’ with an ‘immortal soul,’ nor as would the Communists, simply because they are ‘human beings’ more valuable than the rest of mammals on account of their alleged ‘reason,’ but because they are Germans, — actual or potential members of the natural *élite* of mankind, i.e., of the one section of mankind that really deserves kingship over the rest of the living. We would in fact, — like the Christians — help any human being in need, not, however, because he or she is ‘a man’ or a woman, but because he or she is a living creature. We would help *any living creature* in need, which is more than the Christians are taught to do. Only we ‘liquidate’ dangerous creatures of *all* kinds: vermin, Jews, dangerous elements of our own race, when any. We do not believe in the supposed ‘dignity of the human person’ whoever that person be, — just because he or she happens to be ‘human.’ No; such an idea is pure nonsense. But we love and respect all creatures that do not stand in the way of our God-ordained expansion.

“It is not so much *what* we did and are prepared to do again, that separates us from the Christians — not even the gassing of the Jews, so bitterly held against us by an hypocritical world (of the Jews whose number, by the way, has been so outrageously exaggerated — unfortunately! I wish our enemies’ mendacious statistics on that subject *were* true!). In that respect, the atrocities of the Christian Churches in the past (when they were still young) exceed ours by far. No; what separates us from the Christians is the spirit in which and the principles in the name of which we do the mentioned things. It is not that we have gassed Jews and think nothing of it. It is the fact that we gassed them purely in order to get rid of them in the quickest and cheapest possible way, *not* to punish them for believing this or that; not in order to save their souls. It is the fact that no ceremony, civil or religious — no christening; no naturalisation; — could have saved them from their fate, let alone made anyone of them one of us; the fact that we are a brotherhood of blood, irrespective of any non-essential personal beliefs,

and *not* a brotherhood of beliefs, opinions or tastes, irrespective of blood. It is the fact that we adhere to our Hitler doctrine *because of* our blood, not in spite of or regardless of our blood. Even you, a non-German, have come to us as an Aryan.”

“Yes,” said I; “and it is in the name of the beauty and virility of the Aryan that I became such a fanatical enemy of Christianity. I held that international pest responsible for the blood-mixture that marred the privileged race in the Hellenic world of the early centuries of the Christian era. And I saw in that superstition of the ‘value of man’ — so repulsive to me, anyhow, — which lies at the bottom of it, the psychological factor at the root of this sin and of its consequences. And I soon condemned no less categorically those so-called ‘mystical’ philosophies, mostly cooked up by or with the help of Greek-speaking Jews of Alexandria (such as that Philo, whose contribution to the decay of true Hellenism our enemy Eduard Herriot has shown so eloquently, without meaning to)¹ which prepared the way for the Christian faith in the Near East. Theosophy, Anthroposophy, the Rosicrucian Order, Freemasonry and its various, more or less associated organisations, are the modern equivalents of such sects . . . All as dangerous as Christianity, although the Churches profess to detest them. True, blood contamination is as much *the cause* as the consequence of the thought currents that justify it, encourage it, or hold it as a matter of indifference. Timothy, — the half-Jew — readily took to Paul’s new interpretation of Jewish messianism (a Jewish swindle for Aryan consumption). And there were plenty half-Jews in the Greek seaports of the time. And the otherworldly swindle was soon to encourage the birth of many more. A vicious circle of shame and decay. We see the same today: half-Jews love anti-racialist doctrines; doctrines that give them the feeling that they are as good as anybody can be. And anti-racialist doctrines of all descriptions — otherworldly and of this world — encourage the birth of further half-Jews. The vicious circle, outside which we stand, is not yet broken. Or rather, our Hitler had broken it, here in Germany at least; after the disaster of 1945, his enemies set it in motion once more.”

“Right you are!” exclaimed Herr B. “The Churches and the Lodges (or their equivalent) in our times, are just two parallel

¹ In his Doctorate thesis, upon Philo the Jew.

forms of the power of racial dissolution that we are fighting to free ourselves of: the power of world-Jewry.”

There was a silence. Frau B. had left the room to go and prepare the coffee. Herr B. had got up to seek in his library a book entitled *The Political Aspect of Freemasonry*, which he had written; he wished to present me with a copy of it. I was thinking of all the pseudo-“spiritual” societies, large and small, of which I had come to know in the course of my journeys in the East and in the West.

“As our Führer has so clearly pointed out in *Mein Kampf*,” said I, “it is the habit of the Jew to use ‘religion’ or ‘spiritual pursuits’ to undermine the power of Aryan States and, which is even worse, if worse can be, to emasculate the Aryan race. One has only to read the wartime issues of *Conscience* — the official paper of the Theosophical Society, edited at Adyar, South India, — in order to realise what a sinister organisation of international witchcraft Theosophy is. I let alone the fact that public prayers were offered, during the war, for the victory of the Allies, by Dr. Arundale, — *entre nous*, a debatable character — at the time, president of the whole organisation; and the fact that a very high proportion of Theosophists — in Iceland, practically all — are at the same time Freemasons. (In Reykjavik, the Masonic meetings take place, — or at least used to take place in 1947, when I was there, — in a room of the very flat in which the president of the local Theosophical Society lives, above the hall of the Society itself: 22 Ingolfsgata, as far as I can remember. I am, naturally, not expected to know that. I’ll tell you how I discovered it; it is a funny story . . .).”

But Herr B. had found what he had been seeking. He held in his hand a copy of *Das politische Gesicht der Freimaurerei*. “Here,” said he, “in this book, — which I give you (along with my history book for children *So ward das Reich*) as a remembrance, — you will find the Theosophical Society, and many other outwardly no less ‘spiritual,’ in fact, no less dangerous bodies, on the list of organisations with which a National Socialist should have nothing to do. The Freemasons never forgave me for having written this book. And that was partly the reason why I was so shabbily treated after the disaster.”

“I do thank you!” exclaimed I, taking the two books. “I shall treasure these.”

Frau B. had come back with the coffee and cakes. She filled my cup. And we resumed our conversation. I put Herr B. a question of moral discipline. “Some of our comrades tell me that my thirst of revenge is a weakness,” said I. “I am, of course, not speaking of personal revenge: that craving is foreign to me. I am speaking of the joy of seeing our persecutors lying, utterly powerless, in the dust; of the desire of persecuting them in our turn, when our Day comes. Would Our Führer blame me for having that desire? Would *he* order me to ‘rise above it’?”

“Never!” answered Herr B. resolutely. “He is not the man to ask of his disciples unnatural achievements. He stands for health and sincerity. And nothing is more unhealthy and less sincere than that wide-spread prejudice against vengeance. It has its roots in the Christian teaching ‘return good for evil, and love those who hate thee’ — which, by the way, no Christian applies in daily life, let alone in war. Since 1945, *I* have been living day and night for Germany’s revenge. And one of the oldest and noblest Germans of recorded history, Hermann the Cheruskan (who was anything but a Christian) used to say: ‘As long as the enemy defies us on German soil, hatred is our law, and our duty: vengeance!’ We say the same.”

“It is refreshing to hear you speak,” said I, delighted to be — at last — *sure* that there was, from our standpoint, nothing heretical in my naturally violent feelings.

Herr B. spoke a long time — about our principles; about the war, and the traitors who have brought about the disaster; about his own life during the darkest years, when he was, in spite of his old age, forced to break stones along the roads and to help in the repairing of canals, under the whip of the victors.

“Some of us had to work under the supervision of Negroes,” stated he. “At first, we thought we were still the less unfortunate, for our warders were Englishmen. But we soon changed our minds. Those who worked under Negro overseers were far better treated than we; it happened, now and then, that they were offered a cigarette; and they were not — as *we* were — beaten with the butt of their warders’ rifles, as soon as they would stop working for two seconds, to take breath.”

“. . . Hatred is our law; and our duty: vengeance!” quoted I. “You are right: Hermann’s two thousand year-old words

are as true as ever. Never forget those awful years! And never forgive!”

“Rest assured that we shall not forget!” replied Herr B. “Yet, one day, we shall look back to all this as to our necessary trial. As you wrote in your first leaflets, we are the pure gold thrown into the furnace, to be tested . . . Inasmuch as we really *were* pure gold, we stood the test. We are more conscious, more alive — more aware of our actual scale of values and of our ultimate aims — than ever before, we, the genuine National Socialists. And we are far more numerous than the world believes.”

“I am glad to hear it!”

“We are also more aware of our mistakes than ever before,” continued Herr B. “. . . and determined not to repeat them.”

“What do you call ‘our mistakes’?” asked I. “Do you believe, as I do, that we were too lenient in our days of power?”

“Too lenient, surely,” answered he; “but especially, not selective enough. The Party should have been closed as soon as we took Germany’s destiny into our hands. Most of those who came to us *after* 1933 were not National Socialists, but time-servers. They had no business to be in the Party. As for the salute, we have cheapened it — not to say profaned it — by making it compulsory in official life, and practically compulsory in ordinary life. It should have remained the monopoly of the old, hundred percent Nazis of the early days, — and that of those among the new generations, brought up under our régime, who sincerely adhered to our principles and were ready to die for them. Other people should have been contented with shaking hands and saying ‘Good morning!’ or ‘Good day!’ when meeting one another in the street.”

“You have just expressed that which I have always felt, in the bottom of my heart, without daring to tell any of our comrades, lest I might be blamed for feeling the wrong way,” said I. “Well, now I hear *you* feel the same, I need no longer fear that reproach. I know that drastic police measures can compell practically anybody (save people as uncompromising as ourselves, and these are rare) to do or say anything. But among the things done or said under such pressure, some are more important than others; some are essential, others are not. It matters little how much we hurt our opponents — and thereby,

increase their hatred — when, at that cost, we obtain some useful work that will help to bring about the success of our constructive plans, or contribute to the defence of the Reich and of the régime. But to suscite further waves of hatred against us merely for the pleasure of making people *who don't want to*, lift their right arms and say 'Heil Hitler!' is, in my eyes, useless, and even dangerous. I feel that way because I believe in the power of thought as in the power of love and of hatred; and because I know, from my own experience, how all the efforts of our enemies to draw *me* to their conception of life have only resulted in making me more conscious of my own scale of values, more uncompromising and more aggressive than ever. I do hope our mistakes in psychology will not be repeated, next time . . .”

“They shall not be; rest assured of that!” answered Herr B. “Bitter experience has taught us better . . .”

I wanted to add that I hoped *I* would, “next time,” be allowed to greet people with the ritual salute and to use, along with the privileged minority, those words — “Heil Hitler!” — which I had always uttered with such love, even *after* they were forbidden. But I did not. I was afraid of appearing childish. And I felt somehow sure that the answer could only be a very definitive: “Naturally!” In the person of Herr B. and of so many others of those whom I admire, National Socialist Germany had already accepted *me*.

It was late when I left the B.s. “We would gladly ask you to stay the night, if only we had place,” said Frau B. “Unfortunately, we only have this room and a kitchen (which we share with other tenants).”

I spent the night in a nearby hotel, and the following day again in the company of the old Heathen fighter and of his wife. When I took leave of them at last — to catch the train to Celle — I could not help feeling once more with particular intensity, that which I knew already, namely, that they and the rest of the iron minority of true National Socialists — my brothers in faith my superiors: — are my one real family; the only people to whom I belong in this wide world.

Although the station is far away, Herr B. insisted on seeing me off. We parted, as always, with the sacred words “Heil Hitler!” or rather (for this was a public place where one was

not unobserved) with a formula known to us, which means exactly the same.

* * *

Uelzen, 17 May 1953

In the railway carriage, beside me, sat Anni H., one of the few among my comrades of the “D wing” — i.e., sentenced as “war criminals” — whom I had, in Werl, personally come in touch with. And we were both on our way to meet Hertha E. — my beloved Hertha E., free at last! I could hardly believe it.

I looked at the happy, neatly dressed, middle-aged woman, in whose company I had just spent a whole week in Celle; and for the hundredth time, I recalled the same woman wearing the dark blue prisoners’ uniform. I remembered her sitting in my cell four years before, and telling me that “nothing had made me more popular” among my D wing comrades than the British Governor’s order that I was not to be allowed to come in contact with them. Whose orders could now keep me from sitting at Anni’s side? Whose orders could keep us from addressing each other as *du* and from feeling ourselves bound forever to each other and to all our comrades, women and men? Who could forbid us to book a ticket for Uelzen, and to go and meet Hertha E. (no doubt already waiting for us at the station)? I felt elated at the awareness that every one of my movements — and, first of all, my very presence in Germany, — was an act of defiance; a provocation to the Allied Occupation authorities and to the Allies themselves, persecutors of National Socialism. And I dreamed of the day I would be — at last! — granted an opportunity of defying them openly; of insulting *individually* their henceforth powerless fleeing forces, (as *they* used to insult us, in 1945) until I would bring tears of rage (and of despair) into every man’s eyes; the opportunity of compelling them to acknowledge, not only the defeat of their respective countries and of Democracy, but the utter bankrupt of their Christian values, of their way of life, of all they were taught to revere (and revered, like docile sheep) and of gloating boisterously to my heart’s content, as a real “Barbarian” — I who never was anything else, in fact. (But is it not better to be a conscious Barbarian than a deluded sheep?). I was revelling in the thought of that future delectation, as the train rolled into the Uelzen station.

“Look! Look! I can see her!” cried out Anni as the train halted.

“Where? I cannot see well from a distance, as you know . . .”

“There! — leaning against the railing with two men at her side, one tall and the other middle-sized . . . She has seen us, and is now waving to us . . .”

It was true. There she was. Our carriage stopped right before the entrance of the railing, where she stood. We stepped out. She walked up to us, followed by the two men, and threw herself into our arms. “Anni and ‘Muki’!” exclaimed she; “It is a joy to see you again!”

She was as pretty as ever and looked younger than four years before. Her glossy, light-blond hair, that she used to comb up straight, when she was in Werl, had now been “permed” and shone in the sunshine in metallic locks around her regular, classical features. And there was joy and self-assurance — confidence in destiny — in her proud smile and bright eyes — those same large, sky-blue eyes that I had seen so many times so full of yearning. She wore a well-cut dress of greyish-blue silken material, nylon stockings and elegant shoes. And the pearl earrings that I had left behind for her, on the day of my release, adorned her beautifully. I was glad to see that they had duly been given to her. I was glad to see her looking so well and so happy. Nobody could have believed that she had just spent over eight years in a prison cell. I gazed at her with love and admiration, nay, with a sort of reverence, for she was a miracle and a symbol: the miracle of Germany’s will to live, that no force can break — God-ordained invincibility, that man cannot kill — and the symbol of us all, who have never acknowledged defeat.

“My beautiful Hertha!” exclaimed I, unable to keep my eyes away from her. And I added in my heart, but without *uttering* them, the very words I had addressed her the last time we had met clandestinely, on the eve of my release: “My living Germany! . . .”

She introduced me the two men — and a third one, who was standing; in the background, and whom I had not noticed “Longin B. — we call him ‘Leo’ — former *Oberscharführer* S.S., released from Werl along with me, ten days ago: Heinz G. another S.S. comrade, released from Werl last year; Erich

X., for long years a prisoner of the Russians.” And she introduced me to them: “This is our ‘Muki,’¹ of whom I have already told you the story,” said she. And she introduced our comrade Anni.

The three men shook hands with us. Leo B., the tall one whom Anni had seen from the railway carriage, patted me on the shoulder and said, with a happy smile: “I am very, *very* glad to meet you at last; Hertha has told us all such a lot about you!” Meanwhile Hertha added, turning to me: “Here, you can speak freely: we are among ourselves.”

Oh, to feel myself once more among people of my own faith, of my own ideals, after these three years of separation! To be able to talk freely — and intelligently — to out and out National Socialists, after all the hostility, and imbecility, that I had encountered abroad! Again, I thought of my own words to my mother (who is against us): “They, — my comrades; my superiors; the genuine followers of Adolf Hitler — are my real and only family.” And I looked up to my companions with admiring eyes.

An auto was waiting for us. Erich, who was to drive, sat in front. The two S.S. men tried to squeeze themselves at his side, but could not: Leo B., being nearly six feet tall, was big in proportion; and Heinz was not thin. We laughed.

“Come!” cried at last Hertha to Leo. “Let Heinz sit at the back with us. Can’t you see you need the whole place to yourself?”

“As though four can sit at the back when *you* are one of them, you fatty,” retorted he. “And Heinz is hardly smaller than I; and Anni . . .”

“‘Muki’ is the feather-weight among us; I’ll take her on my lap,” answered Hertha. “Come Heinz; and sit between Anni and me!”

And so we rolled — full-speed through the quiet streets of the little town, and then along a lovely country road between bushes and meadows full of flowers.

“I am taking you to a nice little café where we shall be alone — and free. I know the owner,” said Erich.

¹ In Werl, we were called by our surnames. My surname — Mukherji — became “Muki,” “Mukchen,” etc. . . . in the mouth both of the prison staff and of my comrades.

“Wonderful!” cried Hertha.

“What is really wonderful is to see you again looking so well,” said Anni.

“I am not as well as I look,” replied Hertha; “my nerves are in a bad state, the doctor says. And what appears at first sight to be “fat,” in my body, is nothing but water-swelling; the result of eight years of prison diet.”

“Still, you are at last *free*,” said I. “It is a joy to see you free, and as firm as ever in our glorious National Socialist faith.”

“Firmer and more uncompromising than ever! Ready to begin again and avenge our dead comrades, and repay those swine for all that we have suffered,” said Leo, turning around and squeezing my hand in sign of warm approval.

“Absolutely right! And we *will* begin again!” cried Heinz at my side.

I shut my eyes for two or three seconds, and remembered . . . a scene that had been described to me in the darkest days: a long line of cattle wagons covered with snow, rolling through the Saarbrücken station in 1945, packed full of S.S. men on their way to the chambers of hell — to different *anti-Nazi* extermination camps in occupied Germany. And from those cold, damp, filthy wagons, in which the men had been standing for God alone knows how long, without food or sleep — or water — came the Song of the unvanquished: “When all become unfaithful, we remain faithful . . .” I had never thought of that episode without shuddering . . . Now, I gazed at the former prisoner in Russia and at the two S.S. men at my side and at my two friends Hertha and Anni, all so full of energy and faith *after* and *in spite* of those long years in jail . . . They were those who had victoriously stood the test; the “gold in the furnace.” Their boisterous gaiety, their spirit of defiance, their readiness to fight again — so refreshing to me — prolonged in unbroken time the song of the S.S. men of 1945 on their way to hunger, torture and death . . . They were invincible Germany; they were the seed of the new, National Socialist civilisation, firmly taking root, for centuries . . . I stretched out my arms, as though. I wished to embrace all five of them, — and, beyond them, the whole heroic legion of my brothers in faith — and, smiling to them, I intoned the Song of the S.S. men; the triumphant

hymn that had sprang from the wagons of death in 1945, defying the forces of darkness: *Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch true . . .*

The others joined me. Leo turned around and, for a second, looked at me with a beaming face, while continuing to sing. The car rolled on . . .

Along the sunlit country road, in the glory of spring, resounded the Song of the men of iron: an echo of the recent great years, and a spell, hastening the dawn of the great years to come.

* * *

The little café was lovely — and lonely. I sat between Hertha and Anni, opposite the three men.

“What will you have?” Hertha asked me. “A glass of beer?”

“I would prefer a cup of coffee.”

“You and your coffee! Have a glass of beer; beer is German; coffee is not.”

I smiled. “My Hertha!” exclaimed I, putting my arms around her neck — like on that unforgettable day she had first come to my cell — “there is nobody like you for finding the argument that will convince me! I’ll have a glass of beer.”

“Six beers!” ordered Heinz.

“Now, tell me how things stand in Werl; how many more of us are still there?” asked I.

“Ninety-seven men, to my knowledge,” replied Leo.

“And five women,” added Hertha: “Frau B., Frau G., Ella S., Gretel R., Marta D. On the other hand, the place is full of quite a different sort of political prisoners: Communists, mostly charged with espionage on behalf of Russia. They have been all packed into the A wing and are completely cut off from the rest of the prison. And, (I was told) they are often submitted to long cross-questioning, occasionally with the help of torture. The present Governor of the prison, Meech — far worse a type than Vickers, whom you knew, ever was — had the cheek to ask whether any of us would be willing to ‘assist’ the Englishmen in this nasty business, in exchange of better food and a few cigarettes a week. Frau S., the *Oberwachmeisterin*, was requested to transmit me the proposal, which

I turned down with contempt. Why should *I*, of all people, help the English in the repression of their ex-“gallant Allies” the Communists, after the disgusting manner England behaved to us, the natural enemies of Communism? And those women, who are cross-examined, are German women, whatever be their views. Why should I help the foreign Occupation to harm them for the defence of a régime which we detest? There is nothing to choose between Western-style parliamentary Democracy and Communism — the two modern forms of Jewish rule.”

“Right you are!” exclaimed I. “I am glad you refused to help the enemy. And I am glad to hear you speak in such a manner.”

“Those bastards would now like to have us on their side,” put in Heinz. “But I am afraid it is too late; they have missed the bus.”

“Let them first release all those of us whom they still detain behind bars,” said Leo. “In the male section in Werl, there are, as I told you, ninety-seven of us still waiting to come out — and great ones, such as General Meyer; you know: ‘Panzer-Meyer.’ . . . And how many more in Wittlich, and in Landsberg, let alone in the prisons of France and Holland and other countries of the so-called ‘free’ world, which we are now invited to defend ‘against Bolshevism’?”

“Several hundreds in Landsberg, it seems,” declared Hertha; “Hans F. said so the day before yesterday. And he was released from there only a couple of months ago.”

“And let them put a stop to those nauseating ‘war crime’ trials!” put in I. “In France, where I was, as you know, up till last year, they are still sentencing Germans to death for having done their duty. On the 3rd March 1950, out of thirteen S.S. men charged with the usual ‘war crimes’ — shooting of *partisans* in wartime, etc. . . . — the Military Tribunal of Lyons sentenced eight to death. The Paris lawyer, Ditte, who defended Kaeniast, one of the accused, was himself revolted at the way they were judged. “This is not justice, but hatred,”¹ declared he, summing up in a few words the whole attitude of the French Courts, nay, of the French nation, to our comrades and to National Socialist Germany at large. Since then, many

¹ Reported in the Lyons news paper *Le Progrès* at the time of the trial.

more ‘war crime’ trials have taken place. One I remember particularly well, for Mr. Claps, a lawyer whose wife has studied with me at the University, pleaded for the main defendant: an officer named Eckert. The latter was sentenced to death in spite of the advocate’s forceful exposure of the injustice of all ‘war crime’ trials. And now, again, — now, in 1953! — began on the 12th of January, before the Military Tribunal of Bordeaux, the trial of twenty-two S.S. men charged with having taken part in the reprisals at Oradour in 1944 . . . Of the twenty-two, eight, or rather nine, were Germans. (I say ‘nine,’ for the Alsacian Boos, who so boldly proclaimed his allegiance to Germany and his faith in Adolf Hitler to the end, deserves to be called a German.) Two: — Boos, and Lenz, — were sentenced to death; six, to long terms of penal servitude; one was acquitted: he obviously had no part at all in the reprisals . . .”

Hertha interrupted me. “Yes,” said she; “I have met him. He is in Fischerhof — the convalescent home, — with us. His name is Degenhat . . .”

I could hardly believe my ears. “What, Degenhat of the Oradour trial, *here*? And I can see him?”

“You shall see him this afternoon. I shall introduce you. “I must ask him about the trial . . . But tell me: what does he look like?”

“A blond young man with thoughtful blue eyes — very young; very quiet; and as harmless as a lamb. He hardly speaks at all . . .”

“Poor boy! I can imagine what he must have suffered at the hands of those brutes, these eight long years!” said I. “By the way: do you know *why* there were — why there had to be — reprisals at Oradour? Most people don’t know. But three persons, of whom two were French, told me in 1946. It is, in fact, one of the first things I heard on my return to Europe. It seems that the ‘heroes’ of the French *résistance* had caught hold of twelve German officers, tied them up, and pressed them to death in an enormous wine press . . . And there is something more, which a Frenchman told me last year: it seems that they also caught hold of three S.S. men, tied them by their feet to a motor-lorry, and, after thus dragging them along the road for a few kilometres, hung them on crooks — thrusting the latter through the flesh under their chins — before a butcher’s shop in or

near the village. I was told that they were still alive when men from the S.S. division *Dais Reich* passed by and saw them. Who would *not* have burnt down the village after such horrors?"

"Quite true! And we were not ruthless enough in matter of reprisals, if you ask me," added Heinz.

Thus we conversed till it was lunchtime — time for Hertha and Leo to go back to the convalescent home where they had been transferred after their release from Werl. Heinz showed us some photos of the prison and some pictures that he had drawn himself in a "remembrance book" in which he and other prisoners had written on different occasions. Hertha compared the present-day Governor in Werl, — Meech — to Col. Vickers, the one who had been in charge of us in my time — much to the disadvantage of the former. Anni spoke of Ilse F., another victim of the Belsen Trial, released at the same time as her. Ilse's health had been wrecked for life through the particularly horrid treatment she had experienced in 1945 at the hands of the British. I spoke of the eternity of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*, and of Germany's coming revenge. Erich, who spoke very little, declared however that, in the long run, nothing can stand in the way of our truth, and 'that he hoped to see the Russian people themselves, one day, reject Marxism and acknowledge it.

At last, we all sat once more in the car, and Erich drove us along a beautiful road, through woods, to the convalescent home — "Fischerhof."

"You will stay with us until tomorrow, Muki and Anni, won't you?" said Hertha as we were nearing the home. "There is plenty of place. I shall speak to the doctor in charge. And she will agree, I am sure."

"I am sorry I cannot. I have to go to work tomorrow morning," replied Anni, who, since her release, had secured herself a job in some factory.

"A pity! It is really a pity. But you will stay, won't you, Muki? This afternoon we are having a party to keep up our happy return to freedom (there are more of us in this home, as you will soon see). I shall introduce you to our friend Hans F., a man whom you will like — a former *Sturmführer* S.S., lately released from Landsberg. You *must* see him!"

"I shall stay," answered I, overwhelmed with joy. And I

could not help adding, as a scene of the past suddenly crossed my mind in a flash: “Do you remember, my Hertha, how depressed you were in Werl, on one occasion, and how you wept in my cell asking me: ‘How long, how long more will this life behind bars last?’ And I told you: ‘This will pass like a bad dream. *One day, you will be free.* One day, you and I and others of our comrades will talk unhindered to one another! Didn’t I say that? See, the day has come! And greater days are coming. Oh, I am happy!”

I *was* happy, indeed.

* * *

The day flew by without my noticing it: the midday meal with Hertha and Leo (while Anni sat at another table, because there was no place); the coffee, in a cosy little room next to the dining room; my conversation with new comrades; then, the party at the café, and the trip to the station — to see Anni off, — and the return through the woods, took place in succession, like scenes in a cinema show. And the second day dawned, — and passed: a fleeting experience of the world I had so much wanted to live in, all these years; of the world to which I really belong: *in* Europe, no doubt, and “a European world” in the ordinary sense of the word, but, inwardly, further away from and more foreign to traditional Christian Europe than any circles I had come in touch with in India (with one or two exceptions); of the world of the first modern Aryans who think and feel as Aryans.

I can never forget Hertha’s introductions: “Hans F., *Sturmführer* S.S. just released from Landsberg; Lydia V., sentenced to death by the French, and now just released from Fresnes; Leo B., sentenced to death by the British, and released from Werl at the same time as I, i.e., on Thursday before last; Anni H., one of us of the Belsen Trial, released from Werl in 1951; our ‘Muki,’ released from Werl three years ago, author of *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance* — our story — and . . . you know me, Hertha E., former overseer in Belsen . . .”

I recalled in my mind the words General Ramke had spoken in Verden before some five thousand S.S. men: “One day, the black lists will be lists of honor . . .” And I was happy. We are already — and we feel ourselves already — a legion of

honour. But how I felt small in the midst of it, by the side of the men of iron who had remained not months but *years* in jail, and come out as faithful as ever to our Führer, alive for all times, and to our ideals! I could not help saying: “It is not my fault if the British released me before I had served my term. I was — God knows! — outspoken and bold enough before my judges. But apparently all Democrats are fools . . .”

“That, they *are*, quite definitely!” exclaimed Hans F. good humouredly. Take my case, for instance. They sentenced me to fifteen years’ imprisonment for things which I have never done; and they mentioned not a word of all I really did, for the simple reason that they know nothing about it.”

“They don’t seem to know anything of *my* real activities in India during the war,” said I. “One day, when we are free and powerful — and they, powerless, — I shall tell them. It will amuse me to watch their faces . . .”

We laughed. Then we started speaking of our post-war experiences with our persecutors. Lydia V. told us something of her trial in France, where she had served during the war as an interpreter. She was charged with having — indirectly — contributed to the execution of number of people who belonged to the French *résistance*. “I was not allowed to speak,” said she. (“If you know France,” she added, turning to me, “you can well imagine what a ‘war crime’ trial looked like in that country, in 1945.) Still I managed to put in one sentence. I told ‘them’ that I had done my duty as a German, and that I was sorry — very sorry — that I had not done *more*.”

“And what did ‘they’ say to that?”

“Nothing. They gave me a death sentence, which was, after a time, commuted into a sentence of life-long imprisonment.”

“And how did ‘they’ treat you and the other German prisoners?”

“Disgracefully,” replied Lydia. “I myself was actually in chains for weeks and weeks. And I was not the only one. Then, they thrust us into one large room, — at the same time our dormitory, working room and dining room — along with the ordinary criminals. Over two hundred women were made to live in that room: twenty-five or thirty of us, so-called ‘war criminals,’ and — the rest — thieves and murderesses. Can you

imagine what our life was, day and night in that place, without any privacy, and without anything to read, *for years*? Can you imagine that pack of coarse and mostly debased types of womanhood, in whose constant contact we were — some singing, some quarrelling, some relating smutty stories, . . . some using the pails? And the way many of them used to abuse us because we were Nazis? (*They* had been in the French *résistance*, most of them!) A thousand times I wished I *had* been killed . . . Then, sometime in the beginning of last year, I was told that my sentence had been commuted to twenty years. But ‘twenty years’ sounds no better than fifty, when one is living in such a hell. The ‘good news’ left me indifferent. I only prayed I should not live till the end of my term. Then, one day — a month ago — I was again called and told that I was to be released at once; that I could pack up my few things and go . . . once more into the world of the free; back to Germany — home! I fainted.”

“I can well believe you,” said I.

With all the vividness of my imagination, I pictured to myself those long, dreary years of hour to hour irritation and humiliation and of occasional wild despair; those years of hell, as Lydia herself had described them. And I added: “May *I*, one day, be given the power and the opportunity to avenge you!”

Hans F. spoke of Landsberg, where over a thousand men had been imprisoned — and over three hundred hanged — for having done their duty to the end. He spoke of the fearlessness and serenity of the martyrs, happy to die for Germany and for the Aryan Cause, knowing that they were right and that history would justify their actions and prove the soundness of the National Socialist principles. He spoke of the Jews as of those who stood at the back of all the tortures inflicted upon our comrades and, before that, at the back of the foulest propaganda against Germany and of that whole policy of England which had made the Second World War unavoidable.

“Quite right!” exclaimed I. “Quite right! How well I remember that worldwide campaign of lies! It had its agents — and its effects, too, — in India, where I was. But let me repeat here what I have stressed so many times in the course of my life; let me stress it once more, even if it might sound boring: what *I* hold in *the first place* against the Jews, is Christianity,

that oldest and most successful invention of theirs in order to emasculate the Aryan race. Had the whole world, including the non-Christian countries, such as India, not been soaked in Christianity for hundreds of years; I mean, had the Christian *values* — the ‘dignity’ of every two-legged mammal, of whatever shape or colour; the ‘right’ of every variety of two-legged mammals to live and thrive, and other such stuff — not been accepted as the basis of universal ethics by practically *all* mankind (save we, and, perhaps, our Allies the Japanese,) the Jewish campaign of accusations against us would have met no response. All my life, I have fought with tooth and claw against these Christian values (thank goodness I was, myself, by Nature’s grace, free from their influence!). And what I love, what I worship in the Third Reich, is the fact that it has at last brought forth an élite — the S.S., — who also stood up against them in the name of the natural, eternal values of Blood and Soil, and of Aryan pride. Glory to the S.S., early vanguard of that regenerate Aryandom of my dreams! May I, one day, see its surviving veterans seize power and rule the earth!”

“Our ‘Muki’! It is a joy to hear you speak, ten days after one’s release,” said Leo, putting his strong hand upon my shoulder in a gesture of comradeship, and gazing at me with a happy smile.

Hans F. considered me earnestly, as though his hard blue eyes were reading in mine the history of a life devoted to our Idea.

“You have the right view of things, which is also ours,” said he at last; “the view of those few men who understood the deeper meaning of our Struggle against Jewry, and who inspired and directed our action. As you say, *we* are free from the influence of the lying teaching imposed through fire and sword upon our German land over a thousand years ago — teaching of ‘meekness’ indeed! — the most shameless swindle that ever existed. Auschwitz and Treblinka were our dispassionate answer to that standing shame and. standing lie; to that will to degrade us, that has been working relentlessly ever since Charlemagne’s ‘crusade’ against Heathen Germany. We did not *hate* the Jews. (As you say yourself, who *hates* vermin?) But we systematically got rid of them — although not as thoroughly as we should have, unfortunately — because we knew what a danger they represent

as a collectivity in all Aryan lands. And we showed Germany and we showed the Aryan world how easy it is to get rid of dangerous human beings, *without hatred and without remorse*, provided one has our spirit, i.e., as you say, provided one is free from the influence of the Christian lies.”

“. . . From the lies of every man-centred faith, to be more accurate,” added I.

And Hans F. talked about the convoys of Jews that he had himself accompanied to the place of fate. And he described the activity of the crematoria, and the ‘great bright-red flames’ that would spring out of the main chimney as new fuel fed the furnace below. “*You* would have loved to see those beautiful great red flames!” said he, addressing me.

“Here is at last one who does not need more than half an hour to know me thoroughly,” thought I; “people of the same sort *feel* one another, I suppose.” And recalling in a flash the thousands of fools that had dared to tell me that I “surely would have ceased being a National Socialist” had I “only seen Auschwitz,” I felt: “Gosh, what a relief to be among one’s own people!” And I turned to the former *Sturmführer*, with a smile:

“Yes, no doubt;” replied I, referring to the picture which he had evoked — “for this was the sunset purple announcing the twilight of a world I have hated for years, (for centuries, maybe, if the belief in successive births be right,) and which I have, with all my might, striven to kill. As other flames, lit from isle to isle across the Aegean, once announced the destruction of Troy, so these told the world the end of Judeo-Christian civilisation — at last!”

“And the dawn of ours!” put in Hans-Georg P., a handsome young blond with a definite taste for history and philosophy — a perfect National Socialist, but too young to be a “war criminal” — who had just stepped into our circle.

“No;” protested I; “not yet! Night stretches between sunset and dawn — the long night of persecution and apparent annihilation that we are now living. Our dawn will shine when new and mightier red flames will spring out of the chimneys of Auschwitz as corpses not merely of Jews but of traitors of Aryan blood — of slaves of Jewry from all lands — will be thrown into the fire below. That is what I would really like to see!”

“You’ll see it one day, — I hope,” answered Hans F.

“By the way,” said I, “it seems that, in their desire to show tourists how ‘awful’ we were, the Democrats have built gas chambers in former camps in which there were none, and added new ones in such places as Auschwitz . . . Is it true?”

“It is just like them, anyhow!” laughed Hans F. “But let them do so! It will spare us the trouble — and the expense — of new installations, next time . . .”

However, he suddenly became serious, nay sombre. “We burnt Jews (although, admittedly not as many as we should have),” said he; “but *they were dead* — all of them, already dead; those who deny this, lie. While the kind-hearted Allies who accuse us, burnt *us alive*: — more than three million civilians — with their phosphorus bombs. Shame on their hypocrisy!”

We spoke of the future and of its possibilities.

“Shall I ever see him whom I never had the joy of greeting: our Führer?” asked I. “Is he really alive?”

“Yes,” replied Lydia V. “Of that I am sure. And that certitude has sustained me throughout those terrible years — at the time of the disaster and afterwards.”

“On the other hand, I have spoken to comrades living in Argentina, who have told me definitely that he is dead,” said Hans-Georg P. “We should have the courage to face the fact, bitter as it may be.”

“Dead or alive in the flesh, he lives in us,” declared Hans F. “I can tell you: we are determined to carry on the Struggle, through whatever means are the best adapted to the necessities of the present-day, which are different from those of the past. Our tactics may change — are, in fact bound to change — with the new situation that faces us after all these years. But our principles remain the same; *they are eternal*: they are those laid down in *Mein Kampf* for all times. And we shall win, sooner or later, because we are fanatically inspired by a faith which is founded upon objective truth, while the Communists have a faith rooted in an illusion (that will not stand the test of time) and the Western-style Democrats just no faith at all. Their Christianity? A bundle of prejudices, not a source of living inspiration. They cannot give it back the enthusiasm, intolerance and strength of youth.”

“I met two real Christians in my life,” said I: “one is a Negro, who declared in my presence, in London, in 1946,

that the Allies should release all so-called ‘war criminals’ in accordance with Christ’s commandment ‘Love thy enemies, and do good unto those who hate thee’; the other is a French woman, a former schoolmate of mine who, knowing I am an enemy of all she stands for, yet sought private tuitions for me, — helped me to earn money and to send presents to my German comrades, and expensive airmail dispatches of printing proofs to him who was then publishing my books in far-away India — as long as I was in France. And do you know what that woman once told me, of all things? She declared — on the 6th of December 1950, I remember the date, — that she would be glad if only her co-religionists loved Jesus Christ half as much as I love Adolf Hitler . . . !”

“Flattering for us,” remarked Hertha.

“And encouraging,” said Hans F.

* * *

I spent the whole next day in conversations with comrades, in particular with Lydia V. and with the young man from the Oradour Trial. I asked the latter whether the horrors that had been related to me were true.

“Only too true,” replied he.

“And why did you not, then, mention such facts in your trial?” enquired I. “Why was there not a word spoken about them by any of you or of your lawyers?”

“*We were not allowed to allude to them directly or indirectly,*” answered the former S.S. soldier. “We were bluntly told that, if we did so, we should, thereby, merely impair the possibility of saving our lives. Those who knew they had no chances of saving their lives — and who did not care — (like Boos) did not speak for fear their boldness would be punished upon *us.*”

“Democratic justice!” said I, bitterly. “Oh, when will the Day of reckoning dawn? I would have urged the woman who had related me the wine press atrocity to go and speak of it herself before the Military Tribunal of Bordeaux. Unfortunately, she had already died in 1947 or 1948. Her name was L.L. and she used to live in Nevers.” (I gave the woman’s full address.)

Lydia V. startled, and stared at me, surprised. “How did *you* come to know that woman?” she asked me.

“I don’t know her. I have met her perhaps ten times in all my life,” said I; “I had the impression she was more or less on our side.”

“She was on *no* side, and worked during the war both for us and for our enemies. And she took money from both,” stressed Lydia.

“Are you sure, quite sure it is the same woman?” asked I. I was utterly taken aback; — dumbfounded.

“It can only be she . . . The same name; the same address . . . I remember her so well!”

“Well,” said I, “she must have known of her friends’ exploits, if, as you say, she was also in the *résistance* . . . But Gosh how the world is small! And how truth will come out, sooner or later . . .”

After supper, Hertha saw me off to the station. We walked to Uelzen arm in arm, through the woods. We sang the Horst Wessel Song on our way.

“Oh, I am happy,” said I, when the last notes of the conquering tune had died away into the fragrant peace of evening. “I am happy to have, through you, come in touch with some of our comrades. I would give my life for any of them. I love ‘him’ in them, and them in ‘him.’”

We halted for a minute or two. “And I love you,” continued I. “I admire you. I wanted to give you something as a remembrance of your release. I am too poor to buy anything worthwhile, — be it even a box of chocolates. But I have this . . .” And unfastening the gold chain that I wore round my neck — my last chain — I put it round hers.

“I was in Calcutta, — in safety, although my life was, then, a long mental agony — while you were forced to bury dead bodies and to pick up filth with your hands, under the threat of British bayonets. And you were eight years in jail for the sake of *my* ideals, . . . while I . . . was there for less than eight months. You deserve this better than I do.”

“But . . . ‘Muki,’ . . . how can I?”

“Take it,” insisted I; “I give it to you with all my heart. It is Indian gold. Keep it in remembrance of rue, you, the embodiment of that superior Aryan mankind, in the name

and interest of which I carried on in India my lonely struggle against all creeds of racial equality. And let us part here, for we cannot greet each other as we like, at the station.”

She let her face rest upon my shoulder and kissed me, as on the day we had first met, in my cell in Werl. Then, lifting her right arm, she uttered the holy syllables — now, as *then*; now, as long ago; now as in days to come: “Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” repeated I.

* * *

Uelzen, 30 May 1953

We met again some days later: the *Heimkehrerverband*¹ (the German association of both prisoners of war and political prisoners) was giving in Uelzen a dancing party, and we were all invited.

Hans and Hertha greeted me enthusiastically at the entrance of “Fischerhof,” and took me to the room where they were having coffee. “Come, come, Muki; we have good news for you; excellent news: we — or rather, as you say, the heavenly Powers through *us*, have found a solution to your financial troubles, and you can remain in Germany as long as you like . . . But have a cup of coffee first. We’ll tell you afterwards.”

Tears welled up to my eyes. I could hardly believe it, and yet I knew it was true. It was a detail in the workings of that tremendous Destiny to which I had linked mine: the destiny of the Greater Reich that I so longed to serve. It was the answer of the Lords of the Invisible realm to my daily prayer: “Send me *or keep me* wherever I am to be the most useful to the holy National Socialist Cause!” Apparently, — for the time being — I was to be useful here, among my brothers in faith.

I sat at the table Hans-Georg P., Herr K., (whom I had met during my first visit to Fischerhof), Edith — Hertha’s roommate; a girl of twenty-three, recently released from a Russian slave-labour camp where she had spent eight years — Lydia, all greeted me again. But I could not see Leo. “Where is he?” enquired I.

“Upstairs, in his room, brooding,” answered Hans F. sternly. “He has had a good ‘telling off’ from me, and is not to sit with us . . .”

¹ Literally: the Fellowship of those who have come back home.

“Oh, why?” asked I, sincerely grieved at the tone of our comrade’s voice, no less than at the fact that Leo — whom I admired — had been put *en quarantaine*. “Poor Leo! What has he done?”

“He can’t behave himself,” explained Hans F. “He can’t keep his paws off the women . . . People complain. And it creates a very nasty impression here, upon those patients who are not of our faith. They all know who he is, naturally. And they say: ‘Those Nazis! Look at them!’ as though we all were a pack of he-goats, the lot of us. It is a disgrace.”

“Poor Leo!” repeated I. “Can’t you forgive him? After all, he has been for eight years confined to a prison cell. And he is ideologically irreproachable — as faithful and devoted to the Cause as the best of us can be. Personally, I could not care less what he might do or try to do with women, provided he remains a perfect National Socialist. And as for people who take pretext of silly incidents of such a nature to criticise us, well . . . they will criticise us anyhow, whatever we do. Tell them to go to hell!” I felt full of sympathy for the handsome S.S. man’s all-too-human weakness, and was rather amused at the importance which Hans F. (and Hertha herself, by no means a prudish woman) seemed to attach to it.

But Hans F. tried to make his point clear to me. “I don’t mind their reproaching us with our ruthlessness,” said he, speaking of our opponents. “Ruthlessness is a virtue. But I am not having anyone reproach us with lack of self-discipline. This man was eight years in Werl, you say. Well, I was eight years in Landsberg. We all suffered. That is no excuse for losing our dignity. A National Socialist — and specially an S.S. man — should be master of himself.”

“With *me*, he behaved perfectly,” pleaded I.

But Hertha interrupted me. “I received your letter from Nusse, said she. Dear me, what an idea to go and work in the beetroot fields, with your delicate hands! . . .”

“It was an experience for me,” answered I; “even though I did it only for three days. And I enjoyed it, dead tired as I was. I would have persisted; but I work too slowly. I earned something like two marks in three days, working from sunrise to sunset. It was not worth it.”

“And you went to Hamburg, also? You wrote in your letter that you were going.”

“Yes! Ah, let me tell you about Hamburg!” said I with enthusiasm. “*That* was something unforgettable! I spent three days there, seeking work and not finding any. I paid four marks a day for my room and lived on bread and coffee, after *first* booking my ticket to Uelzen — lest I should spend the money and not be able to come. I had expected to find a little sum — two pounds at least — waiting for me at the Nusse post office. But there was nothing there. My husband had not been able to send it, apparently. (It is no longer like when he was allowed to send me twelve pounds a month under my own name . . .) To cut a long story short, I finally found myself with one mark forty, — one mark forty, and my last bracelets: all I have in the world. And I went to several jewellers’ shops, trying to sell one or two of my bracelets . . . But, I tell you honestly: I came and went, and did all I had to do, mechanically. It was to me as though it had been another person whose money had run short, and whose immediate future was absolutely unknown to me. I could not really feel interested in my own fate, if you can believe me. I had long ceased worrying about it, and had left it entirely to the Gods. I had eyes, and interest, only for one thing: for Hamburg rising out of its ashes.

“I had passed through the martyred city in 1948. And the appalling sight had haunted me ever since. But now, — oh, now! — in the place where I had seen nothing but rows and rows of burnt and blasted walls calling for vengeance, I beheld an immense new metropolis already seething with life: — buildings, shops, factories, parks, avenues, . . . and the port! — the miracle of German will-power, of German perseverance, of German energy, self-confidence and determination to live, proclaiming the invincibility of my Führer’s people. How could I possibly think of my petty personal problems, in front of *that* grand sight? I was happy. One mark forty in my pocket, that may be. But this reborn metropolis was *mine*: it was my dream, my yearning taking shape materially (before it also, takes place ideologically, at the appointed time). It was the foreshadowing of the coming new life and new prosperity. And cars passed by: lovely big new cars. None of those who

sat so comfortably in them was happier than I. And at night, I could half see — guess — through the large lighted windows, new, well-furnished, comfortable flats, there where I had, five years before, seen but desolation. And none of those who live in those flats was happier than I . . . How many times have I, during those three days, recalled the nightmare of the phosphorus hell (as far as one can picture it without having lived through it) and the nightmare of the black, torn walls and deserted streets full of wreckage, which I *have* experienced. And with tears in my eyes, and a feeling of boundless joy that lifted me above myself, I thanked the unseen heavenly Forces Who are guiding my Führer's martyred Nation to the glory of resurrection — to reconquered prosperity, first step to reconquered power."

"But Hamburg is one of the 'reddest' cities in Germany; a stronghold of the S.P.D., — did you know that?" said Hans F.

"No, I did not know that. But that is secondary. How long will all those bogus parties — S.P.D., C.D.U., and the like — last, anyhow? As long as the Occupation and the Allied controls. These *cannot* last forever. When they go, willingly or against their will, then the actual, open struggle will begin for the National Socialist minority. I do not know *how* we shall triumph in that new struggle: practical problems of *Realpolitik* are too far beyond my woman's brains. But I know we will triumph, because we are the only ones who have a true faith, which we *live*. And then, who will care for whom the sheep voted in 1953? All that will matter is that there will be healthy young people in Germany, to build up the new Western civilisation — the hard and proud and beautiful Heathen civilisation of Europe, that will last forever, to our Führer's glory."

"You are an optimist," said Hertha. "But there is something in what you say. At any rate, it makes us feel that life is still worth living, and *that* is something."

I looked at my comrades — my superiors, eight years in jail while *I* was there but a few months. "It is perhaps foolish on my part to speak, not having suffered," said I. "You have all been incomparably more useful than I, during and before the war. And after the disaster, you have proved your worth in hardships when not, also, in actual physical torture, while I was, — unfortunately, — never given that opportunity. All I have is my

sincere faith in our Führer and in the Greater German Reich — Western Aryandom under the leadership of new Germany — and in our way of life. Had I not *that* to love and to live for, I could go and drown myself — so depressing would them be the feeling of the emptiness of my life. All I want is our triumph, — *your* triumph; our Führer's triumph, whether he be alive in the flesh or not. Wherever I be when the time comes, call me, and place me where I shall be the most useful."

I paused for a second and then said, especially addressing dauntless Hans F.: "Personally, I would like to play an active part in the repression of the anti-Nazi forces, when our Day comes; *not* to mete out justice to German traitors — I leave those to you; it is not my job to deal with them — but to be at the head of some camp for foreign anti-Nazis, or better still, for Jews, if you have a say in the matter. And if I happen to do things that the squeamish, hypocritical outer world does not like, you can always say 'She is not a German; we are not responsible for her deeds.'"

Hans F. laughed. "Just remain quietly in your corner for the time being," said he; "and we shall call you when we are as far as that, — or probably before. Rest assured of it!"

"And now," put in Hertha, "let me tell you the news. A most sympathetic woman, who was here as a patient, heard you speak the other day (she was, it seems, listening behind the door, which is surely very naughty but, in this particular case, proved good). Being herself an ardent National Socialist, she liked what you said. And having heard more about you, through us, she wants to have you as her guest as long as it will please the heavenly Powers, Who put her on your way. Her name is Leokardia U., but everybody calls her Katja. She is a German born in Russia, and lives now somewhere in Westphalia with her husband, — who is also on our side — and two young children. She is coming to fetch you tomorrow morning and taking you to her house in a car. With her, you will not need to worry about anything, but will be able to write in peace and, which is more, in a National Socialist atmosphere . . ."

I could hardly believe it. It was another of those extraordinary things that happen in my life. I felt immensely grateful to this unknown Frau U., and even more so to my mysterious

destiny; to Hertha, also, for it was through her that I had (indirectly) come in touch with Frau U. I put my arms around my friend's neck.

"My Hertha," said I, "this *does* touch me! It all sounds like a fairytale; but fairytales come true, with me. I know I shall be happy there. It is something to be loved, and received like a friend, *because of* what I am and not, (as it was the case practically everywhere outside Germany, with the exception of my husband's home and of very definite Indian circles) in spite of what I am. Now, tell me what does Frau U. look like . . ."

"She is tall, strongly built, blonde, with lovely large bluish-grey eyes. Typically Germanic. You'll like her. And she is only twenty-six, and full of faith and fire. Was formerly in the B.D.M. and, after the war, a prisoner in Poland for two years. She'll tell you her story . . ."

Within my heart, I blessed my new, young, yet unknown comrade, and once more thanked the invisible Powers.

* * *

Hans F. did not come to the *Heimkehrerverband's* dancing party. Nor did Hans-Georg P. But Leo came. And so did Heinz, Erich, and the rest of us: Hertha, Edith, Lydia, and Anni. And Hertha's husband was there too: he had come all the way from Bad Homburg, to see her.

Hertha had warned me: "Be careful and hold your tongue in the case you come across anybody you do not know. The place will be, as usual, full of spies."

We had a table to ourselves. But a fellow who had insisted on coming with us from "Fischerhof" sat among us, and nay, right by my side. He had introduced himself as "a member of the *Heimkehrerverband.*" Hertha sat next to me on the other side. She whispered into my ear: "I don't like that chap. I have seen him in 'Fischerhof.' He is not one of us. And if you ask me, he is after you. Suspects something and wants to find out. Try to get rid of him."

"I shall try," said I.

The man did, in fact, seem interested in me — i.e., in my outlook (not in my person, by any means). He put me embarrassing questions. I gave him elusive answers and gradually led him unto the subject of Indian religions; gave him a half

an hour's lecture on the history of the disappearance of Buddhism from India and, for another half an hour, tried to explain to him the little I know of the different conceptions of *nirvana*. He was bored and went away — doubtless convinced that I was much too interested in the East to be, in any way, “politically dangerous” in Germany.

“There is nothing like being — or looking — pedantic, to turn away unwanted men,” declared I, as soon as he was gone. “It always worked with me, at least.”

But the music was playing again. Up till then, seeing how earnestly engaged in conversation I was, nobody had asked me to dance. Now a cavalier was standing before me: a tall, handsome man with steel-blue eyes that smiled to me: — Leo.

“But I don't know how to dance!” said I, hesitatingly. And it was true: I had never *learnt* to dance — save Greek folkdances. The only ballroom dance I somewhat knew was the waltz. And I had not danced even that for the last thirty years or so. But Leo did not believe me.

“Not even with *me*, — a comrade?” asked he.

“Yes, I shall dance with you; I shall try . . .” said I, getting up and smiling. And when I was standing close enough to him to be able to speak without anyone else hearing, I added “. . . with you, an S.S. man, who suffered for the sake of all I love.”

He gazed at me with an emotion that had nothing, *absolutely nothing* of the nature of desire, but that could be described as respect mingled with pride.

“I have done all I could,” answered he. “And I have known what is man-made hell. And I am ready to fight again, not in order to regain what I have lost (there are things one cannot regain), but so that I might avenge our comrades who died in torture, with the Führer's name upon their lips; avenge our now dismembered Reich, and build it up once more, stronger than ever, upon the ashes of those who destroyed it.”

I looked up to him, happy. “I like to hear you speak thus,” said I. “I then feel that I am not alone in this land that I have called ‘my spiritual home.’”

“You *are not* alone; that I can tell you! In whose hearts can your words — your burning words ‘Never forget! Never forgive!’ — find a better echo than in ours?” And he pressed

me to his breast as we whizzed around to the waltz music. (Fortunately for me, it was a waltz!)

In a flash, I recalled that other S.S. man, Gerhard W., who had stuck up posters for me in 1949. He too had held me in his arms in a spontaneous gesture of impersonal enthusiasm, as he had read my message in black and white: “Resist our persecutors! Hope and wait. Heil Hitler!” Then, I remembered that Leo B. had spent over seven months in the ‘death cell,’ waiting to be hanged, before the British had commuted his sentence to one of life-long imprisonment. Like the others, he had been condemned to death for having obeyed orders, — for being a soldier. But he was alive — nay, very much, and in various ways alive, if I were to believe the stories that other comrades had told me about him. Alive, and faithful. And his vitality and his unflinching faithfulness defied the forces of ‘de-Nazification’; were one of the numberless post-war individual victories of our *Weltanschauung* and of the tremendous unseen Powers of Light that stand behind it.

I could not help telling him so. “I am glad to feel you so strong and so alive in spite of all you went through,” said I. “Every breath, every step, every movement of yours is a cry of triumph — a laughter of defiance — in the faces of those who wanted to kill you for having served the Third Reich with all your heart.”

As I was saying that, Lydia V. and her partner came dancing past us. She had also been sentenced to death. And young Edith, who had been living eight years of daily hunger and agony in a Russian hard-labour camp, was also dancing with a so-called ‘war criminal’ with goodness alone knows what detailed experience of the horror of Democratic behaviour. Heinz and Hertha were dancing together.

I thought of all those who are still waiting behind bars — in Spandau, in Werl, in Landsberg, in Wittlich, in Breda, in Fresnes, in Stein, and in all the prisons and camps of Poland and Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Greece, and Russia, and Siberia . . . Waiting for our Day to dawn. I thought of all those who gave up their lives for the proud dream of domination of the best. An episode that Anni had related to me when I was in Celle, came back to my memory: that of an S.S. man, a warder in Belsen, whom the British were trying to

force to sign a false account of so-called ‘Nazi atrocities.’ He had been brought to the infirmary in such a state that he could hardly be expected to live. The British officer who accompanied him had told the German doctor: “See to it that he lasts at least till tomorrow morning: he *must* speak!” Blind, his bones broken, his whole body one bleeding wound, the unfortunate German lay upon the bed. The sister in charge (who had told Anni about him) had said: “Would to God he does die as soon as possible — and be relieved!” Then, early in the morning he had tried to move, but could not. The sister in charge, thinking he perhaps wanted to say something, had leaned over the bed. And the martyr’s lips had moved . . . “Heil Hitler!” said he, in a supreme whisper, as life departed from him.

I shuddered as I suddenly remembered that episode in the midst of the gaiety of the waltz music. And for a while a shadow came over me. But again, as I looked around me at the *Heimkehrerverband*’s evening party, I felt hopeful, if not yet *happy*. For there was hope in Leo’s words: “I am ready to fight again — to avenge our comrades who died in torture; to build up the Greater German Reich anew.” There was hope in Edith’s victorious youth, faithful to the B.D.M. ideals; in Hertha’s encouraging approval of my aggressiveness; in Lydia’s passionate certitude that our Führer is alive; in Heinz’s defiant spirit; in Katja’s spontaneous willingness to give a home to a foreigner whom she had never seen, on the sole ground that that foreigner had given unconditional allegiance to Adolf Hitler and to all he represents. There was hope in Hans F.’s striving towards the perfection of the integral Nazi way of life; in his ideal of life without a weakness — hope, nay, even in the austere intolerance in the name of which he tried to impose his moral restraint on poor Leo. There was hope in the vitality of the men of iron; in their unbending will; and, among the best of them, in that clear consciousness of what National Socialism *really* means, and in the certitude of its eternity as an outlook on the world and as a scale of values.

Chapter 8

HERMANN'S MONUMENT AND THE VALLEY OF THE EAGLES

Detmold, 23 October 1953

The tramway line runs through the woods. And the woods had the magnificent colours of autumn: light brown, dark brown, orange, bright yellow, dark red, blood red, in contrast with patches of everlasting dark green. My face against the window, I gazed at the scenery: on the left side of the road, hills covered with woods — steep slopes, rising directly from the road level; ahead, the ever-changing perspective of a winding valley within a forest; on the right hand side, the breadth of the valley: more wooded expanses leading to wooded hills; the play of the Sun within the branches; then, suddenly, a bright watery surface reflecting the blue sky, the Sun, the upside-down images of the bordering trees, the soft outlines of the bordering hills, the violent reds and browns of which merged, beyond a certain distance, into a glorious golden haze.

And far away, upon the top of the highest hill closing the horizon, — above the wooded slopes in autumn garb; above the marshy expanse, the whole valley, the whole land, — stood *something* which I, with my bad eyesight, could hardly distinguish in the midst of the luminous haze: a long and sharp-looking thing — like a sword pointing to the sky, — to which my neighbour in the tramway car (doubtless noticing how intensely interested I was in the landscape) drew my attention saying: “That, up there, is Hermann’s monument.”

“Hermann,¹ . . .” repeated I, as though speaking to myself, but with apparently such ravishment that half the passengers in the tramway turned around to look at me; “Hermann the Liberator! No better high place could have been found for his likeness!”

The tramway rolled on, — now, full-speed, for we were outside the town. The perspective was different from second to second. We were running further and further away from

¹ Also known as *Arminius*.

the border of the watery mirror. The opposite hills and their upside-down images, rapidly receded into the distance, and new hills appeared, covered with the same many-shaded brown mantel of dying leaves. And the slopes on the left side of the road became gradually less steep and more remote.

But the Monument to the glory of the Liberator still dominated the gorgeous landscape, — firmly rooted as a landmark in the body of the highest hill, and as immobile as the hill itself. It appeared to me as the Symbol of the unchanging German Soul above the stream of history that never flows backwards.

* * *

I completely lost sight of the swamp. The valley broadened. The road turned. Meadows appeared — and houses, here and there; then, more meadows, and woods in the background. The tramway line was nearing the foot of the range at the summit of which I had been shown the Monument. But the latter could no longer be seen. “Things on high can only be looked upon from a distance,” thought I. “And the towering figures of the past can also be, only from far ahead in time, visualised in all their significance. But that is not all: they are, also, great according to the measure of the future that judges them; great to the extent that they have made *that* future possible, or that they have striven — be it in vain — to bring about that which *that* future holds beautiful and valuable.”

We reached the last stop: Hiddesen; the place from which one can either take a bus to the top of the hill and to the Monument, or . . . walk up, through the woods. I chose to walk.

I was alone. A group of people who had come in the same tramway car as I, waited for the bus. Following the road that leads uphill, and inhaling, at every step, the fragrance of the forest, I resumed the trend of my thoughts. It was, definitely, better to walk: more inspiring; more in keeping with my mood and purpose, reflected I. I had indeed *not* come to see things as a tourist — comfortably and superficially, — but to be, as intimately as I could, in communion with my Führer’s Land and people. Then, I thought again of Hermann the Liberator: the Cheruskan Chief who defeated Varus’ legions in year 9 of the Christian era; the man who has spared Germany the tragic fate of Gaul and Britain, i.e., integration into

the decaying Roman, — and thereby, soon, into the early Christian — world, and ultimately, integration into a Western world that has forgotten its Aryan soul.

It was, indeed, *something* never to have experienced Roman domination; at least, never to have experienced it save on the border of one's territory, while the other important countries of the West had undergone it completely; to have remained free, proud, warrior-like, during those awful first centuries of the Christian era, during which *they* had been slaves; to have continued to speak the Germanic tongue, while *they* had been busy forgetting their Celtic languages and learning Latin; to have remained faithful to the old Nordic religion of the "All-powerful Father-of-Light" and to its manly spirit, while *they* had been, partly under Roman pressure¹ and partly of their own free will, forgetting their traditional faiths and, either paying a lip-homage to the gods of Rome and believing in nothing but the dreary philosophy of all time-servers, or . . . seeking otherworldly consolations in the mystery cults of the Near East and finally in Christianity. *It was something*, — it was more, far more than most students of history have ever noticed, up till now — to have escaped that repulsive, widespread blood-mixture that was to be the immediate and most disastrous consequence of the new religion of man, wherever the latter was to win the hearts of the people after — thanks to Roman conquest — numbers of foreigners of different races had settled among them as mercenary soldiers, as merchants, soothsayers, courtesans and slaves. It was something to have been spared *that* — along with early Christianisation and latinisation — while retaining, through constant hostile contact with the Roman world, the priceless feeling of danger, and the healthy readiness to fight every form of foreign authority, (and consequently every form of internationalism). Through *that* good luck (or mysterious predestination) Germany was *never* to become like the rest of Europe — even though Christianity was, later, to change the face of her people, outwardly and for a time. Through that good luck, she was, in spite of all, to retain her proud Aryan soul and to prove herself worthy to rule the West. And that good luck she owed to Hermann the Cheruskan. Or was it, on the contrary, that Hermann the Cheruskan had succeeded where

¹ The druidic cult was forbidden in Gaul and Britain by order of the Roman Emperor Claudius (41–54 A.D.).

other National leaders — Vercingetorix; Queen Boadicea, — had failed, *because* the Invisible Powers Who preside over the drama of history had appointed Germany a tremendous and unique destiny? — that destiny, of which Adolf Hitler was so often to speak, nearly two thousand years later, and the fulfillment of which is yet to come?

Thus thinking, I continued walking uphill — higher and higher, — through the woods. I took a shortcut, which a man I had met had shown me, and came to a place from which I could behold a whole portion of the surrounding country: hills covered with woods in autumn colours as far as my eyes could see, and Detmold in the midst of them; the Teutoburg Forest, — a part of Germany's living royal mantle, in all its splendour. And for the thousandth time I marvelled at the fact that, in spite of every successive invader's destructiveness, Germany has remained a land of forests.

In the place where I stood, very many trees had been felled — doubtless by “them,” the victors of 1945, the persecutors of all I admire. The sight of the devastation made me at once vividly aware of the presence of the Allies, — still! — and I recalled in my mind the words which Hermann had spoken of the Romans, nearly two thousand years before: “As long as the enemy defies us on German soil, hatred is our law, and our duty: vengeance!” The stumps of the felled trees all round me seemed to call for vengeance. I remembered the atrocious days — 1946 — when I had been told, in England, that, here in the “British Zone” alone, ten thousand trees were being felled every day. And I renewed my old curse with as much passion as then: “May three of those who were glad at the news of the Allies' victory, die, for every tree felled in Germany since the Capitulation!” A beautiful fir tree, which happened to have been spared, stood a few yards in front of me, among the mossy stumps, proud and green against the reddening background of the further forest. I gazed at it with love, and felt that I had done the right thing in repeating my curse against the victors of the Second World War.

But already between the stumps themselves, one could see, here, the young, dark, ever-green branches of a new conifer, there, the brown and red shades of some other growing tree, experiencing its first or second autumn: the miracle of

inexhaustible Life. At their sight, I remembered the brand new houses and rebuilt factories in the vicinity of still ruined areas; the miracle of Germany's invincible will to live. And I felt tears well up to my eyes.

The forest, however, became thicker as I walked on, — to the left, along the road that I had reached, as I had been told I would. I knew the Monument was at the top of the hill, but I could not see it. Nor could I any longer see the landscape of undulating hills, and Detmold in the distance: the trees on my left hid it from me entirely. I could see nothing but trees — now, practically all conifers — and the play of light and shade, and, occasionally, of an exceptionally bright ray of sunshine, within their dark branches; and the bright blue sky above. And I *knew* I was in the Teutoburg Forest, — a hallowed region within the hallowed Land. And I felt myself on sacred ground.

I was glad to be alone. What I really *would have* liked to meet at the turning of the road, would have been a group of handsome Hitler youths, singing on their way. But for that I had come too late, — or too early. Now, it was much better to be alone than to meet such people as would not have been, according to me, visiting Hermann's Monument in the right spirit. To be alone with the forest, and the still Soul of the Forest; with that intense, slow and irresistible tree-life which — it is said — frightened the Romans in this one land that stood up against them victoriously; alone with the feeling of Germany's eternity — for that powerful Tree-life is nothing else. And I reflected, as I followed the road, deeper and deeper into the holy shade and peace, breathing the fragrance of the evergreens: "Indeed, like ancient India, where the Aryan Doctrine of detached Violence was first laid down in written words by seers racially akin to her people, Germany was and remains a land of forests, not merely materially, but also in a subtler sense. The everlastingness of her people lies, like that of the woods, in their stubborn, semi-conscious faithfulness to their kind and to their soil. The ancient Aryans in India invented the Caste System, or reorganised it upon a rational, racialist basis. The Germans brought forth the National Socialist State, in accordance with that selfsame wisdom of Blood and Soil, which they have, throughout their history, striven to express. But what creatures have *lived up to that* wisdom from the beginning

of the world, more rigourously than trees? The wisdom of Blood and Soil is, before all, the immemorial, blind wisdom of Roots and Sap: absolute obedience to the most elementary laws of Life. It is the wisdom of Roots and Sap transferred to the human plane, nay, given to the natural aristocracy of mankind as the secret of the Way to visible and tangible Godhead. Adolf Hitler's whole inspiring teaching could be expressed in such a commandment as: "Be like unto the trees of the forest!" — in full awareness, with all your heart, will, and intelligence, as faithful to the Law of Blood and Soil as they. "Be faithful to the Land of your kind, and keep the blood of your kind pure; and, just as unfailingly as every tree shows the signs of its own variety, let the Aryan virtues shine in yourselves and in your descendants! And you will be a Nation of supermen, ruling the earth . . ."

I took a narrower road leading upwards, to my right, and walked into ever-thickening shade. I sometimes wondered whether I was on the proper track: the way seemed endless. But it mattered little, thought I: I was, anyhow, going towards the top of the hill; I would find my way, if I had made a mistake . . . Then, suddenly, the path became steeper. The further slope, to which it led, was covered with trees other than conifers. And the rays of the Sun, falling directly upon the path, made the profusion of dying leaves above and on each side of it appear in a riot of intense yellow, rich gold and brown, and violent red. The trunks shone like polished columns in the shimmering light. I felt elated; in a mood to sing. Spontaneously, — as though nothing could, better than that, exteriorise my loving awareness of the holy potency of the Soil; of joyous, stubborn, tree-like youth, that no weapons can kill and that no money than buy, — I intoned the conquering Song; the Song of expansion of the Sons of the Forest in the four directions:

*“ . . . From the Meuse unto the Memel,
from the Etch up to the Baltic Sea,
Germany, Germany above all,
above all in the world.”¹*

¹ “Won der Maas bis an der Memel,
von der Etch his an dem Belt,
Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,
über alles in der Welt . . . !”

And as the last words sprang from me like a spell of pride, hope and revenge, I suddenly saw, right at the top of the road, against a background of glorious light, the Monument bearing the colossal bronze statue of Hermann the Liberator.

* * *

For a while, I stood still in the middle of the road, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the Statue. "*Heil dem Befreier!*" uttered I at last, aloud and solemnly; "*Heil dem Feinde des fremden Roms; des schon verfallenen Roms; der internationalen Weltmacht!*" And as I shouted those words, I could not but *also* think of Him who, in our times, fought against every international power: our Hitler. Nobody could hear me, save, perhaps, the spirits of the Forest. It mattered little. It was, even — apparently — better so. For had anybody been present, I surely would not have spoken.

I paused for a second or two, conscious that I was doing *something* that had its meaning in the slow ripening of thought and its place in time, and that had to be done. And again, unable to separate in my heart and mind the victorious Chief of two thousand years ago and the One of today whom the coalesced anti-German and anti-Aryan forces of the world have vanquished for a while, but not subdued; broken — also for a while — but not destroyed; reduced to silence — for the last eight years, and for who knows how long more — but not hindered in the invisible Realm where his new rising (not as German Reichschancellor, this time, but as the pan-Aryan Leader and World Saviour) is steadily being prepared, I added: "*Heil dem Volksführer and Kriegsführer — gestern, heute, morgen; für immer!*"

The German tongue came to me naturally, as though it had been mine, — or as though it were the language of a future Western world, to which I already belonged.

High above the treetops, its face to the West, its right arm raised, sword in hand, to the sky, the colossal likeness of the Liberator stood in the sunshine. I could see only the back of it; and that too had a meaning in that series of magical gestures that I was, knowingly or half-knowingly, accomplishing. I felt — I, one of the first Aryans of the outer world (and perhaps even *the* first) who had accepted Germany's leadership without reservations, —

as though I were *following* the everlasting embodiment of the German warlord; following him in a new *Drang nach Westen*, in the footsteps of the Frankish tribes that broke the power of decaying Rome; following him, in anticipation of a future awakened Aryandom, united under Germany's leadership against the new Money power: the Jew-ridden U.S.A., worse than Rome ever was.

And I was elated at that feeling.

* * *

Keeping to the same road, I now turned to my right, and then again to my left. The road went round the summit of the hill, at the topmost of which stood the Monument. Lifting my head, I could now see the bronze warrior's manly profile under the winged helmet; the strained muscles of the outstretched arm bearing the sword; the resolute forward step of the feet, in their defiant stand. I knew — for having read it on postcards, — that the Monument is fifty-four metres high, the statue alone, twenty-seven, and the sword, seven. But those precise measurements did not interest me (save perhaps for the fact that the sum of the figures, taken in their absolute value in each of the two first numbers, is nine — the sacred number nine of the Nordic religion! — and that the third measurement is seven, another sacred number in nearly all the religions of the world. I just wondered whether Ernst von Bandel, the builder of the Monument, gave it these mystic proportions intentionally or by accident. "If it be by accident, then it is all the more remarkable," thought I). What really interested me, — what filled me with enthusiasm, — was the meaning of the Liberator's statue, there upon the highest hilltop, above the forest landscape. In my eyes at least, the bronze likeness of the Warrior personified the spirit of joyous defiance; the aggressive pride of a young, strong, healthy, beautiful Nation, jealous of her freedom and conscious of her invincibility.

I recalled the classical words of Hermann the Cheruskan: "As long as the enemy defies us upon German soil, hatred is our law, and our one duty: revenge!" "My elder and nobler brother," thought I; "you who possessed the divine power of the Sword — the final power, which I have not, — how I understand you! How I feel nearer to you than to those who, even though some

of them be my superiors, who suffered for the Aryan Cause and whom I respect, lack that simple, innocent barbarity that adorns you!” And I recalled the inscription upon the symbolical Sword in the bronze hero’s hand: Bismarck’s famous words: “*Deutsche Einigkeit: meine Stärke; meine Stärke: Deutschland’s Macht,*” — “German unity is my strength; in my strength lies Germany’s power.” “*Ein Volk; ein Reich; ein Führer,*” reflected I, quoting within my heart the modern slogan; the motto of unity and power which is that of the Third Reich and will remain that of the Greater German Reich to come. “Adolf Hitler has spoken, and lived, and acted, in Bismarck’s spirit and in the spirit of Hermann the Liberator — in the spirit of all those who, in the course of history, embodied the Soul of eternal Germany. The great difference, however, between him and them, is that he embodied the German Soul *absolutely*, in full consciousness of the laws that have made it the higher Self of Western Aryandom.” And I remembered also the Führer’s words, uttered in one of his early speeches, years before the Seizure of Power¹: “God has, in His mercy, given us a wonderful gift: the hatred of our enemies, whom we, in our turn, hate with all our hearts . . .” And I marvelled at the identity of the spirit animating the two leaders at each end of Germany’s up till now recorded, history: the liberator of German soil, and the liberator of German soil *and* of the German Soul — nay, of the Aryan Soul, to the extent the Aryans of the world are prepared to accept his message and follow him and his faithful ones. Identity of spirit in their negative no less than in their positive attitude. “Both are entirely free from Christian hypocrisy and from that silly superstition concerning the ‘love of man’ that Christianity has left in so many hearts that have rejected its other tenets,” concluded I.

And I halted a while to let my eyes rest upon the gorgeous surrounding scenery: ranges and ranges of wooded hills, one behind the other — brown, and yellowish brown and reddish brown, with patches of dark green (and an occasional cluster of houses with brick-red roofs) — as far as my eyes could see; ranges of wooded hills gradually becoming more hazy, until the violet-bluish-grey outlines of the last one faded away into the distant violet-bluish-grey mist into which merged both earth

¹ Speech in Düsseldorf on the 15th of June, 1926.

and sky; and the glorious Orb, high above, in the resplendent blue infinity, shedding its rays of heat and light over those immense reddening waves of forest, and over the distant towns and villages. And, some hundred or two-hundred yards behind me, I felt the presence of the proud and lonely bronze colossus: a personification of that proud and lovely Land; the mouthpiece of its unbending will to freedom; the expression of its perennial dream of power.

I smiled to the land in brown autumn garb that stretched before me: “Germany, thou art so beautiful!” thought I; “as beautiful as two thousand years ago. And thy people have hardly changed — only, perhaps, become more conscious under constant hostile pressure from the East and from the West. Oh, why did I not come before?”

I imagined myself here, during the great days, meeting a group of B.D.M. girls¹ and gathering them around me (with the permission of their leader) and telling them with enthusiasm something of my impressions of the holy Teutoburg Forest and of Hermann’s Monument. And an ineffable sadness — the old, well-known feeling of inexpiable guilt — filled me once more at the thought of my wasted life. And a tear rolled down my cheek.

The glorious forest landscape unfolded itself before me from a different angle as I walked on. The fir trees, that covered the slope at the top of which I stood, now came right up to the border of the road, and I could, on my right, see nothing but them and the play of golden sunrays within their dark, cool, fragrant shade, — while on my left, I beheld Hermann’s colossus face to face. A few steps more, however, and I was leaving the fir tree wood behind me, and again looking directly over the valley and further hills and distant blue horizon . . .

I gazed at the bronze Figure, symbol of Germany’s resistance to that Rome of the days of Augustus, which was no longer an Aryan power; symbol of Germany’s century-long struggle against *all* forms of international money-rule; symbol of our renewed resistance to all non-Aryan influences that have managed to exert themselves upon the West *through* Rome . . . And I gazed at the sunlit forest land. And I felt for the “spiritual

¹ Girls of the “Bund deutschen Mädchen,” — the female counterpart of the “Hitler Youth.”

home” extending all round me and smiling to me, the same retrospective yearning — the same desperate devotion that can never do enough to make good for past omissions, — as I had, nearly five years before, on the threshold of captivity. And I gave expression to it within my heart, in the selfsame words as *then*: “Germany, in former years, I did not know myself how much I loved thee!”

* * *

I walked on and, leaving for a while the Monument itself behind me, reached the broad asphalted motor road and, finally, the entrance of the little park at the end of which the Monument stands. I followed the alley between the unavoidable luxury tea room and the postcard and “souvenir” stalls and, turning to my left, walked straight up to the impressive stone structure that bears the hero’s likeness, and up the winding staircase inside the massive arched pedestal, to the stone balcony that runs around the top of the latter.

There, I marvelled once more at the choice of the place where the colossal Statue of the Liberator was set up to tower above the surrounding country. The same view of endless wooded hills as I had admired from the road below, stretched before me. One only dominated it, now, from yet a little higher. The names of the towns, large and small, in the direction of which one successively looked, were written upon the stone parapet: Herford; Lage; Detmold; Paderborn . . . etc. And there was wind. It was hot — unusually hot — in the sunshine; but cold as soon as one stepped into the shade.

I could not *see* the Statue: I was too close to it. I felt as though I were — along with the other people on the balcony — like a detail in the structure of its pedestal. I was, in fact, as every one of them, a will striving for the freedom and greatness of this Land — Hermann’s; Bismarck’s; Adolf Hitler’s; — a detail in the invisible collective power structure at the back of Germany’s onward march. I was *that*, whatever may be my nationality. For in the invisible, there are but anonymous forces directed towards this or that end.

I looked at those other people on the balcony — my collaborators in the invisible Realm (at least I hoped so). I would

have liked to speak to them but had no opportunity of doing so, and was too absorbed in my thoughts to take the trouble of finding one out. I would have liked to tell them how intensely moved I was at the idea of being in this place. But I felt they probably would not believe me. And yet . . . Who could tell? Had not hundreds already given me the most touching marks of confidence after talking to me for a quarter of an hour? — or less? After all, it was not more unusual for a foreigner to feel as I did at the foot of Hermann's statue, than it had been to have visited Obersalzberg or Landsberg am Lech in the spirit in which I had. What was unusual was that a foreigner should at all feel as I did in connection with the privileged Nation — Hermann's; Bismarck's; and Adolf Hitler's, — and sincerely look upon it as the holy Land of the West.

I slowly walked downstairs. And, wishing to see the statue properly, I took my seat right in front of it, on the stone bench bordering the lower terrace on the western side of the Monument. I read the inscription in honour of Ernst von Bandel, the architect of the latter — an inscription upon a bronze commemorative tablet bearing in relief the architect's likeness, and the date the Monument was inaugurated: 1875. "Four years after the end of the war with France," thought I; "Oh, had this war also been a victorious one! How everything would be different from that which we now see! — how different would be the conditions of life, the preoccupations of the people, their attitude to the recent past; the whole atmosphere one breathes in Germany! There are men and women — even in this land — who want 'no more wars.' I have no right to criticise them; no right to speak in their presence, when they have, during this last war, suffered and lost all they had for the sake of *my* ideals, while I was (although much against my will) in safety, six thousand miles away . . . Still . . . That craving for peace is foreign to me. I could understand peace after a victorious war: peace in order to make good for one's losses and to consolidate one's conquests. But lasting peace after a disaster? Renunciation of the will to avenge one's comrades? Acceptance of one's losses and humiliation as a *fait accompli*? Never! The very idea of such a peace is unbearable!"

I looked up to the statue of Hermann the Liberator and

once more recalled the old, warlike words: “As long as the enemy defies us on German soil, hatred is our law, and our duty: revenge!” Then, picking out a picture postcard of the Monument, which I had bought in Detmold, I wrote the historic sentence upon it, put it into an envelope, and addressed the latter to Herr B. in Hanover. Of all people, surely the old German Heathen would understand my feelings — and share them.

“*Hatred is our law . . .*” As I wrote these words, however, others — their exact opposite — came to my memory as the distant echo of an entirely different world; words of the greatest of all Exponents of that world’s professed wisdom, and of one of the most consistent seekers of peace — of *real* inner peace — who ever lived: the Buddha: “If hatred answers hatred, then when is hatred to cease?” And I smiled bitterly at the contrast between the sincerity and logic of the One who put that well-known question, and the tremendous amount of hypocrisy of most of those who have been quoting it for the last two thousand five hundred years. And within my heart, I gave the Blessed One (or those who speak in his name) my own answer — *our* answer — at least in perfect sincerity: “When is hatred to cease? *Never!* Who *wants* it to cease, anyhow? Nobody — apart from a handful of *real* lovers of peace. (And these seek peace within themselves and leave the world to its fate.) The world lives under the law of struggle, which implies, in all but a leading minority of fighters who act in absolute detachment, love *and* hatred: the inseparable opposites. Hatred will continue anyhow. Why *try* to stop it? Let the inexorable Wheel of Action and Reaction, — of victory and defeat, of revenge and of further revenge, *ad infinitum*, — roll its flaming course, crushing today us, tomorrow, our enemies, then, again us, then, again them! To us, who are a fighting lot — Barbarians; jungle animals, and glad and proud to be such ones, — to us, who find peace dull, this is better than to renounce the law of the jungle. What would we be living for now, after 1945, if we had not that one great hope of enduring long enough to see the irresistible Wheel roll on; nay, that hope of being granted the opportunity of pushing it on, ourselves, a little faster, over the fallen bodies of the hypocrites who preach peace to us . . .”

Those hypocrites — not Buddhists, not Jains, but Christians, for Christianity (the denial of violence without the denial of life, and the denial of violence merely towards human beings, far less logical than Buddhism or Jainism) is the pacifist faith of the West, — those hypocrites, I say, had, in 1945, a wonderful opportunity of showing us, if they cared to, the excellence of that which they so readily preach. They could have put to practice both the wisdom of their Master, Jesus, and the older wisdom of the Enlightened One. They could have loved us — “their enemies”; — and they could have thought: “Indeed, if hatred answers hatred, when will hatred stop?” and *not* answered the hatred even of the least detached among us. Instead of treating us as they did (far *worse* than we treated our enemies), they could have let us go, uninjured and free, and done all they could *not to* add new acts of violence to ours. Who knows? Perhaps would they have, *then*, forced the old Wheel to stand still, and given the world something hardly believable: after millenniums, the victory of the spirit of Peace. It was, anyhow, *their* job to take that generous step: we were no longer in power; and, Jesus Christ, — their master, not ours, — has asked all his true followers to return good for evil. But they have *not* done that; not even tried. They gave us, instead, that series of infamous trials, and all the horrors, tortures, imprisonments, executions, that one knows. They missed their one golden opportunity of applying the principles, and of living up to the so-called “values,” which they were supposed to be defending; the opportunity of showing the world — and first, of showing *us* — how wonderful those “values” are. *Now, it is too late.* We cannot be expected, next time, or any other time, when victory favours us, to give a practical demonstration of principles in which *we* do not believe. So, let the Wheel of Action and Reaction roll on crushing every second generation! We intend to answer hatred with hatred, revengefulness with greater revengefulness. We are quite satisfied with the law of the jungle, and have no craving for peace whatsoever, in this life or in another, if there be another — or *others*. All we want is to seize power once more — it matters little *how*, and *when*, — and to avenge those of us whom the believers in the “values” which we deny have killed in the name of the “rights of man”; to avenge every single one

of them ten thousandfold!

Thus was, for a long time, the trend of my thoughts, as I sat on that stone bench, facing the statue of Hermann the Liberator. Then, — as I had on my way up through the woods — I pondered over the historical meaning of the Cheruskan Chief.

“*It is the future that creates the past*, strange as this may sound,” reflected I. “It is the future that gives the past its importance; that makes it appear, in every successive generation’s eyes, in that particular light in which it is seen. Hermann the Liberator is great, historically, because that which he liberated — Germany — proved itself to be, to this day, of enormous worth. Even those chiefs who were finally defeated and could not, like he, spare their people centuries of Roman domination with all its consequences — Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni; Vercingetorix, — have a name in history for having embodied the early collective consciousness of nations that were, in course of time, destined to play a great part in the evolution of the world. Their people, even though they have lost their old language; even though they have, as in the case of the French, to a great extent lost their old blood, still honour them as national heroes. And they too have monuments erected to their glory. Hermann the Cheruskan, however, has not merely a stone memorial in Germany and a name in history. The living force which he embodied two thousand years ago — Germanism, — found its expression many times since then, *and is today a liming force*; a force to which the greatest European of all times — Adolf Hitler; another German, — has given a new impetus along with a broadened significance. Had Germany not *remained*, essentially, that which she already was, in Hermann’s time and doubtless before: — the kernel of militant Aryan mankind in the West, desperately struggling not merely against “her enemies,” but against every new power threatening in turn the existence of higher humanity in its blood and soul (in its soul *through* its blood) — it would matter little, *today*, whether Hermann had beaten Varus or whether the reverse had taken place. His actual victory over the legions in the year 9, and the fact that it definitely broke the Roman impetus and saved Germany’s independence, might have been, at the most, a matter of pride

for the Germans themselves. It would not have been an event of far-reaching historical potency. It would not have been the victory of Aryan blood-purity and have had, as such, a lasting importance for the whole world. As things stand, it has made possible the lasting existence of *that* Germany whose mission it has been to fight, in the course of centuries, all manner of artificial internationalism, both political and spiritual. It is indeed *the* event that put Germany on the glorious way she was to tread for all times to come; the event, the distant and culminating consequence of which was to be, in our times, the birth of Adolf Hitler's new, fully conscious Germany, leader of the new world of our dreams.

That is what Hermann means, objectively. That is also what he means to us.

* * *

Reluctantly, I got up, and walked back, through the park, to the road along which I had first come.

As I wandered in the shade of the high trees, right at the other end of the place, unable to tear myself away from the surroundings, I noticed a small and quite simple memorial: rough blocks of stone piled up upon one another and cemented together. I read the inscription upon the bronze tablet inserted into the rock: "To the Iron Chancellor, those who revere him." And I felt a thrill of enthusiasm lift me above myself at the awareness of that tremendous Reality: Germany, in the everlastingness of her strength; in Hermann; in Henry the First; in Frederick the Great; in Bismarck — in all the great makers of the Reich throughout the centuries; in Him Who is the Founder of the Third Reich and more than that: Adolf Hitler; one blood; one spirit; one goal; and that goal: the domination of the best; the dream of dying Alexander, whom I had worshipped in my childhood and in my youth!

I am not a German; that may be. But few people among those who stop before the small memorial of irregular pieces of rock, and read the words: "To the Iron Chancellor . . ." are as moved as I was, even if they *be* Germans. Few are as genuinely glad at the idea of the presence of *that* memorial in the vicinity of the one dedicated to the Liberator of old. As much as if

not more than that of the splendour of the forest itself; as much as if not more than that of the majesty of the hills, did the sight of those few stones cemented together bring tears into my eyes — the sight of those stones symbolising the different German States blended together, through the favour of the heavenly Powers and through Otto von Bismarck's untiring will and lifelong efforts, into *one Reich*.

I recalled the Iron Chancellor's words engraved upon the Sword of the Cheruskan hero: "*Deutsche Einigkeit: meine Stärke; meine Stärke: Deutschlands Macht,*" and the famous slogan: "*Ein Volk; ein; Reich; ein Führer!*" which I know so well. And once more I was intensely aware of the meaning of my pilgrimage.

I am not a German; that may be. But that Nordic blood — the best blood in the West — in which lies the secret of Germany's greatness, is, partly at least, also mine. The dream of purified, regenerated Aryandom, united under the rule of Adolf Hitler's people, is certainly mine. Once more I marvelled at the patient workings of the unseen Powers of Light, evolving a new Europe and a new Aryan world out of the present-day chaos; and at Germany's predestined part in that great creation; and at the fact that I had come — before time — and opened the pilgrim road to the millions of future ages who will, (at last!) understand the mystery of earthly salvation, and visit, in reverent gratitude, Hermann's Land and Bismarck's, *because* it is also Nietzsche's and Adolf Hitler's — as I today.

"From the dream of regenerate Aryandom, to National Socialism. And from National Socialism to the understanding and love of eternal Germany," — the history of my personal evolution could be summed up in those words, thought I. Who can tell how far it foreshadows the history of a ruling Aryan minority, willingly and selflessly living in the service of the new Greater German Reich?

* * *

I wanted to visit the old seat of the Cult of Light: the *Externsteine*, some fifteen kilometres from Hermann's Monument. I had intended to go there on foot. But it was now too late: I could no longer reach the place before sunset.

It was getting cold. I went and had a cup of coffee at the luxury café at the entrance of the Park, just to remain for another half an hour on the top of the hill, without having to sit outdoors. There, someone told me that a group of visitors were about to go to the Externsteine in a car, and that, if I cared to take advantage of the opportunity, I was welcome. I gladly accepted.

“But we are not going there directly,” explained the driver. “We intend to stop on our way at Berlebeck, and to see the Valley of the Eagles. I hope you don’t mind; we shall be in front of the Externsteine before sunset, anyhow.”

I must admit that it was the first time in my life that I heard of the existence of the “Valley of the Eagles.” I had not the foggiest idea of what that could be. On the other hand, I did not want to show my ignorance by asking. “Of course I don’t mind,” replied I, simply. “On the contrary; I’ll be happy to see that *also*.”

I took my seat by the side of the driver. The car rolled downhill, along the broad asphalted road. Above the slopes covered with forest in autumn glory, the Sun gleamed, still fairly high, in the bright, pure sky.

We reached Berlebeck about two hours before sunset. We got out of the car, walked half way up a small hill, entered a place, — an open, flat ground, entirely cut off from the road, — in which one could see, at distances of twelve or fifteen yards from one another, the impressive forms of a whole row of birds of prey: eagles of different types, and at least one vulture. The birds, of which one caught, on entering, a glance from behind, were perching upon stands, perfectly immobile. (So much so that, at first sight, I wondered whether they were alive or just stuffed.) The ground looked over a beautiful valley, covered with woods on both sides: the Valley of the Eagles. There was, in the whole landscape, something solemn, proud and sad. And the eagles that dominated it merely stressed that main impression. Of remarkable size, all of them, and immobile as they were, they looked like eagles’ ghosts haunting these magnificent lonely hills; — ghosts, gathered in a soundless and motionless, mysterious semicircle, for some purpose unknown to men.

A long ground floor structure ran along one side of the

open space—on the right side, as one entered. As I walked past, I noticed cages therein. Did these — or other — eagles spend the greatest part of their lives in cages? At first, knowing nothing of the rules of the famous *Adlerwarte*, I thought they did. And I suddenly remembered my mother's reference to the poor eagles of the Lyons zoological Park, in the one letter she had sent me while I was in Werl, obviously with the intention of making me feel that my destiny could after all have been worse “*You will come out in three years' time if not before. Think of the captive eagles in the Park. They will never be free again.*” I had surely never thought of captive animals with such vivid understanding and sympathy as since I had myself become a prisoner. And that letter had only made me more aware of the horror of all cages, be they for birds or quadrupeds. The cages I now saw were at least fairly large, compared with those in the Lyons Park. Still . . . “Poor eagles!” thought I.

But then, the man in charge of the place gave us a few words of explanation. I heard from him, to my delight, that one of the birds was *free* — flying in the sunshine, somewhere above those lovely wooded hills. But he would come back: the eagles always did after a “holiday,” the length of which varied between a few hours and six weeks. He would, of his own free will, come back to his cage — where he knew he would be fed — when weary of the hardships and risks of an independent and adventurous life. Then, *and then only, another* eagle would he released . . . until he would come back in his turn, and give a third one a chance to open his wings and hunt, according to his nature. (Never are two released at a time, the man told us; for in that case, they would fight to the finish, each one deeming himself the king of the region with exclusive hunting rights.)

In other words, these captive eagles now looking over the valley, tied by one foot with a strong leather ribbon some ten or twelve yards long, were all granted in turn unlimited leave on *parole*! And the remaining ones stood as a guarantee for every one that was released . . .

The keeper walked up to the last one, at the end of the broad semicircle. The eagle flapped his wings, as though he were pleased to see the man. He did not actually try to fly:

he knew, apparently, that he was tied by one leg. Even when the man offered him his arm as a perching stand (after putting on a thick leather glove and a wristband, to protect himself against the sharp claws) the bird did not care to leave his place. He was, eventually, in a sombre mood. Thinking of freedom above the hilltops, and longing for his next leave? Who knows?

The man gave us a few words of explanation about the eagle's size, habits, place of origin, etc. . . . and passed to the next one. That other bird flew immediately onto the wrist that was, offered him, and even allowed the man to stroke his feathers. But he did not open his beak. The man, after speaking of him for a few minutes, walked on, showing us every inmate of his *Adlerwarte*, one by one. At last, he came to the place where I was standing, and halted before a beautiful big greyish-brown eagle, that was perching hardly two yards away from me. I had already noticed and admired the creature of majesty, so similar to the likenesses one sees of the traditional "German Eagle" that he appeared to me as a living symbol of the Reich: a sort of supernatural, immortal, sacred Bird, in whom the life of my Führer's people is forever mysteriously reflected.

The man called the eagle. The latter opened his wings as wide as he could and flapped them several times, as though trying to fly, and turned his head aside and upwards, and gazed intently at his keeper. With his dark wings outstretched, his head and beak seen in profile, the imperial Bird looked more heraldic, more unreal and full of meaning, than ever. I could not help letting out a cry of admiration: "The beauty! — the living Reich's Eagle! I *am* glad I came! . . ."

"You are right: one could imagine him on a flag, or printed in a book," said one of the people present.

The keeper put out his leather-armoured wrist, and the bird flew a yard or two and seated himself upon it. Then, he stretched forth his head, opened his beak, and touched the man's face, as though he were trying to kiss him. It was moving to see the confidence these birds of prey all seemed to have in their keeper. The man spoke to the eagle as to a child: "That's all right! Now, tell us something; don't be afraid!" . . . But the eagle was contented merely with opening his beak two or three

times more, — as though he really *had* something to say, — without, however, uttering a sound.

The man spoke to the visitors: “This is the sort of eagle that is to be found in our German mountains; the one we know the best, — living model of our Reich’s Eagle. And you see: like we, he wants to speak, at least to his friends. But he does not. He merely opens his beak and quickly shuts it again feeling, — probably, — that it is useless to say anything. Indeed, what can he say, poor Reich’s Eagle, now that all he thinks is banned, all he loves, condemned, all he *would* say, (if he were free) forbidden?”

The people who had come with me in the car smiled at the bitter, and all-too-appropriate joke. I looked over the Valley — the beautiful wooded valley above which the eagles seemed to be posted like sentries; waiting. And for the millionth time, I thought: “Yes; banned, condemned, forbidden, all we love and all we stand for. Until when? Until when? When will the symbolical Reich’s Eagle again open his immortal wings, and take his flight, unhindered, over artificial boundaries, carrying the wreath of glory in the midst of which stands the holy Wheel of the Sun? When shall we again see that picture — the Eagle with the Swastika, — upon all the official buildings, official papers, and State uniforms of the German Reich . . . and upon buildings and official documents in conquered lands?” And at the idea of the lost war, — and, perhaps, also of my own useless life, — tears came to my eyes.

The man showed us eight or nine more specimens of different varieties of birds of prey of the eagle family. “This one is the largest we possess,” said he, stopping at the end of the row, before a huge dark-grey feathered creature; “a very rare sample, originally coming from Tibet. Opening of the wings: two metres eighty. This bird was presented to our collection by the Russians. Notice his eyes: red, white and black; — and in the proper order, which is more: *first* a red circle; *then* a white one; and then, black in the middle! It is perhaps because he wears these colours, that the Russians would not have him any longer . . . But *we* are glad to have him, aren’t we?”

The Sun was gradually going down.

Before we left the place, we all thanked our guide most

heartily. I expressed a request — a silly one, maybe, but a sincere one: “May I,” asked I, “take the beautiful Reich’s Eagle upon my wrist — just for a while, and after wearing the leather glove, naturally?”

The man looked at me half-astonished and half-amused. A child could have asked such a thing as that, and I, . . . well, . . . anyone could see that I was well over forty, not to say nearing fifty. But the man understood that, if he said “yes,” I was quite likely to try to put my suggestion to practice. And then, who would prevent the whole group from wanting to imitate me?¹

“I would not advise you to!” replied the eagle-keeper. But I judged that a few words explaining my apparently strange reactions were not out of place:

“No creature has ever harmed me,” said I. “They feel I love them and don’t fear them. Once, at the Calcutta Zoo, I thrust my whole arm into the tigers’ cage, and stroked a beautiful big tiger. He looked at me, then half-shut his phosphorescent eyes, and merely rubbed himself against the bars of his prison, purring like an enormous cat. I feel that the Reich’s Eagle could not but treat me as well as, if not better than, the royal Bengal Tiger did.”

The man, and the people with whom I had come, were all extremely interested in this tiger episode (which, by the way, is perfectly true). I wonder how far they caught the meaning I intended to give my words. The keeper of the eagles seemed to understand me. Who knows whether even he really did or not? It matters little, anyhow.

The car was soon rolling along the road to the Externsteine. In my mind, I was recalling the sight of the Valley of the captive Eagles, and the sight of the Statue of Hermann the Liberator, — at the top of the hills looking over the whole Teutoburg Forest and the whole of Germany, — and the sight of the memorial “to the Iron Chancellor” which I had seen in the Park. And I was thinking: “May the spirit of the Cheruskan Chief.

¹ On the 7th of July, 1954, as I visited the *Adlerwarte* for the second time, *not* in a group, but in the company of an English friend, the keeper of the eagles was kind enough to allow her and me to take the bird upon our wrists.

which is also that of Bismarck, maker of the Second Reich, and that of Adolf Hitler, and ours, once more free the German Eagle, and fill him, in his conquering flight above obsolete frontiers, with the divine warlike joy of long ago and of yesterday and of always — the joy of the born-to-rule, in their endless onward march in the four directions!”

Chapter 9

THE ROCKS OF THE SUN

The Externsteine, 23 October 1953, in the evening

We rolled through and past Horn, without stopping, turned to our right as we reached the outskirts of the town and then, after another five hundred yards, to our left, and followed a beautiful asphalted road bordered with trees, and meadows beyond which more trees — that same, unending Teutoburg Forest in autumn garb, that I was never tired of admiring, — could be seen. I looked right and left, and ahead, and did not speak. I was watching the approach of evening upon the fiery red and yellow and brown of the leaves ready to fall, and thinking of the captive eagles and of enslaved Germany, and longing for the Day of Revenge — “*der Tag der Rache*” — as steadily as I had been, as a matter of fact, for the last eight and half years.

Then, suddenly barring the road, a row of vertical rocks about a hundred feet high, — but looking much higher, especially from a short distance, — appeared, evenly grey against the bright background of the sunset sky. I recognised them at once for having seen pictures of them, and exclaimed in a low voice, with ravishment: “Die Externsteine!”

We stepped out of the car. I stood, automatically, apart from the other travellers, as though I were aware of the fact that we belonged to two different worlds; that they, even though they were Germans, were, here, but tourists, while I, even though a foreigner, was already a pilgrim.

I looked up to the irregular stone shapes that stood between me and the further forest, into which the motorable road leads. The familiar outlines fascinated me. Not that I was, for the first time in my life, visiting a place stamped with the prestige of immemorial Sun-worship: it was anything *but* the first time! I had seen Delphi and Delos, and the ruins of Upper and

Lower Egypt: Karnak and the Pyramids. And I had, in India, visited the celebrated “Black Pagoda”¹ built in the shape of a Sun-chariot resting upon twelve enormous wheels, each of which corresponds to a sign of the Zodiac, and presenting in sculpture the most splendid illustration of Life at all its stages — in all its fullness — from the wildest erotic scenes that adorn most of the surface of the lower walls, to the serene stillness of lonely meditation —: the meditation of the Sun god Himself, whose seated statue dominates the whole structure. And I had visited the extraordinary temple of Sringeri, every one of the twelve columns, of which is struck in turn by the first Sun-rays, on the day the Sun enters a new constellation. But I had never yet (save once, in Sweden,) found myself upon a spot sanctified by the worship of our Parent Star — the old worship of Light and Life — in a Germanic country. And these Rocks, I knew, had been *the* centre of Germanic solar rites in time without beginning. I felt like a person who has walked a long way and a long time — who has come from a very, very distant country, — with a definite purpose, and who, at last, reaches the goal. I had now attained, if not the *end* (for there *is* no end), at least the culminating point of my pilgrimage through Germany and through life. And I was happy. I had reached the Source where I could replenish my spiritual forces for the eternal Struggle in its modern form: the Struggle of the Powers of Light against the Powers of Gloom, experienced by me as that of the National Socialist values against those both of Christianity and of Marxism, — of the oldest and of the latest Jewish doctrine for Aryan consumption, which I had fought and would continue fighting untiringly.

I gazed at the irregular dark grey Rocks; and tears filled my eyes. And as the people with whom I had travelled bade me goodbye to follow the guide who had come to take them round, I was glad: I wished to see the Rocks without haste and, as far as possible, alone.

* * *

Right before me stood the highest rock; a long, rough cylinder — or rather, a prism, — of stone, very slightly inclined to the

¹ The Konarak Temple, near Puri.

left like the trunk of an enormous tree that time had worn, and human beings mutilated, without being able to destroy it. I knew that, at the top of that rock is the sanctuary from which the wise ones of old used to greet the Earliest Sunrise, on the morning of the Summer Solstice Day. From below, I could see the bridge by which one accedes to it today — the bridge that now joins the highest rock, commonly called “the second,” to the next one on the left, commonly called the “third” (called so, at least, in the one detailed archaeological study which I had, up till then, read, concerning the *Externsteine*.)

Slowly I walked up the stairs hewn into the live rock on the side of the “third” cliff, halting now and then to admire the landscape over which my eyes wandered, from a little higher at every new step I took: the small lake into the still waters of which the furthestmost cliff to the right — the “first” — plunges vertically; the thick woods beyond; the extension of the road by which I had come, past the slope on the left and past the lake, into further woods; and, on the other side — to the northeast, whence I had come — the wooded hills around and beyond Horn and Detmold. In the sunset glow, the reds in the autumn forest appeared brighter, and the browns, redder. And the lake was a smooth surface of shining darkness and bright orange-gold, on the opposite side of which I could see the upside-down reflection of the forest. I went up and up and, having crossed the bridge without daring to throw a glance into the void below, I found myself standing in the age-old sanctuary that I had come to behold. And I shuddered, overwhelmed at the feeling of being on holy ground.

It is difficult to tell what the sanctuary once looked like. Today, — nearly twelve hundred years after its systematic destruction through Christian fanaticism, — one steps unto a stone pavement some six yards long and not quite four yards wide, without a roof. At one end of the room, to one’s right as one now comes in, i.e., to the North-East, one sees a huge piece of rock — a part of the very cliff on which one is standing — carved out into a vaulted hollow, the ground-level of which is a foot higher than the pavement. In the midst of it, hewn out of the same one block of stone, is a stand, with a flat, table-like top about a foot wide and two and a half feet deep; and above

this, cut out in the solid, natural, north-eastern wall of the mysterious room, an opening, as perfectly circular as can be, something over a foot (37 centimetres, exactly,) in diameter. At the other end of the pavement, — to one's left as one enters from the bridge, *i.e.*, to the south-west, — is a rectangular niche, higher than even a very tall man, some five feet broad or so and over a foot deep, with a pillar each side of it. And in the rock wall opposite the bridge, — to the north-west — is a window looking over the neighbouring cliff and the lake beyond. The once existing walls between the vaulted room and the rest of the structure, on the south-east and the north-west, are now replaced by iron railings. The roof of the sanctuary was the eastern portion of the top of the cliff itself. It has been destroyed, leaving the whole place, with the exception of the vaulted hollow, as I have said, open to the sky.

My back to the south-western wall, behind which the Sun was now setting, I gazed at the ruins of the venerable high place. Here, at the time the great Egyptian kings of the Twelfth Dynasty were building their mighty temples and everlasting tombs; at the time the mysterious sea-lords of "Middle Minoan II" ruled Crete and the Aegean Isles; before the earliest *dated* Aryan conquests in the East,¹ — four thousand years ago and more, — the wise men, spiritual leaders of the Germanic tribes, and guardians of the natural Values that made their lives worth living, would gather, and greet the Earliest Sunrise, on the sacred Day, in June. In the midst of the stand in the vaulted chamber, one can still see a square socket. There used to be a rod stuck into it, the summit of which was on a straight line both with the lowest spot on the brim of the round opening in the north-eastern wall, and a spot in the middle of the niche against which I was standing — the Solstice-line, running North-east South-west. So that, when the rising Sun would appear exactly at the lowest brim of the round stone opening, *and*, at the same time, exactly behind the upper extremity of the rod, to an observer standing in a rigourously determined place in the middle of the niche, then one could

¹ In Babylonia, in or soon after 1926 B.C., by Gandash, founder of the Kassite Dynasty (See H. R. Hall, *Ancient History of the Near East*, ninth edit. p. 199). According to Indian authors, the first Aryan invasions of India were still much earlier. But they cannot be *dated* exactly.

say, with certainty, that it was the Summer Solstice Day, on the correct detection of which the whole calendar — and, subsequently, the festivals, and the whole life of the community — was dependent. For a few days before and a few days after the Summer Solstice, the rising Orb would appear within a certain radius, on the side brim of the round opening. The spot of its appearing would seem to travel, from a place on the side of the circle down to the lowest section of it, and up again. The wise men used to watch it day after day, in order to make out *when*, exactly, the earliest Sunrise, — the Sunrise rigorously according to the unchanging Solstice-line, — would be. And as they saw it — one spot of intensely bright gold on the rim of the circular opening; one ray of light into the dark chamber, — they would shout from the top of this rock the spell of victory announcing the beginning of the great Summer festivity to the people assembled below: “*Siege, Licht!*” — “Triumph, Light!” I thought of this, which I had read, and which I had been told by modern Germans faithful to the old solar Wisdom; Germans who had gone back to it, in an unexpected way, through that modern Faith in Blood and Soil — that Aryan Faith: National Socialism, — that binds me to them. I thought of this, and imagined, or tried to imagine, the solemn scenes that have taken place, year after year, upon this rock, for centuries, nay, millenniums; scenes of which the regularity had seemed eternal like that of the reappearing of the sacred Days. And I thought of the abrupt end of the Cult of Light; of the destruction of this most holy place of ancient Germany by Charlemagne and his fanatical Frankish Christians. I pictured to myself half the top of the Rock — which had once been the roof of this sanctuary — violently split from the rest of it and thrown down there, where its fragments can still be seen; the desecrated holy room; the persecuted holy Land, on whose people the foreign creed of false meekness, of which they are, even today, not yet free, was forced by fire and sword. I pictured to myself the Frankish soldiery, — men of Germanic blood, “crusaders to Germany” in the name of a foreign prophet and of a foreign earthly power — storming these hallowed Rocks; killing whomever they found; setting fire to whatever would burn; through terror, preparing the way for the new teachers: the monks, true “re-educators of Germany” in the worst sense of

that much-detested word, who would (if they could) stamp out every spark of the old solar Wisdom, — of Aryan wisdom, — in its main European Stronghold.

This had happened in the year 772 of the Christian era — one thousand one hundred and eighty-one years before. But how tragically modern it all looked! These very first “crusaders to Germany” appeared to me, more vividly than ever, as the forerunners of Eisenhower’s sinister “crusaders to Europe.” They had fought in the name of the selfsame hated Christian values, ultimately for the triumph of the selfsame international power, both temporal and spiritual — the Church — which was, and still is, the power of Jewry in disguise. They had fought against the selfsame everlasting values of Germanic Heathendom — the natural, heroic religion of the noblest people of the West, in which, both then and now, the Aryan Soul has found its most accurate expression on this continent. And they had persecuted them with similar savagery, and still greater efficiency, perhaps; with similar, and even greater, Germanic thoroughness. And I remembered that Eisenhower (a curse upon him!) is also of German descent. And once more I hated the madness that has, so many times in the course of history, thrown people of the same good Nordic blood into fratricidal wars for the sake of childish superstitions which the Jews — and their willing or unwilling agents, — have put into their heads without them even suspecting it.

And as the picture of the destruction of the old religion and of the Christianisation of Germany, not merely in all its cruelty, but in all its thoroughness imposed itself more tragically upon me. I realised — not for the first time, but yet, perhaps more intensely than ever before, — that the main dates of Charlemagne’s war against the Saxons, 772 and 787, are, from the German and, which is more, from the broader Aryan standpoint, even worse than 1945. For the stamp of the foreign creed, and especially of the foreign, anti-natural, anti-racial scale of values, is visible to this day in all but a minority of Germans: in all but an even smaller minority of Europeans. The spirit of the healthy Aryan warrior and sage — the spirit of detached violence for the sake of duty alone; *our* spirit — took over a thousand years to reassert itself through a proper doctrine of German inspiration, in a German élite, after the disaster inflicted,

then, upon those who expressed it. While in spite of enormous losses and no end of suffering we, — the National Socialist minority; the modern Aryan Heathens — have survived *this* disaster; survived it with our burning faith and our will be begin again. And we shall not need a thousand years, nor even a hundred, nor even ten, (if circumstances be favourable) to rise once more to power. It may be that the new world we were building lies — for the time being — in ruins, at our victors' feet. But our *Weltanschauung* is intact within our hearts. And there are younger ones ready to carry on our work, when we shall be dead; younger ones who shall, one day, defy Germany's "re-educators" and their programme, and their teaching and their spirit, even if an angry fate denies them the pleasure of killing their persons.

At the thought of this, I felt elated. I looked round me, at the lonely, desecrated sanctuary; above me, at the overhanging, slanting rock, from which the massive monolithic roof had been violently rent, nearly twelve hundred years before — the permanent scar left by the first "crusaders to Germany" upon this high altar of the national cult of Light. And in a flash I recalled my own life-long struggle against the Christian plague — in Greece, in the name of destroyed Hellenism; in India, in the name of unbroken Hindu Tradition; everywhere in the name of Aryan pride and Nature's truth. And I imagined the similar part I would like to play, here, among my Führer's people, after the re-installation of the National Socialist New Order, one day, never mind when. "Yes, *we* are alive," thought I, full of self-confidence and full of confidence in the German minority that thinks and feels as I do. "Defeat has not killed us; it has only made us a little bitterer and still a little more ruthless. One day we will avenge you, wounded Rocks that have been calling us for so long, and you, our elder brothers, warriors who died defending the approaches of this high place! Wherever I be when our Day dawns, may the heavenly Powers grant me to come back, and take an active part in the revenge!"

I was thus thinking when one of the guides stepped in from the bridge along with two tourists: two young men; a German and an Englishman. He told them in a few words what one knows of the sanctuary, of its original orientation according to the Solstice line, — north-east, south-west; — of the destruction

wrought by Charlemagne in 772. He spoke of the Irminsul: the symbolical Pillar sustaining the axis of the Universe, the summit of which is the “World-Nail,” i.e., the Polar Star. “We know from contemporary records that a famous image of that cosmic Pillar — a column from the top of which sprang two symmetrical curves, with a point (in the direction of the Northern “World Nail”) in the midst of them, — stood somewhere near Altenbeken, not far from here, where Charlemagne and his followers destroyed it as an ‘idol.’ According to the opinion of most scholars, another one, possibly of gold, was to be seen upon these Rocks. But one cannot tell with certainty, whether it stood upon this cliff or upon the one looking over the lake.”

The young Englishman did not know German. His companion did not know English well enough to translate to him all that the guide had said. He turned to me, apparently impressed by the way I seemed to be listening to his translation. “Can you speak English?” inquired he in German.

I reflected a second. Should I reply: “Nein!” as I had to some “Tommies” who had asked me the same question in a railway carriage, and thus put an end to the conversation? But this English boy was not a “Tommy”; nor a “damned occupant.” One could exchange a few words with him — or help him to understand the guide’s explanations, — without feeling one’s self a traitor to the German cause. Or *was* he a British soldier in civilian clothes — in spite of the fact that he looked such a child? I first asked his companion, who told me that he was an English student come over to spend a holiday and to “see Germany with his own eyes.”

“In that case I *can* speak English,” stressed I. And I translated the guide’s words and, (needless to say,) added fiery comments of my own about the behaviour of those who brought Christianity to this unfortunate land.

And I was glad to have suddenly found someone, — be it a boy young enough to be my tenth or twelfth child — upon whom I could inflict my bitterness on that very spot where the persecution of Germanic Heathendom (still lasting) had once begun.

* * *

The young Englishman walked down the steps by my side. He had listened, apparently with interest, to my tirade. He turned to me a thoughtful face. “I don’t blame you,” replied he. “All that you say about Christian hypocrisy is perfectly true —

true in all respects, not merely in connection with war and violence. In fact, I am myself no churchgoer. I am an admirer of D. H. Lawrence, the great English writer. You have heard of him, surely?"

I was a little disappointed. To be candid, I would have preferred the young man to have been a thorough Christian with a Crusader's mind; I would have liked to have found in him the usual opposition — and to have enjoyed the pleasure of crushing it flat (be it in an academic argument, rather than not at all) here, upon these Rocks, stronghold of the old Germanic Sun-creed; *my — our —* sacred Rocks. But instead of that . . . I was offered the opportunity of a discussion about the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*!

"I have read most of his books," replied I simply, in answer to the young man's question about the famous writer.

"And what do you think of them?"

"They are beautifully written, which is the first thing that books should be," said I. "And great cosmic truths underlie most of that which Lawrence says, so much so that, as far as I can imagine, those who share my philosophy of life would, as a rule, agree with him. And that, in my mouth, is a very great praise . . ."

"And of all his books which you have read, which do you like the best?" the young man asked me.

The Plumed Serpent, answered I, unhesitatingly, — "the symbolical story of the revolt of a national soul (never mind which) against international Christianity; the development of the idea that, only through the proper understanding of the age-old wisdom *of one's own people* can one really attain to the knowledge of cosmic Reality, i.e., experience it; *live* it . . . That is, at least, the meaning which I give the book. But every reader, I suppose, interprets it in the light of his or her own faith."

The young Englishman looked at me enigmatically, and was silent for a minute. Then, as we were reaching the last steps, he put me a new question:

"May I ask you what is your faith?" said he; "for I feel sure you have one."

It would have been so simple to say, as I had to the men who had arrested me, some four and a half years before: "I am

a National Socialist.” But I was now free. And I needed to keep my freedom — and *incognito*, — in order to write and speak, in waiting for the time when I would do more. The boy surely looked harmless enough; but one never knows . . . Moreover, the glorious words would probably not have conveyed to him the full, more-than-political significance which *we* give them. I answered, instead:

“I worship impersonal Nature, which is neither ‘good’ nor ‘bad,’ and who knows neither love nor hatred. I worship Life; the Sun, Sustainer of life. I believe in the Law of everlasting struggle, which is the law of life, and in the duty of the best specimens of our race — the natural élite of mankind — to rule the earth, and to evolve out of themselves a caste of supermen, a people ‘like unto the Gods.’”

It was much longer to say than the mere two words. But it meant exactly the same. And, given the stupidity of the Democratic world, in which a greater importance is laid upon words than upon facts, it was — strange as this may be, — not a bit dangerous.

The young man merely smiled. I shall never know whether he understood me or not.

* * *

We walked to the foot of the cliff by the lake and halted before a more than life-size relief, carved in the rock, on the lower part of the latter — to one’s left as one stands facing the cliff. The relief represents Christ being taken down from the cross and is, according to some scholars, a work of the early twelfth century, while, according to others,¹ it dates back to the very first years after Charlemagne’s destruction of the old Germanic sanctuaries. Some² hold it to have been set up in the place of a much more ancient relief illustrating beliefs and legends of pre-Christian times, and point out to the thoroughly weathered fragments of sculpture which one can see below it, as to remnants of this presumed former picture.

As usual, the guide called our attention upon all that which is of any importance and explained. The cross, which

¹ See for instance Wilhelm Teudt’s *Germanische Heiligtümer*, edit. 1929, p. 27.

² Wilhelm Teudt, *Germanische Heiligtümer*, edit. 1929, p. 26 and following.

appeared to me as a Byzantine one, is, said he, the only one of its type to be seen in Germany. The figure on the left, at the top of the relief, is that of God the Father. The Child which lies in his arms represents the soul of dead Christ; and the flag, — the staff of which ends with a cross also in Byzantine style — is a victory banner, for the Crucified has “vanquished death through his death” (as it is said in the Easter liturgy of the Greek Orthodox Church). The Sun and the Moon are represented on the right and left of God the Father. The body of the figure holding Christ’s legs presents a curious, rather unnatural curve. And, last but not least, the feet of the figure seen leaning against the cross (and supposed to be that of Nicodemus, unless it be of Joseph of Arimathea) were originally treading, not, as some have suggested, upon “a tree” bent in two under their weight, but upon the immemorial Cosmic Pillar round which move the constellations, — the Irminsul, thrice-holy symbol of the old religion, — bent down in order to proclaim the victory of Christianity over Germanic wisdom. The guide bade us notice that Nicodemus’ (or Joseph’s) legs and feet are for centuries no longer to be seen: some pious Saxon, outraged at the sight of the sacrilege, has hacked them off, most probably at night, shortly after the relief was set up.

“Gosh, how well I understand him!” exclaimed I, aloud, retrospectively no less indignant than any Saxon of old could have been at the thought of the creed centred around the “dignity of every human being” and their “equality before God,” replacing that centred around mathematical Order and warlike, aristocratic pride. “How well I understand him! And how gladly I would have helped him!”

An elderly lady who, already before our arrival, was standing in front of the relief, with a book in her hand, turned round and pointed out to me that the sacred Symbol of the old cosmic Wisdom was “bent, admittedly, but not broken”; in other words, that Christianity — “*real* Christianity,” added she; “not that which would excuse Charlemagne’s pious violence;” — did not abolish the older wisdom, but completed it, treasuring the truth expressed in its time-honoured allegories but setting it “in the right place”: below the “supreme spiritual values” that Christ came to reveal. I knew at once, — through my experience of such people as she, — that what she styled “real”

Christianity was some brand of esoteric teaching centred around the Christ *mythos*, although I could not make out whether it was the Rudolf Steiner brand or the Rosicrucian brand, or what other one (there are so many!). Unfortunately for her, I consider any teaching centred around the Jesus Christ *mythos* and based on some more or less “symbolical” interpretation of the Christian Gospels, just as dangerous as official Christianity, if not more. I know what was the attitude of those “esoteric” Christians (or Christian-like dabblers in esoterism) — Theosophists, Anthroposophists, Rosicrucians, members of the “White Fraternity, etc. . . . — to the Third Reich, and what they all think, to this day, about our National Socialist faith. Had I met this woman during the glorious years, I would have looked upon her with contempt — thought, at the most: “The poor fool!” — and said nothing. But *now*, I gave her a glance of concentrated hostility, as though she were personally responsible for the desecration of these holy Rocks (which she *was*, in fact, just as *I* am responsible for every coercive measure taken by the Third Reich; just as every believer is responsible for whatever was, is, or will be done for the triumph of his or her faith). And I spoke, — while the guide and my two companions walked on:

“Bent is even worse than broken,” declared I, bluntly, alluding to the woman’s remark about the Irminsul. “You may like the idea of the faith of our forefathers — Europe’s natural, Aryan faith, — pushed into oblivion by a partly Jewish creed. *I don’t*. And I can really see nothing to make a song and dance about, in those overrated ‘spiritual values’ set forth by Jesus of Nazareth. The Buddha preached universal love over five hundred years before him, and King Akhnaton of Egypt, some nine hundred years before the Buddha. And it is not universal love that we need, anyhow, today, but Aryan pride, coupled with the grim will to survive, and logical action — uncompromisingly logical — carried on to the bitter end.”

The woman was so taken aback that she did not reply. She simply gazed at me in bewilderment — and perhaps in terror, — as though she felt in me the radiance of all that which she hated and dreaded the most. Before she had time to overcome her amazement, I had followed the guide and the two young men into the grottoes inside the cliff. The Englishman — the admirer of D. H. Lawrence, — was glad to see me appear again: his

companion was finding it more and more difficult to translate to him, without help, whatever the guide said.

* * *

The guide was speaking of the grotto in which we were standing: a long, half-dark room, communicating with two smaller ones, — one at each end of it, — like it, hewn out of the live rock. He was pointing to a pit in the ground at the foot of the rough, brownish-greenish-grey wall before us. And he was refuting the assumption of certain scholars according to whom the Romans are to have converted these grottoes into a Mithra temple, and to have used this pit for initiation rites. “But,” — was he saying — “that is supposed to have happened shortly before Hermann’s decisive victory over them, that is to say, in the days of Augustus. And the cult of the Persian god was, then, anything but sufficiently widespread among the legions as to justify the establishment of Mithra temples in occupied land. And the pit is anyhow much older than Varus and his soldiers. It was, presumably, for countless centuries, before the Romans, and until the introduction of Christianity, the seat of the Primaeval Fire, — the earthly Fire, which the Germans worshipped, along with the Sun, and Lightning, as another form of Light, Heat and Power; another manifestation of the Essence of Life, which is Godhead Itself. An actual fire, symbol of everlasting Life, — bright, ever-moving, and yet ever the same; all-devouring and all-creative, — used to burn here day and night.”

“Threefold Agni, — heavenly, earthly and subterranean, — All devouring, Origin of all . . . ,” thought I, recalling the Rig-Veda, as tears welled up to my eyes at the renewed awareness of that staggering deep unity of the Indo-European — Indo-*Germanic* — Race, above and beyond the rise and fall of empires; above and beyond the birth, decay and death of man-made religions.

I remembered: the most ancient Aryans, who brought India the Rig-Veda and Sanskrit culture, no one knows when, used to have fire burning day and night in their homes. And to this day, no Hindu rites of any importance, — no rites sanctioning the great events of private or public life — can be performed

¹ Indo-Germanisch, in German, means “Indo-European” or “Aryan.”

without a fire. And, also to this day, a fire burns day and night in every temple of the Parsis, those last Persians of Aryan blood, faithful to the old worship of Light and Life, who made India their second home. And the ancient Greeks honoured the Threefold Fire as Helios, the Sun, as Hestia, — the sacred family Hearth — and as Hephaistos. I recalled Herr B.'s beautiful book *So ward das Reich*, written for modern German children, and the words which he puts into the mouth of an old Aryan Chief addressing the young men and women as they leave the Nordic Home to seek new land — new *Lebensraum* — to the South and to the East: “Forget not the Homeland! Keep your blood pure, and remain loyal to the faith and customs of your ancestors. And may the Father-of-Light, the Almighty One, guide you!”

How many millions, thought I, had bid farewell to the hallowed Homeland, and gone their way, in course of time . . . and held to the wise Chief's words for centuries, and then, — alas! — under the combined pressure of personal lusts and deceitful teachings, forgotten them! The Greeks and Latins had forgotten; the Thracians, Phrygians, Mitannians, Medes and Persians, had forgotten, and lost themselves, more or less rapidly. And then the conquering equalitarian creeds of Jewish origin, — Christianity and Islam — had rolled over the world, and levelled nearly all that was left to be levelled . . . Only the high-caste Indians and the Parsis had — outwardly at least — not forgotten, to this very day . . . But they too, I was told, were now in the process of forgetting. Alone in the holy Homeland, a new persecuted minority was remembering, more vividly than ever, the eternal wisdom of the privileged Race, *and living up to it*.

In a flash, I remembered the far-gone days when I had dreamed of founding a worldwide “Pan-Aryan Society” with a view to contribute to the awakening of a common Aryan consciousness, preliminary condition of a lasting worldwide Greater Reich: federation of all peoples of Indo-European blood of East and West under the leadership of the first-awakened Aryan Nation: Adolf Hitler's new Germany. But whether in old Hellas or in Aryan Asia, nobody, — or hardly anybody — had cared to see in that anything more than a crazy fantasy. And the idea of Adolf Hitler's world leadership, be it in the highest, more-than-political meaning of the word, was not to the taste

of most Aryans outside Germany. Had Germany won the war, thought I, it would, doubtless, have been different. The atmosphere of the whole world would have changed. Maybe, the tremendous dream would not have materialised in a day; but it would no longer have sounded “crazy.” And even if it had, in foreign lands, still it would have found supporters within the expanding boundaries of the victorious German Reich. I could have given free expression to it, here, while referring to the Cult of primaeval Fire and perennial Light among all Aryan peoples of Antiquity.

And for the millionth time, the old torturing *Leitmotiv* of my post-war life imposed itself upon me with new bitterness: “Oh, why did I not come during the great Days?”

I translated the explanations to the young Englishman (omitting, of course, all personal reflections which they might have provoked in me).

The guide spoke again: “According to our recent great scholars, such as Wilhelm Teudt,” said he, “these grottoes were specially consecrated to the cult of the Hidden Sun and were the seat of rites connected with the Winter solstice — the Holy Night (Weihnacht) which is in Germany, still today, (within a Christian setting) the greatest Festival of the year: Christmas; the Birthday of the “Sun of Righteousness” within an underground cave in the dark bosom of Mother Earth . . .”

I recalled Gerald Massey’s book *The Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ* and could not help inwardly marvelling at the genius of those agents of the Forces of Gloom who have so cleverly integrated the story of a Palestinian wonder-worker of local fame, of whom one cannot even tell whether he really was a Jew or a half-Jew or no Jew at all, into the old, old Nature-myth of Life through Death, to which they added a spiritual interpretation, and who, out of this blending of commonplace history and divine Legend, evolved, for all practical purposes, one of the mightiest anti-racialist swindles of all times. How was *I, now*, to contribute to evolve, out of the tragic story of my beloved Führer and of his people, the still more powerful moral and spiritual structure that is to defeat the Jewish snare? The future Form of the eternal Life-and-Death *Mythos*, and the new faith in *earthly* salvation that is to be the lasting victory of the warlike aristocracy of Aryandom and the religious foundation

of the great Indo-European Reich under German leadership? The difficulties were no doubt immense; apparently insurmountable. Yet once more I intensely felt that this was, — is indeed, — the work for which I was born.

The guide led us to the smaller room in the northern corner of the grotto. He showed us a rune upon the north-western wall. “According to scholars,” said he, “this is the rune of death. To be dead is to hide in the bosom of Mother Earth — in darkness like the winter Sun in the hallowed North; like the seed of corn that has been sown — and to prepare in silence one’s reappearing in glory; one’s rebirth; one’s new spring.”

He paused for me to translate his words to the young Englishman, and pursued: “The Winter Solstice Festival is the Festival of the Death and Rebirth of the Sun; the time when His chariot was supposed to stand still for twelve days and twelve nights, in preparation for a new glorious journey through the twelve great Constellations, round the Axis of the Universe — the Irminsul — and the Polar Star; a new Journey: — a new year.

“It is well-known that a much revered image of the Irminsul stood but a few miles from here, at Altenkeken, where Charlemagne, — his chroniclers clearly state, — went and destroyed it in 772. It seems hardly probable that there was not also one towering above these Rocks, which are not merely *the* religious centre of ancient Germany, but also that of Europe as a whole — the main sacred centre of Solar worship in the West, and one of the extremely few such centres in the wide world. The Symbol was apparently of pure gold, but one does not know whether it stood at the top of this cliff (which we shall ascend in a little while) or at the summit of the one we just visited. Personally, I would be inclined to give more faith to the second hypothesis to begin with, the other rock is higher than this one; and then, there is that room of the Earliest Sunrise . . .”

I was listening with rapture; I felt sure that the old guide was, at the bottom of his heart, a Heathen like myself.

And in the darkening twilight, I gazed at the mysterious Rune, engraved in the live rock: the three converging straight (relatively straight) lines that meet and merge into a vertical one above them, like three branches of an up-side-down tree; the Rune of death: i.e., of underground life; of hidden life; of life in the bosom of the maternal, nourishing Earth, source of

new birth and growth; the sign of Life which is *waiting* and getting ready to reappear in all its victorious strength and beauty.

And I thought of the disaster of 1945 and of the subsequent years of persecution not yet come to an end: — of *our* death, which also means life *underground*; intense, unsuspected life, preparing, in constant, intimate contact with the hidden Powers at the very roots of our collective being, the resurrection of National Socialist Germany and the new Spring of Aryan mankind.

* * *

The guide spoke, and there was an echo. He went a step further and spoke again; but the rock did not, this time, send back his voice. He stood in a new place, and again every syllable he uttered was repeated a second or two after he had spoken.

“You see,” said he: “this echo can only be heard from very definite spots. If you ask me, the positions of these spots had a meaning to the Ancients. They were not looked upon as the result of mere accident but as the outward sign of some hidden correspondences, full of mystical potency, which connected this chamber with the other holy places upon or around these Rocks — for these were all part and parcel of one and the same organic setting. We are patiently trying to find out — if we still can — which these correspondences were, and what they revealed. We are feeling our way in the dark, in order to set our hands upon some of the treasures of our forefathers’ stupendous wisdom, of which all obvious traces have been systematically effaced. It is too early to tell whether we shall or not, one day, be successful. I believe we shall, provided we know how to use our own intuition. Scholarship alone, without the intuition of that which one studies, is useless.”

“Oh, how right you are!” exclaimed I, unable to contain my approbation.

We walked back through the main grotto and visited the smaller chamber at the other end of it — a chamber on a slightly higher level, to which one accedes by means of a few steps between two walls of rock. There were, here, no echoes to be detected; no runes to be seen, — nothing but the rough old roof-walls-and-floor surface — brownish-greenish-grey — and that atmosphere of mystery and of sacred awe, which is somewhat a common

feature of most grottoes (especially of those hallowed by immemorial religious rites) but to which I was, here, particularly sensitive, on account of the associations these Rocks evoked in me.

“We know nothing of the particular rites that were performed in this or in other parts of this grotto (or anywhere on these Rocks, by the way),” said the guide. “After Charlemagne’s conquest, and especially after the monks of the Abdinghof convent in Paderborn had acquired the whole place in the early twelfth century, everything was done, naturally, in order to turn it into a Christian holy place, and to attract pilgrims in the name of the new cult. One wanted to establish here something like a symbolical counterpart of the main features of the famous church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, nay, of all the main places of pilgrimage in Holy Land, from the Grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem — which this grotto, now consecrated to the Christian cult, was to “represent,” — to the chapel now installed upon the ruins of the Summer Solstice sanctuary, which we have visited, and to the Holy Sepulcher itself, symbolised by the stone coffin which we shall now see.”

We came out of the grotto, and walked down an alley running between the lawns at the foot of the Rocks, and leading towards the lake. A little before we reached the latter, we turned to our left. And there was, on the left hand side of the alley, a vault cut out in the rock over a monolithic coffin (part of the same block as it) to which one accedes by two stone steps hewn out of the same stone. At the bottom of the coffin, on the side facing the Rocks — the south-western side, — one could see a roundish hollow: a place carved out for the head of him who was to lie here.

“The remarkable thing about this coffin,” said the guide, “is that it is possible to lie in it without hearing a thing of the noises outside. It all depends on the way one lies. A difference of two or three centimetres up or down changes entirely the impression one gets. And provided one finds the right position in which one experiences silence and absolute isolation, one actually falls, I am told, into a strange unconsciousness — an irresistible sleep — out of which one can only be drawn by the sound of a horn blown from that chamber in the grotto which I first showed you: the one with the different echoes, and the

Rune. The sound is here to be heard most distinctly. (Two men who came here have actually tried the experiment out of curiosity, and proved this description of it to be in every way accurate.)

“Scholars believe that this stone coffin was originally used in the initiation process through which the wise men, — priests; or members of highly spiritual brotherhoods, or both, — had to go. The man seeking to become a new initiate would lie here all night, dead, — symbolically; freed of his personal past, of all earthly ties, through the magic of supernatural sleep. And he would, at sunrise, be called out of his trance by the blast of a horn from that room within the grotto that I have just referred to, and rise, himself a new man, — “born anew”; — a dedicated man and a leader of men along the way of life in truth. This was centuries before the introduction of Christianity, nay, centuries before the birth of Christ. In fact, by taking over this old initiation-coffin as an image of Christ’s Holy Sepulcher, the Christians merely linked the *mythos* of the Saviour’s redeeming death to the immemorial Tradition of Death — apparent death — as the Way to a higher and fuller life; life in glory.”

“Apparent death; the way to a higher and fuller life: to life in glory,” repeated I within my heart. And in a flash, I remembered the ruins I had seen in this martyred Land, five years before and, — still more painful to me, perhaps, — the dull, more and more comfortable indifference into which the greater number of Germans now seemed to be sinking; that weary indifference to *all* great Causes: that humdrum day to day life — so boring, with its little worries and its little pleasures! — from which the living presence of the Saviour of the Aryan race appears to be forever banished. When would *that* death end in resurrection? And what could I do, so that it should do so a few years sooner?

We went up the stairs that lead to the top of the cliff above the grottoes and enjoyed the view over the lake and forest, that one has from there. The fiery autumn colours were slowly fading away into the increasing darkness. The water of the lake was dark, — looked deep. But in a mysterious patch of light that made it shine, one could still distinguish the upside-down outlines of the bordering trees: black in the darkening greyish-brown liquid mirror, upon which still lingered, here and there,

a trace of golden sunset. On the opposite side, the mutilated Rock bearing at the top of it the Summer Solstice sanctuary, stood dark and proud against the pure sky. One could see the window in the side-wall of the old sacred chamber; and the old steps at the corner of the monolith that bears the round opening (the block itself was hidden by the north-western side of the cliff). Darkness was growing. I knew there was nobody in the Sun chamber. And I longed to see it again; to see it alone in darkness and silence. “I *must* go up there once more!” thought I.

The young Englishman who, since I had translated to him what the guide had told us about the stone coffin and the initiation rites apparently connected with it, had not uttered a word, now turned to me and said: “I am really glad I met you. My visit to these Rocks was for me an experience. How interesting it all is! — this constant endeavour to use old sacred sites as places of pilgrimage for the faithful of a new religion, after one has managed to create around them a new atmosphere of legend. The same has been done in England and Ireland, you know. Many of our most holy Christian sanctuaries — churches; convents; and miraculous springs and such; — are just very old centres of druidic worship, which have been connected with a new mythology. I suppose it is the same in all countries.”

“It surely is, to a very great extent, in Greece, in Italy and in France,” answered I. “And I am told it is the same in Mexico and Peru. The Christian Churches are clever: they know the way to solicit customers. Moreover, I believe there is a sort of magical power of attraction in certain spots of the earth which always have been and always will remain, and cannot but be, ‘sacred spots’ — ‘spots where the Wind of the Spirit blows,’ (to quote the words of Maurice Barnes) for reasons unknown to us; *natural* reasons, mind you, for the so-called ‘supernatural’ realm is nothing but . . . an unknown part of Nature.

“And the funniest point in this connection is that this *natural* power of attraction is sometimes cleverer than any Christian Church. The guide just now referred to that world-famous centre of Christian pilgrimages: the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. Perhaps you know the curious — and ironical — truth above the church built (so the pilgrims believe) upon the rock of Golgotha

and the Grave in which lay the body of Jesus Christ?"

"I don't," replied the young man. "What is the curious fact about it?"

"The fact — now admitted even by Catholic scholars, — that the Crucifixion took place a mile or two away from the spot, — somewhere outside the town; that the story of the miraculous finding of the so-called Real Cross is just bunkum; the supposed-to-be 'Holy Sepulcher,' just any old stone sarcophagus; and that the famous church is built upon the foundations . . . of a former temple of Aphrodite — Jesus Christ honoured upon the old site sacred to the Goddess of lust! It is ironical, to say the least; isn't it?"

"Not so such as it looks," answered the young admirer of the author of *The Man Who Died*. And he added: "It had to be so, — for the two divinities, far from excluding each other, are complementary, whether the Christians care to admit it or not. It had to be so . . . in order to satisfy a hidden law of equilibrium."

"Perhaps," replied I, thinking of something else.

It was a good thing that the young man could not read my thoughts. I was saying to myself: "This fellow of an Englishman is damned sight more interesting than I had imagined. He can *think*. Were I rash enough to tell him the truth — what I am and what I live for — quite possibly he would not be so shocked as to reject the idea of any further discussion with me, and in the course of conversation, I could probably bring him to agree with me — with us — on many important points; who knows? perhaps, on more important points than I dare expect. And yet . . . had he been here as an Occupation soldier instead of as a student — he, the very same man, — I would have refused to speak to him. I would have hated him without knowing him; hated his uniform and therefore, automatically, hated him. And tomorrow, or next year, or the year after, if I have the good luck of still being here when our Day of reckoning comes, and if my superiors consider it necessary or even expedient, I shall send him to his doom or kill him myself without a qualm of conscience, simply because he will represent — or rather, because his mere uniform will represent, — "Democracy," "de-Nazification," the "re-education of Germany," "the spirit of the Nuremberg

Trial,” etc. . . . all we hate the most. I shall do it without even my superiors holding it necessary or expedient, provided only I am sure they consider it can do no harm to our Cause. I shall do it with pleasure because, then, I shall hate him, or, again, to speak more accurately, because I shall hate his uniform. A man is what his uniform means; what he *represents, or is supposed to represent*; that in the name of which he allows himself to be used, even if he does not, personally, like it at all; nay, even if he be, within his heart, bitterly against it. So much the worse for him if he allows himself to be used in the name of something he does not love!

The idea that I might actually be, one day, with regard to that interesting and harmless young man, in the position I had just imagined, did not disturb me in the least. If he really were, in fact, an exception — a life-long rebel like I against all that which is implied in the words “Christian civilisation” — then, let him have the guts to come over to us in time, and wear our colours on the long-awaited *Tag der Rache*! If not, let him perish with all that we hate — *even if he hates it too!*

And I thought (for once, thoroughly pleased with myself): “Nobody shall ever force *me* to stand, let alone to fight, on the side of that in which I do not believe. *I* chose my own uniform. And wear it day and night — even in peacetime!”

We had reached the end of the stairs, — the foot of the Rocks, — and were walking back to the motorable road. The guide was speaking of some of the most popular legends connected with the Externsteine. “You remember that block of stone I showed you on the northern side of the second cliff?” said he; “the one in which some steps can still be seen? Well, it is called ‘the Pulpit,’ and people say that it is from there that Hermann the Liberator gave his last orders to his lieutenants, before his great victory over Varus in year 9. And at the very top of the fourth cliff, on the other side of the road, you can see a huge block that looks as though it were going to fall. It is called *der Wackelstein* — the ‘rickety stone.’ There are many legends about it. According to one of them, the Devil, angry at the fact of Christian worship taking over these Rocks, threw that stone at the priest whom he saw on the threshold of the former Sun-chamber, then a Christian chapel, at the top

of the second cliff. But the power of the Cross caused the stone to take a different direction and to land on the summit of that rock where we still can see it. The stone is rickety, for the defeated Devil threatened that, one day, it would fall and kill a woman from Horn, or, according to another version of the legend, the last princess of Lippe. Resistance to Christianity was always pictured (and magnified, through fear, by pious Christians) as the work of the Devil. And therefore there are plenty ‘Devil’s stones’ and ‘Devil’s holes’ etc. . . . in this and other parts of Germany.”

“Yes,” said I; “nowhere in Europe, and in few places in the world was Christianity faced with so great and so conscious an opposition, as here . . .” And I added: “*That* is precisely one of the reasons why Germany deserves to take the lead of future Europe, which will again be, I hope, a Nature-worshipping and healthy-living Aryan continent, free from Jewish fairytales, as well as from every kind of Jewish influence.”

The three men — even the guide — looked at me in surprise. But it was not so much *what* I had said as the passion with which I had spoken that took them aback. Years, — perhaps centuries — of bitterness, suddenly and violently thrust into full consciousness at the sight of Charlemagne’s work of destruction, had given the tone of my voice a strange potency.

In the east, the sky had grown dark — deep blue — while the western horizon was still luminous and faintly, very faintly, golden. The Rocks of the Sun towered above us and above the surrounding landscape, black against that pale background. Their wounds, everlasting reminders of Germany’s greatest defeat in history, could no longer be seen. And the Christian figures imposed upon their mutilated surface, and the cross itself, — the Byzantine cross — had also vanished into the rapidly increasing darkness. Lights had appeared behind the windows of the guest house in the neighbourhood.

“I am glad I came,” repeated the young Englishman, looking up to the Rocks; “and I hope it is not the last time.”

“Who knows? Perhaps it is not,” replied I. I was thinking of war, and of acts of open hostility against the accursed Occupation troops — of things I would myself like to do. But the young man did not detect the irony in my voice. I added:

“You came as a student to see Germany as she really is. Look how beautiful she is! Look at the landscape — and at the people. And also have a glance at the destruction your countrymen have wrought here ‘in order to defend Poland,’ — so they say, — in reality, to please the Jews. And remember you have met a woman of Indo-European stock, — a woman of your own race — who loves Germany and who is free from the Christian scale of values; even more so than from belief in the dogmas of any Christian Church.”

“I think I am beginning to understand which is your philosophy, or rather, as you say, your faith,” said the young man.

“It is difficult to say how far one understands things of which one cannot speak clearly,” replied I. “And there is no important question, no vital problem of which one can here speak clearly, for this is not a free country. Remember this, also. And don’t forget to tell the so-called ‘free world,’ which Master Churchill would like to see us defend.”

We parted. The young man and his companion, and the guide, went their way. I remained by the Rocks.

* * *

Alone, I walked up the stairs leading, up the third Cliff, to the Chamber of the Sun at the top of the second. In the midst of the bridge between the two cliffs, I halted for ravishment: behind the dark block bearing the round opening, the Moon had risen: a bright full Moon, the colour of honey, in the deep blue sky, above the distant wooded hills. The sky had become strangely transparent. And the lake, and the forest, and the whole landscape, with sharper outlines and greater contrasts of light and shade, had taken on a ghostly unreality. And half the pavement of the sanctuary, and the enormous flat surfaces of rock marking the place where the top of the cliff had been torn asunder, were flooded with moonlight — the light of the dead. Opposite me, high within the crack between the two slanting slabs, I could distinctly see the two rusted rings of iron that once — not long ago, — used to hold the staff of the proud Swastika flag which fluttered above these Rocks.

I held my breath before the beauty of the moonlit cliffs in their moonlit setting of water and woods, hills and sky. And at

the same time, I shuddered, as though their awe-inspiring sacredness had increased tenfold at the touch of the mysterious silver rays.

The interior of the vaulted chamber, in complete shade, was as dark as the holy-of-holies of any Indian temple I had seen — any of those windowless sanctuaries into which Brahmins alone, real or supposed sons of the fair Aryan conquerors of old, are allowed to penetrate. I could not see the stone stand within it. And the round opening, through which shone the pure moonlit sky, looked like a second, paler moon — a strange moon without rays, hanging in absolute darkness.

I walked into the paved space in front of the vaulted room — the outer part of the ruined sanctuary. And I suddenly was, to an immeasurably greater degree than in the daytime, aware that it was *ruined*. I had known it was. But I had not, — at least not with such intensity, — *felt* it to be so. In a flash, I recalled the sight of the torn and charred walls of martyred Hamburg, — the first ruins I had seen in Germany, on my first, unforgettable journey in 1948. And once more the two wars, i.e., Charlemagne's against the Saxons, and the world's against the Third Reich; — the two crusades: the one, against Germanic Heathendom; the other, twelve hundred years later, against National Socialism: Germanic Heathen wisdom in its new form — appeared to me as parallel assaults of the perennial dark forces against that perennial stronghold of the Aryan Values in the West: Germany.

I stood in the sanctuary of the Sun and perhaps also of the Moon¹ — in the High Place of the eternal Religion of Light and Life, persecuted in its last and best exponents in the West for nearly twelve hundred years. Had I not all my life fought for that faith of glory and for the Aryan race, against every brand of man-made and man-centred teaching of equality that sprang, directly or indirectly, from the age-old Father of lies — the Jew, — I should have been afraid to go a step further. The pitch darkness of the vaulted chamber, in contrast to the livid brightness of the walls and pavement of the sanctuary, and of the round opening, had something forbidding. It was, I repeat, like the holy darkness of the innermost chambers of the temples of old Aryavarta, — India, — the one Land in the world where

¹ Wilhelm Teudt, *Germanische Heiligtümer*, edit. 1929, p. 23.

Aryan gods still receive a public cult. I recalled the notices that are — or were in my time, — in the far-away Land, set up on the way to such holy-of-holies: “No admittance for Untouchables, Mohammedans, Europeans, Eurasians” — for those whose blood is mixed, and for those who profess (or are supposed to profess) a faith denying the divine hierarchy of races, and leading practically to mixture of blood. Upon the Golden Rock of Trichinopoli, as I had once hesitated to go further at the sight of such a notice, a bystanding Brahmin had told me: “Go in freely; the notice is not for you!” Here, the mysterious presence of those who died defending these sacred Rocks against Charlemagne’s crusaders (and of those who lived on, calling and waiting in vain for revenge) and the Heathen Soul of the Rocks themselves, which I *felt*, told me front within: “Ghostly light and forbidding darkness are not to keep *you* away. Come! From the beginning of Time, you were on our side!”

I stepped forwards, vividly aware of the solemnity of the minute, and happy, as though I had really been enjoying a special privilege.

I walked up to the vaulted chamber, touched the border of the stone stand in the midst of it with my right hand; lifted my arm in the ritual gesture of yesterday and of long ago — of the Sun. For a long while I *said* nothing. I thought: “Moonlight — reflected light of the Sun; — light of the dead. Everything has a meaning in this pilgrimage of mine, and it is not by accident that I have seen the Moon rise over these Rocks. We are dead, we modern Children of the Sun, followers of Adolf Hitler who lives forever. We are dead . . . or, at least, the world believes us to be. There is silence around us, like around the dead. There is silence around Him: the silence of superstitious fear or of deifying love, — or of lighthearted indifference. Our enemies mention Him as seldom as they can, in their speeches of hate. The many go their way as though he had never lived. And we do not speak of him, even among ourselves, save in a low voice, — as one speaks in a graveyard. The night of death has closed on us more than eight years ago, and the Moon sheds over us its livid rays and its peace: the peace of sleep, which is oblivion; the peace of that which belongs to the past.

“But the magical twilight silence and softness have no effect upon us. We remain wide-awake, waiting for the coming sunrise; for the day we shall rise, holding the Banner stamped with the Wheel of the Sun and . . . take our revenge. We know we are alive, even if the world denies it. In fact, we do all we can for the world to keep on ignoring it, so that we might take advantage of its forgetfulness and gird ourselves for the coming struggle, and make ourselves worthy to greet the coming dawn. We know we are alive. *I know it now* — I who lived three years of absolute despair, believing in the tale of our death. But we know that night must last its time, before the purple of dawn can appear. We are now experiencing night: the night of persecution in its subtlest possible form — the attempt of our enemies to create oblivion around us and around our Führer and all our martyrs, and all we love and stand for, — and the night of indifference within millions of those who once walked with us. But we know that it will come to an end, and that, provided we have kept our faith and remained ready, the dawning day will be our day. *I know it.* And these Rocks — I know that, also, — are our spiritual centre. That is why I had to behold the Moon rising above them, symbolising the night of life-in-death in which we stand. One day, I shall see the glory of Dawn upon this sacred landscape and the Swastika Flag fluttering once more above the restored High place of the Sun.”

And I added in a whisper, my arm still outstretched over the stone stand as over an altar: “May it be so — I entreat you, Forces of Light and Life who will help us win the last battle! In the meantime, help us to keep our faith and to live up to it in the midst of this hostile world that we shall one day destroy. Help us to keep the clear and living vision of the new world that we shall one day build. And protect our beloved Führer, wherever he be; under whatever aspect he be: visible or invisible! Heil Hitler!”

A thrill of elation ran through my body as though I had done *something* for the return of National Socialism to power. I felt at least — strange and utterly useless as my gesture may seem, — that I had done the only thing I now could do.

And I slowly walked back — across the bridge between the

two rocks, and down the steps flooded with moonlight, and along the lonely road to Horn.

* * *

The Externsteine, 30 October 1953

It must have been about five o'clock in the morning, perhaps between five and half past five. It was completely dark. And it was damp; — foggy. I had spent the night in Horn, and was now walking along the road that leads from there to the Externsteine.

For months — nay, for years; in fact ever since the last Germany victory during the war, — I had not been so happy as I was now. I was thinking of the meeting I had attended on the evening before, in another town. Oh, a very restricted meeting indeed (eight or ten people only) and not, by any means, a public one; not one of those that one advertises in the papers and on the wireless; but a real gathering of faithful fighters in times of persecution; a meeting, the type of which would become *the* legendary, classical one of “the dark days after the disaster of 1945,” one day, in centuries to come — when our National Socialist faith would be *the* undisputed faith of Aryan mankind.

I was recalling for the thousandth time the words which Comrade F. F, a southern German, had addressed me at that meeting: “You are right: up till 1945, we were a Party — and, unfortunately, even in the estimation of number of us who should have known better, nothing but a Party. *Now* we have become aware of our real meaning and of our real mission: we are the first faithful of a new great Faith.”

I had waited thirty years to hear those words from a German. And tears had filled my eyes as I had at last heard them. As clearly as I could, I had explained to the few true followers of our Führer gathered to hear what I had to say, my personal conception of the infinitely more than political meaning of National Socialism: my experience of it as a religion free of cloudy metaphysical assumptions, nay, as *the* particular form of the Religion of Life, fit for a technically-advanced, modern Aryan society. “I am not really concerned with ‘politics,’” had I said. “It is the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* as

such, and Adolf Hitler's personality that attracted me. All I want is to contribute to make our *Weltanschauung* the basis of a new mentality and of a new life in the West, and to link it with a new form of devotion, centred around our Leader as the perennial Saviour — the One Who comes back, — and around his people as the privileged élite of the privileged Race; the Nation that staked her all in order to show Aryan mankind the Way of life in truth, beauty and power . . .”

And Comrade F. F., — Seyss-Inquart's countryman; and also Franz Holzweber's, and Otto Planetta's, and above all, our Führer's, — had agreed with me, and replied: “You are right. Strange as this may seem, you are the true politician of the future. For in the future ‘politics’ will no longer be separated from faith and life. And the true politician will be . . . the dedicated ascetic in the real sense of the word . . .”

“The Catholic Church has known that for centuries,” remarked I. And I had added: “Then, you really believe we are the new Way and the new Church — the new great wave of faith comparable to that which carried the early Christians, as I always have so intensely wanted us to be?”

“Honestly, I do,” had replied Comrade F. F.

And I had suddenly felt myself light and free and powerful — as though I had grown wings. I had felt somewhat as I had, more than five years before, after Sven Hedin had convinced me that we *have* a future, and lifted me from the depth of despair to a new life. It was as good as if Comrade F. F. had told me: “You are immortal!” And I had been thinking of that meeting ever since. I could not help thinking of it. Even before it was ended I had decided within my heart that I would see the Externsteine again on my way back, and greet the Sunrise from the High place at the top of the second cliff. Something told me that I had to go there again and replenish myself with new spiritual energy, *now* that I knew — now that I had been *told* explicitly — that my life had a meaning not merely in my own eyes, but objectively, *historically* speaking.

And now . . . I was putting my plan to execution: going to bind myself — and National Socialism — mysteriously, *ritually*, magically, to Germany's remotest past, nay, to the eternal Self of Aryan mankind and to the Essence of Aryan wisdom, through

the undying potent sanctity of the Rocks of the Sun.

I walked fast in the dark; in the fog. An inexpressible enthusiasm drove me forwards. The divine wings that I had felt growing, on that unforgettable evening of the 28th of October, carried me, — for I was secretly certain that comrade F. F. was right.

Of all feelings one can experience in this world, there is none, at least as far as I am concerned, as lovely as the consciousness of power. And the loveliest form of such a consciousness is the certitude that one is immortal and master of the future — *not personally* immortal, of course; *nor even through one's works*, under one's individual name; but immortal in the great historic Movement with which one has identified one's self; in the great new faith of millions of men, which is the glorious expression of one's higher and better self; of one's lasting self; — the certitude that one's dearest dreams will be a reality and the truth which one lived and lives, the ruling truth, the undisputed moral and spiritual basis of civilisation, is a world conquered to one's faith, for centuries and millenniums after one's insignificant physical self will be dust, and one's personal activity forgotten.

For the first time since the disaster of 1945, I *felt* myself immortal in that sense, and I was happy. The world I had known and hated until now, — this post-war world, with its babble about “freedom,” “human rights,” and “peace”; with its stale, warmed-up Christianity and its stinking Democracy, — now seemed to me like a passing nightmare, more inconsistent, more unreal than the fleeting lights and shadows that now and then appeared out of and again disappeared into the fog (as a door, somewhere near the roadside, was opened and shut again; or as a lonely bicycle passed by). And my own life of forced silence and constant failure was no more than a detail not worth mentioning within the endless life of that greater, truer self of mine: awakening Aryandom, the history of which is that of our National Socialist faith.

“Within an hour or so,” thought I, “I shall be greeting the rising Sun from the old solar high place over which the golden Irminsul used to glitter in far-gone times; over which the Swastika Flag still used to flutter, less than nine years ago . . .

I shall be greeting the rising Sun . . . and stamping my life's dream with the seal of eternity."

* * *

The fog was slowly disappearing as I reached the sacred Rocks. But the sky was still cloudy; and it had taken to drizzling. Obviously, I would not be able to *see* the Sunrise. But something from within told me: "And yet, the Sun *will rise*; and you I will be *present* at His rising, although you might not see Him." And I thought: "We too, are rising — taking consciousness of our strength once more — although the world cannot *see* us . . . I have seen the Moon rise, and night begin, over these Rocks, symbolising the beginning of the long night in which we have lived all these years. I shall now be present at the time the Sun ascends the sky, invisible behind the clouds, symbolising our slow, silent, invisible, — unnoticed — second rising behind the screen of world events, in the secrecy of our hidden life; in the awaiting of the time when the clouds will be rent asunder and when we shall reappear in open daylight. I will, here, live our tragic history, symbolically; and rouse the age-old Heathen energies stored up for centuries within these stones, in order that they might find a new expression in our coming struggle, and that we might draw from them the assurance of everlastingness."

First death, and then, resurrection; first the cold grave in the heart of the rock, and then the greeting of the Sun from the high place . . .

An irresistible force drove me where I was to walk: along the alley leading to the stone coffin in which, — the guide had told me, — the would-be initiates of olden times wised to spend a night in supernatural sleep. There was no question of my imitating the wise ones. I am not a soul in quest of pure wisdom, but merely a fighter, whose business it is to bear witness to my Leader's greatness and to the eternity of his message, and to contribute to his triumph by every means, including the subtle potency of attitude, gesture and word.

I reached the coffin within the vaulted rock, and for a while, I looked round at the lake, and listened to the sound of its waves in the darkness. The sound was endless, and monotonous

like the going by of uneventful time. “I must lie here, at least for a few minutes,” reflected I, touching the rim of the cold, damp stone. “I must lie here, in the cold and in the dark, as *we* have been lying in the effacement of defeat for the last nine years . . .” And I took off my shoes, and stepped into the coffin. An icy-cold sensation ran through me, as though in reality something of the power of Death had emanated from the stone. Then, as I stretched myself on my back, in the posture of the dead, I distinctly saw (some will believe that I imagined it, but I know I saw) a violet spark — a tiny lightning, — flash out of the dark vaulted rock above my head. And I shuddered, as though this were a sign that the hidden Powers *knew* what I was doing . . .

I could no longer hear either the sound of the waves of the lake, or that of the drops of rain, or, in fact, *any* sound — even that of my own breathing. For a time, I was completely isolated from the surrounding world and from my own body. My feet and legs were ice-cold, and heavy. And I felt the cold penetrating me, slowly and irresistibly. But the burning spirit lived in my heart and head, and I prayed intensely. “Hidden Powers, that govern all things visible and tangible,” said I, in a voice that sounded as though it were not mine: “All-efficient real Causes behind the apparent causes of all events, help me to understand the meaning of our temporary defeat; the meaning of the sufferings of my comrades and superiors and of our beloved Führer himself, in the scheme of things. And may I use that knowledge to forward the revival, strengthening and expansion of our National Socialist Faith, in Germany, in Europe, in the world, — wherever there he men of Aryan blood!”

Then, my mind was absorbed in meditative silence. How long did I remain in the attitude of death, at the bottom of that stone coffin? I could not tell. It was no longer dark when I stepped out.

* * *

I walked straight up to the top of the second Cliff, on which stands the Chamber of the Sun.

It was raining. The greater part of the pavement of the sanctuary (all that was not protected by the overhanging slabs

of rock) was wet. The Sun had not yet risen. (Just now, before coming up, I had asked a man on the road what time it was, and he had replied: “Half past six.” So I had half an hour more to wait.) And when it would rise, I would not see it. But at least I would be there, standing before the long-desecrated vaulted chamber as before a holy-of-holies; *feeling* the holiness both of the moment and of the place, . . . and thinking of the symbolism of the Sunrise that cannot be seen, yet that is, and brings, in spite of all, a new day.

In the meantime, I stood in the niche in the opposite wall, where it was dry. And I waited, thinking of the remote and of the recent past; of our present-day nothingness and yet, of our hopes; of our everlasting significance; and remembering F. F.’s words which came back to me persistently as the expression of one of those fundamental certitudes that make life worth living, even under the worst circumstances: “Until 1945, we were a Party. Since 1945, we have become the earliest community of believers in a new Faith, — or rather, we have become aware of being that, and *that* alone, from the beginning.”

“A new Faith,” though I; “or rather, as I have myself so often said and written, a very old one: the perennial Religion of Light and Life in its modern, Germanic form.”

I had come here to integrate this modern form of it into the oldest Aryan Tradition of East and West: the Tradition of the old, sacred Midnight Land, from which our race has come.

There was peace in the air; a peace of the same quality as that which I had experienced, over six months before, in the lonely cemetery of Leoding, where the Führer’s parents are buried, and in the church were his mother used to kneel and pray; not the peace of death, but that of life eternal. And there was peace within me, too, for I felt that I had done and was doing my best. And I knew I am to live forever — forgotten, no doubt, but present nevertheless in an impersonal manner: in the increasing glory of my Leader; in the expanding rule of all I love.

There came a moment when I was aware that it “was time”; that, behind the mist and clouds, the rising Sun had — could not but have — reached the eastern horizon.

I walked to the vaulted chamber and stood before it, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the Sun. And I prayed. To Whom? To Him-Her-It, Who has no name; to That which is and remains, behind the forms and colours and sounds that pass; to That, the thought of which gives the soul the serenity, without which there can be no detached action.

“Lord of the unseen Forces, Whom I do not know and cannot grasp, but Whose majesty I adore in the eternal Order of Nature and in the heroic beauty of my comrades’ lives — Thy manifestation, — help us, National Socialists, to keep Thy truth within our hearts, and to bring into being, one day, our Führer’s real New Order, earthly reflection of Thy merciless cosmic Harmony! Put Thy impersonal wisdom into us, that we may better understand that towards which he has striven; that towards which we should strive in his name and for the love of him, who is Thee, and for the love of Thee, Who hast come back in human garb, in him, and shinest in him forever! Help me to be a worthier instrument in Thy power; a more efficient source of inspiration and edification to my brothers in Faith; a better Aryan and a better National Socialist!”

I took off my gold earrings in the shape of Swastikas; my gold brooch in the shape of the Disk with rays ending in hands — Aton; Heat that is Light; Light that is Heat; — my last precious possessions, and put them upon the stone stand: “Help me to remember that they are not mine, but my Führer’s and his people’s,” said I; “help me to remember that nothing which I have or shall ever have belongs to me, but to Him and to them — nothing, including my body, my life, my further lives, if any. May I, if necessary, give these as readily as I gave the rest of all I had!”

And lifting my arm a little higher, I uttered three times the sacred Sanskrit Words that I had once repeated, when seeking the way of detachment, in the depth of despair: “Aum Shivayam! Aum Rudrayam!” And then, after a short silence, I added, binding the new to the immemorial — the modern German expression of the eternal Aryan Faith, to its ancient Indian one, —: “Heil Hitler!”

My earrings lay, one on each side of the gold brooch. I put the one that was on the right on the left, and the one that was on the left, on the right. And I repeated the old and the new Words.

Then I changed once more the position of the two gold Swastikas and put one above, the other below the gold Sun with rays ending in hands. And for the third time, I uttered the Sanskrit and the German Words, as though I were, symbolically, laying the spiritual foundations of the extended Greater Reich, that will comprise all Aryandom.

I then drew from my bag the last copy I had of the leaflets I had distributed in Germany in 1948 and 1949; a printed copy of my *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance*, a typed copy of my prose poems *Forever and Ever*, a typed copy of the beginning of *The Lightning and the Sun*, and the manuscript of this present book: the main things I had written in direct connection with our struggle after the war. And again I stretched out my arm and prayed: “Help me to contribute efficiently and lastingly to the resurrection, triumph and expansion, and definitive establishment of National Socialism in Germany, in the West, in the world, wherever there are people of Aryan blood. Help me to hasten the coming of the time when the proud Swastika Flag shall again wave above these sacred Rocks; when these Rocks will be honoured as Germany’s spiritual centre, and Germany, — the modern Saviour’s Fatherland, — as the Holy Land of Nordic mankind, sacred to all Aryans! Help me to achieve this through all I think and feel; through all I say or refrain from saying; through all I do or shall do; through all I wrote; all I am writing; all I shall ever write; through all that which I *am!*”

For a minute, I pictured to myself the folds of the red-white-and-black Swastika Banner fluttering above my head, — above the Rocks of the Sun and the Teutoburg Forest, in the place of the resplendent Irminsul of old. Maybe, the Führer had been betrayed, the Party slandered, and Germany defeated, and the Flag of glory insulted and trampled in the mud. But the old Cross of the Stone Age, — the Wheel of the Sun, older than the Irminsul itself, — stands above victory and defeat. One day, — I hoped — it would bind the present and future Aryan faith in Blood and Soil to the older aspects of the eternal cosmic Religion, and — I also hoped, — unite all Aryans into one Greater Reich, under the supremacy of the best.

“Oh, may I play a part in this awakening of the collective

Self of my race, for which I have been struggling thousands of years!” cried I, forgetting my tiny insignificant self of yesterday and of today and my tiny role in this great struggle, in the fleeting, but intense awareness of a continuity of purpose and of effort through hundreds of lives, the succession of which no man can prove, but of which I felt, for a while, *sure*. “Unseen Powers of Light, Whose effulgence still abides upon this high place and in every corner of these sacred Rocks; and in this historic Forest, and in this blessed Land — my Leader’s Fatherland, — help me to link this worldwide awakening of the Aryan with my Leader’s teaching and with his struggle, and with his and his people’s sacrifice; help me to link it with the history of his people: with their role as the vanguard of Western Aryandom in its age-long conflict with the dark Forces!

“And you, warriors who died defending these Rocks of the Sun against Charlemagne’s crusaders to Germany; and you who, survived the destruction of the old Germanic faith, and lived and died in despair, which is a thousand times worse than death, *march in spirit within our ranks* — next to Leo Schlageter and Horst Wessel, next to Holzweber and Planetta, and the martyrs of Munich and of Nuremberg; next to all our martyrs! Live in me; inspire me, that I might contribute to the foundation and growth of the new Faith in the light of which the world will see our Hitler as he is — as Him Who comes back, — and render him divine honours. Help me to give him the North and the South; the world, from pole to pole! Heil Hitler!”

Tears filled my eyes. And an icy thrill ran along my spine: a strange and almost frightening feeling of grandeur in spite of personal nothingness; the feeling that the invisible Gods Who preside over Germany’s destiny had accepted my dedication, just as the old fighter, Herr B. — my superior, — had accepted it nearly six months before, and that it was no longer *I* who lived, but Adolf Hitler — and, behind him, cosmic Truth, — who lived in me; Adolf Hitler, the Saviour of the best and the Ruler of the future; and cosmic Truth, older than the Sun and Stars, the divine breath of his Movement and, beyond the glory and tragedy of his political career, the Essence of his eternal wisdom.

Within my heart, I recalled our Führer’s words characterising

the National Socialist doctrine: . . . “not a new election slogan, but a new vision of the Universe”¹ — and subsequently, a new Way of life. And I knew I was, myself, a living illustration of their accuracy.

I remained another two or three hours in meditation upon that cherished idea of National Socialism not merely as a political system, but as a faith; and as a political system only inasmuch as “politics,” — an aspect of life, — are ruled by the *faith* that rules a man’s or a nation’s life.

No tourists came to disturb me in my thoughts. It was raining. But I did not notice it till afterwards.

At last, stretching out my right arm once more, I repeated from the bottom of my heart the blessed spell-like Syllables of love and pride — the now forbidden cry of the new Faith: — “Heil Hitler!”

And I walked across the wet pavement, over the bridge and down the steps, — back to normal life, — filled with a new consciousness: a super-personal consciousness of silent, unsuspected, and yet irresistible power; of power of the nature of that of the unbending Laws which rule the Dance of life and death in starry space.

Further words of *Mein Kampf* came to my memory, bringing me the promise of final victory — the vision of the Greater Reich of the future in spite of all the efforts of our enemies to keep us down: “. . . for his higher being, man has to thank not the ideas of a few crazy ideologues, but the recognition and merciless application of iron natural Laws . . .”² . . . “A State which, in an age of racial contamination, devotes itself to the forwarding of its best racial elements, is bound to become, in course of time, the master of the world.”³

*Ended in Emsdetten-in-Westfalen (Germany)
on the 6th of February, 1954.*

¹ A new Weltanschauung. *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 243.

² *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 316 (Chapter 11).

³ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 782 (Epilogue).

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