NUMBER 1 SPRING 1966

NATIONAL SOCIALIST WORLD

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FROM IVORY TOWER TO PRIVY WALL: ON THE ART OF PROPAGANDA. . . . . GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

THE LIGHTNING AND THE SUN (A NEW EDITION). . . . . SAVITRI DEVI

BOOK REVIEWS. . . . . IVAN LIPOFF
LORD HAW HAW & WILLIAM JOYCE BY J.A. COLE
HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY BY A. BULLOCK

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Best wishes to
James Mason
Wm Pierce

The opinions expressed in *National Socialist World* do not necessarily reflect the program or policies of the World Union of National Socialists.

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Mightier than the tread of marching armies
is the power of an idea whose time has come.

Victor Hugo

EDITORIAL

The publication of this first issue of *National Socialist World* establishes a significant milestone in the progress of the worldwide National Socialist movement. It marks the first postwar effort in the English language, seriously undertaken, to provide a coherent channel of communication for those adherents of the movement who are at all concerned with its ideological aspects.

For at this, the eleventh hour, a long and disgraceful silence is beginning to be broken by some of those members of academic and professional circles who should have, from the beginning, provided the leadership and intellectual guidance sorely needed by their race in a time of extreme crisis. Little by little, courage is returning to a few of those who have long let themselves be cowed by the growing flood of treasonous propaganda vigorously generated and espoused by a very vocal and effective faction among their colleagues.

With essentially all the media of public communication in the hands of, or catering to, this same faction, even those clear-sighted men and women with the moral fortitude to try to raise their voices above the yammering, suicide-bent crowd about them have found themselves frustrated by the lack of any effective medium of expression.

To remedy, in part, that lack is the purpose of *National Socialist World.* It is definitely not intended as a general propaganda organ and is not directed primarily toward a mass readership; neither will it be used as a party newsletter. Other National Socialist publications are serving, or will serve, those essential functions. Rather, we intend that *National Socialist World* shall give expression to the worldwide National Socialist leadership and intellectual community.

We hope to alleviate to some extent the intellectual isolation in which National Socialists all too often find themselves today.

We intend that *National Socialist World* shall help to mold the necessary unity and coherence needed in the growing movement by laying down certain ideological guidelines for its future development.

We hope that it will, by giving expression to those who already have the courage of their convictions, lend determination to others who are yet trying to find that courage.

We hope that it will serve as a continuing source of education and inspiration for all those who are vitally interested in the goals of National Socialism.

We hope that it will help to provide a sense of historical and geographical continuity for the movement.

We hope that it will give those National Socialists who have something worthwhile to say the satisfaction of contributing to the ideological development of National Socialism.

Above all, we intend that *National Socialist World* shall call together and hold, shall serve, in a way, as a beacon and a buoy for those of our race whose intellectual and spiritual leadership we must attract and actively utilize if we are to survive.

We welcome all appropriate, written contributions to *National Socialist World* in a broad range of categories which may be relevant to the National Socialist movement in its past, present, or future aspects: history, anthropology, economics, ethnology; National Socialist ideology, organization, tactics, or strategy; literature and the arts, philosophy, politics, biography, education, sociology, government, psychology, eugenics; this list is intended to be suggestive rather than restrictive.

If you find a few flaws in our first issue or two, have patience. Our supply of translators, proofreaders, typists, and people to run to the library and check footnotes is quite limited. The editor has to do nearly everything except the typing himself. We hope, however, as our circulation increases, to increase our staff and the quality of *National Socialist World* accordingly.

One thing for which we do not have to apologize, however, is the quality of the submitted articles we have received, even for this first issue. Our first article, by Colin Jordan, leader of the National Socialist Movement in England, answers concisely and excellently the all-important question: What is National Socialism? After attaining a Master's degree in history from Cambridge University, Colin Jordan founded the White Defense League in 1958, which, after amalgamation and schism, officially became the National Socialist Movement in 1962. Imprisoned for his National Socialist activities from October, 1962, to June,

1963, he later was responsible for the defeat of the British Labor Party's left-wing race traitor and former Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, in the parliamentary elections of January, 1965. This success has been only one of the milestones in his continuing and growing struggle to awaken racial consciousness in the best of his countrymen.

George Lincoln Rockwell, Commander of the American Nazi Party, in his dynamic and straightforward article, stresses those simple, but often overlooked, principles which have enabled him, essentially singlehandedly, to smash his way into the attention of the whole world, despite the organized Jewish terror and blackout. Neither beatings nor jailings nor gasoline bombs nor continual governmental harrassment have kept him from the forefront of the resurgent, worldwide National Socialist movement.

Savitri Devi, author of our feature article, may not be as well known outside National Socialist circles as our first two contributors, but she has made a powerful and lasting impression on the postwar development of the movement and on a new generation of National Socialists with her writings, of which *The Lightning and the Sun* is an outstanding example. Her works have heretofore had only a very limited circulation, for the usual reason, and we feel that this first mass distribution of our condensation of *The Lightning and the Sun* constitutes an important step toward eventually smashing the Jewish blackout.

Ivan Lipoff, our book reviewer, is a professional historian in New York City who has been associated with the movement for many years and whose extensive library has proved invaluable for documenting many of the earlier aspects of the National Socialist movement. We intend that the book-review section shall be a permanent feature of *National Socialist World* and shall consist in a reasonable balance between new books and those older books which have not yet had the benefit of a critical examination from a National Socialist viewpoint but whose importance merits such an examination. We hope in this way to call to the attention of many of the newer National Socialists the existence of a fairly extensive literature worthy of their perusal or detailed study, as the case may be.

THE EDITOR

Dr. William L. Pierce, the editor of *National Socialist World,* is a newcomer to the National Socialist movement. A physicist by profession, Dr. Pierce spent three years on the faculty of Oregon State University after completing his doctoral work at the University of Colorado. Prior to that, he studied at Rice University and the California Institute of Technology. His only previous literary experience consists in the publication of research results in several physics journals, so the publication of *National Socialist World* represents an entirely new undertaking for him, in which we pledge him our full and wholehearted support.

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

NATIONAL SOCIALISM:
A PHILOSOPHICAL APPRAISAL

by Colin Jordan

Twenty-one years after the physical defeat of National Socialist Germany in the outcome of her heroic struggle against the overwhelming array of men and materials marshalled against her by the Bolshevist-democratic alliance, the appearance of this journal in 1966 reflects that revival of National Socialism which is a feature of the day.

That the creed should live on and manifest itself as it does now, after being subjected to two decades of the greatest campaign of defamation which the world has ever known, is a proof of its continuing validity and appeal and its worthiness for the future. It has survived the flames of war and the tempest of vilification because, when war has done its worst and vilification run its entire gamut, National Socialism remains, in the final analysis, synonymous with higher man's will to survive, his instinct for health and strength, and his desire for beauty in life; and, as long as that will, that instinct, and that desire remain on this earth, the creed of National Socialism will remain, indestructible.

Beyond and behind all the minutiæ of political implementation and the particularities of time and place, National Socialism, properly understood, is nothing less than an orientation of the mind, the dominant impulse of which is to live to the full, through the development of one's potentialities and the satisfaction of one's needs, under conditions of natural competition and selection, reconciled to cooperation, within the organized community of the folk.

In this its roots go back to Plato's Greece and his conception of a natural life, consisting in the full realization of man's true nature through the conducive power of government within his native community.

It echoes the Roman notion of dutiful citizenship: the notion that the good and noble life consists in Stoic service to the state.

It revives the blood feelings and sense of community of the Nordic tribes of early Europe: the feeling that man is essentially a member of the folk, and that all members of the folk are bound together closely with reciprocal duties and obligations.

National Socialism, in this way, reaches back to the old, healthy, organic values of life in revolt against the whole structure of thought of liberalism and democracy, with its cash nexus; its excessive individualism; its view of man as a folkless, interchangeable unit of world population; its spiritual justification in a debased Christianity embracing a sickly "humanitarianism," which will always tolerate a greater harm for the sake of avoiding a lesser one; and its fraudulent contention that the artificially induced and numerically determined wishes of the mass are the all-important criteria.

History is a saga of social decay and renewal. National Socialism is the twentieth century's remedy of renewal for the great degeneration of modern times under the disintegrating, debasing, and emasculating thought and practice which emerged with the disruption of the old medieval order of stability by the developing forces of capitalism and the industrial revolution; flourished under the laissez-faire liberalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; came to a climax under the democracy of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; and will result in the world triumph of communism by the end of this twentieth century unless National Socialism comes to power in time, over a sufficient area of the globe.

National Socialism, therefore, is immensely more than a transitory political scheme. It is a historic tendency of rebirth: our age's movement of renaissance, a movement revolutionary in scope and spirit, seeking no compromise with the present order, its pernicious practices, and its false values, but their complete replacement.

As such it is worldwide, and it is life-wide. It is worldwide in that, in its essentials, it is valid and vital universally, qualified only by the fact that it is Aryan in emanation and tradition, and upholds and depends on qualities to be found *par excellence* in the Aryan people.

It is life-wide in that it is not an *aspect* of life, but the whole of life seen from one aspect. It is an attitude of mind expressible in respect of virtually anything and everything. National Socialism stands relentlessly opposed to every manifestation of ill health, ugliness, and degeneracy in the cultural and spiritual, no less than in the political and economic spheres. In fact, it constitutes a way of life. A man does not call himself a National Socialist as a mere label of intellectual endorsement. He is born with a propensity to National Socialism,

his mind æsthetically craving the discernment and fulfillment of a healthy pattern of life, and he not only thinks and feels, but *acts* as a National Socialist, if he is really and entirely one.

Total in its scope of thought, National Socialism amounts to a philosophy and a faith. It evaluates good and bad, right and wrong, as that which benefits or harms the folk, and man viewed as a member of the folk; and, in place of the sentimental debility of the democratic mind, accepts that the end justifies the means, providing the means do not contradict the end. It sets a meaning and purpose of cosmic dimension to life as a personal fulfillment, within the continuity and development of the folk, between germination in the womb out of the bloodline of the folk, and the metamorphosis of the grave, with its physical redistribution to the universe.

The basic criterion and primary value of National Socialism, from which all else springs, is, as Adolf Hitler makes clear in *Mein Kampf*, its concept of the folk, seen as man's essential environment and, indeed, his extension of personality.

The significance of the folk is, primarily, that of a racial community. It is the ethnical enlargement of the family. Man is not a self-contained unit and an end in himself, as the sages of liberalism and democracy assert. He belongs to his folk. His life, as a part, is interwoven with the life of the whole, not only present, but past and future, for while men come and go the folk lives on, continuous, eternal, providing its members perform their duty to it. Thus, in identifying himself with his folk, man prolongs himself through the multiplicity of his ancestors and his descendants, and thereby attains immortality.

The folk exists in smaller and larger forms, ranging from the family, to the clan, to the tribe or regional community, thence to the nation, and beyond to the race. In modern times, the conception of the folk has become too largely identified with the nations of the contemporary states. The feeling of kinship and community, which rightly expanded from the tribe and petty kingdom to the modern nation-state, has, however, become far too concentrated at this level. The lower and smaller, but equally important, communities within the nation-state have been disrupted and deprived of vitality, while the expansion of folk consciousness from the level of the nation-state to that of the entire race has been checked. Yet folk feeling, to be wholesomely potent, must flow from its roots through the local and provincial communities to the limits of the race, because the full security and prosperity of the parts can only be found in that of the whole.

Today and in the future National Socialism must embody this essential extension of the feeling of kinship and community beyond the bounds of the contemporary nation-state and conventional nationalism, so that the nation-state becomes an intermediate unit in the structure of the folk, and its nationalism and racialism become integrally subordinate to a nationalism of the whole race.

At the same time, the local communities require to be revived, the provincial sub-nations recognized and respected, and peoples subject to an undesired, alien rule given their ethnic freedom by separation.

National Socialism's belief in the folk as the basic value, and its totality of outlook, result, figuratively speaking, in *thinking with the blood* on all questions.

This immediately and inevitably gives rise to the definition of citizenship as a matter of race: only those who are members of the folk are members of the nation, and only those who are members of the nation can be citizens of the state—to paraphrase the fourth of the Twenty-five Points of Adolf Hitler's NSDAP.

It also generates the belief that it is necessary not merely to preserve the racial character of the folk, but also, by eugenic measures, to improve the quality of the folk. It is National Socialism's revolutionary contention that the way of real progress lies in breeding better human beings.

Since all citizens are of the same race, they have a transcendent bond of kinship uniting them as blood brothers above all sectional and class differences and personal distinctions. National unity, i.e., cohesion and corporate life in place of the class warfare of Left and Right, is one of the great secondary principles of National Socialism. All occupations and pursuits, all manner of persons and all fields of activity, must be integrated into the corporate life of the community.

The social feeling of oneness must find practical expression in, and in turn be stimulated by, a sincere and profound concern for social and economic justice. Consciousness of kinship and care for the collective good of the folk demand that every citizen must have an equal opportunity to develop and exercise his talents and rise according to his merits; and that every citizen must receive a fair return for his services to the community, and even the simplest worker an assurance of the necessities of life.

Thus we arrive at the socialist element in National Socialism. This is not the Marxist socialism of state ownership of the means of production and distribution, which is the economic over-government of the ant heap, and as objectionable as the

predatory individualism of the capitalist system, which is the economic under-government, or anarchy, of the jungle. Instead it is Folk Socialism, or the regulation of private enterprise for the equitable division of its fruits, under equitable conditions. The economic injustices and social evils of capitalism have fostered Marxism, with its pernicious form of public control of the economy, and the alternative to both lies in National Socialism.

The folk ideal, which entails the defense of the race, the unity of the nation, and the welfare of the people, engenders National Socialism's principle of leadership and an elite in the service of those objectives. Its conception of a natural order is one which not only ordains that men are born into the folk for a life within the folk, but also that they possess hereditary differences of capacity to serve the community.

Accordingly, for the maximum good of all, the superior must lead the inferior. The natural leaders must be selected, established as a hierarchic elite under a supreme leader, and empowered to fulfill their functions.

Unlike liberalism, National Socialism does not regard the directive power of the state as something essentially repressive, but instead as a great, beneficial power of guidance and arbitration, encouragement and protection. It upholds the dictum: "All for the folk and the folk for all." It sanctions whatever means are necessary, in whatever fields, to ensure that everyone and everything in the community is in harmony with this.

It sees the duty of National Socialist government as the representation of the will of the folk, conceived not as the transitory whim of some democratic mob, but as the higher interest of the community, viewed in historical perspective as a continuity of purpose, embracing not only the general good of the present, but the heritage of the past and the needs of the future as well.

FROM IVORY TOWER TO PRIVY WALL: ON THE ART OF PROPAGANDA

by George Lincoln Rockwell

If each of the men in the fable about the blind men and the elephant were required to construct a model of an elephant, there would be three very different models. The blind man who felt only the tail would build a model as he described an elephant in the fable—as "a sort of rope." The blind man who felt the leg and said an elephant was like a tree would produce a tree-like "elephant," while the man who felt only the trunk would construct his "elephant" like a snake.

Most men I have met in politics consider themselves automatically experts in the field of propaganda. But almost all of them make the same type of basic error in their propaganda as did the blind men in describing and reconstructing an elephant; both suffer from insufficient experience with the subject. A right-wing businessman, when he gets sick, doesn't try to doctor himself, nor does he try to practice law himself, nor does he even try to do his own advertising. He hires professional experts to do these highly technical jobs for him. But when that same right-wing businessman wants to move the people of a whole nation to an understanding of our national peril, he doesn't hesitate to spend relatively huge sums trying to write and produce his own amateur propaganda. In almost every case he produces propaganda which *he* likes, completely forgetting in his political excitement that the art of propaganda (and advertising) is not in producing that which one likes and admires one's self, but that which will *produce the effect desired*—sales in the case of advertising and political conviction in the case of propaganda. Because he is able to think, he presumes that his audience is also able to think—a completely unwarranted assumption. Because he himself is repelled by crudeness and exaggeration, he makes his pitch factual, logical, and usually subtle. In addition to this foolishness, he also forgets that the average man in the street is emotionally assaulted during all his waking hours by advertising brilliantly designed by experts to capture attention through the most powerful kind of psychological impact. The average right-wing piece, crowded onto a page, verbose, and dull, is not only not able to win the attention of the average man amid all this competition, but positively repels him.

Even worse propaganda mistakes are made by both those at the top and those at the bottom of the right-wing intellectual spectrum. Because they can't read and understand "them big words," the Klan types are "agin' " anything other than the crudest and most brutal of approaches. "Hit 'em 'longside the haid with a two-by-four," is the motto of these boys, and any attempt to produce anything else is likely to get you called a "Communist-Jew spy," or get you hit " 'longside the haid" yourself. This type loves the American Nazi Party's "Boat Ticket to Africa" and the *Stormtrooper*, for instance, but rages that the *Rockwell Report* is too "long" and "dull."

At the other extreme is the Ph.D. right-winger who hurriedly claps his hand over his mouth and gulps in nausea when one shows him something like our all-time most popular propaganda piece, our "Boat Ticket to Africa," full of expressions such as "nigger-armpit stench" and the like. Because this refined gentleman prefers to read Spengler or Gobineau, he can't imagine that the ideas of these men might be gotten across to a semiliterate farmer better with a "boat ticket" than with a volume of Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

In the middle group are the Birch-type blind men who produce millions and millions of dollars worth of *wasted* propaganda; wasted because it is not designed to do the job they really want and need done, but is instead what *they* like to hear. These people have never yet stopped to reflect that in order to win they need not just the thinkers—the right-wingers, the bourgeois, rich folks, and the rest of the elite minority—but the vast masses of the people who support demagogues like Johnson, FDR, and Kennedy. Goldwater's catastrophe was the result of producing propaganda and campaigns designed to win *thinkers* instead of *masses*. The result was that twenty-seven million Goldwater thinkers were swamped at the polls by some forty-three million Johnson wishers and hopers, who can never, never, never be reached by "conservative" logic, facts, and boring, sissy tea parties.

The worst waste of money I have ever seen in the whole field of propaganda was the special Sunday supplement the Birch Society put out not so long ago in newspapers all over America. It cost as much as a quarter of a million dollars in some cities. Had it been designed to appeal to the mass, the "average man," the man who votes with his

heart instead of his *head,* it could have been worth the millions it took to publish. But it was foolishly aimed at a relatively tiny minority. On the front cover, in full color, it showed a typical Birch Society meeting, in the home of a man obviously wealthy—in the kind of living room which would make the average, working-class, overalled American uncomfortable. The Birchers were sitting around sipping tea with their pinkies daintily extended, and the whole atmosphere was foreign, ridiculous, and even painful to the man in overalls—to America's millions of "ordinary Joes." There might have been some sense in printing that piece in *Fortune.* But to spend money to put that advertisement (which could reach only the rich and the sophisticated) in a *mass* medium, at the cost of a mass medium, was the kind of thoughtlessness which keeps the right wing powerless, eternally defeated, and discouraged.

Does this mean that the Birch Society's high-level appeal is a total waste? Should all their propaganda be like that of the Klan? An elephant is neither all leg nor all tail nor all trunk. A complete, whole elephant needs *all* of these parts to live. The Jews, masters of the art of propaganda that they are (unlike the right wing), have understood this fundamental truth and have organized their "pitch" to appeal to *all* levels.

For the kids and the primitives—for the "masses"—the Jews produce comic books and comic strips; crude, apparently "obvious" television programs, movies, and radio presentations; and the sort of printed material one can find in *True Confessions* and similar magazines — or on privy walls.

For the lower-middle classes, they provide pseudo-"objective" and thoughtful television "documentaries," which flatter the unthinking bourgeois into imagining that they are participating in a scholarly and high-level "study" of a controversial subject, while actually the Jews are pumping into their smug, ego-blinded minds massive doses of raw lies and hatred. They also provide this kind of "intellectual" pap in *Look, Life,* and other mass-circulation periodicals.

For the upper-middle classes—the college graduates, professionals, and business executives—the Jews produce their *Harper's Magazine* and *Atlantic Monthly* "think-pieces," which are genuinely intellectual but nevertheless so subtly poisoned by false basic assumptions and misdirections that all the thinking in the world is bound to lead only to error. This is the sort of thing one finds among the sincere race-mixers and liberals, who have been taught, as religious dogmata, that anything other than democracy is unthinkable, that black men are only white men with dark skins, and that all opponents of liberalism are "fascists" who seek to murder almost everybody and who have no ideas other than bloodshed and tyranny. Starting with these as unquestionable premises, the most sincere and well-intentioned "thinking" in the world can produce nothing but the race-mixers, liberals, beatniks, rebels, and lost souls who are swarming like maggots in every intellectual center of our civilization.

Finally, there is the devilishly clever, ivory-tower propaganda designed for the truly intellectual and highly sophisticated academic community, which actually *does* examine even basic premises. For this latter, elite class, even though it is tiny, the Jews spare no effort or money. For were the intellectual leaders of a nation to see through all the propaganda on the lower levels, it would sooner or later be disastrous to the Jews, when the elite had warned the masses. For this minute, top group, the Jews actually produce manufactured "facts" of the most basic nature.

To give an example of this incredible process, let me cite the method they have used to make it a dogmatic "fact" that there are no measurable, scientific differences between races and, therefore, *no races at all*! The Jews first got a few of their boys into top university spots (Columbia University being an outstanding, but by no means unique, example) with the express purpose of giving academic respectability to their "there-is-no-such-thing-as-race" lie. One of the first and most important of these was Franz Boas, a Jew heavily involved in communist causes, who sent congratulations to Stalin on his birthdays[1] and whose red record cannot be doubted by any objective observer. This communistic Jew began teaching anthropology at Columbia University in 1896 and dominated the anthropology department there until his death in 1942. Meanwhile he produced one book after another "proving" that there were no such things as racial differences among men.[2] The whole of Jewry pitched in to boost their boy. Boas was praised in every Jewish-owned newspaper and periodical and given every academic prize they could promote. Little by little, Boas gained

[1] *Jewish Voice,* January, 1942.

[2] *Kultur und Rasse* (Leipzig, 1914); *Anthropology and Modern Life* (New York, 1928); *Aryans and non-Aryans* (New York, 1934); *General Anthropology* (Boston, 1938); *The Question of Race: Aryans and non-Aryans. Are They Distinctive Types?* (New York, 1940); *Race, Language, and Culture* (New York, 1940); *Race and Democratic Society,* a post-mortem collection of his writings (New York, 1945), to name but a few.

such "stature" by this Jewish mutual-admiration-society technique that he became an "acknowledged authority" in social anthropology and ethnology. His students and colleagues at Columbia —Herskovits, Klineberg, Ashley-Montagu, Weltfish—as unsavory a collection of left-wing Jews as one might hope for—spread his doctrines far and wide, deliberately poisoning the minds of two generations of American students at many of our largest universities.[3]

Meanwhile, honest race researchers were given the opposite treatment, full use being made of economic boycott and unlimited intellectual smear. Honest anthropologists couldn't get their books published or, if published, distributed.[4] As just one instance, at the time when Boas was at the height of his destructive activity, Madison Grant, president of the New York Zoological Society and a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, wrote a study of the racial situation in America, entitled *The Conquest of a Continent, or the Expansion of Races in America* (New York, 1933). The book was flatly contradictory to the Boas-Jewish racial propaganda and sounded a clear warning of the impending danger of serious racial degeneration in the United States. Whereupon the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith issued a circular letter to publishers, dated December 13, 1933, in which they blatantly stated that Grant's book was "antagonistic to Jewish interests" and demanded that it be "stifled"—*as it has been.*[5] Copies of this book—and any honest book about race—are very hard to find. They are almost nonexistent in the university community—in such places as college bookstores and all but a few of the largest university libraries.

This whole intellectual fraud would never work if our side had sense enough to understand it and *courage enough to stand up to it.* But our side can never understand, let alone fight, this vicious Jewish perversion of our people and their minds as long as our side, like the aforementioned blind men, remains utterly mulish in its insistence on amateur and one-level propaganda efforts. The left wing has its organizations and its propaganda at *all* levels. And the whole left aims the same way —*right at your heart*! They have their Dean Achesons, their Harvard professors, their White House presidential aides. But they also have their brutal goon squads in the streets of the steel towns, ready to crack the legs of their opponents over a curbstone, as is their quaint custom. In between, they have their "soldiers" at all levels, and they are all part of the same army of hate against the white man and Western civilization.

Let one of my supercilious, intellectual critics just spend an evening watching television or reading a teenage magazine—not for pleasure, but to analyze the masterful *methods* of the Jewish brainwashers, and he will see that they do not use intellectual propaganda exclusively to do their devilish work, but also the most stupid, obvious, and brutal anti-intellectual stuff imaginable. At the same time, let him examine the explosion of scatology on any big newsstand and see just what primitive, rough propaganda the Jew produces for the mass mind. Even the pornographic, illegal "comic books" smuggled from kid to kid and man to man are loaded with propaganda for race-mixing and degeneracy. And there is nothing subtle about the disgusting magazines openly sold for queers.

The Jews do not confine their attack on us only to gutter propaganda or only to goon squads; God knows, they certainly have flooded America with their filthy and degenerate "literature," "art," and "poetry," with their "comedians," their warped stage plays, and their savage, jungle "music," while there are still plenty of communist muscle squads to break your head open if they can't pervert it. In short the enemy has brought about a "black miracle" of subversion of our people with his *multi-level* propaganda, while the reply of the leaders of our people has been almost entirely an attempt to "prove," with facts and arguments, that all this is "wrong." *Right* and *wrong* in propaganda have no meaning. There are only *effective* and *ineffective.* Jewish propaganda couldn't be more wrong, objectively speaking, but it is almost always right, psychologically. It is carefully aimed; it is designed for a specific audience; it is not concerned with what the producers think and feel, but with what the audience thinks and feels; and it is uniformly excellent and successful in doing the job for which it is intended.

Right-wing propaganda, to choose a contrary example, is almost always *wrong.* It is invariably *single-level* material—usually aimed at the upper-middle class. It is utterly disdainful of the audience and endlessly insists that "the truth will make us free," if we just get out enough "literature" (almost none of which is read by prospective converts). Almost all right-wing literature is read by *other right-wingers who do not need it.* It is basically *reactionary,* concerned almost whol-

[3]Carleton Putnam, *Race and Reason* (Washington, 1961), pp. 18, 47.

[4]*Ibid.,* pp. 19, 49.

[5]Photocopies of the original letter are available upon request from P.O. Box 5505, Arlington, Virginia.

ly with money, taxes, and protection of wealth and vested interests (masked, of course, with "deep concern" for the Constitution, "our American way of life," and the like). It is incredibly snobbish and contemptuous toward the kind of horny-handed, working, hard-pressed "ordinary Joe" who, in his millions, makes up the masses which have kept FDR, Truman, Ike, JFK, and now LBJ in office.

Surely we need the truth and facts and arguments—but only to win over the officers and noncoms of our counter-revolutionary forces and then to educate and train them for intellectual combat with the well-trained forces of the enemy, not to convert the masses. To try to use the "facts and arguments" method with *the masses* of the people is the eternal stumbling block of the right wing. By insisting on *only* this method, in its pure (and dull) form, not only the right wing, but any movement of national regeneration, insures that its material is read only by itself and the few Jews whose professional job it is to study and neutralize its material.

Hitler's National Socialist movement not only did not make that stupid mistake, but brilliantly exploited *every* field of propaganda with inspired material, scientifically designed not only to appeal to a few stuffy professors—but to *move people,* to move *millions* of people in the direction desired. Hitler had Julius Streicher's *Der Stuermer,* full of the wildest and wooliest sensationalism, designed to smash its way into the consciousness of the masses, *as it did.* He also had the regular party press, designed to reach and convince the great middle class. And, for the university community, he had the esoteric material of Alfred Rosenberg, Gottfried Feder, *et al.*

Again I stress that, whereas the academic scholar is most powerfully influenced by a logical, heavily footnoted dissertation at the highest intellectual level, the simple farmer or worker is utterly perplexed and repelled by "them big words" and is moved most effectively by a brutal and earthy presentation of a thoroughly subjective, grossly exaggerated picture of any situation. Only the latter class of propaganda can yield the sheer weight of numbers of persuaded people needed to sweep into legal political office. The major propaganda of a mass movement, therefore, must be of the elementary, direct, and emotional kind which alone can win honest hearts (and empty heads)—"boat tickets" and the *Stormtrooper.*

When I began, I purposely made my propaganda as brutal and shockingly rough as I could, simply to force attention. And I have kept everlastingly at the business of building a simple and direct image of all-out hostility to "Jews and niggers" in the minds of millions of Americans, *regardless of the costs in other respects.* (And when I have the rare opportunity to use some mass medium, as was recently the case when I gave a long interview to *Playboy,* I am forced to walk a careful line between what I should like to say and what the enemy would like to hear me say. Unless I deliberately sound at least halfway like a raving illiterate with three loose screws, such an interview would never be printed. This is another thing that most people fail to understand about my "Nazi" technique.) After I had become known to most Americans, I published the *Rockwell Report* at a somewhat higher level than my previous material to begin to recruit some of the brains and funds we needed to proceed. When this had begun to bear fruit, I used the talents obtained with the *Rockwell Report* to get back down to the people's level and produce a publication designed for the masses, for the "average" man, the comic book reader, kids: the *Stormtrooper.* As planned, this is now our most popular and largest-circulation publication. And were it not for the Jewish ownership of the news distribution business, we could sell *Stormtroopers* literally by the millions.

My Ph.D. critics regularly berate me for the vulgar and brutal material in the *Stormtrooper.* Because these gentlemen don't like to see the word "nigger" in print, or crude drawings of Jews, they often insist that I am a damned fool, a hoodlum, or an agent provocateur, trying to ruin the whole movement by printing such rough stuff. These sincere but pitifully blind men are going to have to understand that *one can't win elections with Ph.D. votes.* As Goldwater proved, one can't win elections even with all the upper classes. It is the vast masses of the *lower* classes, the beer- and dirty-joke-loving *workers,* on whom we must depend finally for survival. The *Stormtrooper,* with its pages full of cartoons, violence, insults, jokes, and general hell is exciting and readable to men who would never, in a million years, pick up and read a right-wing tract.

With a base of operations established and with successful publications directed at both the lowest and the middle-class levels, the movement is finally in a position to afford the relative luxury of a publication directed exclusively at the academic-intellectual-professional class. The *National Socialist World,* now in your hands, is designed not only to reach but to *move* people in that category. Perhaps our material is not what you, personally, enjoy most. But our aim, and the aim of the World Union of National Socialists, is not to produce material to please our friends—*but to win over mil-*

lions of those who are now our enemies or who are oblivious to both sides. The years of success with the *Stormtrooper* and the *Rockwell Report* give me confidence that the new *National Socialist World* will also do what it has been carefully designed to do—that *National Socialist World* will beat its way into the highest intellectual circles just as the *Stormtrooper* smashed its way into the minds of the juveniles and working folks.

Finally, if you'll permit me, I'd like to drive my principal point home with one more analogy. If you own a grocery store, and a man comes in from a painter's truck in overalls to buy groceries, you don't try to sell him a one-ounce jar of Russian caviar at two bucks a throw. You offer him beef, potatoes, and bread. If a French diplomat comes in, you don't offer him hawg jowl; you *might* try the caviar. It is the same with propaganda. If you wish to win the "trade" of all potential "customers," as *we* must do if we are to survive, you must have in stock a *complete* line of goods, especially the kind of goods most desired by the majority of your potential customers—and that means bread, potatoes, and beef, *not caviar and truffles.* If you can open a special store to peddle *only* caviar and truffles, do it in the silk-stocking district. Conversely, if you want to open another branch to sell only chitterlings, hawg jowls, and the like, then do it in the "nigger" section of town. And if you want a *mass* grocery business, in the name of sanity, stock up on something besides caviar and truffles. We intend to win enough "customers" to become *masters* of the grocery business, against the competition of the greatest and most complete "chain" operation the world has ever seen: "The Sheeney Supermarket," which stocks something for everybody. To do it, we have designed some great products to appeal to specific customers: the "hawg-jowl" *Stormtrooper*, the "Delmonico-steak" *Rockwell Report*—and now the "Cherries Jubilee" which you hold in your hand—*National Socialist World.*

Now go ahead and light the brandy!

THE LIGHTNING AND THE SUN

by Savitri Devi

To the godlike Individual of our times; the Man *against time;* the greatest European of all times; both Sun and Lightning: ADOLF HITLER.

I

The idea of progress—indefinite betterment—is anything but modern. It is probably as old as man's oldest successful attempt to improve his material surroundings and to increase, through technical skill, his capacity of attack and defense. Technical skill, for many centuries at least, has been too precious to be despised. Nay, when displayed to an extraordinary degree, it has more than once been hailed as something almost divine. But apart from the incredible feats of a handful of individuals, the ancients as a whole distinguished themselves in many material achievements. They could boast of the irrigation system in Sumeria; of the construction of pyramids revealing, both in Egypt and, centuries later, in Central America, an amazing knowledge of astronomical data; of the bathrooms and drains in the palace of Knossos; of the invention of the war chariot after that of the bow and arrow, and of the sand clock after that of the sundial—enough to make them dizzy with conceit and overconfident in the destiny of their respective civilizations.

Yet, although they fully recognized the value of their own work in the practical field and surely very soon conceived the possibility—and perhaps acquired the certitude—of indefinite *technical* progress, they never believed in progress as a whole, in progress on all lines, as most of our contemporaries seem to. Whether Hindus or Greeks, Egyptians or Japanese, Chinese, Sumerians, or ancient Americans—or even Romans, the most "modern" among people of antiquity—they all placed the Golden Age, the Age of Truth,[2] the rule of *Kronos* or of *Ra* or of any other gods on earth—the glorious beginning of the slow, downward unfurling of history, whatever name it be given—far behind them in the past.

And they believed that the return of a similar age, foretold in their respective sacred texts and oral traditions, depends not upon man's conscious effort but upon iron laws, inherent in the very nature of visible and tangible manifestation, and all-pervading; upon cosmic laws. They believed that man's conscious effort is but an expression of those laws at work, leading the world, willingly or unwillingly, wherever its destiny lies; in one word, that the history of man, as the history of the rest of the living, is but a detail in cosmic history without beginning or end; a periodical outcome of the inner necessity that binds all phenomena in time.

And just as the ancients could accept that vision of the world's evolution while still taking full advantage of all technical progress within their reach, so can—and so do—to this day, in the very midst of the over-proud industrial cultures, a few stray individuals able to think for themselves. They contemplate the history of mankind in a similar perspective.

While living apparently as "modern" men and women—using electric fans and electric irons, telephones and trains and airplanes, when they can afford it—they nourish in their hearts a deep contempt for the childish conceit and bloated hopes of our age and for the various recipes for "saving mankind" which zealous philosophers and politicians thrust into circulation. They know that nothing can "save mankind," for mankind is reaching the end of its present cycle. The wave that carried it for so many millennia is about to break, with all the fury of acquired speed, and to merge once more into the depth of the unchanging ocean of undifferentiated existence. It will rise again, some day, with abrupt majesty, for such is the law of waves. But in the meantime *nothing can be done to stop it.* The unfortunate—the fools—are those men who, for some reason best known to themselves—probably on account of their exaggerated estimation of what is to be lost in the

[1]Especially condensed from the original for *National Socialist World.* [editor]

[2]*Satya Yuga,* in the Sanskrit scriptures.

process—would like to stop it. The privileged ones—the wise—are those few who, being fully aware of the increasing worthlessness of present-day mankind and of its much-applauded "progress," know how little there is to be lost in the coming crash and look forward to it with joyous expectation as to the necessary condition of a new beginning—a new Golden Age, sunlit crest of the *next* long-drawn, downward wave upon the surface of the endless ocean of life.

To those privileged ones—among whom we count ourselves—the high-resounding "isms" to which their contemporaries ask them to give their allegiance are all equally futile: bound to be betrayed, defeated, and finally rejected by men at large, if containing anything really noble; bound to enjoy, for the time being, some sort of noisy sucess, if sufficiently vulgar, pretentious, and soul-killing to appeal to the growing number of mechanically conditioned slaves that crawl about our planet, posing as free men; all destined to prove, ultimately, of no avail. The time-honored religions, rapidly growing out of fashion as present-day "isms" become more and more popular, are no less futile—if not more: frameworks of organized superstition void of all true feeling of the divine, or—among more sophisticated people—mere conventional aspects of social life, or systems of ethics (and of very elementary ethics, at that) seasoned with a sprinkling of outdated rites and symbols of which hardly anybody bothers to seek the original meaning; devices in the hands of clever men in power to lull the simpletons into permanent obedience; convenient names, round which it might be easy to rally converging national aspirations or political tendencies; or just the last resort of weaklings and cranks: that is, practically, all they are—all they have been reduced to in the course of a few centuries—the lot of them. They are dead, in fact—as dead as the old cults that flourished before them, with the difference that those cults have long ceased exhaling the stench of death, while they (the so-called "living" ones) are still at the stage at which death is inseparable from corruption. None —neither Christianity nor Islam nor even Buddhism—can be expected now to "save" anything of that world they once partly conquered; none have any normal place in "modern" life, which is essentially devoid of all awareness of the eternal.

The exponents of the belief in "progress" put forth many arguments to prove—to themselves and to others—that our times, with all their undeniable drawbacks, are, on the whole, *better* than any epoch of the past, and even that they show definite signs of improvement. It is not possible to analyze all their arguments in detail. But one can easily detect the fallacies hidden in the most widespread and, apparently, the most "convincing" of them.

All the advocates of "progress" lay enormous stress upon such things as literacy, individual "freedom," equal opportunities for *all* men, religious toleration, and "humaneness," progress in this last line covering all such tendencies as find their expression in the modern preoccupation for child welfare, prison reforms, better conditions of labor, state aid to the sick and destitute, and, if not greater kindness, at least less cruelty to animals. The dazzling results obtained, of recent years, in the application of scientific discoveries to industrial and other practical pursuits, are, of course, the most popular of all instances expected to show how marvelous our times are. But that point we shall not discuss, as we have already made it clear that we by no means deny or minimize the importance of *technical* progress. What we do deny is the existence of any progress at all in the value of man as such, whether individually or collectively, and our reflections on universal literacy and other highly praised signs of improvement in which our contemporaries take pride, all spring from that one point of view.

We believe that man's value—as every creature's value, ultimately—lies not in the mere intellect but in the spirit; in the capacity to reflect that which, for lack of a more precise word, we choose to call the *divine*, i.e., that which is true and beautiful beyond all manifestation; that which remains timeless (and therefore unchangeable) within all changes. We believe it with the difference that, in our eyes—contrarily to what the Christians maintain — the capacity to reflect the divine is closely linked with man's race and physical health; in other words, that the spirit is anything but independent from the body. And we fail to see that the different improvements that we witness today in education or in the social field, in government or even in technical matters, have either made individual men and women more valuable in *that* sense, or created any new, lasting type of civilization in which man's possibilities of all-round perfection, thus conceived, are being promoted.

Progress?—It is true that today, at least in all highly organized (typically "modern") countries, nearly everybody can read and write. But what of that? To be able to read and write is an advantage—and a considerable one. But it is not a virtue. It is a tool and a weapon; a means to an end; a very useful thing, no doubt; but not an end in itself. The ultimate value of literacy depends upon

the end to which it is used. And to what end is it generally used today? It is used for convenience or for entertainment, by those who read; for some advertisement or some objectionable propaganda —for money making or power grabbing—by those who write; *sometimes*, of course, by both, for acquiring or spreading disinterested knowledge of the few things worth knowing; for finding expression of or giving expression to the few deep feelings that can lift a man to the awareness of things eternal, but not more often so than in the days in which one man out of ten thousand could understand the symbolism of the written word. Generally, today the man or woman whom compulsory education has made "literate" uses writing to communicate personal matters to absent friends and relatives, to fill forms—one of the international occupations of modern, civilized humanity—or to commit to memory little, useful, but otherwise trifling things, such as someone's address or telephone number, or the date of some appointment with the hairdresser or the dentist, or the list of clean clothes due from the laundry. He or she reads "to pass time" because, outside the hours of dreary work, mere thinking is no longer intense and interesting enough to serve that purpose.

We know that there are also people whose whole lives have been directed to some beautiful destiny by a book, a poem—a mere sentence—read in distant childhood, like Schliemann, who lavishly spent on archaeological excavations the wealth patiently and purposely gathered in forty years of dreary toil, all for the sake of the impression left upon him, as a boy, by the immortal story of Troy. But such people always lived, even before compulsory education came into fashion. And the stories *heard* and remembered were no less inspiring than stories now read. The real advantage of general literacy, if any, is to be sought elsewhere. It lies not in the better quality either of the exceptional men and women or of the literate millions, but rather in the fact that the latter are rapidly becoming intellectually more lazy and therefore more credulous than ever—and *not* less so; more easily deceived, more liable to be led like sheep without even the shadow of a protest, provided the nonsense one wishes them to swallow be presented to them in printed form and made to appear "scientific." The higher the general level of literacy, the *easier* it is for a government in control of the daily press, of the wireless, and of the publishing business—these almost irresistible, modern means of action upon the mind—to keep the masses *and* the "intelligentsia" under its thumb, without their even suspecting it.

Among widely illiterate but more actively thinking people, openly governed in the old, autocratic manner, a prophet, direct mouthpiece of the gods, or of genuine, collective aspirations, could always hope to rise between secular authority and the people. The priests themselves could never be quite sure of keeping the people in obedience forever. The people could choose to listen to the prophet if they liked. And they did, sometimes. Today, wherever universal literacy is prevalent, inspired exponents of timeless truth—prophets—or even selfless advocates of timely, practical changes, have fewer and fewer chances to appear. Sincere thought, *really* free thought, ready, in the name of superhuman authority or of humble common sense, to question the basis of what is officially taught and generally accepted, is less and less likely to thrive. It is, we repeat, by far easier to enslave a literate people than an illiterate one, strange as this may seem at first sight. And the enslavement is more likely to be lasting. The real advantage of universal literacy is to tighten the grip of the governing power upon the foolish and conceited millions. That is probably why it is dinned into our heads, from babyhood onward, that "literacy" is such a boon. Capacity to think for one's self is, however, the real boon. And that always was and always will be the privilege of a minority, once recognized as a natural elite and respected. Today, compulsory mass education and increasingly standardized literature for the consumption of "conditioned" brains — outstanding signs of "progress"—tend to reduce that minority to the smallest possible proportion; ultimately, to suppress it altogether. Is that what mankind wants? If so, mankind is loosing its *raison d'etre*, and the sooner the end of this so-called "civilization," the better.

What we have said of literacy can roughly be repeated about those two other main glories of modern democracy: "individual freedom" and equality of opportunities for every person. The first is a lie—and a more and more sinister one as the shackles of compulsory education are being more and more hopelessly fastened round people's whole being. The second is an absurditv.

One of the strangest inconsistencies of the average citizen of the modern. industrialized world is the way in which he criticizes all institutions of older and better civilizations, such as the caste system of the Hindus or the all-absorbing family cult of the Far East, on the ground that these tend to check the "liberty of the individual." He does not realize how exacting—nay, how annihilating—is the command of the collective authority which *he* obeys (half of the time, unknow-

ingly) compared with that of traditional collective authority, in apparently less "free" societies. The caste-ridden or family-ridden people of India or of the Far East might not be allowed to *do* all that they like, in many relatively trifling and in a few really all-important matters of daily life. But they are left to *believe* what they like, or rather what they can; to feel according to their own nature and to express themselves freely about a great number of essential matters; they are allowed to conduct their higher life in the manner they judge the wisest for them, after duties to family, caste, and king have been fulfilled. The individual living under the iron and steel rule of modern "progress" can eat whatever he fancies (to a great extent) and marry whom he pleases—unfortunately!—and go wherever he likes (in theory at least). But he is made to accept, in all extra-individual matters—matters which, to us, really count—the beliefs, the attitude to life, the scale of values, and, to a great extent, the political views that tend to strengthen the mighty socio-economic system of exploitation to which he belongs (to which he is forced to belong, in order to be able to live) and in which he is a mere cog. And, what is more, he is made to believe that it is a privilege of his to be a cog in such an organism; that the unimportant matters in which he feels he is his own master are, in fact, the most important ones—the only really important ones. He is taught not to value that freedom of judgement about ultimate truth, æsthetical, ethical, or metaphysical, of which he is subtly deprived. More still: he is told—in the democratic countries at any rate—that he is free in *all* respects, that he is "an *individual*, answerable to none but to his own conscience" . . . after years of clever conditioning have molded his "conscience" and his whole being so thoroughly according to pattern, that he is no longer capable of reacting differently. Well can such a man speak of "pressure upon the individual" in any society, ancient or modern!

As for "equality of opportunities," there can be no such thing anyhow, really speaking. By producing men and women different both in degree and in quality of intelligence, sensitiveness, and willpower, different in character and temperament, Nature herself gives them the most unequal opportunities of fulfilling their aspirations, whatever these might be. An overemotional and rather weak person can, for instance, neither conceive the same ideal of happiness nor have equal chances of reaching it in life, as one who is born with a more balanced nature and a stronger will. That is obvious. And add to that the characteristics that differentiate one race of men from another, and the absurdity of the very notion of "human equality" becomes even more striking.

What our contemporaries mean when they speak of "equality of opportunities" is the fact that, in modern society—so they say—any man or woman stands, more and more, as many chances as his or her neighbor of holding the position and doing the job for which he or she is naturally fitted. But that too is only partly true. For, more and more, the world of today—the world dominated by grand-scale industry and mass production—can offer only jobs in which the best of the worker's self plays little or no part if he or she be anything more than a merely clever and materially efficient person. The hereditary craftsman, who could find the best expression for what is conveniently called his "soul" in his daily weaving, carpet making, enamel work, etc. . . ., even the tiller of the soil, in personal contact with Mother Earth and the sun and the seasons, is becoming more and more a figure of the past. There are fewer and fewer opportunities, also, for the sincere seeker of truth—speaker or writer—who refuses to become the expounder of broadly accepted ideas, products of mass conditioning, for which he or she does not stand; for the seeker of beauty who refuses to bend his or her art to the demands of popular taste which he or she knows to be bad taste. Such people have to waste much of their time doing inefficiently—and grudgingly—some job for which they are *not* fitted, in order to live, before they can devote the rest of it to what the Hindus would call their *sadhana*—the work for which their deeper nature has appointed them; their life's dedication.

The idea of modern division of labor, condensed in the oft-quoted phrase "the right man in the right place," boils down, in practice, to the fact that *any* man—any one of the dull, indiscriminate millions—can be conditioned to occupy *any* place, while the best of human beings, the only ones who still justify the existence of the more and more degenerate species, are allowed no place at all. Progress . . . .

There remain the "religious toleration" of our times and their "humaneness" compared with the "barbarity" of the past. Two jokes, to say the least!

Recalling some of the most spectacular horrors of history—the burning of heretics and witches at the stake, the wholesale massacre of "heathens," and other no less repulsive manifestations of Christian civilization in Europe and elsewhere—modern man is filled with pride in the "progress" accomplished, in one line at least, since the end of the dark ages of religious fanaticism. How-

ever bad they be, our contemporaries have, at any rate, grown out of the habit of torturing people for such "trifles" as their conception of the Holy Trinity or their ideas about predestination and purgatory. Such is modern man's feeling—because theological questions have lost all importance in his life. But in the days when Christian churches persecuted one another and encouraged the conversion of heathen nations by means of blood and fire, both the persecutors and the persecuted, both the Christians and those who wished to remain faithful to non-Christian creeds, looked upon such questions as vital in one way or another. And the real reason for which nobody is put to torture, today, for the sake of his or her religious beliefs, is *not* that torture as such has become distasteful to everybody, in "advanced," twentieth-century civilization, *not* that individuals and states have become tolerant, but just that, among those who have the power of inflicting pain, hardly anybody takes any vivid, *vital* interest in religion, let alone in theology.

The so-called "religious toleration" practiced by modern states and individuals springs from anything but an intelligent understanding and love of all religions as manifold, symbolical expressions of the same, few, essential, eternal truths. It is, rather, the outcome of a grossly ignorant contempt for all religions; of indifference to those very truths which their various founders endeavored to reassert, again and again. It is no toleration at all.

To judge how far our contemporaries have or have not the right to boast of their spirit of toleration, it is best to watch their behavior toward those whom they decidedly look upon as the enemies of their gods: the men who happen to be holding views contrary to theirs concerning not some theological quibble, in which they are not interested, but some political or sociopolitical ideology which they regard as "a threat to civilization." Nobody can deny that in all such circumstances, and specially in war time, they all perform—to the extent they have the power—or condone—to the extent they have not, themselves, the opportunity of performing—actions in every respect as ugly as those ordered, performed, or tolerated in the past, in the name of different religions (if indeed the latter be ugly). The only difference is, perhaps, that modern, cold-blooded atrocities only become known when the hidden powers in control of the means of herd conditioning—of the press, the wireless, and the cinema—decide, for ends anything but humanitarian, that they should be, i.e., when they happen to be the enemy's atrocities, not one's own—nor those of one's "gallant allies"—and when their story is, therefore, considered to be good propaganda, on account of the current of indignation it is expected to create and of the new incentive it is expected to give the war effort. Moreover, after a war, fought or supposed to have been fought for an ideology—the modern equivalent of the bitter religious conflicts of old—the horrors rightly or wrongly said to have been perpetrated by the vanquished are the only ones to be broadcasted all over the world, while the victors try as hard as they can to make believe that *their* high command at least never shuts its eyes to any similar horrors. But in sixteenth-century Europe, and before; and among the warriors of Islam conducting *jihad* against men of other faiths, each side was well aware of the atrocious means used, not only by its opponents for their "foul ends," but by its own people and its own leaders in order to "uproot heresy" or to "fight popery" or to "preach the name of Allah to infidels." Modern man is more of a moral coward. He wants the advantages of violent intolerance—which is only natural—but he shuns the responsibility of it. *Progress*, that also.

The so-called humaneness of our contemporaries (compared with their forefathers) is just lack of nerve or lack of strong feelings—increasing cowardice, or increasing apathy.

Modern man is squeamish about atrocities—even about ordinary, unimaginative brutality—*only* when it happens that the aims for which atrocious or merely brutal actions are performed are either hateful or indifferent to him. In all other circumstances, he shuts his eyes to any horrors—especially when he knows that the victims can never retaliate (as is the case with all atrocities committed by man upon animals, for whatever purpose) and he demands, at the most, not to be reminded of them too often and too noisily. He reacts as though he classified atrocities under two headlines: the *unavoidable* and the *avoidable*. The unavoidable are those that serve or are supposed to serve modern man's purpose—generally: "the good of humanity" or the "triumph of democracy." *They* are tolerated, even justified. The avoidable are those which are occasionally committed, or said to be committed, by people whose purpose is alien to his. They alone are condemned, and their real or supposed authors—or inspirers—branded by public opinion as "criminals against humanity."

Surely modern man does not "uphold" slavery; he denounces it vehemently. But he practices it nevertheless—and on a wider scale than ever, and far more thoroughly than the ancients ever could

—whether in the capitalistic West or in the tropics, or (from what one hears outside its impenetrable walls) even in the one state supposed to be, today, the "workers' paradise." There are differences, of course. In antiquity, even the slave had hours of leisure and merriment that were all his own; he had the games of dice in the shade of the columns of his master's portico, his coarse jokes, his free chatter, his free life outside his daily routine. The modern slave has not the privilege of loitering, completely carefree, for half an hour. His so-called leisure itself is filled with almost compulsory entertainment, as exacting and often as dreary as his work, or—in "lands of freedom"—poisoned by economic worries. But he is not openly bought and sold. He is just *taken*. And taken, not by a man in some way at least superior to himself, but by a huge, impersonal system without either a body to kick or a soul to damn or a head to answer for its mischief.

But more cowardly and more hypocritical, perhaps, than anything else, is "progressive" modern man's behavior toward living nature, and in particular toward the animal kingdom.

Primitive man—and, often, also man whose picturesque civilization is anything but "modern" —is bad enough, it is true, as far as his treatment of animals is concerned. One only has to travel in the least industrialized countries of southern Europe, or in the Near and Middle East, to acquire a very definite certitude on that point. And not all modern leaders have been equally successful in putting an end to age-old cruelties to dumb beasts, whether in the East or in the West. Gandhi could not, in the name of that universal kindness which he repeatedly preached as the main tenet of his faith, prevent Hindu milkmen from deliberately starving their male calves to death, in order to sell a few extra pints of cow's milk. Mussolini could not detect and prosecute all those Italians who, even under his government, persisted in the detestable habit of plucking chickens alive on the ground that "the feathers come off more easily." There is no getting away from the fact that kindness to animals on a national scale does not ultimately depend upon the teachings of any superimposed religion or philosophy. It is one of the distinctive characteristics of the truly superior races. And no religious, philosophical, or political alchemy can turn base metal into gold.

This does not mean to say that a good teaching cannot *help* to bring the best out of every race, as well as out of every individual man or woman. But modern, industrial civilization, to the extent it is man-centered—not controlled by any inspiration of a superhuman, cosmic order—and tends to stress quantity instead of quality, production and wealth instead of character and inherent worth, is anything but congenial to the development of consistent, universal kindness, even among the better people.

This is the age in which falsehood is termed truth and truth persecuted as falsehood or mocked as insanity; in which the exponents of truth, the divinely inspired leaders, the real friends of their race and of all the living—the godlike men—are defeated, and their followers humbled and their memory slandered, while the masters of lies are hailed as saviors; the age in which every man and woman is in the wrong place, and the world dominated by inferior individuals, bastardized races, and vicious doctrines, all part and parcel of an order of inherent ugliness far worse than complete anarchy; the age which the Hindus have characterized from time immemorial as *Kali Yuga* —the Dark Age, the Era of Gloom.

This is the age in which our triumphant democrats and our hopeful communists boast of "slow but steady progress through science and education." Thanks very much for such "progress"!

There are no cruelties in ancient history—no Assyrian horrors, no Carthagenian horrors, no old Chinese horrors—which the inventiveness of our contemporaries of East and West, aided by a perfected technique, has not outdone. But cruelty—the violence of cowards—is merely one expression of violence among many, though admittedly the most repulsive one. Aided and encouraged by more and more staggering scientific achievements, which can be put to use for *any* purpose, man has, throughout history, become more and more violent—and not less and less so, as people fed on pacifist propaganda are often inclined to think! And, which is more, *it could not have been otherwise; and it cannot be otherwise* at any period of the future, until the violent and complete destruction of that which we call today "civilization" opens for the world a new Age of Truth; a new Golden Age. Until then, violence, under one form or another, is unavoidable. It is the very law of life in a fallen world. The choice given us is not between violence and nonviolence, but between open, unashamed violence, in broad daylight, and sneaking, subtle violence—blackmail; between open violence and inconspicuous, slow, yet implacable persecution, both economic and cultural: the systematic suppression of all possibilities for the vanquished, without it showing; the merciless conditioning of children, all the more horrible that it is more impersonal, more indirect, more outwardly gentle; the clever diffusion of soul-killing lies (and *half*

lies) ; violence under the cover of nonviolence. The choice is also between selfless ruthlessness put to the service of the very cause of truth; violence without cruelty, applied in view of bringing about upon this earth an order based on everlasting principles, that transcend man; violence in view of creating, or maintaining, a human state in harmony with life's highest purpose, and violence applied to selfish ends.

The more disinterested be its aims and the more selfless its application, the more frank and straightforward violence is. While, on the other hand, the more sordid be the motives for which it is in reality used, the more it is, itself, hidden, even denied; the more the men who resort to it boast of being admirers of nonviolence, thus bluffing others and sometimes also themselves, acting as deceivers and being deceived—caught in the network of their own lies.

As time goes on and as decay sets in, the keynote of human history is *not* less and less violence; it is less and less honesty about violence.

But violence is not a bad thing in itself. True, it set in as a necessity only after the world had become, to a great extent, "bad," i.e., unfaithful to its timeless archetype; no longer in keeping with the creative dream of the universal Mind, that it had once expressed. Yet, violence cannot be judged apart from its purpose. And the purpose is good or bad; worth its while, or not. It is worth its while when those who pursue it do so, not merely unselfishly—with no primordial desire of personal glory or happiness—but also in keeping with an ideology expressing timeless, impersonal, more-than-human truth; an ideology rooted in the clear understanding of the unchanging laws of life, and destined to appeal to all those who, in a fallen world, still retain within their hearts an invincible yearning for the perfect order as it really *was* and will again be. Any purpose which is intelligently, objectively consistent with the war aims of the undying forces of light in their age-old struggle against the forces of darkness, i.e., of disintegration—that struggle illustrated in all the mythologies of the world—any such purpose, I say, justifies any amount of selfless violence. Moreover, as the era of gloom in which we are living proceeds, darker and darker and fiercer and fiercer year after year, it becomes more and more impossible to avoid using violence in the service of truth. No man—no demigod—can bring about, today, even a relative amount of real order and justice in any area of the globe, without the help of force, specially if he has but a few years at his disposal. And, unfortunately, the further this world advances into the present age of technical wonders and human abasement, the more the great men of inspiration are submitted to the factor of time, as soon as they attempt to apply their lofty, intuitive knowledge of eternal truth to the solution of practical problems. They just *have to act,* not only thoroughly, but also *quickly,* if they do not want to see the forces of disintegration nip their priceless work in the bud. And whether they like it or not, thoroughly *and* quickly means, almost unavoidably, with unhesitating violence. One can say, with more and more certainty as the dark age goes on, that the godlike men of action are defeated, at least for the time being, *not* for having been too ruthless (and thus for having roused against themselves and their ideas and their collaborators the indignation of the "decent people"), *but for not having been ruthless enough*—for not having killed off their fleeing enemies, to the last man, in the brief hour of triumph; for not having silenced both the squeamish millions of hypocrites and their masters, the clever producers of atrocity tales, by more substantial violences, more complete exterminations.

From all this it is quite clear that to condemn violence indiscriminately is to condemn the very struggle of the forces of life and light against the forces of disintegration—struggle, all the more heroic and all the more desperate, also, as the world rushes on toward its doom. It is to condemn that struggle which, at every one of its age-long, varying phases, and even through temporary disaster, has been securing for the world, beyond its deserved doom, the glorious new beginning, which the few alone deserve. Within the bondage of time, specially within this *kali yuga,* one cannot be consistently nonviolent without contributing, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly, to the success of the forces of disintegration; of what we call the death forces.

As for that violence which is used to forward the war aims of the death forces, it is, and has always been, twofold: directed on one hand against life itself—first, against the whole of innocent, living Nature, then, against the vital interests of higher mankind, in the name of "the common man"—and, on the other, against those particular men who, more and more conscious of the tragic realities of a darkening age, put up a stand in favor of the recognition of life's eternal values and of the restoration of order upon its true, eternal basis.

In the attempt to bring about the triumph of the worthless and the slow but steady disintegration of culture, in fact, less and less violence is needed. The world evolves naturally toward dis-

integration, with accelerated speed. It might have been, once, necessary to push it on along the slippery path. It has no longer been so, for centuries. It rolls on to its own doom, without help. In that direction, therefore, the champions of disintegration enjoy an easy task. They only have to follow and flatter the vicious tendencies of the increasingly despicable majority of men, to become the world's darlings. But in their war against the few, but more aware and practical exponents of the higher values—the upholders of the natural hierarchy of races; the worshippers of light, of strength, of youth—they are (and are bound to be) more and more violent, more and more relentlessly cruel. Their hatred grows as history unfolds, as though they knew—as though they felt, with the sharpness of physical perception—that every one of their victories, however spectacular it be, brings them nearer the final, redeeming crash in which *they* are bound to perish, and out of which their now persecuted superiors are bound to emerge as the leaders of the new age. Their hatred grows, and their ferocity too, as the redeeming crash draws nigh, and, along with it, the dawn of the universal new order, as unavoidable as the coming of spring.

They are in a hurry—not, as the heroic elite, out of generous impatience; not out of any longing to see the age of truth re-established before its time, but out of feverish lust; out of the will to snatch from the world, for themselves, all the material advantages and all the satisfactions of vanity they possibly can, before it is too late. And as time goes on, their hurry amounts to frenzy. The one obstacle that stands in their way and still defies them—that will always defy them, till the end—is precisely that proud elite that disaster cannot discourage, that torture cannot break, that money cannot buy. Whether consciously or unconsciously, whether they be, themselves, thoroughly wicked, or just blind, through congenital stupidity, the workers of disintegration wage war upon the men of gold and steel, with unabated, hellish fury.

But theirs is not the frank, unashamed violence of the inspired idealists striving to bring forth, speedily, a lofty sociopolitical order too good for the unworthy world of their times. It is a sneaking, creeping, cowardly sort of violence, all the more effective that it is, outwardly, more emphatically denied, both by the scoundrels who apply it or condone it, and by the well-meaning fools who actually believe that it does not exist. It is prompted by such feelings as one cannot possibly exhibit, even in a degenerate world, without running the risk of defeating one's own purpose: by bare hatred, rooted in envy—the hatred of worthless weaklings for the strong, for no other reason than that they are strong; the hatred of ugly souls (incarnated, more often than not, in no less ugly bodies) for the naturally beautiful ones; for the noble, the magnanimous, the selfless, the real aristocracy of the world; the hatred of the unhappy, and, even more so, of the bored—of those who have only their pockets to live for, and nothing at all to die for—for those who live, and are ready to die, for eternal values. Such is, more and more, the widespread violence of our times, less and less recognized, in its subtle disguise, even by the people who actually suffer through it.

The ancients knew better than our contemporaries who were their friends and who were their enemies. And this is natural. In a world rushing to its doom, there is bound to be increasing ignorance—ignorance precisely of those things one should know the best, in order to survive. The ancients suffered, and knew whom to curse. Modern men and women, as a rule, do not know; do not really care to know; are too lazy, too exhausted, too near the end of *their* world to take the trouble to inquire seriously. And clever rascals, themselves the authors of all the mischief, incite them to throw the blame of it upon the only people whose unfailing wisdom and selfless love could have saved them, had they but wanted to be saved; upon that hated elite that stands against the current of time, with the vision of the glorious new beginning beyond the doom of the present-day world, clear and bright before its eyes.

Thousands of well-meaning and foolish people, who take for granted whatever they are given to read and inquire no further, have no idea of the horrors perpetrated by their compatriots in other people's countries as colonists or as members of occupying armies, no idea of what goes on in their own country, behind prison bars, in torture chambers for political investigation, and in concentration camps. Indeed, in England and in other democratic nations, many are under the impression that *their* government never tolerated such things as concentration camps and torture chambers for human beings. Only "the enemy" had them—so they believe. Years ago, they would have thought nothing of admitting that "everybody has them"; must have them; that one cannot run a war without those unpleasant but extremely useful accessories. But now hypocrisy concerning violence has reached its pitch. Never has there been, in the world, so much cruelty, allied to such a general attempt to hide it, to deny it, to forget it, and, if possible, make others forget it. Never have people been so willing to forget it, in externally "decent"

and kindly surroundings—houses and streets in which no torture of man or beast can be *seen* or *heard*—provided, of course, it is not "the enemy's" cruelty. The only time modern men and women do *not* try to minimize horrors but actually exaggerate them (and often deliberately invent them) is when these happen to be (or are intended to be presented as) "the enemy's" horrors —never their own. And that is itself only a further instance of the worldwide characteristic of our times: the general love of lies.

What has set the whole world so bitterly against the frank upholders of ruthless methods both in government and war, is not so much that these were violent, but that they were frank. Liars hate those who speak the unpleasant truth, and who act in accordance with it.

The unpleasant truth is that pacifism, nonviolence, and so forth are, most of the time, just rackets in the service of the forces of disintegration; dishonest tricks to bluff the fools, to emasculate the strong, and to set millions of cowards and hypocrites (the bulk of the world) against the few people whose inspired policy, pursued ruthlessly to its logical end, could perhaps, even now, arrest the decay of man. And when they are *not* that, then they are nonsense.

As we have said in the beginning, nonviolence can only exist in a world in which the sociopolitical order is, on the human scale, the replica of the eternal order of the cosmos. Any effective preaching — and any partial practice — of pacifism in politics, outside such an order, only leads, ultimately, to greater violence; to a greater exploitation of living Nature *and* a greater oppression of man at the hands of those who work for the death forces.

Unfortunately, most pacifists either do not really want peace at all, but merely pretend to; or else, want it, but only under certain ideological conditions which are incompatible with its establishment *now*, and with its duration. Any obvious violence directed against human beings shocks them. People who openly support the use of force —be it in the most disinterested spirit and for the best of purposes—are, for that very reason, anathema in their eyes. Help *them* to conquer and to rule the world? Oh, no! Anything but *that!* The ideals of the ruthless men of vision may well be Golden Age ideals; but their methods!—their cynical attitude toward human life; their relentless chase and pitiless disposal of even *potential* obstacles to the rapid attainment of their selfless aims; their "appalling logic" (to quote the words of a French official in occupied Germany, after the war)[3]—our pacifists could never stand for these! As a result, they stand for far worse—generally without knowing it. For, through their refusal to face facts and take the only reasonable attitude that a true lover of peace should have, today, they become tools in the service of the forces of disintegration.

For one cannot have it both ways: whoever is not *for* the everlasting forces of light and life, is against them. Unless one lives *outside* or *above time*, one either walks in the sense of the unavoidable evolution of history—i.e., toward decay and dissolution—or one stands against the current of centuries, in a bitter, apparently hopeless, but nevertheless beautiful struggle, one's eyes fixed upon those perennial ideals which can be fully translated into material reality only once, at the dawn of every successive cycle, by every successive new humanity. But it is true that the bold minority of men of action who fight, *against time*, for Golden Age ideals, is bound to become, as time goes on, more and more ruthless in its effort to overcome an increasingly well-organized, increasingly elusive, and increasingly universal opposition. And for that very reason, it will become more and more difficult for the squeamish pacifists to follow it. In all probability, they will continue to prefer identifying themselves with the lying agents of the dark forces.

And thus, day after day, year after year, now and in the future, the conflicting powers of light and darkness cannot but carry on their deadly struggle, as they always did, but more and more fiercely as time goes on. And as time goes on, also, the struggle will more and more be between openly acknowledged and openly accepted violence and violence dishonestly disguised, the former being put to the service of life's highest purpose on earth—namely, the creation of a perfect, or Golden Age humanity—and the latter, to that of the enemies of life. It has to be so until, after the final crash, the leadership of surviving mankind falls to that victorious elite who, even in the midst of the long, general decay of man, never lost its faith in the everlasting cosmic values, nor its will to draw from them, and from them alone, its rule of action.

All men, inasmuch as they are not liberated from the bondage of time, follow the downward path of history, whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not.

[3]"Cette logique effroyable" was the expression used by Monsieur R. Grassot, of the French Information Bureau in Baden-Baden, in his conversation with me on the 9th of October, 1948.

Few indeed thoroughly *like* it, even at our epoch —let alone in happier ages, when people read less and thought more. Few follow it unhesitatingly, without throwing, sometime or other, a sad glance toward the distant, lost paradise into which they know, in their deeper consciousness, that they are never to enter; the paradise of perfection *in time* —a thing so remote that the earliest people of whom we know remembered it only as a dream. Yet, they follow the fatal way. They obey their destiny.

That resigned submission to the terrible law of decay—that acceptance of the bondage of time by creatures who dimly feel that they *could be* free from it, but who find it hard to try to free themselves; who know beforehand that they would never succeed, even if they did try—is at the bottom of that incurable unhappiness of man, deplored again and again in the Greek tragedies, and long before these were written. Man is unhappy because he knows, because he feels—in general—that the world in which he lives and of which he is a part, is not what it should be, what it could be. He cannot wholeheartedly accept that world as his—specially not accept the fact that it is going from bad to worse—and be glad. However much he may try to be a "realist" and snatch from destiny whatever he can, when he can, still an invincible yearning for the better remains at the bottom of his heart. He cannot—in general—will the world as it is.

But a few people—as rare as the liberated ones, for whom time does not exist, and perhaps rarer—can, and do. These are the most thorough, the most mercilessly effective agents of the death forces on earth: — supremely intelligent, and sometimes extraordinarily farsighted; always unscrupulous to the utmost; working without hesitation and without remorse in the sense of the downward process of history and, (whether they can see or not as far as that) for its logical conclusion: the annihilation of man and of all life.

Naturally, they do not always see as far as that. But when they do, still they do not care. Since the law of time is what it is, and since the end must come, it is just as well that *they* should draw all the profit they possibly can from the process that is, anyhow, sooner or later, to bring about the end. Since no one can re-create the primeval, lost paradise—no one but the wheel of time itself, after it has rolled its full course—then it is just as well that *they*, who can completely forget the distant vision, or who never had a glimpse of its dying glow; they, who can stifle in themselves the age-old yearning for perfection, or rather, who never experienced it; it is just as well that they, I say, should squeeze out of the fleeing moment (whether minutes or years, it matters little) all the intense, immediate enjoyment they can, until the hour comes when they must die. It is just as well that they should leave their stamp upon the world —force generations to remember them — until the hour comes for the world to die. So they feel. It makes little difference what suffering they might cause to men or other living creatures, by acting as they do. Both men and creatures are bound to suffer, anyhow. Just as well through them as through others, if that can forward the aims of these people.

The aims of these people—of men *within time, par excellence*—are always selfish aims, even when, owing to their material magnitude and historical importance, they transcend immeasurably any one man's life, as they actually do, sometimes. For selfishness—the claim of the part to more place and to more meaning than is naturally allotted to it within the whole—is the very root of disintegration, and therefore a characteristic inseparable from time. One can practically say that the more a person is thoroughly, remorselessly selfish, the more he or she lives *in time.*

But, as we have said, that selfishness is manifested in many different ways. It can find expression in that mere lust for personal enjoyment, which characterizes the shameless voluptuary; or in the miser's insatiable greed for gold; or in the individual ambition of the seeker of honors and position; or in the family ambition of the man who is ready to sacrifice every interest in the world to the welfare and happiness of his wife and children. But it can also be brought out in the exaltation of a man's tribe or country above all others, *not because of its inherent worth in the natural hierarchy of life,* but just because it happens to be the tribe or country of that particular man. It can be, and often is, brought out in the undue exaltation of all human beings, however debased, above all the rest of living creation, however healthy and beautiful—the passion which underlies the age-old tyranny of man over Nature; the "love of man" not in harmony with the God-ordained duties and rights of each and every species (as of every race and of every individual) according to its place, but in a spirit of mere solidarity with one's kith and kin, good or bad, worthy or unworthy, solely because they are *one's own.* Men *in time* only know what is their own and what is not, and they love themselves in whatever is *theirs.*

As there are men *in time*, so there are, also, philosophies and religions—ideologies—*in time;* false religions, all of them, for true religion can only be *above time.* Today, nearly all interpreta-

tions of age-old, true religion, and nearly all the "isms" that have replaced religions, are of the type *in time*. Their function within the scheme of things, at this time of world history, is just to deceive the well-meaning weaklings and fools—the hesitating people, who want an excuse, a justification for living *in time* without the unpleasant feeling of a guilty conscience, and who cannot find one for themselves. These are only too glad to catch hold of a philosophy loudly professing to be unselfish, which allows them, encourages them, to work under its cover for their selfish ends. The ones who use a really unselfish doctrine—an originally timeless philosophy—for that purpose, lie all the more shamelessly to themselves and to others.

But the actual, typical men *within time* need no justifying ideology in order to act. Their thoroughly selfish attitude is, in all its glaring shamelessness, far more beautiful than that growing tendency of the tiny men to slip down the path to perdition while hanging onto some "noble" ends such as "liberty, equality, fraternity" or "the rights of the international proletariat," or onto some misunderstood religion. Whatever they may tell the people whom they wish to deceive—whom they *have* to deceive, in order to succeed—the real men *in time* never deceive themselves. They know what they truly want. And they know the way to get it. And they do not care what it costs to others *or* to themselves. And, specially, they do not, at the same time, want anything *else*, which is incompatible with their aims.

And so—whether on an ordinary scale, like the consistent voluptuary or the single-purposed miser, or on a nation-wide or continent-wide scale, like those who stir millions and sacrifice millions of people, that *they* might impose their own will—they act, in a way, as gods would act. And, both in the grandeur of their achievements and in the beauty of the first-rate qualities of character which they put to the service of their purpose, a few of them really have something godlike—as, for instance, that greatest conqueror of all times, whose extraordinary career forms the subject matter of a part of this book: Genghis Khan. They possess the awful splendor of the great, devastating forces of Nature; of the roaring sea, rolling out of its bed over the land; of a lava stream, burning its way through all obstacles; of the lightning, that men used to worship, when they still understood what is divine.

Naturally, this can be said only of those men whose action exceeds, by its very magnitude, the limits of what is personal. It is difficult to imagine any mere seeker of physical pleasure, or even of individual riches, attaining such a grim, godlike greatness. The importance of the men *in time*, as such, depends upon the nature of their action itself and upon the breadth of the surroundings which it influences, no less, if not more, than upon the way in which, and the one-sided, cynically selfish purpose for which, they act. And this is understandable, for reasons other than the sheer æsthetic impression which the true story of a mighty life can leave upon the reader or the bystander. It is the consequence of the fact that, like the great forces of Nature which we mentioned, real men *in time* are blind powers, serving unknowlingly the purpose of the cosmos. The same is true, of course, of the petty seekers after small profits, in their limited sphere of activity. They too are blind powers of destruction. But small ones, at our scale at least. We experience the awe of the divine in the presence of the big ones only—as we do, for instance, before a storm upon the ocean, while the sight of a pool of water disturbed by the wind leaves us indifferent.

When the ends—however petty and personal in themselves—are masterfully served through such action as stirs the whole world; when, in order to attain them, a man *in time* displays, upon the international stage, superhuman qualities worthy of much higher ends, then one feels one's self in the presence not of a *man in time* but of the divine Destroyer—Mahakala; Time Itself—everlastingly rushing the thing that seems to annihilation followed by new birth and then again by further decay and annihilation.

The man *in time* can have *any* aim, with the exception of a disinterested one (which would at once raise him *above time*). He himself is always like a blind force of destructive Nature. (That is the reason why so many thoroughly "bad" characters in literature and in the theatre are so attractive, in their forceful evil.) He has no ideology. Or rather, his ideology is himself, separated from the divine whole—i.e., it is the disintegration of the whole (of the universe) for the benefit of himself, and, ultimately, the destruction of himself also, although he does not *know* it or does not care. And that is the case in every instance. But under certain conditions, when his action takes, in human history, the permanent importance that a great geological cataclysm has in the history of the earth, then, as I said, the man *in time* disappears from our sight, and in his place—but still bearing his features—appears, in all His dramatic majesty, Mahakala, the eternal Destroyer. It is Him Whom we adore in the great lightning individuals such as Genghis Khan—Him; not them. They are only the clay images inhabited by Him

for a few brief years. And just as the clay image hides and suggests the invisible god or goddess—power everlasting—so does their selfishness both hide and reveal the impersonal purposefulness of life; the destructive phase of the divine play, in which already lies the promise of the new dawn to come.

And just as volcanic convulsions or invading sea tides prepare, in the course of centuries, a new growth, in a reshaped physical universe, so do the great men *in time* bring us nearer the liberating end and thereby prepare the way for the next glorious beginning. "Scourges of God," in a way, they are also blessings in disguise. Far better their frank, brutal destructiveness for selfish ends than the silly patchwork of the ordinary, well-meaning people who try to "do good" in this fallen world, without having the courage to strike and burn and tear; who have only "constructive" schemes—all useless! For destruction and creation are forever linked. That is why we adore the lightning as well as the sun, and are overwhelmed by a feeling of sacred awe at the thought of the grand-scale exterminators *without* ideologies, human likenesses of great Mahakala.

But there are also men *outside time* or rather *above time*; men who live, here and now, in eternity; who (directly at least) have no part to play in the downward rush of history toward disintegration and death, but who behold it from above—as one beholds, from a strong and safe bridge, the irresistible rush of a waterfall into the abyss—and who have repudiated the law of violence which is the law of time.

Of such men, most live a very special life, away from the world; a life of which the whole inner discipline, spiritual, moral, and physical, is systematically devised to keep them in constant union with the great reality beyond time: the thing that *is*, as opposed to the thing that *seems*. They are the real ascetics (in the etymological sense of the word: those who have *trained* themselves to live in eternity). Others—far rarer—live in eternity without a particular training, even while living, outwardly, the life of the world; while being husbands and wives, parents and educators of children, manual or intellectual laborers, citizens, soldiers, or rulers.

Of those who live *outside* or *above time*, some are saviors. Others just let things and people go their way, feeling that they are not called to intervene in anyone's destiny and knowing that, in the course of centuries, all souls that care to be saved will, anyhow, evolve toward the timeless life of the saints. The distinction between these two types of liberated people corresponds, in Buddhist terminology, to that between the *Boddhisatwas* and the *Arhats*. Both these are free beings, outside the law of birth and rebirth—the bondage of time. But, while the *Arhat* remains completely aloof from the fallen world, the *Boddhisatwa* is born over and over again, of his own free will, in order to help living creatures to work themselves out of the ocean of life within time.

But the salvation which the men *above time* offer the world is always that which consists in breaking the time bondage. It is *never* that which would find its expression in collective life on earth in accordance with Golden Age ideals. It is the salvation of the individual soul, never that of organized society.

It is true that some—though extremely few—men, of those whom we have characterized as *above time*, have been (or have tried to be) reformers in the worldly sense, by nonviolent means. But none of them were saviors of society, really speaking. The saviors in the worldly sense of the word—those who set out to perfect not merely men's souls but men's collective life and government and international relations—are what we call men *against time*. And *they* are necessarily violent, although not always physically so. They may be—in fact, they should be—personally free from the bondage of time, if they are to act with the maximum of foresight and efficiency. But they have to take into consideration the conditions of action *within time*; to live *in time*, also, in a way. The others—the men *above time* who appear to have been reformers—have not really tried to remold the world according to their understanding of eternal truth (otherwise, they would not have remained nonviolent). What they did was to live *in* the world their own timeless philosophy. And to the extent that they occupied a position of importance—like that most remarkable of them all, Akhnaton, King of Egypt, who was in his days the most powerful man on earth—their lives could not but have a repercussion upon those of their contemporaries.

It might seem strange that the founder of a state religion—for the cult of the "Heat and Light within the Disk" *was* that, undoubtedly—should not be counted among the saviors of the world, but rather among those extremely rare men *above time* who have lived the life of this earth while stubbornly remaining foreign to this earth's grim realities. But appearances are deceptive. And we shall see, further on, in examining the nature of the much misunderstood Cult of the Disk and the life of King Akhnaton, its promoter, that this view is the right one.

The most distinctive trait of the men *outside* or

above time, as opposed to those who live *in time* or *against time,* is perhaps their consistent refusal to use violence even in order to forward the most righteous cause. Not that they are at all squeamish about violence, like the weaklings, neither good nor bad, who compose ninety percent of mankind at our epoch. *Their* action, like that of the sun, lies essentially in their personal radiation of power, beauty, and goodness. What they do is, of course, the integral reflection of what they are, nothing more; nothing different; nothing which is foreign to them, for they are fully conscious of their being. And if they have any substantial influence at all, it is, like that of the sun, an influence from above and from afar, characterized by its absolute impartiality, its indiscriminate and impersonal goodness. They do nothing to compel others—nothing, at least, beyond certain limits, even if they live *in* the world. They know they cannot force the evolution of things, nor suppress the part played by time in the lives of those who are still submitted to its iron law. Again, like the sun, they shine. If the seed is alive, it will ripen sooner or later, never mind when. Violence would only help to produce an artificial growth. And if the seed be dead? Let it be! There are new seeds; new creations, forever and ever. The people who live in eternity can wait.

We have said: those who remain *above time* do not resort to violence. This does not mean that all men who abstain from violence are necessarily liberated souls, living *above time.* First, an immense number of cowards are nonviolent for fear of taking risks. And they are anything but free from the bondage of time. Then, that which one often takes for nonviolence—that which actually goes under that name—is, in reality, but a subtler form of violence: pressure upon other people's feelings, more oppressive and—when one knows, in each case, what feelings to appeal to—many a time more effective than pressure upon their bodies. The late Mahatma Gandhi's much admired "nonviolence" was of that type: moral violence; not: "Do this, or else I kill you!" but: "Do this, or else I kill myself! . . . *knowing* that you hold my life as indispensable." It may look "nobler." In fact, it is just the same—apart from the difference in the technique of pressure. It is (rather, *less* noble because, precisely on account of that subtler technique, it leads people to believe that it is not violence, and therefore contains an element of deceit, an inherent falsehood, from which ordinary violence is free.

Mahatma Gandhi was by no means what we have tried to define as a man *above time.* He was what we shall call a man *against time,* aiming *now*—far too late or . . . a little too soon—at the establishment of a tangible order of justice (*ram raj*) on this earth. But, inasmuch as it lacks the frankness of brutal force, his so-called "nonviolence"— moral violence—is characteristic of our epoch of dishonesty (however honest and sincere *he* might have been himself). It is, perhaps, the first instance in history of a disguised form of violence applied, on a broad scale, in a struggle for a good purpose. Its popularity in India can partly be credited to the fact that it was, or seemed to be, the only practical weapon in the hands of a totally disarmed and, to a great extent, naturally apathetic people. But it enjoyed abroad, also, a tremendous publicity, quite out of proportion with its real value (and the late Mahatma Gandhi's tremendous reputation of "holiness" is no less out of proportion with his real place among the great men of India). The foreigners who have done the most to popularize it are people typical of our degenerate age: people who recoil at the mere thought of any healthy and frank display of force, but who cannot even detect moral violence; men and women (especially women) of the Western Democracies, the most hypocritical half of the world. It appealed to them precisely to the extent that it was violence *in disguise.* Even English people (some of whom had lived in India; some of whom had even occupied a high position within the ranks of British colonial officialdom) could not help admiring it. It was not that hated, brutal force which other great men *against time* had used in the course of history (or were using at our epoch) to bring about an age of justice. Oh, no!

But it surely was not, either, the nonviolence of the men *above time* who, if they cared at all to take an occasional stand against the unavoidable fall of mankind, would either use no real pressure at all to enforce their good laws—and fail, from a worldly point of view, as King Akhnaton did—or else, exert *against time* any amount of violence that might be necessary, in the spirit of the god who speaks, in the *Bhagavad-Gita,* to the fighter for a just cause.

Exiles of the Golden Age in our age of gloom, the men *above time,* either live entirely within their own inner world, or else live and act in this one also, but as though it were still in its Golden Age. They either renounce this world or ignore it—or, better, forget it, as a man forgets the scars of sin and sickness upon a once beautiful face, which he still loves, in spite of all. They see the everlasting and unchangeable behind the downward rush of the stream of time; the thing that *is,* behind the thing that *seems.* Even when they live in the world of forms, colors, and sounds as earn-

estly and intensely as King Akhnaton—that supreme artist—did, still those impressions take on, for them, a meaning entirely different from that which they retain in the consciousness of people submitted to the bondage of time. Men *above time* enjoy with detachment, as people who know they will never die. They also suffer with detachment, being constantly aware of their blissful, real self, which is beyond pleasure and pain.

And the fallen world can never understand them, i.e., know them, any more than *they* can understand the fall of man, in which they have no part, as others, who share it, can and do. And yet, untiringly—like the sun, far away and omnipresent—they shed their light; that light which is, in our growing gloom, like a glimpse of all the past and future dawns.

But, as we have said, there are also people with a Golden Age outlook—fully aware of what a splendid place this world *could be,* materially and otherwise—who can, however, neither renounce life as it is nor ignore it; people who, in addition to that, are endowed with what the Hindus would call a *Kshatriya* nature: born fighters, for whom difficulties exist only to be overcome, and for whom the impossible has a strange fascination. These are the men *against time*—absolutely sincere, selfless idealists, believers in those eternal values that the fallen world has rejected, and ready, in order to reassert them on the material plane, to resort to any means within their reach.

Men *outside time* or *above time,* at the most saviors of *souls,* have, more often than not, disciples who are definitely men *against time.* (Sometimes even men *in time*; but we do not speak of these, for they are mere exploiters of religions or ideologies for selfish ends, not sincere disciples of saints.) The true disciples — and, in some rare instances, the masters themselves—who are *against time,* thorough organizers, unscrupulous propagandists, and ruthless fighters, are the actual founders of most of, if not all, the great churches of the world, even when the religions preached by those churches are doctrines originally *above time,* as they generally are. And this is unavoidable inasmuch as a church is always, or nearly always, not only itself a material organization, but an organization which aims at regulating the lives of thousands, when not millions, of people *in* this world—*in time.* Apparently, the one exception to that law is Buddhism, the only important, international religion which has conquered over half a mighty continent without the help of men *against time* and without the use of violence; the one in the name of which persecution of other faiths was never carried on but twice in the whole course of history—and that, by men *in time,* and for reasons decidedly political, not religious.[4] But then, we must remember that this creed is, more than any other, dominated by the yearning to escape the bondage of time, and that it is, in fact, not intended at all for life *in time.* A person who accepts its postulates cannot possibly think of a better world, except if it be *outside* or *above time.* But, as a result of this, there is perhaps a more shocking disparity between the high ideals of the religion and the life of the faithful in Buddhist countries than anywhere else. The religions that have spread and maintained themselves partly through violence, have had, in spite of many shortcomings, and of less high moral standards, a greater practical influence upon the lives of their followers as a whole, strange as this may appear.

One does not always realize this clearly enough, when one criticizes the great, active disciples for being inconsistent with the spirit of their contemplative masters. One does not realize that, without the ruthless passion of those men, the organizations that have, one must admit, kept to some extent the spirit alive, would just not exist, in many places where they still flourish, and that many "spiritual treasures," that one values so much, would be lost to the world. *If* one really values those treasures, one should not find fault with the men *against time* or, more often than not, *in time,* who recoiled from nothing so that they might be put, and kept, within man's reach. Without the brutal methods of Charlemagne, the Saxon slayer, so obviously anything but Christlike, the Germans would perhaps, to this day, have remained attached to their old gods; so would have the Norwegians, without the drastic sort of evangelization imposed upon them by King Olaf Tryggvesson. Without the equally sincere, equally fanatical, and even more brutal activities of many men *against* or *in time,* in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, half Goa, and the whole of Mexico and Peru would probably not be, today, professing the Christian faith. Christianity owes a lot to men *against time*—and perhaps still more to men *in time.*

We, who are not Christians, may—and do—deplore it. We are aware of the fact that many

[4]Once in Central Asia, in the early thirteenth century, by the *Gurkhan* of the Kara-Khitai, against both Islam and Nestorian Christianity, and another time, in seventeenth-century Japan, by the first Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty: Iyeyasu, Hidetada, and Iyemitsu against Christianity.

spiritual treasures other than those contained in the Gospels—the truths contained in the old European paganism, or long preserved in the solar cults of Central and South America; treasures of which, today, one knows much too little—were lost to the world precisely through the impersonal zeal of religious-minded men, by nature *against time* (or through the wanton destructiveness of men *in time*) such as those we have mentioned. But we believe that, wherever such losses were suffered, there was something wrong not with the forgotten truth (which is eternal) but with the people who should have managed to stand for it against the new and hostile doctrine; we believe, in fact, that there were not enough men *against time* among *those* people—not enough persons in whose eyes the now lost teachings were, then, sufficiently alive to be made a basis for the organization of human society against the growing current of decay; not enough who, in order to defend them on those grounds, were prepared to be as ruthless and as perseverant as the Christians were in order to destroy them.

For no *organization* can live *outside time—above time*—and hope to bring men back, one day, to the knowledge of the eternal values. *That,* all men *above time* have realized. In order to establish, or even to try to establish, here and now, a better order, in accordance with truth everlasting, one *has* to live, outwardly at least, like those who are still *in time*; like them, one *has to be* violent, merciless, destructive—but for different ends. Therein lies the tragedy of bringing into reality any dream of perfection. And the more perfect the dream—the further away from the conditions of success in this fallen world—the more ruthless must necessarily be the methods of those who sincerely wish to impose it upon men, too late or . . . too early.

Knowing this, the real men *above time* are the first ones to understand and to appreciate the wholehearted efforts of their disciples *against time,* however "awful" these might appear to ordinary people, neither good nor bad. The Christ, in Dostoevski's famous page, says nothing. What could he say? There is nothing to be said which the leader of the militant church could understand. To the Inquisitor, the Christ will always remain a mystery. But the Christ understands the Inquisitor and values his love. Before leaving the prison cell—and the world of time—*he kisses him.*

As we have pointed out above, no man *outside time* can enjoy any real influence upon human society unless he has such disciples, *or* unless he is himself prepared to become a man *against time.* For it is a fact that one can be both *above time* in one's personal outlook and *against time* in one's activity in the world. All the really great creative men *against time* possess these two aspects: they are men of vision aware of timeless truths; but they are, also, men who have been stirred to the depth by the glaring contrast between the ideal world, built according to those truths, and the actual world in which they live; men who, after what they have seen and experienced, can neither remain any longer cut off from time, in their own inner paradise, nor act in life as though all were well, but who must devote their whole life and energy to the reshaping of tangible reality on the model of their vision of truth. One such man is the warrior-like Prophet Mohammed, who dreamed a world theocracy and succeeded in founding a great civilization, lasting to this day. Another one—whose unparalleled greatness is yet unrecognized, because his followers lost a war instead of winning it—is the tragic and beautiful figure that dominates the history of the West in our own times: Adolf Hitler.

I have compared men *in time* to the lightning, and men *outside time* to the sun. Using the same metaphorical language, one can say that men *against time* partake both of the sun *and* of the lightning, inasmuch as they are truly inspired by Golden Age ideals, rooted in timeless truth, and as—precisely in order to be able to stand for such ideals on the material plane, in the age of gloom, against the current of time—they are compelled to display all the practical qualities of the men *in time*; inasmuch as the only difference between them and the latter lies *not* in their methods (which are the same, and cannot but be so) but in their selfless, impersonal ends. They serve those ends with merciless realism but, to the extent they are *above time* also, with the detachment preached to the warrior in the *Bhagavad-Gita.*

Men *against time* succeed, and are recognized and exalted by millions, permanently, inasmuch as they, or their followers, abandon their spirit and work decidedly *in time,* compromising with the forces of death; in other words, inasmuch as they have in them—like the Prophet Mohammed—more lightning than sun. Otherwise, they are defeated by the agents of the dark forces, broken in their might by the downward rush of history, which they are unable to stem. And such a fate awaits, always, those who are too magnanimous, too trusting, too good; those who put too much confidence both in foreigners and in their own people; those who do not purge their following often enough and thoroughly enough; who love their people too much to suspect ingratitude or actual treachery where it lies; who are not mer-

ciless enough, and sometimes spare their fleeing enemies; in one word, those who, like Adolf Hitler, have, in their psychological makeup, too much sun and not enough lightning.

And as we have said, destruction and creation are inseparable. Even the most destructive men *in time* are creative in their way. Men *above time* are also destructive in their way—indirectly, as the former are creative. Men *against time* are actively, consciously, *willingly* both creative and destructive—like Lord Shiva Himself: the divine principle behind all change; the Destroyer, Who again and again creates; and like Vishnu, the Preserver, Who, once at least in every time cycle, comes as Kalki, to destroy completely. In them, the cosmos is forever seeking its principle, against the irresistible law of time, which steadily draws it away from it, from the beginning to the end of every successive material manifestation in time.

II

Some eight hundred years ago, in the country east of Lake Baikal, along the border of the River Onon, a man of the Merkit tribe was taking home his pretty, newly wedded bride, a girl of the Olhonod clan, round-faced, slit-eyed, and dark-haired, adorned with heavy silver jewelry and beads of bright blue turquoise. The girl was called Hoelun. She did not know herself what an exceptionally strong, masterful woman she was, nor what a staggering destiny awaited her. She did not know that the "dwellers in felt tents"—the men of the steppes—were to praise her name for all time as the mother and grandmother of conquerors: the ancestress of dynasties. She merely knew that she was following her husband, for whom she was to work and bear sons, like any other wife. And she was happy. In her complete ignorance of immediate distress and ultimate glories, she smiled to the sweet present. She watched the reflection of the sun in the rapid waters of the river, or played with the blue beads of her necklace.

But suddenly her blood went cold. She saw three men on horseback ride toward her, and she at once understood their purpose. She knew that her one man could not overcome three, and she herself urged him to flee and save at least his own life. She would be lost to him anyhow. So the Merkit fled. The three men galloped nearer and nearer until they reached the girl, seized her, and dragged her off. As they carried her away, she wept and lamented. But along the borders of the Onon and from the endless grasslands over which her ravishers rode with her, no answer came to her cries. The bright sky shone above, and the wind swept the green immensity all round her. One of the three men roughly told Hoelun to stop lamenting. "Though thou shouldst weep, thy husband will not turn his head. Seek his traces, thou shalt not find them. Stop thy cries, then, and cease to weep!"[5]

And on they went—the three brothers on horseback and the sullen girl in her *kibitka*, drawn by one of the horses—until the day faded over the grasslands without end and the ragged rocks here and there and the burning dust of the barrens; until the hills in the West grew dark against the fiery background of the sky, and the dry air became suddenly cold. The men talked little. A flight of wild birds crossed the sky far above their heads, and they watched it pass with sharp, hunters' eyes. The wheels of the *kibitka* creaked at regular intervals. Hoelun had ceased weeping. And she did not speak. Resigned—for there was nothing she could do—she was already beginning to adjust herself to the circumstances that were to mold her life. Unknowingly she was preparing to make the best of them, as the wise girl she was. The creaking wheels were carrying her nearer and nearer to the tents of the Yakka Mongols, amid whom she was to fulfill her glorious destiny. The silent and robust young man riding the horse that drew her *kibitka* was the chieftain of his tribe. His name was Yesugei.

She watched his darkening silhouette that moved before her, above that of the horse.

The sun had set when, at last, they reached the young man's *ordu*. There were not as many *yurts* as she had expected. This was a poor *ordu*. Yet, it was her new home now. Not the one her father had planned to give her, but the one the kings of the invisible world—the spirits of the Eternal Blue Sky, who rule all things visible—were giving her because such was their pleasure and the world's destiny.

She looked at the strange faces of the new, strange place with childish curiosity mingled with

[5]Ralph Fox, *Genghis Khan* (New York, 1936), p. 56.

apprehension and the vague feeling of something momentous. She was being driven. Toward what? For a second, she recalled the familiar countenance of the young Merkit warrior to whom she had been wedded, and she was sad. Joyful shouts were already greeting the return of the chieftain Yesugei and of his two brothers, who had dismounted. Women were gathering round her *kibitka* to have a look at her. And, as many were commenting upon her fair appearance, she felt pleased.

She was given to Yesugei, and there was a feast at the camp that night. The warriors ate and drank a lot, and minstrels sang. Hoelun's new life had begun. She was assigned a *yurt* of her own, and serving women. And Yesugei now spent his nights in that *yurt*.

She neither lusted after him nor loved him as she had the young husband for the loss of whom she had wept. But she knew that it was her fate to be his wife—to bear sons to the strong man who had stolen her away from the one who had fled. And she submitted to her fate. She worked for Yesugei by day—cooking his food, making felt, dressing skins, and splitting cords from sinews. And at night, when he came to her, she hid her fear of him and her reluctance. She submitted to his passion as the cool, passive, ageless earth submits to the fury of the devastating and fertilizing thunderstorm, and she kept her feelings to herself. He was drawn to her by a direct and elemental force like that which gathers together the heavy, restless clouds and looses rain upon the earth, a force that was beyond him and beyond her and beyond all men, and that merely used their bodies in order to fulfill the inexorable, hidden logic of evolving history: the superhuman command of destiny.

During one of those nights, the spark of life was kindled in her womb. And she conceived the son who was to render her name and that of Yesugei immortal; the child of lust and violence and of divine, irresistible purpose; the future Genghis Khan. But Hoelun did not know it. Nor did Yesugei. No man knows what he is doing when he soothes the fire of his loins in a woman's belly.

In the camp of the Yakka Mongols and in the wide world outside the camp, everything was—or seemed—the same as on any other night. The bitter wind howled over the barrens, and the River Onon rushed on to mingle its waters with those of the Ingoda and, finally, those of the mighty River Amur. Now and then the howling of a jackal or of a wolf could be heard within the howling of the wind. But, although no one noticed it, the position of the stars in the resplendent heavens was an unusual one, full of meaning.

And while Hoelun busied herself with the monotonous everyday tasks of life—while she tended her new husband's *yurt* and cooked his food or slept at his side—the child of destiny took shape within her body. He was born in the year of the Hare, according to the Calendar of the Twelve Beasts—the year 1157 of the Christian era—clutching a clot of blood within his right hand.

"He came into the world with little else except the strong instinct to survive," writes a modern historian[6] about Temujin, son of Yesugei: the child who was to become Genghis Khan. And this is not merely a true statement concerning the baby; it is the key to the man's whole life, the explanation—if there be any—of the conqueror's extraordinary career. There is no impersonal inspiration, no disinterested love behind Temujin's long, stubborn struggle against tremendous, hostile forces—a struggle that any onlooker would have judged hopeless at the time. There is no "ideology" of any sort behind his battles, and behind the iron discipline—the *order*—which he imposed upon the peoples of fifty subdued kingdoms. There is only a patient, methodical, overwhelming will—the will to survive—assisted by clear intelligence and unfailing knowledge of men, or rather by an unfailing instinct, clearer, surer, and more powerful than that which we generally call intelligence: a mysterious but absolute knowledge of all that was (or could be made) *useful* to him, and a constant readiness to act in accordance with what he knew. Certainly these were admirable qualities, which would raise any man far above all other men and which did not fail to set Temujin aside as *the* greatest conqueror and one of the greatest men of all time. But they were means to an end. And the end was first to keep Temujin alive and then to make him and his family secure. The vision that was to fill the consciousness of the great warrior more and more compellingly as time and victory increased his power beyond all limits was neither the salvation of the world for its own sake, nor its destruction, but the organization of the world for *his* own benefit and that of the *Altyn Uruk*—the "Golden Family"—*his* family; for the survival of himself and of his power in his sons and grandsons, clad in luxury and seated upon thrones.

Moreover, Temujin—Genghis Khan—is, as far as I know, the first man in history to have shaken

[6]Harold Lamb, *The March of the Barbarians* (New York, 1941), p. 41.

two continents while prompted by such a simple, eminently practical aim. There was no vanity in him, as in many a lesser conqueror; no lust for dramatic effects—although his career be, no doubt, one of the most splendid living dramas ever staged upon this earth. And, despite the "pyramids of skulls" and other such grim realities connected with his name, no superfluous cruelty either; no cruelty out of impulse as occasionally in Alexander the Great; and no cold-blooded, yet purposeless cruelty for the sheer pleasure of it, as in Assurnasirpal, King of Assyria.[7] He was too strong—and too practical—to be impressed by the by-products of power. He knew what he wanted and patiently made himself ready. And when ready, he struck straight at his aim with the irresistibility—and the divine indifference—of lightning. He is perhaps the first historic figure embodying *to the full* that which I have called in the first part of this book the power of lightning—the power of time in its merciless onward rush. His destructiveness was the passionless destructiveness of Mahakala, all-devouring Time. And his aims, so personal, so precise and practical, were but the pretext used by the everlasting forces of disintegration to quicken the march of mankind toward its doom. No one has indeed deserved more than he the title of "Scourge of God," given him in fear by whole, crumbling civilizations. But that "God" was, in reality, not the man-loving God of the Christian and Muslim chroniclers, but the impersonal, creative-destructive Power immanent in all growth, in all life. The "scourge" came from within, not from without. Genghis Khan was an instance, not a punishment. For his attitude to the living world, manifested on the broadest possible scale, his merciless, self-centered claims, were but those of every man in a decaying humanity in which all activity has become more and more self-centered — provided every man had the sincerity, the courage, and the strength to admit that, in his eyes, nothing matters but himself, and to carry on that attitude to its logical conclusion. It was the attitude of a doomed humanity, but completely devoid of that monstrous hypocrisy which makes a doomed humanity so repulsive.

And it is that harsh frankness of purpose, along with his almost miraculous achievements on the plane of physical reality, that gives Genghis Khan that sombre, godlike grandeur in comparison with which the glory of so many men of fame, of so many men of war, appears feeble—all too human.

[7]884-859 B.C.

We get a glimpse—but just a glimpse—of his person in his very early years in the words Dai Sechen, the shrewd old father of Bortei the Fair, addressed Yesugei as he met him riding with the boy toward the camp of the Olhonod (Hoelun's clan) in search of a bride for him: "Shining eyes and a bright face has thy son . . . ,"[8] and in the much less flattering last words of Yesugei himself to Dai Sechen as, after the betrothal, he left the future "Emperor of All Men" to his care, according to an old custom: "My son is afraid of dogs. Do not let dogs frighten him . . ."[9] As far as we know, there was in Temujin nothing that foreshadowed a conqueror, apart from his latent capabilities and his horoscope—his nature, which circumstances would reveal, and his destiny. Even in later years, when chroniclers of East and West started recording his world-shaking deeds, none was to dig out of the great warrior's remote childhood any significant episode, sign of irresistible might-to-be, as others had once, for instance, pictured nine-year-old Hannibal swearing everlasting hatred of Rome before the altar of his grim gods. And, which is more, if one possesses any of that particular historical intuition that puts one, so to say, in direct touch with the great men of the past, one feels that, had Temujin remembered such an episode from his boyhood, he never would have referred to it in following years. As I said before, he was more interested in his precise purpose than in the exaltation of himself: in solid power than in glory. There was not a trace of conceit in him. Action alone—victory alone—mattered in his eyes, not the long genealogy of victory. *That* was to be *lived*; the resplendent result alone, to be recorded. Personal, latent capabilities mattered only when they ceased being latent.

But destiny was soon to begin forging its instrument. A few days after Temujin's betrothal to Bortei, Yesugei was dead—poisoned on his homeward journey by some Tatar chieftain whose treacherous hospitality he had enjoyed for a night. Temujin was sent for. He came back at once, only to find that his father's followers had deserted the *ordu*, that his mother had been refused admission to the tribal sacrifices by the shaman, and had been expelled with her children, with ignominy, by the other women of the clan.

An outcast woman and her children—four sons and a daughter—and two other boys, sons of Yesugei by another wife, and an old slave, left to fend for themselves by the River Onon while the

[8]Fox, *op. cit.*, p. 57.
[9]*Ibid.*, p. 59.

many tents and flocks moved on toward the summer pastures under the guidance of new *khans*. That was all that remained of Yesugei's *ordu*; that was all Temujin's inheritance—that *and* his indomitable will: the will to survive; the will to endure; the will to win a place for himself among the merciless men who had thrown him aside like a useless burden. A place among them? No, but *at the head of them,* for he was their *khan*—the will to hold his own in the merciless world that belonged, belongs, and always shall belong to the single-minded, the cunning, and the strong.

He was a mere boy in his early teens. He knew not how to read or write—nor was he ever to know. But he possessed that superhuman will, and he knew what he wanted—first to live, and then to live well: to acquire power for himself and for his family and plenty for his people; to put himself in his place in the world as a *khan* by divine birthright.

Already at that early age Temujin seems to have known no scruples and no pity. Apparently —like all naturally single-minded people, from the absolutely selfless idealists, men *against time* as I have called them, down to people such as himself, with no ideology and no idealism whatsoever, but just a precise, self-centered, and unwavering purpose— he classified the rest of mankind under three well-defined categories: the useful, the useless (but harmless), and the dangerous. In his case this meant the useful *to him,* the useless as far as *he* was concerned, and the dangerous to *him*—those who stood in his way. His brother Kasar, strong and skilled with the bow and full of an almost doglike devotion to him, was eminently useful and was to remain so all his life. But Bektor, his half brother, although he had not his cunning, was stronger than he and often robbed him of the best part of his hunt. Temujin decided in his heart that he was dangerous. And one day, taking Kasar with him to help him if need be, he walked to the place where Bektor, unprepared and suspecting nothing, stood peacefully herding the few horses that the family possessed, and he killed him straightaway with an arrow.

He does not seem actually to have hated him. In cold blood, he just removed one of the first obstacles from his path. And when the unfortunate lad, dying, begged him not to harm or desert Belgutei, the other son of Yesugei by the same mother, he readily promised that he would not. And he kept his word—without difficulty. For Belgutei was not dangerous. (He even proved useful in later life.)

Such an episode shows already, in the lad Temujin. the remorseless ruthlessness of the future Genghis Khan. But, however important it might have appeared to him in the heat of his anger, the issue was not worth the deed. The eldest son of Yesugei had better things to think of. And the wise widow Hoelun—a woman not merely of courage, but of vision also — reminded him of the greater issue, of the *one* issue worthy of all his strength, watchfulness, and cunning at that stage of his life: vengeance upon his foes; the reassertion of his rights; his rise from the status of an outcast to that of a chief once more. She reminded him and his brothers of their absolute isolation in the midst of a hostile world, and of the compelling struggle constantly before them—the struggle that should make them forget all pettiness, all jealousy and hatred among themselves.

Hoelun also told him of his ancestors, the *Borjigin,* the blue-eyed heroes, sons of the legendary Blue Wolf. "Their voices," said she, "rolled as thunder in the mountains; their hands were as strong as bears' paws—breaking men in two as easily as arrows. In winter nights, they slept naked by a fire of mighty trees, and they felt the sparks and embers that fell upon them no more than insect bites."[10]

And the lad listened with elation to those ancient tales in the evenings by the fire of his mother's *yurt,* while the bitter wind—that same wind that stirred the steppe with aimless fury on the night he was conceived—howled in the nearby birch forests and over the grassy expanses, endlessly. And the howling of the wind sounded like the unearthly lament of ten thousand hungry hounds; like the persistent call of ghostly trumpets; like the cry of dying men and horses upon a battlefield as broad as the world. Terrible presences from the superhuman sphere—*kelets*: spirits of the Everlasting Blue Sky, whom even the bravest dread, for one cannot fight that which one cannot see—filled the freezing, starry night. But Temujin was not afraid. In those moments of pride and elation, his deep instinct told him that the *kelets* of the sky never would do any harm to him; on the contrary, that they would help in whatever he would undertake; that he was their Chosen One for some great work of power, of which he knew nothing yet. He felt within himself their frightful, impersonal irresistibility. But he was no dreamer. And when the morning came he put that might, stirred in him by the voice of his racial past and by the voice of the unseen, to the service of the one aim which he understood and pursued as worth its while: his own survival; his own victory over hunger, poverty, and hu-

[10]Lamb, *loc. cit.*

filiation; over the difficulties of his everyday life as an outcast, keeping in mind all the time that the first condition of security for him was the annihilation of his father's kinsmen who had robbed him of his *ordu*. For, young as he was, he already knew that he was to spare no man who stood in his way.

His mother's tales of the half-mythical *Borjigin* only stimulated in him the natural self-confidence which is the privilege of the strong. He too had blue eyes, like those ancestors who, visualized through Hoelun's poetic speech, appeared as demigods. And his thick hair had the color of fire. He too was a son of the Blue Wolf. He set himself to his day-to-day task: the hunt for food and the watch against constant, lurking danger—with increasing determination to snatch the best out of every circumstance, turning even the greatest setbacks to advantage.

And so he grew in years, in strength, in skill, in self-possession. And the irresistible appeal of his personality grew with him. Indeed, from these early days of his life as an outcast, he seems to have developed his ability to bind to his service, forever, the very best among all those who came in touch with him. And, as in all men predestined to stir multitudes into organized action, the appeal of his personality was the almighty appeal of natural leadership, which leaves none unmoved, save of course those whom jealousy and envy of the born leader have rendered stubborn in their hatred of him, and . . . the congenital idiots.

Constant danger quickened his instinct, sharpened his wits. Repeated reverses stimulated his determination to overcome whatever might have caused them, multiplied his resourcefulness, roused his genius. And the field of his struggle broadened as years passed and was to broaden throughout his life until it reached gigantic proportions. But his aim always remained the same: *his own survival*; the survival of his family; his revenge for the bitterness and destitution of his early years—the very aim he had when he used to trap and eat marmots and mice, failing better game, and wait for hours in hiding until he could no longer hear in the distance the hoofs of the Taijiut horsemen who had been seeking to kill him.

Temujin was now a hardy, crafty young man with a handful of admiring friends—ready followers—and his first task lay before him, namely the task of winning back his people from the Taijiut chiefs. But he never was rash. He took his time, felt the ground before proceeding, and allowed the patient play of circumstances—his invisible allies—to work for him. However, as soon as his instinct told him that the auspicious moment for a decisive step had come, he acted straightaway.

Just now, he rode once more to the tents of the Olhonod clan to claim Bortei, his betrothed, from old Dai Sechen. The latter, feeling in him a promising young *baghatur* (valiant man), did not hesitate to give her to him, although Temujin was poor and still powerless. But he was far from suspecting that, by doing so, he was making the beautiful young girl immortal. Along with her, he handed over to his son-in-law a black sable coat: her dowry. It was a magnificent gift, and the first treasure the son of Yesugei ever possessed.

He valued it, no doubt, for he loved splendid and precious things. Still, his reaction was neither to remain happy in its ownership, nor to exchange it for gold and silver—other treasures of the same class. There was but one treasure worth struggling for, in Temujin's eyes: a life of freedom and of plenty, which implied—which always implies—a life of power; his birthright; the life of a *khan* of the blood of the Blue Wolf, son and father of *khans*. He presented the sable coat—*all* he had—as a gift to the powerful chief of the Kerait Turks, Togrul Khan, whose numerous tents, some of which were said to be made of cloth of gold, were pitched not far from the Great Wall of Cathay. And he asked him nothing in return . . . save his friendship, i.e., his potential usefulness. The Khan, a crafty old man, whose reputation of riches had even reached faraway Europe,[11] had been pleased to bestow his protection upon some of the smaller chieftans of the steppes, and he had accepted to be Yesugei's *anda* or sworn brother. Temujin turned to him. He needed an ally in his bitter struggle for survival, and this one could prove handy. In a gesture of diplomatic genius, he gave him his all and spoke to him of the old oath and of the son's filial allegiance to the father's patron. Togrul Khan was flattered and felt inclined to help the young *baghatur*, if ever there were need.

Need soon came. The forest Merkit had never forgotten the insult done to them by Yesugei when he had snatched Hoelun away from one of their men. They raided the small camp on the border of the Onon, carried off newly wedded Bortei to avenge upon her the old wrong, and pursued Temujin as long as they could—until he reached Burkan Kaldun, the "mountain of power," and took

[11] A convert to the Nestorian form of Christianity, Togrul Khan was the fabulous "Prester John" of medieval tales.

refuge in the thick woods upon its slopes.

All seemed lost now. All *was* lost, save Hoelun, the grim, warrior-like mother, the prophetess of deadly struggle and merciless revenge, and Temujin himself, with his invincible determination to win back his right to live, and with the seal of destiny set upon him, already before his birth. While the exultant Merkit, shouting and singing and jeering, carried Bortei the Fair and Yesugei's second wife, Belgutei's mother, to their camp; while they feasted and got drunk round the bright campfires until dawn, the future master of Asia slept under the cover of Burkan Kaldun's living mantle, the dark forest. He wasted no energy in grief for his losses nor in anticipated fears for what was likely to befall him. He just slept—leaving the forces of the invisible world to work for him in their mysterious way, since there was nothing else he *could* do. And when morning came—while his enemies slept a drunken sleep — he humbled himself before the unseen and all-pervading power, the power of the Eternal Blue Sky, which the Mongols worshipped.

In a ritual gesture, as a man making submission to an overlord, he took off his cap and hung it upon his waist and unbuckled his leather girdle and hung it round his neck, and thus bowed down nine times before the rising sun, acknowledging his own nothingness in the face of the source of all life and all power. And he poured a libation of *kumys*, mare's milk, and made a promise: "Burkan Kaldun has saved my poor life," said he. "Henceforth I shall make sacrifice here and call on my children and grandchildren to do likewise."

Soon, with the help of Togrul Khan's warriors and of Jamuga Sechen—Jamuga the Wise—who had become his sworn brother, Temujin raided the Merkit camp, bringing back much loot (or what appeared to him as "much loot" at this early stage of his career) and a number of captives who swore allegiance to him. He won back Bortei. But he was never sure whether her firstborn, Juchi—"the Guest"—was his son or that of the man to whom she had been given on that night of shame. However, the boy was sturdy—a future warrior. He would be useful. (In fact, he was one day to conquer and rule the steppes beyond the Caspian Sea.) He was welcome, whosever son he might have been. For Temujin was too intelligent, too practical, not to realize that "healthy children are the most precious possession of a nation." But, unlike the superman who uttered these memorable words on several occasions in our times, he was no idealist. He was only interested in potential warriors inasmuch as their devotion to him, and their efficiency, would help *him* to assert himself as a lord in the steppes, after crushing all his foes. The very power of the Eternal Blue Sky before which he humbled himself—conscious as he was of its awful limitlessness—he regarded as his ally in his struggle for power and plenty, like most primitive men look upon their gods as helpers in the pursuit of personal ends. At the bottom of his heart, he believed in himself alone. He felt as though the forces of the great unseen were the first to come under the spell of his boundless, magic will.

Nothing seems to bring further success more than success itself. Now after this first victory, Temujin witnessed many followers come to him of their own accord to offer him their services. Munlik, to whom Yesugei had once entrusted him as a helpless boy, soon to be an orphan, and who had nevertheless deserted him like the rest of the *ordu*, came back to him with his seven sons, one of whom, named Kokchu, was to win fame as a shaman. Others came too; some from Temujin's own Kiyat clan, some from other clans, some from altogether different tribes: Jebei, Kubilai, great warriors; and the very embodiment of valor, virtue, and military genius, Subodai, destined one day to lead the Mongols across Europe, now a bare youth in his teens, full of passionate devotion to the rising *khan*.

Few men in history have inspired in their followers such absolute loyalty as Temujin. "I shall gather for thee like an old mouse, fly for thee like a jackdaw, cover thee like a horse blanket, and protect thee like a felt in the lee of the wind. So shall I be toward thee,"[12] young Subodai is said to have told him as he joined his nucleus of heroes. And if so, he indeed kept his word to the end. The other paladins, whatever picturesque similies, different from his, they might have used to express their devotion, were equally eager to stand or fall with Temujin in his bitter struggle for survival. They loved him, not for the sake of any great idea behind him—there *was* none—but for himself; for the magnetic appeal of his person and personality; for the complete satisfaction which he gave, in them, to the natural need of man to be led by a real leader and to worship a living god. He was a leader, if ever there has been one. And he was a god in the sense that, even before his staggering victories, even in the depth of the forest where he hid upon the slopes of Burkan Kaldun at a hair's breadth from destruction, he had in him all the qualifications that were to give him in years to come the empire of Asia. The forces of the invisible had actually set him apart, above

[12]Fox, *op, cit.*, p. 76.

other men, and associated him with their power.

I repeat: there was no ideology behind any of his undertakings. Even the great dream of Mongol unity, which was soon to take shape within his consciousness, if it had not already done so by now, was not the dream of an idealist. In its materialization Temujin merely saw a preliminary condition of his own survival and security. It was for *his* survival and *his* security that his paladins fought. Also for the loot that they would share with him, naturally—and they knew that he was generous and that he never broke the promises he made to his friends—but, first of all, for him; for the sheer pleasure of fighting at his side.

Few men in history have understood—felt—as keenly as Temujin the eternal meaning of war, that vital function of healthy mankind (so long, at least, as man lives *in time*) as natural as eating or mating. Few have pointed out as clearly as he that destructiveness without hate—such as that of the hunter—can never replace the intoxication of victory over human enemies whom one does hate. His companions, whom he had once asked what they considered to be man's greatest joy, had replied as simple barbarians would, describing to him the pleasures of the chase. But the future Scourge of God said: "No, ye have not answered well." And he gave them *his* conception of happiness in a few typical sentences: "The pleasure and joy of man," said he, "lies in treading over the rebel and conquering the enemy; in tearing him up by the root; in taking from him all that he has; in making his servants wail, so that their tears flow from eyes and nose; in riding pleasantly upon his well-fed geldings; in making one's bed a litter upon the belly and navel of his wives, in loving their rosy cheeks and kissing and sucking their scarlet lips."[13]

Not that he was not always ready to strike, even without the feeling of aggressive hostility—lust of vengeance, or mere hatred of opposition—at those whom he regarded as obstacles. That, he surely was, as one can clearly see in every act of his career, from the casual murder of Bektor in his childhood to the systematic wiping out of all the useless (or those whom the Mongols considered as such) among the population of conquered cities, years and years later. Expediency, of course, always came first with him, the ultimate incentive of all his actions being his reckless determination to survive and succeed. But his emotional incentive, whenever he had one also, was always the pleasure of breaking down whomever and whatever prevented his own expansion; whomever stood in the way of his fullest possible self-assertion: whomever threatened his person, his security, his hold upon things: the rebel; the rival; the *enemy*. It is the everlasting incentive of all men of action—warriors *and* others—who live entirely *in time*. But only the best ones among them—those who are, like Temujin, free from hypocrisy—have the sincerity to admit it to themselves, let alone to tell it to others as plainly as he did. Of such ones, the son of Yesugei is perhaps the first one to have made history on a continent-wide scale (the first, at any rate, about whom enough is known to enable us to trace his psychology to a certain extent). That is why we find that frankness in him. Of the other great, self-centered destroyers *after* him, hardly any is without a notable amount of hypocrisy in his makeup. And that amount increases—as it is to be expected—as we get nearer our own times, while in Temujin—the lightning man *par excellence*, as I have called him—there is not pretense.

He did not remain idle after his victory over the Merkit. The powerful Taijiut chiefs, still in possession of the greatest part of his father's *ordu*, viewed his alliance with Togrul Khan with suspicion and his first victory with resentment. This son of Yesugei was surely a *baghatur* full of possibilities. They hated him all the more for it and regretted they had not killed him years before, when he had been a helpless captive in their hands. Now he knew of their hatred—his mother had been reminding him of it all his life—and he knew that he would never survive unless they were destroyed. And he waged war upon them at the first opportunity.

The Taijiut were a numerous tribe, and Targutai-Kiriltuk and Todoyan-Girte, the chiefs, were fierce warriors. Yet, in the end, Temujin's nucleus of an army, in which he was already beginning to enforce that iron discipline that was to make the Mongols invincible, beat them in a major battle in which Targutai was slain. Todoyan-Girte, captured, was also put to death. The future conqueror was never to allow an unreconcilable enemy to live. But a number of minor chiefs who submitted and swore allegiance to him were spared, along with the bulk of their tribes, the able-bodied men soon being incorporated into the all-powerful military machine that was taking shape in the Mongol's hands: the *horde*. Temujin could, no doubt, inflict suffering. Traitors to him, when found out, were condemned to death by torture. To such a death he had also, after his victory over the Merkit, condemned the man who had raped Bortei. But this he did with a view to strike terror into

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 88.

the hearts of potential enemies. Otherwise he was too practical to indulge in cruelty for its own sake. He killed to remove obstacles.

After the defeat of the Taijiut, he was the paramount chief in the northern Gobi—quite an important man among the so-called barbarians, but nothing to be compared, in riches, with Togrul Khan, and still totally unknown to the outer world west of the Altai Mountains and beyond the Great Wall of Cathay. The Chinese, always busy playing a game of balance of power among their turbulent nomad neighbors—seeking who was prepared to help them humble the latest tribe that had given them trouble—did not turn to him but to the Kerait Turk, to ask for collaboration in an expedition which they led against the Tatars. But Temujin joined Togrul Khan in the expedition and defeated the Tatars. The patronizing officials of Cathay gave Togrul Khan the Chinese title of *Wang,* which is translated as "prince," while Temujin was named something which means "Commander of the Frontier"—a modest military distinction, in comparison. But he does not seem to have cared. As all practical and single-minded people, he never attached undue importance to external signs of power. The Tatar chiefs now swore allegiance to him. The Tatar warriors now increased the ranks of his potential army. He knew what he wanted and where he was going. He had the clear vision of a day when, in the steppes, he, Temujin, would no longer have any rival or any enemy; when he, who had been hunted all his life, would emerge at last more secure and more powerful than his father had ever been. And then . . . the will to survive might give way to the will to conquer. . . . In the meantime, he let the Kerait chief be Wang Khan and entirely devoted himself to the organization of his warriors and of his increasingly numerous *ordu.*

The discipline he imposed at first seems to have been rude and primitive enough. At some feast, at which his drunken followers had started quarrelling, it is said that he himself brought them to their senses with a wooden club—the only argument that was sure to be understood in that rough society. But the nomads appreciated the fact that, whatever were the methods he employed, he always managed to control his men, and also that he kept them in good fighting condition. "He feeds his warriors and keeps his *ulus* in good order,"[14] was the opinion the tribesmen had of him. And it was a much higher opinion than it may sound to more sophisticated people.

[14] *Ibid.*, p. 110.

The friendship between Temujin and Togrul Khan — now Wang Khan — was not to endure. True, Temujin had in many ways made himself useful to his father's *anda,* whom he courteously called his "foster father." He had been warring at his side not only against the Tatars, but against the forest Merkit also (who, although once defeated, were yet far from subdued) and against the Naiman. He had (in exchange for payment, of course) protected caravans against the attack of unruly tribes and made the trade routes safer than ever before. And in the prosperous Kerait settlements—half camps and half markets—the merchants were grateful to Wang Khan for the alliance he had made. But Wang Khan started intriguing against Temujin with Jamuga, Temujin's ambitious sworn brother, who had a personal conception of Mongol unity, different from his. And the son of Yesugei did not feel safe until he had broken both these new foes.

But he did not yet feel strong enough to challenge Wang Khan openly in a war to the finish, and, after a first indecisive encounter with him, he sent him an outwardly friendly message mentioning old bonds, old services, and expressing the desire of lasting peace—although he knew there could be no such thing. The old Kerait and his cunning son, Sen Kung, knew that also and rejected Temujin's advances. Temujin, again at one of the tragic hours of his career, withdrew with his trusted warriors to the marshes round Lake Baljun and waited. And again the spell of the indomitable will to survive was to compel—so to say—the power of the Everlasting Blue Sky to descend upon him and to carry him to victory; I say "the spell," for there is a positive, magic potency in the one-pointed, concentrated will that stops at nothing.

The sun rose and set over the waters of Lake Baljun, and Temujin's companions hunted for food in the salty marshes. One dreary day succeeded another. Temujin thought: "The victory of the Kerait would mean the end of me. Therefore I must overcome him, never mind by what means. Where force is insufficient, let cunning supplement it!" And he bade his devoted brother, Kasar the Bowman, send a message to Wang Khan—a lying message stating that Temujin had fled no one knew where, and that he, Kasar, in despair was planning to desert his banner and to surrender to the Kerait Khan, whose protection he wished to secure. "Treachery," would say the chivalrous and the truth-loving and those who value spotlessness more than life. "Necessity," would reply Temujin, and with him all single-

purposed men of action, including the most unlike himself, the selfless idealists, to the extent that they too are practical and wish to accomplish something in this world of untruth, hatred, and stupidity; necessity—the only choice of the fighter who feels himself cornered and who yet is determined to win.

Wang Khan believed the clever lie—believed in peace and security—and ordered a feast. Temujin, appearing by surprise, stormed the Kerait camp. The old chief was captured and killed while attempting to flee. His son went south, only to meet his death a little later. Those of the Kerait Turks who were not slain in battle were incorporated into Temujin's confederation of tribes under Mongol overlordship. Their most desirable women were as usual given to the chieftains of the army. Temujin kept for himself one of the two beautiful nieces of Wang Khan allotted to him in the division of the spoils. She became his fourth wife. (He had taken his second and third from the defeated Tatars.) The other he gave to Tuli, the youngest of his sons by Bortei. She was the famous Siyurkuktiti, fated to become the mother of three conquerors.

Temujin then broke the last resistance of the Merkit, his old enemies, taking from them his fifth wife, Kulan, whose beauty was to be praised through the ages by the minstrels of the steppes. Toktoa, the Merkit chief, was killed. Lesser tribes either were subdued by the irresistible Mongol horsemen, now organized into a regular army, or came forth and made submission of their own accord, feeling that there was nothing else that they could do.

Temujin was now the master of all those tribes which he had conquered and united. from the Altai Mountains to the Great Wall of Cathay. It had taken him years to win that position—years of patient, stubborn struggle, during which, more than once, all had seemed to be lost, while again and again his superhuman willpower had enabled him to triumph over every obstacle, compelling, as I have said before, through its invincible magic, the powers of the unseen to fight on his side. Thanks to that tremendous will, seconded by his military genius—his skill at organization, his knowledge of men, his inborn intuition of historical necessity—he had indeed survived, he, once the hunted boy who had lived on the mice and marmots he managed to trap, robbed of his inheritance, rejected by his father's scornful tribesmen, harassed by his deadly enemies day and night. And not only had he regained his father's position among the nomads, but he had created (apparently out of nothing!) that which the steppe dwellers had not seen since the great rise of Turkish power seven centuries before: a real nomad kingdom, ruled from the saddle. From his very childhood, surrounded on all sides by treacherous foes, he had understood more and more clearly that only if he could become a king would he at last be safe. And he had fought to that end, and now, in the fiftieth year of his age, he was at last a king. It only remained for him to be solemnly recognized by the other chiefs of the steppes who already, one after the other, willingly or by compulsion, had accepted his permanent overlordship in peace as well as in war. It only remained for him to be proclaimed by them as the *khan* above all *khans*: the *khakhan*.

So he summoned a general *kuriltai*—a meeting of chiefs— on the banks of the Onon, in the year 1206 of the Christian era, which was the year of the Leopard according to the cyclic Calendar of the Twelve Beasts. And the assembled chiefs elected him *khakhan,* supreme ruler of all those who dwell in felt tents. And he distributed honors and duties among them, fixing in that historic meeting the final structure of the great feudal state which he had been patiently building for over thirty years.

Already a middle-aged man with tremendous achievements behind him—the unification of the tribes of the Gobi *was* indeed something enormous —Genghis Khan thought of anything but settling down comfortably as king of all the lands between Lake Baikal. the Altai ranges, and the Great Wall. As he beheld the assembled *khans* who had just elected him their overlord, and his own warriors, camped in hundreds of tents all round the place of the *kuriltai*; and as he looked back to his past miseries and triumphs—to that day-to-day struggle of over thirty years—from his conquered seat of power, he did not feel: "I am safe at last, and a *khakhan*. My work is done." No. For he had in him that everlasting youth which is the gift of the unbending, one-pointed will; that youth in the eyes of which nothing is ever finished; in the mind of which no opportunity ever comes too late. He felt himself at the threshold of his career, not at the end of it. Now—now that he was at last a *khakhan*—he would begin to assert himself. Whatever he had achieved up till then was only a preparation. He had survived. But why? To what end? Only to assert himself. Only to conquer—to break new opposition, and to take more and more precious things—land, people, further sources of plenty and of safety, further possibilities—from new enemies. His formidable war machine—the first one of his time and one of the first ones of all times — was ready: organized, drilled,

equipped, experienced, and superstitiously devoted to him. With such an army at his disposal he could assert himself indeed, he who had waited so long.

Beyond the Great Wall and beyond the distant western mountains, the wide world, ripe for conquest, was blissfully unaware of him and of his *kuriltai*. And even if it had known, it would not have understood. It would not have realized what a momentous event had taken place in the election of this obscure and illiterate barbarian as leader of other barbarian chieftains, all of them as dirty, as picturesque, and outwardly as insignificant as himself; men who, when they were not drinking and stuffing themselves with mutton and horseflesh, or breeding or sleeping, could do nothing else but fight—or hunt—and who were, moreover, neither Christians nor Moslems—nor Buddhists; hardly human beings. To the Chinese, who despised soldiers, any minor meeting of scholars would have seemed far more interesting. To the Moslem world, the capture of Delhi by Mahmud Ghori—of the true faith—only ten years before, or the rapid rise of the Khwarizm Shah (whose territory now comprised half the kingdom of the Kara-Khitai and the whole of Afghanistan) would have appeared infinitely more impressive. While Europe—destined to be trampled under the hooves of the Mongol cavalry exactly thirty-five years later—would doubtless have found the recent exploits of the French knights of the Fourth Crusade—that pack of bombastic, third-rate robbers of no character who had settled themselves in Constantinople and in Greece little over a year before the gathering on the banks of the Onon—much more noteworthy.

Contemporary history is always misunderstood.

At the appearing of the Mongol horsemen, the East and West were to realize what Genghis Khan's leadership meant. In the meantime, outside the steppes of High Asia, the *kuriltai* of 1206 remained as unnoticed as had, half a century before, the birth of the child Temujin, son of Yesugei. I repeat: great events, bearing endless creative or destructive aftereffects, are never noticed at the time they happen. Still, they happen. And they bear their fruit. Genghis Khan, supreme ruler "of all those who dwell in felt tents," was now ready to thrust his irresistible horsemen against the forces of "civilization" and to conquer both the East and the West.

Genghis Khan was to conquer. But how? And why?—so have bewildered men repeatedly wondered, at the thought of his extraordinary destiny. The right answer is, in the words of Kokchu, the shaman, a believer in miracles (and doubtless appointed by Genghis Khan himself to present his career in such a light as to strike the Mongols with sacred awe): "because the power of the Eternal Blue Sky had descended upon him. Because he was here on earth, its agent."[15] The right answer is, in the words of Ralph Fox, a believer in historical materialism: "Because Temujin-Chingis was born at a time of crisis among his own people, when all was ready for the leader who should build a new society"; and because "it was his fate to be born when the two great feudal states on either side of him, the Khwarizmian Empire in Central Asia and the Kin Empire in China, were in full decay."[16]

I said twice the *right* answer, for both explanations—the supernatural and medieval, and the modern, materialistic—are true to fact in the eyes of whoever sees, in the unfurling of events in time, the manifestation of a timeless Necessity. The next consequence of the state of the universe at any given time and place—the "will of the Eternal Blue Sky" at that particular time and in that particular place—is nothing else but that which has to be, according to the unchanging laws that rule both the visible and the invisible world. And Genghis Khan *had to be*, like all the great ones who made history (while the implacable logic of previous history had made their appearing unavoidable, and sketched out the part they were to play upon the international stage). He had to be, and he had to conquer. And doubtless the sociopolitical conditions in Asia in his time—the conditions in the steppes on one hand and the conditions in the two Empires on the other—determined how complete his success was to be. But there is more to be said. His own will played in his conquests a part at least as important as that of those exceptional circumstances under which it manifested itself. And if those largely account for the succession of *events* in his career, the quality and the direction of his will and the aspirations of his heart give the key to *him* and situate him in his particular place among the godlike men of action.

As I said before, there was no ideology whatsoever behind his long, bitter struggle for the mastery of the steppes. There was but the sheer will to overcome his enemies, to free himself from danger — the will to survive. And behind those wars that were now to give him mastery over the greatest part of Asia, there was also no ideology, no sacred zeal. There was the desire of greater security and the increasing lust of wealth and well-being for himself and for his family—nothing

[15]Lamb, *op. cit.*, p. 57.
[16]Fox, *op. cit.*, p. 50.

more. He conquered for booty. And he organized his conquests with admirable skill — imposing peace and security upon the terrorized survivors of the conquered people—merely in order to make booty systematic, permanent, and more and more plentiful.

As living instances of his thoroughness and efficiency, Genghis Khan's wars against Hsi-Hsia, against China, and against the West, provide one of the most uplifting lessons in patience, willpower, and intelligence that I can think of.

The sturdy Tangut kingdom of Hsi-Hsia—which lay just outside the Great Wall of Cathay—although at first only superficially subdued, was sufficiently weakened not to become a danger to the Mongols during their expedition against northern China. That expedition was decided by Genghis Khan in answer to the pretension of the new Chinese Emperor to receive from him the traditional act of submission which the nomad chieftains beyond the Wall had given every new occupant of the Dragon Throne, for generations. It was but a formal act of submission. But Genghis Khan, well informed about the internal weakness of China in general and of the Kin Dynasty of northern China in particular, decided that the custom—meaningless anyhow—had lasted long enough. To break it meant war. But war was the only path to boundless power and increasing plenty, to the fulfillment of Genghis Khan's destiny.

The preparation of that war—as that of any other of Genghis Khan's campaigns, in fact—is as admirable as the war itself: a masterpiece of patient, farsighted, minute, and thorough organization, stretched over years. First, the silent, unassuming, but absolutely efficient network of spies, who, from all corners of the enemy's realm, regularly brought the illiterate son of Yesugei all the information he needed in order to think out his campaign and then to carry it to fruition, is enough to amaze even such people as are acquainted with more modern secret organizations of similar nature. The enemy was doomed beforehand. Then came the series of actual military preparations—another wonder. Genghis Khan left nothing to chance. From the sort of propaganda most likely to give the Mongols the desired unity and the best possible fighting spirit down to the smallest details concerning the diet of the troops and their daily exercises, down to the meanest item of military equipment, all was conceived and calculated with one aim in view: unfailing, machinelike efficiency.

Finally there is one thing which cannot but impress us as much as, if not more than, all the rest at this stage of the conqueror's life, and that is his own spiritual preparation for war. Indeed, before leading his army to the mountain passes and across the Great Wall that had hitherto seemed impregnable to the Mongols — before engaging himself in a great war that was to last several years—Genghis Khan "retired for three days into his tent, with a rope around his neck, to fast and commune with himself, and then, going to a hilltop, he took off cap and belt and made sacrifice to the Blue Sky."[17] He was now well into his fifties—for this was five years after the great *kuriltai* on the banks of the Onon. With infinite patience and caution, he had marched irresistibly on and on, and again he had been taking every thinkable, earthly step to make his new war a success. But his unfailing intuition told him that even this was not enough, that there were in war imponderable factors, and that there were means to victory which were neither military nor economic, nor generally speaking, human. *What* exactly did the *khakhan* think, alone before the majesty of the Everlasting Blue Sky? No one knows. But he most certainly felt that there is a secret source of strength in the state of mind of the man who humbles himself in front of the eternal and implacable, putting himself and all his schemes into the hands of superhuman forces, *after having done all that was humanly advisable toward success.* But, as one reads that reference to his retirement on the eve of his victorious onslaught on China, one cannot help remembering that other time—now far away in his stormy past—when, having lost everything he possessed, including his newly wedded young wife, he communed with the unseen upon the slopes of Burkan Kaldun at sunrise, making libations of mare's milk to the mysterious power that had saved his hunted life. One cannot help putting in parallel those two moments and admiring that quest of the conqueror for union with something divine, beyond himself, both at the lowest ebb of his fortune and now, on the eve of his long-prepared victory over the armies of Cathay. And one cannot help feeling that there *was* a divine purpose (of which he himself did not know) behind that stubborn man who fought for his own security and for the grandeur and riches of his increasing family.

The swiftness and discipline of Genghis Khan's army and the skill of his commanders—and his own—overcame all difficulties. The army of the Kin Emperor was defeated in a major battle, the memory of which struck terror for a long time in the hearts of the Chinese. And slowly—for Peking

[17] *Ibid.*, p. 144.

was not to surrender till the summer of 1215—but steadily, the Mongols conquered the whole country, unto the River Hwang Ho. At first they avoided walled towns. They raided the land, driving off horses and cattle, and were content with taking the armies of the Kin Emperor by surprise and beating them in numberless encounters, while many auxiliaries of Mongol blood deserted the Chinese to join Genghis Khan's banner. The terror of the Mongol name, already great, grew and grew. It increased beyond all measure when the invaders *did* begin to besiege towns successfully. For Genghis Khan showed no mercy to the people of the cities that he captured. "Any resistance was crushed with inhuman, methodical massacre of all that lived within the walls."[18]

And although, even after the surrender of Peking, the resistance of the Kin by no means ceased,[19] the entire north of China, Manchuria—and Korea—were now a part of Genghis Khan's growing empire and a source of untold wealth to him and to his people.

In 1215, leaving behind him Mukuli, a trusted commander, at the head of the army of occupation, the conqueror, now nearly sixty, rode homeward. The steppes where he had grown up as a hunted wanderer and fought as the chieftain of a handful of warriors now swarmed with foreign slaves; gold and silver and priceless objects of ivory and of jade—treasures unheard of—filled the *khakhan's* coffers; his sons and faithful followers were clothed in brocaded silk, as he had wished. And he now counted among his wives a Chinese princess, adopted daughter of the Kin Emperor. And a man of royal blood, wise Yeliu Chuts'ai, descendant of those Khitan Emperors whom the Kin had dethroned, was his counsellor. One could rightly have said of Genghis Khan that he had conquered his dream—and more still. He was now wealthy and dreaded, as he had longed to be all his life. He was a real king. And had he died at that moment of his career, still his name would have been great in the history of Asia; still he would have remained the builder of Mongol power and the father and founder of the new Yuan Dynasty that was to hold the Dragon Throne for over a hundred and fifty years. But sixty years before—on that cold night when his mother, Hoelun, had conceived him from her ravisher—the unnoticed pattern of constellations in the depth of the Eternal Blue Sky had marked him out to be more, far more, than that.

Genghis Khan's empire now practically bordered that of the Khwarizm Shah, i.e., that of the Turkoman dynasty which ruled, in the place of the former Seljuk sultans, over Turan and the whole of Iran—from the mouth of the Ural River and the land north of the Aral Sea down to the Persian Gulf, and from Iraq to the Hindu Kush. But again, at first, nothing seemed to foreshadow war between the two potentates.

In all his campaigns the conqueror had shown swiftness; no sooner the time of patient preparation had come to an end than action had started, along with unprecedented ruthlessness. But in this one—his last one—he was to strike with the sudden irresistibility of lightning and to bring about such wide-scale desolation as only great physical cataclysms — only God Himself — can work upon the earth. He was to prove himself, if ever, animated with that which I have called in the beginning of this book the spirit of lightning.

With the same efficiency as always, the conqueror's extraordinary intelligence service gave him all the necessary information about the enemy's country and conditions of life and political intrigues, about his exact strength and weaknesses, before war actually started. As always, every detail concerning the mobilization, the training, the equipment, and the transport of troops was patiently worked out, and every predictable difficulty surmounted beforehand. And once more, in order to draw to himself the divine power of the invisible world, which he felt at the back of all his achievements, Genghis Khan humbled himself before the one thing he knew to be greater than he: the Everlasting Blue Sky. "He went alone to a height near the Mountain of Power and took the covering from his head, the girdle from his waist. For hours he communed with the spirits of the high and distant places, and he came down with a message: the Everlasting Blue Sky had granted victory to the Mongols."[20]

The Dance of Time is the dance of death—and rebirth; and the purpose of all creation is destruction—before a new creation; death, before the glory of a new beginning. Many things were to be destroyed in old Asia. So, slowly but methodically—as irresistible as time itself—on went the Mongol *tumans* over the mountain ranges, the natural barrier between the eastern steppes and the world of Islam. They felled trees, broke down rocks, and built roads and bridges as they went. They were

[18]Lamb, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

[19]It was not to be entirely broken till after the second Mongol campaign, under Ogodai, Genghis Khan's son.

[20]Lamb, *op. cit.*, p. 62.

not hundreds of thousands, as the vanquished were soon to imagine in their terror. They were, according to Ralph Fox, barely seventy thousand regular Mongol soldiers, to which estimate one should add an equal number of levies from the subject Turkish peoples,[21] and, according to Harold Lamb, "some fifteen divisions of ten thousand men."[22]

Once more, swiftness of movement determined the Mongols' victory. On the 11th of April, 1220, while Mohammed-ben-Takash fled for his life, the son of Yesugei entered the prosperous and populous city of Bokhara—the hallowed seat of Islamic learning—encountering almost no resistance. His first orders to the vanquished were to bring hay and water for his tired horses and food for his men.

For a few days the Mongols gave themselves without restraint to feasting and to lechery. Then they turned to Samarkand, which the combined forces of Juchi and Chagatai and Jebei were attacking from the east. The famous city of gardens and of palaces had no choice but to surrender and to be plundered. Its inhabitants were not systematically killed as in the case of towns that resisted the Mongols. The great bulk of the people of Bokhara (who had also not resisted) had been driven before the conquerors to be used in groups as a human shield for the first ranks of the Mongol attack on Samarkand. And the captives of Samarkand were later driven off to help the Mongols fill the ditch round Urganj, the besieged capital of the Khwarizm Shah. In the meantime, during the autumn and winter of 1220, Genghis Khan allowed the greater part of his army to rest in Samarkand while a force of thirty thousand men, under Subodai and Jebei, had been commanded by him to pursue Mohammed Shah "like the flying wind," wherever he might take refuge.

Meanwhile the conqueror himself, taking with him his younger son Tuli and some of his grandsons, proceeded to deserve, in Khorasan and Afghanistan, that reputation of irresistible destructiveness which the terror of the crushed people has attached to his name for all times.

Any town that made even a show of resistance was stormed or tricked into surrender and levelled to the ground—as Urganj had been—while its people, with the exception of the useful artisans and of the young and desirable women, were systematically killed. This mass slaughter evidently aimed at paralyzing all will to resist, all possibility of resistance. It was practical and methodical, like everything the Mongols did at Genghis Khan's orders—and it was carried out without evidence of sadistic torment. The Mongols, says Harold Lamb, "led out the people of walled towns, examining them carefully and ordering the skilled workers—who would be useful—to move apart. Then the soldiers went through the ranks of helpless human beings, killing methodically with their swords and hand axes—as harvesters would go through a field of standing wheat. They took the wailing women by the hair, bending forward their heads, to sever the spine more easily. They slaughtered with blows on the head men who resisted weakly."[23] It is said that about nine million people were thus put to the sword in and round the place where had once stood the prosperous city of Merv. Fear caused, no doubt, the contemporary Muslim chroniclers to exaggerate the number of the dead. Genghis Khan appeared to them as "the scourge of Allah" and wherever his army passed it was like the end of the world—the end, at least, of that world which they knew. Yet even if the figures were to be brought down to their half, still they would suggest a magnitude of slaughter unprecedented in history.

It is noticeable that material signs of power, wealth, or culture—strong walls, works of irrigation, libraries—for which the conquerors had no use, were no more respected than human life; that the destruction was as complete and as impartial as it could possibly be when wrought by man's imperfect weapons under the guidance of man's will; as similar as it could possibly be to the total, indiscriminate destruction wrought by ever-changing Nature through her storms, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, or simply through all-devouring time, the very principle of change.

Now and then an episode that history has brought down to us—such as that of the annihilation of Bamyan—stands out to show what a gap separates the Mongol conqueror, despite all his undeniable grandeur, from the ideal of the warrior *against time* as portrayed in the old Sanskrit scripture. At the siege of Bamyan, in Afghanistan, Mukutin, son of Chagatai, and one of the young grandsons of Genghis Khan, was killed. As we have seen, in *all* the conqueror's campaigns, cities that had to any extent resisted the Mongols had been destroyed and the greater part of their inhabitants put to the sword. But the blood of the "Golden Family," even though it were shed through the veins of one single individual, was

[21]Fox, *op. cit.*, p. 199.
[22]Lamb, *loc. cit.*

[23]*Ibid.*, p. 63.

still more precious, in Genghis Khan's eyes, than that of any number of Mongol soldiers and cried for a greater vengeance. The old *khakhan* therefore commanded that *all living creatures*—people, without the customary discrimination between the useful and the useless; beasts; and the very birds of the air—be killed to the last, in and round Bamyan, and that all trace of the town upon the earth be wiped out. And "the order was strictly carried out,"[24] notes the modern biographer of Genghis Khan—who cannot help contrasting the horror of that deed with the serene, unearthly beauty symbolized in the great cave of Buddhas high up on the mountainside above the destroyed city full of decaying corpses. The opposition *is* indeed staggering. It is, carried to its utmost forcefulness, the lasting contrast between the man *in time* and what we have called the man *above time*.

But one should not miss its real meaning by allowing one's mind to be swayed by hasty reactions. Despite all appearances, it is *not* the contrast between destructive fury and boundless kindness—love toward all creatures. It is the opposition between the family-centered, i.e., self-centered, attitude of Genghis Khan, as illustrated by that as well as by many other of his actions, and the perfect detachment of the Indian sage from all ties. There—in what they *are*, far more than in what they *do*—lies the gap between the man *in time* and the man *above time*. And I repeat, had the selfsame mass slaughter taken place, but in the name of some impersonal necessity worth its while and not for the sake of that primitive passion of family vendetta which, in the circumstance, animated Genghis Khan, the physical contrast between the beautiful, peaceful cave on high and the place of massacre, pervaded with the stench of death, would have remained; and it would, doubtless, have been equally impressive in the eyes of the superficial observer; it would have stirred the same feelings, that one guesses—the feelings nowadays so lavishly exploited in all cheap atrocity campaigns for mass consumption—in the hearts of unthinking humanitarians. But it would have been just a physical, and outward contrast; it would not have expressed any *real* contrast, from the standpoint of integral truth, for men *against time*—capable of destruction in a detached spirit and in the interest of creation—and men *above time* walk along parallel paths different from that followed by those, however great, who are still within the bondage of time.

In his immense and constant self-control, source of his extraordinary patience, coupled with the capacity for taking the right decisions in the wink of an eye *at the right moment*; in other words, in qualities eminently characteristic of those men whom we called men *above* and *against time*, lies the secret of Genghis Khan's greatness. The fact that he used these splendid qualities entirely toward the materialization of a self-centered purpose and in a self-centered spirit makes him a man *in time* all the more appalling, in certain of his activities; one is more aware of what a warrior endowed with his virtues *could have been*, had he only cared to serve, in the words of the *Bhavagad Gita*, "the interest of the universe"—of the whole of creation—instead of *his* own and that of his family.

It was, no doubt, difficult and perhaps impossible for a Mongol to raise himself to that attitude—and to cling to it—specially after having attained absolute power after years and years of hardships and struggle. It would seem that the Mongol, nay, that man of Mongolian race in the broader sense of the word, can only be perfectly disinterested when he feels himself the follower of somebody—man or god—not when he happens to be, himself, the source of power. And yet . . . it is not easy to assert how far the great conqueror's practical, pitiless self-centeredness is an inherent trait of his race. Ralph Fox has compared Genghis Khan's practical qualities with those of "the founders of the great capitalistic enterprises of the last century, men who also stopped at nothing, who ruined their enemies gleefully and stole their wives and daughters no less gleefully; men who organized great empires also—empires of steel and power"[25]—men like him essentially self-centered; we would say: like him living essentially *in time*. Yet, those were not Mongols. Nor were so many self-centered organizers of all sorts, of lesser magnitude, military or political—or both—who left somewhat of a name in history. The truth is that absolutely disinterested—selfless—characters, men *against time* as we have called them, are extremely rare among the great nation-building warriors as, in general, among the remarkable men of action of *any* race or epoch.

Genghis Khan died in August, 1227—the year of the Pig in the Calendar of the Twelve Beasts. He died in the saddle, as he had lived, on the upper Wei River, near the junction of the frontiers of the modern provinces of Kansu and Shensi.

The conqueror's body was taken back to the *ordu* of the Yakka Mongols in the midst of which he had been born seventy years before. The men who carried him, lying in his coffin upon a two-

[24] Fox, *op. cit.*, p. 214.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 88.

wheeled wagon, killed every living creature, human being or beast, that they met on their way, according to Mongol custom. In death as in life a trail of blood was to follow that extraordinary man, who had come into the world clutching a clot of blood in his right hand.

The map of the lands conquered by Genghis Khan *and* by his immediate successors under the impulse his genius had given them is singularly impressive. *Never* had there existed on earth such a great empire. Its territory stretched in latitude from the frozen tundras of northern Siberia to the Persian Gulf, the Himalayas, and the jungles of Burma and Tong-King, and in longitude from the Danube and the eastern Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean. And the varied people thus assembled under the yoke of one family comprised more than half the total number of human beings.

And that was not all. More impressive even than the extent of the Mongol Empire was its extraordinary organization and the peace and security that followed wherever Mongol domination was firmly established.

The most obvious mark of their amazing genius for organization was, perhaps, the perfect safety in which travellers and merchants and preachers of every faith could move from relay to relay along the great post roads that ran in every direction, from one end of the Empire to the other. In Genghis Khan's own days, or under his immediate successors, Ogodai and Kuyuk, it is said that a fifteen-year-old virgin, carrying a sack of gold, could have walked through Asia unmolested, so high was the standard of honesty and so strict the discipline imposed upon every human being by the conqueror's iron code of laws, the *Yasa*.

Dictated by Genghis Khan from time to time and traced upon leaves of gold by his secretaries, the *Yasa* was a strange code of laws. Age-old tribal regulations designed to enforce a certain amount of cleanliness among the Mongols or illustrating the nomads' particular conception of the spirit world and their idea of its interference in human affairs were to be found in it, side by side with dictates of a far broader scope—dictates revealing the conqueror's will to make his conquest everlasting and his actual capacity of doing so *if only* . . . his successors would faithfully abide by his commands. All Genghis Khan's subjects were ordered to respect all religious faiths without being bound by any one faith and not to quarrel with one another on any account. The *Yasa*, in fact, imposed the death penalty, "for any evidence of quarrelling—even for spying upon another man, or taking sides with one of two who were disputing together,"[26] and religious toleration was enforced only in order to avoid further occasions of dispute and further germs of division among the millions of people that the conqueror wished to unite. Likewise, fornication, sodomy, magic, and deliberate lying—all sins that could give rise to personal jealousies and sow seeds of dissension among people, and that could not but enervate them both physically and morally; or sins that might forward possibilities of rebellion — were punished by death; so was, also, and above all, disobedience to an order and "any attempt of a lesser man to use the authority that belonged to the *khakhan* alone."[27] The only loyalty which both Mongols and subject people were to share was loyalty to the *khakhan*, "Emperor of all men"; their one religion above all religions was to be the strong sense of duty that bound them to him through the representatives of his authority at all levels of that military hierarchy upon which rested, throughout the conquered world, what was called "the Mongol peace."

In other words, the *Yasa* was, first and foremost, a military code designed to stabilize for all time to come the result of Genghis Khan's conquests—and the conquests of his successors;—a legal system that would hold his Mongols together as a clan through all changes in fortune and also hold down the subject people under them, permanently. But it was also, as Harold Lamb has written, "one man's family code,"[28] for in Genghis Khan's eyes Mongol domination meant nothing else but the domination of the "Golden Family"—of *his* family—endlessly prolonging his own absolute rule. He had struggled all his life in order to assure riches and power—unshakable security—for his sons and grandsons. He devised the *Yasa* and made it the one law binding together fifty kingdoms, *not* in view of the happy evolution of these kingdoms under the best possible conditions, but in view of their most intelligent, most efficient, and lasting exploitations for the profit of the children of his own blood—the only men who were allowed to touch the sheets of gold upon which the new law was written. And he had in fact said: "If the descendants born after me keep to the *Yasa*, and do not change it, for a thousand and ten thousand years the Everlasting Sky will aid and preserve them."[29]

But the self-centered family spirit in which the iron code of laws was conceived was the very

[26]Lamb, *op. cit.*, p. 96.
[27]*Ibid.*
[28]*Ibid.*, p. 97.
[29]*Ibid.*, p. 95.

reason why it could not keep the empire together forever. Nothing short of the impersonal cult of truth—of absolute devotion to a state of things built upon objective truth—can keep even a few thousands of people together *forever*. It is (when one comes to think of it) amazing that the *Yasa* remained a sort of religion to the Mongols themselves for so long after the death of the great conqueror.

The respect in which the legislation was held was due to the personal devotion that every Mongol felt for Genghis Khan, rather than to ideological reasons. Genghis Khan's word was obeyed blindly, unconditionally, even years after his death, just because it was *his* word—the word of a victorious leader in whom every Mongol revered the one appointed by the Everlasting Blue Sky to rule the earth. For two generations, nobody—save perhaps Juchi and his son Batu—dreamed of disobeying its dictates. It stated, for instance, that at the death of a *khakhan* the princes of the "Golden Family" and the chieftains of the army should gather, from wherever they might happen to be, in the Mongolian homeland for the election of a new *khakhan*. So when in February, 1242, the news of Ogodai's death was brought to Subodai's headquarters on the Danube, the veteran general and the Mongolian army just about to move further west and to conquer the whole of Europe (where nothing could have stopped them) turned back and started the long, long journey to Karakorum as a matter of course. To Subodai—and to every one of the chiefs, save Batu—to disregard the summons to the appointed *kuriltai* was unthinkable. And as the conqueror had expressly designed his second (or third) son, Ogodai, to be *khakhan* after him, the Mongol chiefs had sworn at their first *kuriltai* never to elect a *khakhan* who was not a member of the house of Ogodai; and at the second gathering of the blood-kin, after Ogodai's death, they elected Kuyuk, Ogodai's son. But although nobody — not even Batu — dreamed of questioning the authority of the *Yasa* openly, those of its dictates that stood in the way of more than one ambitious member of the "Golden Family" were simply ignored (if not deliberately brushed aside) after Kuyuk had died; and more and more so, as time went on.

Mangu's election to the supreme dignity of *khakhan*, away from the Mongol homeland, in Batu's camp at the mouth of the River Imil, at a *kuriltai* at which not one of the princes of the house of Ogodai was present, was illegal from the standpoint of the *Yasa*. And even more so (if that be possible) was, after Mangu's death, the election of his brother Kubilai, in the Chinese town of Shang-tu, at an assembly attended only by the officers of the left wing of the army—of *his* army—and by Chinese officials. These elections, the result of both of which was a further blow to the unity of the Mongol Empire, in defiance of Genghis Khan's lifelong aim and dearest dreams, were possible only because the members of the "Golden Family" that were thus favored loved themselves and their own sons more than the memory of the great ancestor to whose conquests they owed their place in the world; more than the "Golden Family" at large, whose domination *he* had struggled to secure at all costs. In other words, Mangu and Kubilai (and still more than they, their ambitious and patient mother, Siyurkuktiti, whose clever intrigues are at the bottom of the rise of the house of Tuli to supreme power) had Genghis Khan's own attitude to life: nothing guided them in their decisions but the lust of plenty and power—of security forever—for the sons and grandsons of their own loins.

The actually disinterested characters, more than any others the makers of Mongol greatness in the thirteenth century, are to be sought among Genghis Khan's devoted followers rather than among his own grandsons and great-grandsons. Towering above them all stands one of the finest warlords—and also one of the finest men—of all times: Subodai.

The very embodiment of the highest and purest warrior-like virtues, he had, from the early days of Genghis Khan's struggle for power—for fifty years, all his life—fought with irresistible efficiency, with vision, with genius, *not* for any profit or glory of his own but solely for the greatness and glory of the leader whom he loved and revered. He had served him brilliantly in his westward lightning march and scaled the Caucasus and raided the Russian plains at his command. And, after his death, he had conquered China down to Nanking for his successors, in a campaign that was a masterpiece of warfare, directing sieges with unfailing skill and, just as in the West, ordering massacres without a trace of either glee or horror—with perfect detachment—whenever he considered it a military necessity and had received no orders not to do so. He had conquered Russia, Poland, Hungary—half of Europe—for Ogodai, Genghis Khan's son, and turned his back on his conquests as a matter of course, without resentment, without regret, when, at Ogodai's death, he had received the summons to attend the customary assembly of chiefs in faraway Karakorum. And then, when Kuyuk, son of Ogodai, was preparing to march against Batu, who had defied his authority; when, for the first time, Mongols

were to fight Mongols, he retired from active life, with the permission of the *khakhan*. He retired to his *yurt* in the steppes by the River Tula. And "there he put away the insignia of his rank and took to sitting on the sunny side of his *yurt*, watching his herds go out to grazing."[30]

"A soldier without a weakness," in the words of John of Carpini, the first European to visit the Mongol realm of his own accord; "implacable as death itself," in the words of the modern historian, Harold Lamb; he had but one love: Genghis Khan, his leader; and he knew but one law: the *Yasa*, expression of Genghis Khan's will; and one morality: absolute obedience to that will. And when facts told him that that will no longer ruled the new world—back to his flocks, back to obscurity—back to the nothingness out of which Mongol grandeur had sprung through Genghis Khan and into which it was one day to sink, once more, now that the conqueror's command to remain together no longer bound the "Golden Family." Absolute devotion can only exteriorize itself in absolute obedience or—when obedience has lost all meaning; when the leader's will, which is the sole measure of right and wrong, is defeated on the material plane—in silence.

One cannot but understand—and admire—Subodai's devotion to his leader. It was a glaring homage to the greatness of personality, that essence of leadership; a recognition of the unquestionable rights that personality enjoys, according to the laws of life. In devoting his genius to the strong man whom the Everlasting Blue Sky had appointed to rule the earth, Subodai was, in all humility and wisdom, faithful to those eternal laws. And so were all those who, like him, followed Genghis Khan without even thinking of what advantages and glory they would thereby win for themselves.

But one has to admit that, beautiful as it certainly is in itself, such devotion is not enough to build up either a lasting empire or a lasting civilization. That alone which is rooted in truth is lasting. And for absolute devotion to a leader to have its full creative — and lasting — potency (which is, *sooner or later*, bound to mold the course of history according to the leader's dreams), the leader himself should be more than an ambitious, self-centered man in quest of security and power for his own family; more than a man *in time*, however great. He should be worthy of absolute devotion, worthy of lifelong, day-to-day, unconditional sacrifice, not merely in the eyes of his enthusiastic followers, who might idealize him, but from the impersonal standpoint of what is called in the *Bhagavad-Gita* "the welfare of the universe"—from the point of view of the purpose of life. In other words, he should himself be a selfless soul; a man striving with detachment to live in truth and calling others to do likewise—whether *above time*, like King Akhnaton or the Buddha, or *against time*, like Lord Krishna, the political *karmayogi* in most ancient India; like the Prophet Mohammed or, in our times, the inspired builder of the only order of truth in the world after many centuries, Adolf Hitler. In all other cases his work, however staggering it be, will perish with him or soon after him. Loyalty to him will die out, as it did in the instance of Genghis Khan, soon after the few of his contemporaries who followed him with disinterested love have all died—or it will become as good as dead: an accepted tradition of reverence, perpetuating the leader's memory, but incapable of holding down the passions that stand in the way of complete obedience to his will. Loyalty to a man always dies out, sooner or later, when it is not at the same time loyalty to a system, to a faith, to a scale of values—to something *more than a man*, which alone that type of leader who is himself a disinterested idealist can represent; when it is not loyalty to impersonal truth.

As I said, there was no ideology behind Genghis Khan's will to power; no conscious purpose other than the survival and welfare of himself and of his family. And therefore the *Yasa* represented no scale of values. Admittedly, it gave the Mongols special rights and forced upon them special duties, before all the duty of remaining together, faithful to the "Golden Family" and aloof from the civilizations that they had set out to crush. But it laid down no rule of conduct that aimed at keeping them *in fact*—physically—different from the conquered nations. It forbade them to quarrel among themselves; it forbade them to yield themselves to strange religions; but it omitted to forbid them to mingle their blood in marriage with that of the conquered Chinese, Persians, Russians, Magyars; to become, themselves, a new people. Genghis Khan, says Harold Lamb, had not allowed for "the effect of education on a simple people. He had thought, it appears, that they would learn and still remain nomads."[31] We believe that they *could have* learned and still have remained, if not nomads, at least Mongols united in the pride of their common strength round a united "Golden Family," had they not taken to wife women of all nations. One of the main reasons why the "Golden

[30] *Ibid.*, p. 178.

[31] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

Family" itself was gradually absorbed into the civilizations of the conquered (with the exception of the houses of Chagatai and Ogodai, that remained in the steppes, isolated from the outer world) was that from the start—in the very *Yasa* —no stress was ever laid upon the necessity of avoiding mixtures of blood. And the main reason why Genghis Khan had never mentioned—let alone stressed—such a necessity is to be sought in the fact that all he wanted after his own survival and domination was the domination *of his own family,* solely because it was *his own*—not because it was the most able to lead the Mongols to endless conquests, nor because the Mongols, as a people, had, even in his eyes, any greater *inherent* value than other nations, and any natural right to rule the world (which indeed they had not).

Curiously enough, it is precisely because his descendants had exactly the same outlook as he himself — because they too sought their own immediate welfare, their own power, and the future of their own sons, in other words, *themselves,* and *not* the triumph of any impersonal ideology, in all their achievements; because they had no ideology (any more than he had had)—that they started to disobey him; to quarrel among themselves; to build up separate kingdoms; to champion their newly acquired foreign faiths against one another; to turn their backs on the *Yasa.*

They had not for Genghis Khan, whom many of them had never known personally, the selfless devotion that Subodai had. And the conqueror had given them nothing to which they could, throughout centuries, pin their faith and give their love; nothing for which they could fight unceasingly, regardless of personal advantages and even of glory, as Subodai and so many others had fought for *him.* On the contrary, he had left them the memory of a man who had struggled all his life for himself alone and whose patient, cunning, thorough, ruthless service of himself had led to the mastery of more than half of Asia. They followed his example (not Subodai's), every one of them for his own account. They followed it without his genius and without that spirit of binding solidarity that he had tried so hard to give them but failed to put into their hearts in the sole name of their common descent from him;—without that spirit of solidarity which it is not possible to infuse into any human collectivity for long, save in the name of some higher truth rooted in the lives of the people but exceeding them by far; in the name of some higher purpose sustained in the consciousness of absolute, eternal truth. And after the third or fourth generation, they followed it without even being, most of them, as pure Mongols as before.

The result was the splitting up of the Mongol Empire and the acceleration of the material and moral decay of Asia as a whole and—after the empire had altogether ceased to exist, after the sons of Kaidu had sunk back into obscurity and after the Mongol dynasties directly sprung from Genghis Khan had been overthrown in Persia, China, and finally Russia—the tragic absence of any great force capable of helping Asia to rise from the ruins of the worn-out kingdoms that the Mongol horsemen had smashed or from the increasing apathy of the others (such as the Indian ones). Tamerlane and, a century later, Baber, warriors of Genghis Khan's race and, like him, men essentially *in time*—centered round themselves—were not able to arrest the decay, even though the latter built up in India an empire that endured over two hundred and fifty years; on the contrary, they rather hastened it, in the long run. And if the *selfless,* warrior-like spirit, the true, immemorial, Aryan spirit expressed in the *Bhagavad-Gita,* never died in India, where it was in constant clash with foreign ideas, it was not alive enough to raise out of India such a *kshatriya* as could play, on the political plane, a part of lasting, international importance.

"The sword of Genghis Khan wrought a great revolution, but it was Asia in the end which lost by it; Europe which gained,"[32] writes Ralph Fox, meaning thereby that the failure of Genghis Khan's descendants to create and to organize a new Asia on the basis of his *Yasa* resulted in the whole continent soon becoming the competition ground—and the prey—of merchants from Europe, whether Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, French, or British; that it contributed more than one is generally inclined to believe to the growth of the new, cynically money-worshipping world which was to replace medieval Christendom in the West and to subdue the whole earthly sphere (save an irreducible minority of genuine idealists) to the tyranny of its false values; of the ugly world dominated to this day by international finance.

It is noteworthy (and, in our eyes, *not* an accidental fact) that the only country in Asia that escaped both slavery to the great European trade companies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the infection of modern democracy in the twentieth, while on the other hand it also resisted the influence of the Christian missionaries (and even openly fought it, for a long time at least), is Japan—the one country to have victori-

[32]Fox, *op. cit.,* p. 257.

ously defied the might of Kubilai Khan with the help of the divine Wind of Ise.[33] And it is hardly possible not to oppose the self-centered attitude of Genghis Khan's descendants, no less than his own, to that disinterested, active, devotional nationalism of the Japanese, expressed to this day in the highest form of Shintoism: in the Emperor-cult and the cult of the race, both merged into the cult of the sun, the cult of life; to that spirit that was one day to give birth to Toyoma and to make Tojo and the Japanese warlords and soldiers and people of 1941 the allies of the great European man *against time*, champion *par excellence* of the rights of life in the modern phase of life's age-old struggle against the dark forces of disintegration and death.

[33]On the 14th of August, 1281.

III

Two hundred years of victorious war had put Egypt at the head of nations in what was then—some 1420 years before the Christian era—the known world. Loaded with the spoils of Semites and Nubians and Negroes, her young king, Menkheprura—Thutmose the Fourth—ruled in splendor from the waters of the upper Euphrates to the Fifth and even to the Sixth Cataract of the Nile. And Thebes, his capital, was the most gorgeous city the world had yet seen, and the great god, Amon—the old tribal god of Thebes, raised to the rank of the supreme state god—the most honored and the most feared of all gods, and his priests, the richest and the most powerful men in the land—hardly less powerful than the king himself, who was looked upon as Son of Amon and said to hold his absolute authority directly from him.

It was an old, old world, in which each people lived slowly and regularly according to long-established tradition, the origin of which was lost in the past, the meaning of which was being—or had already been—forgotten by all save perhaps a few initiates. And of all nations, Egypt was perhaps the one that had been living for the longest time to a slow rhythm.

Now the gods, who govern all things from within, put a strange desire into Pharaoh's heart—an unheard-of yearning to mingle himself with that which lay beyond the limits of the self-contained world that he dominated—and he asked Sitatama, king of Mitanni, for one of his daughters to wife. This was against the immemorial custom of Egypt, where kings usually married their own sisters, or at least close relations. It was also, apparently, against the custom of Mitanni, for "*six times* did Thutmose the Fourth make his request in vain."[34] But it was the first and most decisive of the happenings that had to take place, in order to make possible the appearing of an extraordinary prince—true child of the sun—half a century later.

For beyond the boundaries of that self-contained Near and Middle East, in which Egypt was supreme, the young, beautiful — and gifted — Aryan race, whose tremendous destiny was not yet clear except to the gods themselves and to its own sages, was pushing forward from the northwest to the south and to the southeast, seeking further living space among the people of the old nations. It was in duration of years perhaps as old as they or nearly so, perhaps actually the youngest race on earth. But it was anyhow—and was fated to remain—young in outlook. It believed in the pre-eminence of action over speculation. It placed the warrior and king above the priest, and the worship of life above the thirst of the unknown which is beyond. It was confident in its god-ordained mission. And it worshipped light as the most glorious visible expression of the energy which is life itself, and the sun as the source of light and life. And the kings, allies of Egypt, who now held sway over the land of Mitanni within the great bend of the upper Euphrates, still controlling what was one day to be known as Assyria, belonged to that predestined race (as did, for the last five hundred years, the kings of Babylon).[35]

Pharaoh's marriage to King Sitatama's daughter was to bring together—for the first time to our knowledge—two worlds that had hitherto coexisted without meeting save in occasional war. One was the "known world" headed by Egypt, with its close and remote connections in time and

[34]Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (London, 1923), p. 20.

[35]The kings of the Kassite Dynasty.

space — older Egypt, up to predynastic days; Minoan Crete, with its two thousand year-old past; immemorial Sumeria, and the kindred peaceful civilization of the Indus Valley; and the other was the Aryan world of the time and of unsuspected past and future ages, from the Germanic tribes, with their sun and star worship already centuries old, to rising Sanskrit India. The immediate result—to be experienced within a few decades, after a blaze of splendor—was disaster, both for Egypt and for the Kingdom of Mitanni (which a weakened Egypt could no longer protect against the growing power of its neighbors). The result for all time was, in the person of the grandson of the royal couple, a lonely, short-lived pioneer of that Golden Age that we are still awaiting; a child of light living *above time*—Akhnaton, founder of the famous Religion of the Disk.

Six times had Thutmose the Fourth made his request in vain. We know it from a letter addressed by Dushratta, King of Mitanni—Sitatama's grandson—to Akhnaton.[36] Mitanni was a small kingdom, nothing to be compared with the mighty Egyptian Empire. But was not Aryan blood to be kept pure? Was it not more valuable even than the Theban throne and all its glory? One can indeed find no other explanation of King Sitatama's repeated refusal to give his daughter in marriage to the most powerful monarch of his times.

The friendship of the powerful is sweet, however;—sweet . . . and useful. And harder than the desire to please Pharaoh—or the awareness that it was good policy to please him—a destiny was steadily pressing Sitatama to accept, to submit, in the interest of *what,* he knew not. And "after the seventh asking, the king of Mitanni gave his daughter to the king of Egypt."[37] The new queen forsook her Aryan name and adopted an Egyptian one, more in keeping with her new position—Mutemua, or "Mut in the sacred bark"[38] —and is styled upon the monuments as "hereditary princess, great lady, presiding over the South and over the North." Of her personality and actual influence nothing is known. It can only be surmised that she would, in her new home, feel herself drawn to the old sun gods of Anu, or On, which the Greeks were one day to call Heliopolis—to Ra Harakhti of the Two Horizons; to Aten or Aton, the fiery disk—more akin than Amon to her native Aryan gods, Mithra and Surya, rather than to the exalted tribal god of Thebes. Her real, undeniable contribution to the further history of Egypt (and of religious thought) lies however in the fact that she gave birth to King Amenhotep the Third — Amenhotep the Magnificent — who, whatever may have been his interest or lack of interest in philosophical matters, was *himself* half Aryan.

Amenhotep the Third married one of the most remarkable feminine characters of antiquity, Tyi, daughter of Yuaa and of Thuaa.

Yuaa, although he was a priest of the age-old Egyptian fertility god, Min, was a foreigner from North Syria or, to be more precise, from Mitanni, Queen Mutemua's land, the ruling aristocracy of which was, like the king, Aryan, whatever mixture of Semitic or Hittite blood the bulk of its population may have known. Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie holds him to have been one of these numerous allied or vassal princes that were then brought up at the Egyptian court. One does not know whether Queen Tyi's mother, Thuaa, who, according to most scholars, was of royal descent, was a full-blooded Egyptian or partly or wholly Mitannian in spite of her Egyptian name. In a letter sent by Dushratta to Akhnaton, Tyi is called *"my sister,"*[39] which would indicate that she herself was, through one of her parents at least, if not through both, of royal, Mitannian blood.

Much has been written about the probable influence of the many Mitannians who lived at the Egyptian court—and in particular in Amenhotep the Third's "house of women"—upon the *education* of the young prince who was to ascend the throne as Amenhotep the Fourth and to become immortal under the name of Akhnaton. The truth is that the religion of Aton—the sun disk—which Petrie judged "fit for our times," *is* the one glaring instance of Aryan creativeness within an ancient Egyptian setting. It is so, however, not so much because its founder was, or might well have been, *influenced* by people having an Aryan outlook (be it by his Mitannian stepmothers or by his own mother) as because *he was himself* surely half, if not more than half, Aryan: a blending of the old blood of the kings of Thebes with that of the noble race from the North predestined to give the world, along with the heroic philosophy of disinterested action, the lure of logical thinking and

[36]Hugo Winckler, *Die Thontafeln von Tell-el-Amarna* (Berlin, 1896), p. 51. The letter is—or *was,* till 1945—preserved in Berlin.

[37]Budge, *loc. cit.*

[38]Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (London, 1896), II, 174.

[39]H. R. Hall, *The Ancient History of the Near East from the Earliest Times to the Battle of Salamis* (London, 1936), p. 201; and Arthur Weigall, *Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt* (New York, 1923), p. 26.

disinterested research—the scientific spirit.

He was born in the lovely Charuk palace in Thebes, in or shortly after 1395 B.C. — some thirteen thousand years after the last traces of the receding great ice had disappeared from Germany; two hundred years before the Trojan War; more than eleven hundred years before the Indian Emperor Asoka, like he, a messenger of peace; two thousand years before the Prophet of Islam, whose faith, monotheistic like his, but of a totally different character, was one day to be the faith of his kingdom; more than two thousand five hundred years before Genghis Khan, his most striking opposite in world history;—and three thousand three hundred years before the birth of *the* man *against time,* Adolf Hitler, who, accepting the law of violence, which he ignored, was to seek to build upon its only possible basis the reign of truth toward which he had aspired.

The new king was about twelve years old when he came to the throne, and for some time he merely *reigned* while his mother *governed.* (Dushratta, writing to congratulate him on his accession, addresses himself to Queen Tyi, not to him directly, and even in later letters of this period—which are addressed to him—asks him on several occasions to refer to his mother about important matters.) In the sixth year of his reign, after he had decidedly taken power into his own hands, he proclaimed his faith in one god—the sun, which he designated by the name of Aton (i.e., the Disk; the fiery Orb)—to the exclusion of all others; built a temple to him within the sacred enclosure of Karnak, in Thebes; gave the quarter of Thebes where the temple stood the name of "Brightness of Aton, the Great One" and changed the name of the capital itself from that of Nut Amon—the City of Amon—to that of "City of the Brightness of Aton." Then, as he fully grew to realize that he would never succeed in making Thebes the center of the new world which he was planning to build on the basis of his new (or very old) faith, he left the city and sailed down the Nile in search of a suitable spot to lay the foundations of another capital upon. The site which appealed to his intuition lies some hundred and ninety miles south of that of modern Cairo. King Akhnaton had boundary stones set up, with inscriptions relating the ceremonial birth of the new city, Akhetaton or "the City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk," and stating its demarcation in length and breadth. And two years later—when the new capital, for the building and decoration of which the workmanship of the whole Empire and even of foreign lands had been mobilized, was practically inhabitable—he moved to it with all his court and about eighty thousand followers.

And there he lived nine years—until his premature death—teaching his lofty solar religion to those whom he deemed fit to understand it, and governing his city and Egypt and the Empire according to what he felt to be its implications. He built and adorned temples, presented offerings, composed and sang hymns to the sun, and lived an idyllic domestic life which was at the same time an object of edification for his subjects. He explained or tried to explain to a narrow circle of disciples the mystery of the rays of the fiery disk —heat, which is light; light, which is heat—clear to his extraordinary intuition, but so difficult to express in words, that the thinking world was to take thirty-three hundred years to evolve a theory to account for it. He set forth new canons in architecture, sculpture, and painting and (although we have no *proof* of this) probably in music also—for all the arts are necessarily connected. He preached love of all living things and peace and good will among men, and neither hunted nor led an army to battle. And when there was unrest in Syria and Palestine, and when letters came to him from Egyptian governors and from vassal princes informing him of rebellion of other vassal princes and of spreading disaffection, of inroads of wild tribes and of local movements of resistance against Egyptian rule, and begging him for help, he appears to have preferred to lose the Empire that he had inherited from his warrior-like forefathers, rather than to deny, through prompt and decisive military action, his conviction that the law of love was to rule (and, in the first place, that it *could* and *can* rule) international relations no less than private dealings.

He died at the early age of twenty-nine, whether of a natural death or of slow poisoning—it is impossible to tell. His new capital was systematically ruined; his life's work destroyed; the few followers who had possibly remained faithful to him, relentlessly persecuted, after the ephemeral reign of his immediate successor. His memory was solemnly cursed. To the Egyptians, who had returned to their many traditional gods, he became known only as "that criminal"—for it was a punishable offense even to utter his name. And he was gradually forgotten, and remained so for over three thousand years. It is not until *our* times that *something* of his teaching and of the story of his life was, thanks to archaeological excavation, brought to light again, and that his greatness was recognized—although his proper significance as perhaps *the* most eloquent known instance of a man *above time* outside the host of such ones

who have renounced the world, may not necessarily have been understood by most of his modern admirers, to say nothing of his detractors.

That is essentially what we know for certain about Akhnaton's life. It is not much. Yet, it reveals an exceptional personality, with very definite leading features which one extremely seldom finds together: an enormous willpower and untiring energy entirely devoted to the service of that which he experienced as truth itself; a ruthlessly uncompromising mind and no less uncompromising feelings—the natural intolerance of absolute earnestness—and, *along with that,* such a reluctance to violence that one is forced to believe that it was the expression of a moral principle of his, no less than a deep-seated, insurmountable trait of his nature; in other words that, in his eyes, to accept slaughter, even when it could have made possible the triumph of his religion, would have been to deny the basis of the latter and was, therefore, out of question.

Gifted with this most unusual combination of qualities and inspired and sustained by his absolute devotion to his god—Aton—the young king declared war upon centuries of Egyptian tradition (or, to speak more accurately, upon that which tradition had become in Egypt in the course of centuries) when he was eighteen.

Aton has been identified with "a tender, loving father of all creatures" by some of the most enthusiastic twentieth-century admirers of the so-called "heretic" Pharaoh, and repeatedly compared by them to the personal God of the Christians — the "Father who is in Heaven" of the Lord's Prayer—obviously with the pious purpose of pointing out, in Akhnaton's solar faith, "a monotheistic religion second only to Christianity itself in purity of tone."[40] This view, however, seems to be more the product of Christian wishful thinking than that of a rigorous and impartial deduction. It is surely not compatible with the fact that Aton is, before all, an *immanent* god, or rather immanent godhead itself. And that fact is perhaps *the one* which emerges with the maximum of certainty from all the data concerning Akhnaton's religion.

It is clear that Aton—the Solar Disk which is the same as the "Heat-and-Light-within-the Disk" —is none other than the essence of all material and immaterial existence; the indefinable essence both of matter and of energy — matter to the coarser, and energy to the finer senses—which is God. Not any god to be compared with the loving "heavenly Father" of the Christians or with any personal god—least of all with the ill-tempered, narrow-minded, and jealous tribal god, Jehovah, created in the image of the Jews—but the equivalent of the immanent, impersonal *Tat*—That—of the Chandogya Upanishad, no less than of *das Gott* (as opposed to *der Gott*) of the ancient Germans, and the one conception of divinity that modern science, far from disproving, on the contrary, suggests.

Such a god can neither love, in the all-too-human, Christian sense of the word, nor hate; nor give commandments and distribute rewards and punishments in the manner of a human king; nor perform miracles, if by such one means actions in *real* contradiction with the iron laws of Nature, which are his laws; nor be the maker of the world out of nothingness, in the sense a craftsman is the maker of an object, external to himself, out of metal, stone, or clay.

There is no common measure between him—between him-her-it—and the current conception of God Almighty as it exists today in Christian or in Mohammedan countries, or rather, among pious people in countries where the influence of Christianity or Islam—either of the two great international, monotheistic religions issued from Judaism —has shaped religious and metaphysical ideas. And although he—he-she-it—be (substantially) less remote from the unknown and undefinable *Neter* or *pa Neter*—God, or *the* God behind all gods; formless, original, creative power, which existed of and by itself, witin the primeval, watery mass, *Nenu*—of the most ancient Egyptians, than from that nowadavs more popular conception of divinitv, he is different from him to the extent that *Neter,* according to the Moral Papyri,[41] is still, for all practical purposes, endowed with a certain amount of anthropomorphic personality. Aton—cosmic energy, essence of all existence; *Ka,* or soul of the sun (to quote a word from Akhnaton's own hymns) identical to the sun disk itself and essence of the material world—corresponds to a thoroughly impersonal and *positive* conception of godhead. And, provided one takes the word "religion" in the sense the average, modern European does, i.e., in the sense of a system of beliefs centered around a personal god, an ideal of conduct "according to his will" and a definite conception of life after death, H. R. Hall is right in saying that Akhnaton's "heresy" was "a philosophic and scientific revolt against religion"[42] rather than a new religion.

[40]Weigall, *op. cit.,* p. 250.

[41]Budge, *op. cit.,* pp. 145-148.
[42]Hall, *op. cit.,* p. 599.

Scientific—*rational*—seems indeed to be *the* word by which one should characterize Akhnaton's conception of godhead, in opposition both to the crude polytheism of the Egyptian masses and to the monotheism of the Egytian elite of his days, and, even more so, to the later monotheism of the Jewish prophets and of the Christians and Mohammedans who look upon them as "inspired men."

The expressions which one finds in the Hymns, pointing to Aton as to the one creator, and exalting his love—"Maker of every land; Creator of whatsoever there is upon it"; "Mother and Father of all that Thou hast made";[43] "Thou fillest every land with Thy love,"[44] etc. . . .—are not to be taken in the sense they would have in the case of a personal God. Other words in the same poems throw light upon them, while rendering, in a more precise manner, the idea of "creation" in connection with Akhnaton's impersonal god: "Thou Thyself art alone, but there are millions of powers of life *in* Thee, to make Thy creatures live. . . .";[45] "Thou hast produced millions of creations (or *evolutions*) *from Thy one Self*."[46] They suggest a creation which, far from being the exceptional act by which a god, distinct from the created world, causes it to spring out of nothingness (or, at the most, out of a primeval matter which is not he) consists in a gradual and endless manifestation into actual existence, of the different possibilities latent within perennial, unmanifested reality. And the words "Father and Mother of all that thou hast made" are neither the translation of an anthropomorphic idea out of keeping with that of a cosmic god such as radiant energy, *nor* a metaphor of mere literary import. They reveal an attempt at rendering, as forcefully as human speech can, the two complementary and inseparable aspects of the one reality: the positive, active, or masculine, forever urging new forms out of dim possibilities—the *Purusha* of the Sanskrit scriptures—and the negative, passive (or, if active, not organizingly active), or *feminine*—the equivalent of the Sanskrit *Prakriti*—sensitive receptacle of all latent qualities, and matrix of actual existence; the one, everlasting power of differentiation, and the everlasting and ever-differentiated, underlying oneness.

And the love of all men, nay, of all creatures, including plants, for Aton—the adoration of the divine *Ka* or essence of the sun by the whole scale of created beings, from the inspired seer himself down to the humble water lilies—is nothing more than the instinctive and universal love of life and sunshine, contemplated by a man who really *felt* and worshipped the divinity of Nature; a man who beheld the world and lived his own life in full consciousness of the eternal manifested therein; in other words: a man *above time*. Such a man saw the simple, everyday facts—birds circling round and round in the pure sky with shrills of joy; beasts skipping about among the high grasses covered with morning dew; fishes, whose silver scales shine through the sunlit water, swimming up to the surface of the river, and flowers opening themselves to the touch of the first sun rays—in their *real* light; with the eyes of a man of the Golden Age, to whom the world appears as a visible paradise because he is in tune with it and with himself. Not only did he recognize in cool judgement (as anybody would) the grandeur of the daily miracle of conception and birth, but he *felt* it with all the piety of a perfect artist; he *felt* the beauty of every new healthy pattern of life—young bird, newly born baby; from the standpoint of eternity, equally irreplaceable—and the solemnity of its unique appearing and fleeting passage amid the ever-moving infinity of beings, witnesses of Aton's inexhaustible creativeness. And he sang what he felt. And his song was—and could only be — a hymn of adoration unmarred by a shade of sadness; foreign to the idea of suffering and death; a hymn in the spirit of every one of the endlessly recurring Golden Ages, in which all is well with the visible and invisible world in complete harmony with each other and with their common divine archetype; the expression of more-than-earthly love and joy rooted in this sunlit earth, in this divine, earthly life.

Hall, apparently unable to see into the psychology of a man *above time* or *outside time*, calls the elation expressed in Akhnaton's hymns a mere "cat-like enjoyment of the sun and of the fact that it is good to be alive."[47] He thus intends to stress what seems to him to be a lack of spirituality. Yet, undignified as his sentence may sound, he is literally *right*, provided that one remembers that, to a man *above time*, who actually feels the divinity of life behind and within all living forms, the purring of a cat, comfortably rolled up in the warm sunshine, *is* a hymn to the loveliness and glory of life, as holy, in its innocence, and at its

[43]Shorter Hymn to the Sun, transl. by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, *op. cit.*, p. 116.
[44]Longer Hymn to the Sun, *ibid.*, p. 122.
[45]Shorter Hymn to the Sun.
[46]Longer Hymn to the Sun.
[47]Hall, *loc. cit.*

level, as any human words of praise; all the *more* divine that it is more spontaneous, more sincere, less penetrated with "intellect" as opposed to sensation and intuition; provided that one remembers that, to such a man, the joy of the whole created world at the feeling that "it is good to be alive" *is* an act of adoration. Akhnaton's own joy at the sight of the rising sun was not different, in nature, from that universal joy. It was merely the supreme, fully conscious expression of it: the joy which is inseparable from the direct knowledge of a man *above time*; from his *experience* of himself as part and parcel of the divine cosmos, which he loves because it is so beautiful, and the hidden essence of which he feels shimmering within his own nerves.

In that joyous, cosmic consciousness lies the secret of the apparent amorality of Akhnaton's teaching, and its actual moral meaning.

As I said already, such a god as "the Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk" can issue no "commandments" like an exalted tribal deity made in the image of its worshippers. His laws are none but the unbending laws of Nature, expression of the inner harmony of his own being at every stage and in every detail of his manifestation in time. There *is*, indeed, and there can be no other rule of conduct for his worshippers but to "live in truth," i.e., in tune with the eternal order of the universe, accomplishing the diverse tasks which are theirs while remaining inwardly at peace with themselves and with every created being. And that ideal of life—which may well seem vague to those who do not grasp its implications—*is* precisely the one put forward by King Akhnaton. The famous title *Ankh-em-maat*—Living in Truth—accompanies his name in every inscription of his reign apart from the *very* early ones. And the only definite information that can be gathered about his actual, practical teaching, from the inscriptions in the tombs of his professed followers at Tell-el-Amarna, is that he preached the love of truth in all walks of life. "The King has put truth into me, and my abomination is to lie,"[48] declares one of the courtiers, named Ay, and "truth" cannot mean anything else but that which I have just said (and "lie," its contrary), in the case of a religion centered around solar energy.

Archaeologists have more than once pointed out the foreign character of Akhnaton's religion. Petrie notes "a glance at the character of the whole age marks it out as due to some completely un-Egyptian influence, which no Heliopolitan source could ever have originated,"[49] while Budge ascribes the failure of the Aton religion to the fact that it was "too philosophical to impose itself upon the Egyptian mind" and "probably based upon esoteric doctrines that were of foreign origin."[50] And he wonders whether Akhnaton's "insistence upon the beauty and power of light" was not a sign of "the penetration into Egypt of Aryan ideas concerning Mithra, Varuna, and Surya or Savitri, the sun god."[51]

We can well admit that Akhnaton was not unfamiliar with Aryan symbolism; that he had quite possibly heard of golden-armed Surya; even of Agni, the threefold fire. But we should picture him, already as a prematurely thoughtful child, and then as an ardently sensitive adolescent, alone before the sight of the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets of Egypt, or before the deep, blue infinity of the cloudless Egyptian sky. We should imagine him absorbed in contemplation, carried away in almost physical rapture, by the feeling of "heat and light, and nothing else"—the consciousness of the burning, blue void in which nothing exists but sun rays—or by the grandeur of the contrast between light and darkness in a country where dawn is sudden and overwhelming, and where there is practically no twilight.[52] And we should not forget that he was half, if not more than half, Aryan—that he had in his blood that enthusiastic devotion to light and life which had created among the fair conquerors of India the myth of the threefold fire as well as that of golden-armed Surya-Savitri and among the Kelts, who had not yet crossed the threshold of history, the myth of Lugh Langhana—Lugh the Longhanded—the life-giving god of light;—but that he had other blood *also*: the blood of that venerable, old, southern race out of which had sprung the kings of Thebes and the priests of Amon. To a great extent, no doubt, he owed his deep, meditative sensitiveness to that also remarkable half of his ancestry. He put the whole of his being—all the extreme and apparently incompatible forces rooted within his double heredity—to the service of his one purpose: the glorification of Aton, the One God, "Heat-and-Light-which-is-in-the-Disk."

Aton is an Indo-European god, or rather *the* Indo-European conception of godhead, without

[48]Inscription in the tomb of Ay at Tell-el-Amarna.

[49]Petrie, *op. cit.*, p. 212.

[50]Budge, *op. cit.*, p. 82.

[51]*Ibid.*, p. 113.

[52]That feeling is illustrated in the forceful words: "Thou risest, and Thy creatures live; Thou settest, and they die," which those alone who have lived in tropical lands can really understand.

that element of destructiveness inseparable from the notion of perennial struggle against darkness and chaos, which is present in most Aryan gods of light and life; an Indo-European god, conceived by a man faithful to this earth, no doubt, but who lived entirely *above time* or *outside time*, according to the vision of a Golden Age world order—while the Indo-European or Aryan race is essentially *the* race *against time*.

The Religion of the Disk was a state religion. From the beginning, Akhnaton had intended it to be. This fact is strongly emphasized by some archaeologists such as Budge, while others seem to be more impressed by—and more interested in—the actually religious (or philosophical) side of the king's teaching: its simple and scientifically accurate theology; its absence of any explicit moral code; its founder's inherent reluctance to violence. I say: not merely a state *cult*—compatible with *any* religious views and moral principles (provided these were not, directly or indirectly, dangerous to the security or prestige of the state) like the cult of the traditional gods of Rome was one day to become, under the tolerant rule of the emperors—but a state *religion*, dictating a difinite metaphysical conception of the universe and a definite ideal of life to a whole people, even to a whole empire and (in Akhnaton's mind) to the whole world; a state religion that was at the same time a world religion *and* a religion exalting individual perfection—life in truth—as its goal; such was that solar religion which Petrie considered "fit to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions."[53] It was, in other words, not a way *out* of this life (or out of the endless cycle of birth and death and rebirth) into a kingdom of righteousness which is "not of this earth" or into the absolute peace of nothingness but a way of life here and now, upon this earth, in tune with this earth, and *therefore* a state religion—for life here and now, in tune with this earth, presupposes social order, political order, hierarchy—organization—and religion—*real* religion—whenever it is not a path of escape from life, is inseparable from any *real* state, as it is from life itself.

Akhnaton could not, any more than his fathers had, isolate religion from the state. He could not *want* such an unnatural and absurd separation. He could want it far *less* than they, who had understood the meaning and purpose both of religion and of the state less clearly and vividly than he. His religion was bound to be a state religion, not because he was born a king, but because he was born a man *above time*, living in spirit within the Golden Age, faithful to this earth, and because, *along with that*, he happened to be a king.

But while the pharaonic state was the outcome of the slow evolution of the perfect, theocratic state-idea of the "days of *Ra*" in the course of endless time, Akhnaton's ideal city was to be (in his mind at least) built upon that state-idea itself. It was to be the living expression of nothing less than the original divine order—i.e., of the Golden Age order — in its uncompromising purity; in other words: a broad-scale earthly paradise.

That conception of the state—that *regime*, to use a very modern word in connection with a very ancient reality—was, as I said, a theocracy. Not an arbitrary government of priests pretending to rule on behalf of the gods or of *God*—that which one generally calls theocracy through a misuse of the word—but the real thing: the government of God Himself, exercised by an actual son of God "wise in the understanding of the plans and of the might"[54] of him whom he had realized, and *rightly* endowed both with temporal power *and* spiritual authority.

It is *that* idea, that conception, to which the priests of Amon so strongly objected rather than to the king's metaphysical conception of Aton. Unfamiliar, unorthodox — un-Egyptian — as the latter may have sounded to them, they never would have deemed it worthwhile setting themselves in open, bitter opposition to the lawful Pharaoh in order to destroy it. Like all ancient religions, theirs recognized the fact that many and various ways lead to the knowledge of the Hidden One—Amon, Aton, whatever men may choose to call Him—and that the Hidden One Himself has many and various attributes. It did not proclaim itself the only possible approach to truth. And they were not fighting to forward the belief that it was, or that it should be looked upon as such. They were fighting for their *own* survival as the spiritual authority behind the Egyptian throne—a spiritual authority which had, in fact, long ceased to be purely spiritual, but that they claimed all the more violently to represent . . . as a means to an end. They had become, in course of time, a more and more intriguing, more and more power-grabbing organization. They were fighting to retain the possibility of indefinitely extending their privileges. Their ultimate goal (which they were to reach two and a half centuries later)[55] was not

[53]Petrie, *op. cit.*, p. 214.

[54]Longer Hymn to the Sun.

[55]In 1117 B.C., when, at the death of Ramose the Eleventh, Hrihor, High-priest of Amon, ascended the Theban throne.

the defense of the pharaonic order *as it stood*—royal power separated from, yet in close alliance with priestly authority—but nothing short of the seizure of the royal sceptre in their own hands and the establishment, to their own profit, of a theocracy in the most ordinary sense of the word, i.e., of a regime under which both temporal *and* spiritual power would be theirs. They were fighting, apparently maybe, as champions of the existing order; but in reality, to forward that bold dream of priestly rule.

It was a necessity for them to crush Akhnaton and his dream of divine rule, under which they would have no place. It was a necessity for him to put an end to their intrigues and to suppress their influence. From the sixth year of his reign onward, he stood up alone against centuries of tradition and waged war on Amon and on practically all the gods of Egypt, not because his lofty, impersonal god had suddenly become a "jealous" one in his eyes; *not because* he had, himself, become a religious fanatic (or an intellectual one), but because he had grown thoroughly conscious of the danger that the priests represented from *his* point of view, i.e., from the point of view of his state-idea.

The necessity that prompted him to action was more than religious or, to be more accurate, it was not religious at all in the narrow, individual sense of the word. It had nothing to do with his realization of the divine, which nobody contested, nor with the destiny of his personal soul, with which nobody interfered. It was the necessity of coping with danger. It arose as a consequence of the stubborn opposition of the priests of Amon to his conception of an ideal, theocratic state, headed by himself, and specially to his attempt to make Thebes—*their* sacred Thebes, stronghold of their power for centuries—the center of such a state. That opposition had to be overcome at any cost if Akhnaton were at all to try to bring his Golden Age theocracy into existence. But it was powerful, for the priests of Amon were, as a body, fabulously rich. And it was bitter—desperate—for the issue at stake presented itself to them in the form of the tragic dilemma: to rule or not to rule, which, to their ambitious hearts, meant: to be or not to be.

King Akhnaton answered the priests' hostility by a declaration of war to the finish; he banned the name of Amon as the symbol of the hitherto pharaonic state in which those priests had had so much to say, and as that of the priestly state—the false theocracy—by which they dreamed of replacing it one day, and he had it and all representations of the Theban god erased from all public and private monuments, even from the walls of his own father's tomb; he changed his own name, Amenhotep, which meant "Amon is at peace," into Akhnaton—"Joy-of-the-Solar-Disk." And he confiscated the priests' wealth: their enormous land property and all their treasures on which he could lay hands.

From there his struggle against the priests of Amon—now dispossessed, but never persecuted, for Akhnaton, the man *above time*, was opposed to all violence—would no doubt continue; and so would, from all Egypt, their struggle against him. It was, however, we repeat—for one can never repeat it and stress it enough — anything but a struggle between his god-conscious, individual soul and the traditional gods of the community: the national gods as such. It was, least of all, a struggle between monotheism and polytheism. It was a conflict between the Golden Age conception of the state ruled by an actual king-god—one of the rare divine men that appear now and then in all ages, but with less and less power on earth as time follows its downward course—and the conception of the state ruled by a king assisted, and gradually dominated—overshadowed—and finally replaced by an increasingly powerful priestly class; a conception which leads ultimately to priestly rule (in the name of the gods, for the benefit of the priests). It was the conflict between the long-forgotten state-idea implied in the "kingdom of *Ra*," and that embodied in the pharaonic state rapidly evolving toward the kingdom of Hrihor; in other words, the conflict between real and false theocracy.

But the most tragically instructive instance of the application of a Golden Age wisdom to the earth in this dark age, regardless of the conditions of the latter, is to be studied in Ahknaton's uncompromising "no" to war, in his refusal as the head of an empire, to accept the law of violence, which is the law of time *par excellence*.

The story of the unrest in Syria and Palestine —i.e., in the whole northern portion of the Egyptian Empire—in Akhnaton's reign has been pieced together from some three hundred clay tablets covered with cuneiform writing—the diplomatic script of his days—found in 1887 and 1891 among the ruins of Akhetaton, and representing the dispatches sent to the king by vassal dynasts and Egyptian governors of the war-torn lands. We do not—and, unfortunately, shall never—know the *whole* story, for over two thirds of the clay tablets were lost through senseless mishandling after their discovery. But from what we do know of it,

the situation can be retrospectively summed up and characterized as "a great, concerted, anti-Egyptian movement"[56] led by local vassal princes in close alliance with wild, plundering elements, apparently desert tribes: the *Sa-Gaz,* in North Syria, and the *Habiru* (in whom some authors are tempted to recognize the Hebrews, in one of the invading waves that carried them to what they called their "promised land") in Palestine.

The dispatches from Palestine give the account of events succeeding one another at a tragic tempo: increasing pressure of the *Habiru* from all sides and increasing disaffection of the chieftains hitherto loyal to Egypt, as they receive no aid in answer to their distressed letters; intrigues of the most able hostile princelings in order to bribe or threaten into their alliance (and that of the *Habiru*) those who still hesitate, wondering where their interest lies; and, from the one man faithful to Egypt to the end, namely Abdikhipa, Governor of Jerusalem, further reports of spreading lawlessness—plunder and murder—and desperate appeals for help, and desperate warnings that, if no help comes, the whole land will become the prey of the rebels and of their allies — "If no troops come this year, all the lands of the king, my lord, will be lost";[57]—postscripts addressed to Akhnaton's cuneiform scribe, with whom Abdikhipa seems to have been personally acquainted: "Bring clearly before the king, my lord, these words: All the lands of the king, my lord, are going to ruin."[58] And finally, the faithful governor's last report of disaster: "Now, the *Habiru* occupy the cities. Not one prince remains; all are ruined."[59]

There is no evidence that Akhnaton did anything to defend his last stronghold in Asia, be it at the eleventh hour, or that he tried to recover any portion of the lost territories. And thus from the boundaries of Asia Minor and northern Mesopotamia to the Sinai Desert, Egyptian domination now became a thing of the past—a thing that was, despite the efforts and partial success of the Pharaohs of the next dynasty, never to be again.

And along with the Egyptian Empire (and with Akhnaton's prestige at home, which alone victorious war could have strengthened) disappeared the chances of the Religion of the Disk to remain the state religion of Egypt and to become, in the form Akhnaton had given it, a world force. In Syria, harsh Hittite domination replaced mild Egyptian rule. And if the *Habiru* of the *Tell-el-*Amarna letters really be the all-too-well-known Hebrews, it is hardly necessary to point out what far-reaching consequences—totally unpredictable in Akhnaton's days—their permanent settling in Canaan was to have for world history. This was not the last time that a ruler's reluctance to war was to originate developments far worse (in the long run) than war would have been, nor—if the above suggestion be right—the last time that a generous dream was finally to forward the ends of the least generous of all races. But it was the first—and last—time that such a powerful potentate— the mightiest of his epoch—took on such a terrible responsibility for the sake of and sacrificed so much to an ideal of peace rooted neither in a philosophy of decay (like the pacifism of most of *our* contemporaries) nor in a lofty, but other-worldly wisdom, such as Emperor Asoka's Buddhism, but in a Golden Age conception of life, at the same time unquestionably generous and faithful to this earth.

For there is no reason to suppose, as some archaeologists seem to, that Akhnaton acted, or rather, abstained from acting, out of sheer ignorance of the situation. Of all that amount of appealing distress, *something* must have reached him. And there remained to him, anyhow, one reliable way of finding out the truth, and that consisted in going to Syria himself, as his forefathers had, one after the other. That way he never cared—or wished—to take.

On the other hand, "supineness and apathy"[60] are not the proper words by which to describe his attitude. There is, in fact, no logical explanation for it, outside that given by Arthur Weigall: ". . . Akhnaton definitely refused to do battle, believing that a resort to arms was an offense to God. Whether fortune or misfortune, gain or loss, was to be his lot, he would hold to his principles and would not return to the old gods of battle."[61] Only, the ideal in the name of which he acted (or, to be more accurate, refrained from acting) was not the Christian-like ideal of "brotherhood of all men" that Weigall supposes. It was a broader and more rational—truer—ideal; a *cosmic* ideal, in the light of which "peace on earth and good will toward men" were a mere implication of the established harmony between heaven and earth

[56]S. A. Cook in *Cambridge Ancient History,* ed. J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, and F. E. Adcock (Cambridge, 1924), II, 303.

[57]Letter 183, Winckler Collection.

[58]*Ibid.*

[59]Letter 181, Winckler Collection.

[60]J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age: a Study of the Crisis of the Ancient World* (London, 1926), p. 375.

[61]Weigall, *op. cit.,* p. 202.

on all planes; the ideal of paradise here and now, in beauty and fullness of life; I repeat: a Golden Age ideal.

And yet he did *not* turn from this fallen world —renounce the responsibility of temporal power, as Prince Siddhartha (the Buddha) and Mahavira (the founder of the Jain religion, also a *Kshatriya* by birth) were to do, some eight hundred years later. But he lived in it and for it, as though it were not fallen. He refused to become what I have described in the beginning of this book as a man *against time*. And yet he did not seek, beyond the loveliness of this sunlit world—and beyond its unavoidable violence—the eternal principle of that refusal, but found it in the beauty of his *earthly* Golden Age dream alone.

In this lies his unique position among the famous men *above time*.

The great Indian Emperor Asoka, son of Bindusara, who was to appear eleven hundred years after him, is the one towering historical figure with whom one might compare him: a man *above time*, like himself; endowed, like he, with unlimited temporal power; like he, a king who held both hunting and war in abhorrence.

But there are differences between the Maurya potentate and the "King of Upper and Lower Egypt, living in Truth." First, a fundamental difference in the nature of their creeds; for, although Asoka might not be described as an ascetic, the creed in the name of which he protected all life (and first gave up war) *was* an ascetic one: a creed of renunciation of this world; a way explicitly intended to lead men *out* of the endless cycle of birth, death, and rebirth, considered as a cycle of suffering. Nonviolence was, to him, a consequence of that renunciation of the curse of earthly life—of any form of individual life—while it was, to Akhnaton, an inseparable condition of life in beauty and truth, here and now. Then, an all-important difference in the *history* of the two potentates: Asoka, was a *convert* to his creed of detachment and love; Akhnaton was the originator of his, and had practiced it from the beginning. This may be, from the standpoint of the souls of the two great men, just the same. It *is not* at all the same from the standpoint of their creation in time.

Chandasoka—Asoka before he became a Buddhist—had not only taken violence for granted, as the most natural thing, but had exerted it himself to the utmost extent. He had been a warrior, and a fierce one—and, which is more, a victorious one. Dharmasoka—Asoka *after* the sight (and the experience) of the horror of war had changed his heart—had Chandasoka's career behind him. And, painful as the memory of it doubtless was to him —and ironical as the fact may be—this gave him an immense practical advantage: *he did not need* to sacrifice an inch of his empire to his creed of nonviolence: the people of Kalinga had been too ruthlessly crushed even to dream of rebellion. And thus, in the peace and safety won by his own sword at the time he still had been but a *Kshatriya* full of the lure of carnage and conquest, the great patron of Buddhism could devote his whole energy and the revenues of a prosperous realm to his new ideal of meekness and love toward all creatures—his new dream of escape from the bondage of time. The consequence of his former ruthlessness — the existence of a strengthened, centralized state, with increased resources—forwarded the unhindered development of his new creation: the *Buddhist* state, with its glorious laws regulating social welfare and restricting, and finally forbidding, the slaughter of animals, and its organized missionary activity infusing the spirit of nonviolence and the yearning of renunciation—the ascetic contempt of this world within time—into human hearts, from Ceylon and Burma to Palestine, Alexandria, and even Greece and Italy.

Asoka never ceased taking the conditions of this dark age into full consideration: first—when he was yet a man *in time*—in order to conquer (through violence) and then—as he rose *above time*—in order to renounce this world, to reject it as his home, while still governing it in a spirit of nonviolence—with infinitely more thoroughness and more logic than the Christians (with their dogma of personal immortality and their childish partiality toward man, among all creatures) ever were to show. And he was, as the patron of the great other-worldly religion of peace and love, as successful as he had been as a warrior, and more so.

Akhnaton, who, although he had in him the willpower and uncompromising determination of a fighter, had never been a man of violence, lost everything for the sake of a creed that was anything but an ascetic one. He lost everything and did not succeed in leaving the stamp of his teaching upon the future, precisely because of his stubborn refusal to wage war when war was the only way to that order and peace (and prestige) that he so needed, if his lofty solar philosophy were to continue to find expression in a state religion.

Deaf to the noise of strife, blind to the conditions of this dark age, he carried on his earthly paradise experiment, feeling himself strong

enough to create new conditions, at least within his immediate surroundings. He presided over solar rites in which solemn music, hymns, and sacred dances played a great part; he burnt incense upon the altars of the Great Temple of Aton, under the open sky, so unbelievably blue; he entertained himself with his disciples (or those who pretended to be such ones) about the mystery of the divine rays of the sun—light, which is heat; heat, which is light;—he set before his people the example of domestic harmony, symbolizing (in him, the king, and in the queen) the ineffable harmony within the twofold principle—he *and* she—kernel of all things, . . . while messengers brought him such letters as those of Abdikhipa. And with the sword in hand—needing only to utter a word in order to send the whole Egyptian army across the border—he chose not to fight.

The result was material—and moral—disaster: the plight of endless streams of Egyptian and Syrian refugees, pouring across the Sinai Desert;[62] the king's own premature death (perhaps due to slow poisoning: he had enemies even in his near *entourage*); the systematic destruction of his capital after a few years; the relentless persecution of his already unpopular faith (many supporters of which changed their minds anyhow, as soon as he was no longer there to reward them with gifts of gold and silver); the anathematization of his name as "that criminal of Akhetaton"; and finally his fall into total oblivion for thirty-three hundred years—until his diplomatic correspondence and then his two surviving hymns to the sun were brought to light in modern times. Disaster as complete as that of any movement crushed in the bud—and without the hopes of speedy resurrection that the latter has, when its followers are of a better metal than those of the Egyptian king, and when they are, *also*, in the dark age, prepared to use dark-age methods.[63] Disaster . . . and yet—within the endless downward evolution of history since the dawn of our era, a unique stand: an extraordinary testimony to man's immemorial yearning for the splendor of the Golden Age *as it was*, without the renunciation yet unknown to it and without the bitter struggle of the men *against time*; a unique stand which springs from an essentially *aesthetic* standpoint and which is beautiful in itself, despite the unavoidable failure implied in it.

Beautiful and also instructive, inasmuch as the study of the nature and consequences of Akhnaton's pacifism glaringly show the impossibility of carrying out, in our dark age, an earthly paradise program through peaceful methods. Peace is not the law of action in a fallen world. One has either to accept violence—the condition of any development in time—and to fight, *with the methods of the fallen world*, against that world, and *against time*, for a Golden Age ideal, *or* . . . to project that ideal "outside" this visible and tangible earth, according to the words of Jesus of Nazareth, "My kingdom is not of this world," which express the attitude of all men essentially *above time*, with the one outstanding exception of Akhnaton, King of Egypt.

This earth was surely no paradise in Akhnaton's days. Not only did it contain the germs of degeneracy—these are inherent in life in time as such—but it was already glaringly stamped with all the characteristics of the dark age: selfishness, wanton brutality, superstition, conceit, fear, and hypocrisy. Its wars were (outwardly) about as horrible as ours, despite the fact that *fewer* people were killed and *fewer* buildings destroyed. And the everyday life of its men and women was about as dreary as that of the majority of our contemporaries. And yet, in spite of all, it *was* decidedly nothing like as bad. Technical progress was not for three thousand years more to turn men's heads and hearts to the new superstition of "happiness" through ever-increasing production. Nor were the dangerous—and false—idea of human equality and the dangerous illusion of liberty to appear for a very long time. And things were still called by the *right* names, and facts—hard facts—were faced without fear or squeamishness, as things that have to be. However *outwardly* barbarous, wars were, *inwardly*, far more honest than those of our world: they were not called "crusades" against this or that idea which people had first been systematically taught to hate,[64] or wars "against war," but were frankly carried out to extend the limits of a king's realm and to exploit the vanquished after plundering them—to acquire living space, raw materials, and cheap labor, as those of us who are not liars say today. But then everybody said it. There were acts of cruelty in war. But people were neither ashamed of them

[62]"They have been destroyed, and their towns laid waste, and fire has been thrown (into their grain) . . .; their countries are starving; they are like goats upon the mountains." (Words of an Egyptian officer, who was in charge of those refugees.) See J. H. Breasted in *Cambridge Ancient History*, II, 125.

[63]As is, for example, the case with the persecuted National Socialists of today.

[64]Like Eisenhower's disgusting "Crusade to Europe."

nor indignant about them—did not call them "war crimes" when they happened to be the enemy's, and conceal them when they were their own doings. Kings caused, as a matter of fact, accounts of such actions of theirs to be written down upon stone, to last forever.[65] There were, as now, enslaved people—the spoils of war. And they worked in the victors' mines or rowed the victors' ships. But many centuries were to pass before the victors' priests were to bother their heads about their souls and offer them promises of hypothetical happiness in the hereafter in compensation for their wretched lot on earth—and many more centuries before the victors' men of law were to give them lectures about a hypothetical "universal moral conscience," the commands of which they should have obeyed instead of ruthlessly fighting for their kings. They had no compensation for their lot, save the games of dice or the merrymaking that occasionally relieved the monotony of daily toil, or—when they happened to be men of a higher type—the pride of facing heroically a bitter but unavoidable destiny. Christianity as we know it—that anti-natural religion, based upon lies—was not to appear for another one and a half millennia. And Jewish thought (for non-Jewish consumption)—the main factor of world disintegration from at least the third century B.C. onward (if not from the fourth) — was yet totally nonexistent.

And the perennial paradise dream, although it was just as unrealizable in practice as it is now, was purer, more sincere, and more disinterested than all the pacifist utopias of later times. Its expression was not, like theirs, necessarily silly. It could be great and beautiful. It *was* great and beautiful when it was the product of the yearning, imagination, and logic of such an artist as Akhnaton. The time had not yet come when wise men of his spiritual class would either, in despair, turn their backs to all manifestations in time and choose the way of renunciation, or else fight with the weapons of violence against the downward current of history—*against time*—also in despair.

Akhnaton's ideal, theocratic state—ever-peaceful kingdom of the sun on earth—was, and remains, an impossibility in our dark age. It was from the beginning stamped with the sign of failure. And the "un-Egyptian" character of the particular solar wisdom upon which it was to be built was perhaps the pretext, but certainly not the deeper cause, of its failure. (Other nations had accepted or were to accept and keep, outwardly at least, for centuries, religions that were anything but in harmony with the genius of their people: one only has to think of the Aryan wisdom of the Vedas, held sacred to this day by millions of Dravidians, sons of the *dasyus* of old, the overwhelming majority of the Hindu population; or to consider how Christianity was successfully forced upon the Germanic people of northern Europe, much against their will; or how Buddhism peacefully conquered millions of followers among the yellow races—in particular, how it managed to become one of the leading creeds of warrior-like Japan—or how Islam spread, also peacefully, to the isle of Java.) The cause of the failure of the Religion of the Disk to survive, even in an imperfect form, is to be sought in its own inner contradictions: in the fact that it rests, as I said before, upon a thoroughly Indo-European conception of the divine and yet that its wisdom is *not* a wisdom *against time*, a warrior-like wisdom as would befit that young race; not a wisdom *against time* and *also not* a wisdom of despair.

No race and no man was ever to renew Akhnaton's experiment of a *state* ruled in defiance of the conditions of the dark age, according to a creed of this earth. In fact, as the dark age goes on, states and *all* temporal organisms—with a few glaring exceptions—become more and more organisms *in time*, the real aim of which is merely the worldly welfare of a ruling family or of a ruling minority or of a whole people, without that family, group, or people being, from the standpoint of the natural hierarchy of life, the worthiest; without its privileges being justified in the light of cosmic truth. The great men *above time* who appear after Akhnaton turn their backs to this hopeless world and seek, as I said before, the salvation or "liberation" of the individual soul; its escape from the bondage of time altogether. The Buddhist *sanga* and the even more unworldly brotherhood of Jain ascetics are communities of people who deliberately leave no descendants and concentrate all their efforts upon never being, themselves, born again, if they can help it. The kingdom of Jesus Christ is "not of this world."

The great other-worldly religions that exalt escape from the conditions of this dark age in particular and of time in general—individual "salvation" or "liberation"—merely succeed, *in practice*, in making the conditions of the dark age all the worse. They do so for the simple reason that they draw the best of human energy—and to begin with, the best of human blood—away from this

[65]For instance, Amenhotep the Second's account of his treatment of the seven Syrian chiefs, and later the countless Assyrian written accounts.

earth. The first and many of the later, well-known Buddhist ascetics and many of the Jains were Brahmans or *Kshatriyas* — Aryans — and many of the unmarried Christian saints were of Germanic stock.

If only the ascetic religions really *could* draw *all* men away from this planet, their effect would not be so tragic. It would, in course of time, amount to the extinction of mankind through the most nonviolent process of all: through lack of interest in reproduction; lack of desire to live in this world as anything save travellers to the next or, beyond death, as anything save "liberated" *souls—not* as new, living men and women, inheritors of the character and possibilities of existing human races and of their Nature-ordained tasks, struggles, and greatness. But only minorities are capable of carrying out an uncompromising teaching to its last, logical consequences. And therefore, no religion of however unworldly a character has yet, as far as I know, ever had a sufficient appeal to lead the *whole* community of its believers to that extinction through indifference to life, which I just mentioned. For next to the good monk who, in thought and deed, holds virginity to be better than marriage, is the layman who merely remembers that "it is better to marry than to burn" and who has a family. The monk—who often is a man of the very best blood—is lost to this earth, in the earthly sense. The layman becomes positively dangerous as soon as he forgets that disregard of race is, at the most, permissible to those who tread the ascetic path and who disregard life as such; to those who, already in this world, "neither marry nor give in marriage." And he *always* forgets this sooner or later, in the course of decades or centuries, for not a single other-worldly creed has, to my knowledge, taken the trouble of stressing the fact. (Brahmanism has stressed the fact. But Brahmanism is not an other-worldly creed, a religion *above time*; it is the one *social system against time* in the frame of which there is place for all creeds—worldly *and* other-worldly—and all races, from the lowest of all to the pure Aryan, in a harmony which reflects—or is, at least, intended to reflect—the original harmony of creation.)

Thus the practical result of the great religions of escape from the conditions of time, the practical result of the teachings of the great men *above time* after Akhnaton, is a lowering of the racial level and therefore of the quality of their own adherents and, through them and their proselytes, of mankind in general: not—unfortunately!—a generation of *sadhus* and meditative saints, followed by a planet without men (doubtless more beautiful than it has been for a very long time) but . . . cross-products of Aryan and Mongolian, or Aryan and Jewish blood, and a further nondescript hotchpotch of all the races of the Far and Middle East, or of all the races of the Near East and of Europe, professing increasingly debased forms of Buddhism or Christianity, and breeding, breeding, and ever breeding increasingly debased specimens of the two-legged mammal. In other words: a tightening of the grip of dark-age conditions upon the world, and further disintegration.

It is hardly necessary to add that this disintegration has been encouraged and exploited by every power *in time* in need of *Menschenmaterial* regardless of quality. The other-worldly teaching, according to which man is to be looked upon before all as "a soul," has been mobilized in support of schemes of unjustified worldly domination by the Christian church itself and by a number of Christian rulers. A typical, but by no means unique, instance of this opportunism is that of Albukerque's policy in Goa, encoraging mixed marriages between Portuguese and Indian Christians of any caste. Every new crossbreed, christened by the holy church, would be—at least Albukerque expected—a future saint in heaven and, in the meantime, a loyal supporter of Portuguese interests. The Spanish viceroys of Mexico and Peru have encouraged mixed marriages in a similar spirit, and so did, long before them in the Near East, the Byzantine Emperors and the Khalifs of Damascus and of Baghdad. It is the most natural policy of a ruler *in time* whose religion happens to be a fraternity of *faith*, regardless of blood—and all the more so if this religion be, like Islam, an other-worldly one, no doubt, but by no means a nonviolent one.

Would the definitely nonviolent but *not* other-worldly Religion of the Disk have followed, in practice, the same path, had it lasted? The path is in contradiction with the idea of the God-ordained separation of races, implied in Akhnaton's words: "Thou hast put every man in his place; Thou hast made them different in shape, color, and speech; like a divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people from one another."[66] But who can ever tell what a religion might become in the hands of ambitious and greedy lip adherents, when it has no hard and fast code of conduct, nothing to guide the faithful (as far as we know) save the intuition of an artist, in tune with the beauty of creation? We know that several of Akh-

[66]Longer Hymn to the Sun.

naton's contemporaries and professed followers were, at least, anything but such artists. It is difficult to say who would have been his further followers and whether any great man would have—could have—arisen among them to save that which could be saved of the young king's Golden Age theocracy in this dark age, giving it the rigid laws that any dark-age organism needs in order to endure. All we can say is that such a leader would necessarily have been—would *have had to be*—a man *against time; above time,* no doubt, but *against time* also, not merely *above time* as Akhnaton himself and as the founders of the nonviolent, other-worldly religions after him. There is, as I said, in the dark age, no place, no possibility of existence for a state *above time.* However much the *inspiration,* the philosophy, behind the state rule be of a nonviolent nature (worldly or otherworldly), the methods have to be the hard methods of the dark age. The one man who avoided these methods in his Buddhist Empire — Asoka — was only able to do so because he had applied them, with a vengeance, *before* his conversion to nonviolence.

In other words, there is, in this dark age, place only for religions *against time*—apart from false religions *in time.* The sincere, intelligent, and absolutely consistent follower of a teaching one hundred percent *above time*—one hundred percent nonviolent as such—has only one course left to him: he should disappear. He does not belong to this planet in this age; he should get out of it—and never come back. Nonviolence is not only incompatible with the existence of any state, of any collective life, but it is incompatible with life itself.

Of all the followers of nonviolent religions, the Jains are the ones who, apparently, have understood this the best. They are, no doubt, like others, divided into a minority of monks and a majority of people who live—as nonviolently as it is materially possible—the life of this world. But their ascetics go further than any others I know along the path of renunciation for the sake of love toward all creatures. Not contented with respecting animal life alone, like the lay Jains and all the vegetarians of the world, they serenely refuse all compromise with the hard law of life in all times but the unthinkable Golden Age: kill and eat; kill and live. And, gradually pushing aside vegetables, fruits, and finally even water, they die of inanition in the name of the real logic of nonviolence—of the only logic of men of our dark age who cling to the bitter end to their will to defy the conditions of existence in time.

There is one consistent alternative to this extreme position—one position as logical and as heroic as it—and that is the one of the philosophical equivalent of Brahmanical racialism in our technically advanced and yet dangerously decadent world; the one of the modern creed *against time* and faithful to this earth *par excellence,* or, to be more accurate, of the modern form of the perennial wisdom of light and life: National Socialism, which shortsighted people mistake for a mere political creed and nothing more.

And this alternative is, for those at least who are of Aryan blood and of a warrior-like nature—for *Kshatriyas*—the better of the two. For it is written in the book of books, addressed by God Himself—i.e., by the Genius of the race, in human garb—to a prince of *Kshatriyas,* that "action is superior to inaction."[67]

[67]*Bhagavad Gita,* III, verse 8.

IV

It was in 1889—during the first year of Kaiser William the Second's reign.

Bismark—the Iron Chancellor, the maker of the Second German *Reich*—was still in power, though not for long. The hidden, anti-German forces that were soon to cause his dismissal and then gradually to break the impetus he had given things were already at work; had been at work for years. But there were also imponderable factors—moral and mystical forces: the very forces of disintegration that had been, for over two millenia,[68] striving to lead the Aryan race to its doom. And it needed a more-than-political genius, a

[68]I say "*over two millennia*" meaning that the disintegrating influence of Jewry upon the Aryan race began *before* the advent of Christianity. The disastrous new scale of values drawn from the misapplied otherworldly religion and the spreading of the creed itself were the consequences of Jewish influence, not its causes.

more-than-human personality, to stand in the way of *those*.

At that time, an elderly, honest, and hard-working customs officer lived with his wife and family in Braunau, a pretty little town on the River Inn, on the border of Austria and Germany.

The town with its main square, on one side of which an old fountain dominated by a stone statue of Christ is still to be seen; with its old houses and churches, its old streets—clean, but often narrow—was little different from any small town in the region. It probably looked much the same as it does today; small towns change less than large ones. And the customs officer, whose name was Alois Hitler, lived in an old, two-storied house that had picturesque, arched landings at the top of each flight of stairs, and spacious rooms. His wife, Clara, was pretty: blonde, with magnificent blue eyes. Aged twenty-nine only, she was of an ardent, thoughtful, and self-possessed nature; as imaginative and intuitive as her husband was unromantically painstaking; as loving as he was dutiful; and capable of endlessly sustained sacrifice. She respected him deeply; he was her husband. But she loved her children—and God; God *in* her children. And she did not herself know how right she was, i.e., how truly the divine spirit—the divine collective self of Aryan mankind, whose manifestation appears now and then in the form of an extraordinary human being—lived in the youngest baby son that she was nursing: her fourth[69] child.

She had just given birth to him on the 20th of April, at six eighteen in the afternoon, in a large, airy room on the second floor—the last on the right-hand side, at the end of a narrow passage—in which she was now reclining, still feeling weak, but happy. The three windows opened on the street. Through their spotless glass panes and white blinds, warm sunshine poured in. The baby slept. The mother rested. She did not know that she had just been the instrument of a tremendous cosmic will. For, invisible in the blue sky above the little frontier town, the stars formed on that spring afternoon in 1889 a definite pattern marking the return to earth of Him Who comes back; of the divine man *against time*, Who, again and again, and every time more heroically, stands alone against the ever-accelerated current of universal decay, and prepares, in hard, bloody struggle, the dawning of the following time cycle, even if He be, for some years or decades, apparently bound to fail.

For the newly born babe was none other than He.

The baby slept; the mother rested and was grateful for the bright sunshine and the coming summer. She would be able to take the child out, now and then, when she would find time. In the meantime she prayed to the Queen of Heaven that he might live: her first three children had died, one after the other.

The child was christened Adolf.

Never had circumstances been more unfavorable to his recognition, even to the very possibility of his taking consciousness of his mission in the garb of a predestined ruler. Not only was there, as everyone will readily agree, a long way from the child's humble status to that which he had to attain in order to play, in the history of the West, the *political* part he was destined, but nothing seemed likely to prepare him for the accomplishment of his even greater task, namely that of awakening the Western Aryan soul to its own natural wisdom. Aryan wisdom, in its conscious, warrior-like form, in opposition to all the traditional values of Christianity, was unknown in the Western world of the time, let alone in Braunau on the Inn—unknown, at least, to all but a few lonely thinkers, such as Friedrich Nietzsche. The heavenly powers, however, gave the divine child two main privileges through which he was amazingly soon to become aware of it, *to reinvent it* of his own accord: first, a pure, healthy heredity, containing the very best both of Nordic and of Keltic blood—the fiery imagination and mystical intuition of the Kelt, allied to Nordic willpower, thoroughness, efficiency, and sense of justice (and insight also); and, along with that, a passionate, limitless, and fathomless love for that German land that stretched on both sides of the Inn as well as on both sides of the Danube and beyond, and for its people, his blood brothers—not those who are perfect specimens of higher humanity (for there are none in this dark age), but for those who can and will *become* such ones, while they have the stuff in them.

Through that love—and through it alone—he was to raise himself to the intuitive certitude of the eternal truth upon which he was to build the National Socialist doctrine, modern form of the perennial religion of life; to that certitude which separates him from even the greatest politicians

[69]Contrary to the erroneous assertions in the widely publicized (and viciously distorted) books by Alan Bullock: *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny* (p. 25 of the 1962 revised edition) and William L. Shirer: *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (p. 25 of the 1962 Crest edition). [editor]

and sets him straightaway into the category of the warring seers, founders of the healthiest civilizations we know; into the category of the men *against time,* whose vision grasps, beyond our sickly world, doomed to speedy destruction, the yet unthinkable, following Golden Age, of which they are the prophets and will be the gods.

Whether alive or dead in the flesh, the predestined child of Braunau—Adolf Hitler—lives forever in National Socialism, his creation and integral expression. To understand the latter is to understand him: to see him in the proper light and to place him on the proper level and in the proper class among the galaxy of exceptionally great men. And that is precisely what most National Socialists, even those who remained *after* 1945 irreproachable in their profession of faith—even "fanatical" ones — (let alone our enemies, and the world at large) apparently fail to do, out of lack of feeling for cosmic realities.

One should carefully distinguish the ephemeral NSDAP[70]—the National Socialist German Workers' Party, an organization with precise aims, which have their place in German and European history—from the everlasting National Socialist idea.

The Party came (officially) into existence on the 24th of February 1920; in *fact,* already in 1919. It was a revolutionary body determined to win power for its leader—and for its members—to rid Germany of the enslavement and shame resulting from the Versailles Treaty and—for the first time in the history of the West—to apply on a broad scale solid—eternal—biological principles to social and to political life. It had, however, the characteristics of even the very best organizations of our dark age: their inherent clumsiness, their all-too-human shortcomings. There were all sorts of people—fearless idealists and timeservers; heroes, even demigods, *and* an immense majority of irresponsible, sheeplike creatures, *and* a few influential traitors — among the thirteen million members it had at the height of its glory. It achieved a lot, and yet it failed. It has, since 1945, ceased to exist as a body, and even if it be, one day, destined to rise again under its old name and everlasting sign, will never be restored exactly as before. Cannot be, for it belongs to time, and in time nothing is ever *restored. Should not be,* for restoration would mean stagnation, whence incapacity to face new circumstances and overcome new dangers.

[70]Nationalsozialistische deutsche Arbeiterpartei.

The National Socialist idea is not the Party. Not only was it in existence—"in the air"—*before* the Party, but it is, in its essence, as old as the oldest contact and first clash between the Germanic race and the outer world. Fundamentally, it is nothing else but the expression of the collective will of the race to survive and to rule; of its readiness to combat and eradicate all that which, from without *or* from within, stands in the way of its survival and expansion; of its healthy consciousness of itself—of its strength; of its youth; —and of godhead *within itself*: a biological reality stressed in political and in social life, rather than a "political" idea.

One could go a step further and state that, in its *essence,* the National Socialist idea exceeds not only Germany and our times, but the Aryan race and mankind itself and *any* epoch; that it ultimately expresses that mysterious and unfailing wisdom according to which Nature lives and creates: the impersonal wisdom of the primeval forest and of the ocean depth and of the spheres in the dark fields of space; and that it is Adolf Hitler's glory not merely to have gone back to *that* divine wisdom—stigmatizing man's silly infatuation for "intellect," his childish pride in "progress," and his criminal attempt to enslave Nature —but to have made it the basis of a *practical* regeneration policy of worldwide scope, precisely *now,* in our overcrowded, overcivilized, and technically overevolved world, at the very end of the dark age.

Considered as the twentieth-century expression of the age-old yearning of Aryan mankind to free itself, here and at once, from the appalling determinism of decay, National Socialism begins with the future German *Fuehrer's* gradual awakening to the consciousness of his own scale of values, of his fundamental aspirations and repulsions, and of his mission: the awakening of the man *against time,* as such.

There are, to my knowledge—unfortunately—no records of Adolf Hitler's childhood. The one apparently authoritative picture of the future ruler's life and character, years before he decided to become a politician, is to be found in the very good book in which August Kubizek—the one friend he had in early youth—has related the story of his four years' friendship with him, namely from 1904 to 1908.[71]

[71]August Kubizek, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund* (Graz, 1953).

In those years—i.e., when he was over fifteen, less than nineteen—Adolf Hitler's main traits of character were already fixed and visible at every step of his, in all he said or did.

One of the most noticeable traits of people *against time* — no less than of those I have described as *above time*—is that they fit nowhere in the world as it is; that their moral and æsthetic —and practical—standards: their conception of happiness and unhappiness, their idea of "success" and failure and of usefulness, in one word their *values*, and its, have nothing in common. And, from all that his friend Kubizek relates about Adolf Hitler's adolescence in Linz, that appears precisely to have been the case of the future master of Germany, at that time a no doubt remarkably gifted but, in the estimation of cool-minded grownups, "unpractical" youth, who had recently left the middle school without completing the course of his studies and nourished the ambition of becoming a great artist—a painter or perhaps an architect—with little material prospect of fulfilling it . . . and who lived on his widowed mother's meager pension and roamed about the streets — or the countryside — and occasionally went to the theater (taking admittedly the cheapest seats) and made gigantic plans and spoke—already with compelling eloquence—of things that interested nobody but himself, while other boys earned their living and helped their families or were learning something "useful." "He just fitted into no social frame whatsoever,"[72] concludes Kubizek, after having tried to analyze the reasons why his friend, despite capacities by far above the average, failed, even in subsequent years, to "get on" professionally. "He had not the slightest ambition of securing himself a livelihood"[73] and of being comfortable. He did not wish to be "comfortable." He did not—and never would—think in terms of comfort or of personal "happiness." What others called "enjoying life" was something absolutely foreign to him. Nor could he "take things as they came" and live lightly, free of worry, entirely within the present. He was, at a very early age, intensely aware that things were *wrong* in the world round him—wrong in every walk of life, in every domain of thought and action, from A to Z—and he felt himself duty-bound to change them; not to change this or that *in* them, leaving the rest untouched, but to change them ruthlessly and radically, for they were radically wrong, and to build *everything* anew, according to principles different from those that had prevailed up till then.

But it was during the years of grinding poverty and complete moral solitude which he spent in Vienna as a young man that the experience of the wretchedness and ugliness of this present age imposed itself upon him for the first time in all its tragic horror. He has described it in immortal words.[74] And, more than the daily contact with material misery itself (with material misery which *he*, by the way, not merely beheld, but actually *shared*), the sight of the degrading effects of that misery upon his people and upon their young children was unbearable to him.

Two facts should, at that stage of Adolf Hitler's life, retain the attention of whoever wishes to understand him and the movement he was to start ten years later: first, the aloofness in which he lived amid the surrounding misery and degradation; and then, the thoroughness and *detachment* with which he studied the latter, traced its deep causes under the immediate, superficial ones, and became, through that clear knowledge, more and more aware of his own predestined role. "One cannot study the social question from above," he wrote in *Mein Kampf*.[75] One has, one's self, to experience the same perpetual insecurity of life, to be acquainted with the same pangs of hunger, to dwell in the same overcrowded, dirty, noisy surroundings as the disinherited classes—in one word, to live the wretchedness that gnaws into them and degrades them, in order to *know* what social misery means. The German *Fuehrer*-to-be lived it and suffered from it personally, day after day, for months, for years, without it ever degrading or even changing him. He preferred to exist on hunger rations rather than sacrifice his independence or sell more than was absolutely necessary of the precious time he needed to study both books and men and to think. And when he had earned a little money he preferred to buy himself a seat in the theater—two or three hours' holiday in the beautiful world of the old sagas, to the accompaniment of Wagner's solemn music, away, far away, from the daily, dreary wretchedness that seemed to be his lot forever—rather than to treat himself to a substantial meal. He refused publicity—and money—rather than allow a story which he had written to be printed by a Jew.[76] No-

[72] *Ibid.*, p. 37.
[73] *Ibid.*, p. 36.
[74] *Mein Kampf*, I, ch. 2.
[75] *Ibid.*
[76] Kubizek, *op. cit.*, pp. 298-299.

body can understand him save a true artist who is, at the same time, a true revolutionary: a person of one dream and one aim, like himself. But how well every such a one—every creator and fighter of his type, though surely not of his magnitude, *does* understand him!

Not only did he live in uncompromising faithfulness to his ideals, inaccessible to the lure of material comfort and social advantages, but he shared none of the weaknesses of average mankind, not to mention the vices of that underworld into which fate had pushed him or, by the way, those so-called "better classes" of this fallen humanity. He rigorously abstained from alcohol and tobacco; and even when, occasionally, he could afford a diet other than his usual bread and milk, he ate pastry and fruits, not meat. His deeper instinct inclined him naturally toward that sort of food which people in whose life an immemorial tradition still plays a great part call "pure."[77]

As a young man, and a very attractive one, Adolf Hitler withstood the manifold temptations of the corrupt metropolis—ignored the solicitations of women, rejected with disgust those of men, and kept the sacred "flame of life" (to use the expression Kubizek quotes) pure and strong and constantly under control within himself. He did so without the slightest intention of mortifying the flesh; without the slightest desire of "acquiring merit" for the salvation of his soul; simply because he respected that energy given to man for a higher purpose, and looked upon every wanton waste of it as a sin against the race at the same time as a profanation of the divinity of life. The "flame of life," felt he, was to be dedicated to the selfless service of the race, visible vehicle of life eternal. It was to be used, like man's *whole* physical and moral energy, in the spirit of the creator, i.e., toward the attainment of perfection on earth. The entire National Socialist teaching concerning sex and sexual relations, with its well-known stress upon absolute health and racial purity, as laid down in *Mein Kampf*,[78] has its origin and its basis in that truly religious (although anything but other-worldly) attitude; in that standpoint of the man *against time* seeking, in defiance of the corruption of the dark age, to re-establish, here and now, the biological—i.e., fundamental—conditions of the earthly paradise; preparing the privileged, natural elite of mankind for the part it has to play in the formation of the godlike race of the new earth, that will thrive in peace after this dark age has come to an end.

And all Adolf Hitler's positive measures in view of the physical and moral protection of his predestined people, natural leaders of Aryan man, after he came to power: his admirable laws for the welfare of mother and child; for the creation of ideal living conditions for workmen's families; for the education of a healthy, self-confident and self-reliant, proud, and beautiful youth; and his famous Nuernberg Laws, forwarding the growth in Germany of a pure-blooded Germanic race (forbidding sexual relations with Jews, and, in fact, with non-Aryans of any description), have no other origin and no other meaning. Their aim—the practical aim of National Socialism as such—was and remains not merely to improve the material lot of the German laborers (however important a part this immediate aim doubtless played in the *success* of the Hitler movement *in* Germany, after the first World War); not merely to make the new state, comprising all people of Germanic blood—that "holy *Reich* of all Germans"[79] of which Adolf Hitler already spoke in his adolescent's conversations with August Kubizek—a strong and prosperous state, but to regenerate the German people — the most conscious among the Aryans of the West—radically and to organize them, in all walks of life, so as to create out of them the only dam capable of withstanding and thrusting back the threatening tide of inferior humanity; capable of thrusting it back and of carrying, beyond its defeat, the treasure of godlike life into the glory of the new beginning.

He was and remained all his life vividly aware of the compelling necessity of preserving, of forwarding, *at any cost,* the racial aristocracy of mankind—the best elements of the Aryan race—if this planet is not, after an appalling period of chaos, "to go its way, void of human beings, through aetherial space, as it did millions of years ago."[80] Standing alone, personally untouched by dark-age conditions at their worst, although deeply and painfully acquainted with them, he observed their effects upon the people in whom his unfailing intuition forced him to recognize, in spite of all, *the* predestined biological substance of an infinitely better mankind: the ones who *are not* yet, but who (to quote Nietzsche's words) are *becoming,* or at least are capable of becoming, supermen: his own German people. And, with serenity and with realism, he sought the causes of physical and moral wretchedness—the many

[77]In Sanskrit: *sattwik.*
[78]*Mein Kampf,* II, ch. 2.
[79]Kubizek, *op. cit.,* p. 109.
[80]*Mein Kampf,* I, ch. 11.

causes: selfishness of the owning classes, indifference or cowardice of men in power, the grip of international high finance upon national economy, the influence of Jewry upon the national body and soul . . . but under those many causes, the one cause: the rule of false values; the exaltation of untruth, which is synonymous with sickness; in all domains, rebellion against the spirit of the divine order of Nature. *That* is what he had come to fight.

Adolf Hitler's second and even more shattering experience of the horror of the present age began on the 10th of November, 1918, as he stood, half blind from the effects of poisonous gas, among his wounded comrades in a hospital hall at Pasewalk in Pomerania, and heard from a clergyman the latest news: the November revolution and Germany's capitulation; the tragic end of the First World War.

More than four years before, he had joined the war with enthusiasm, as a volunteer in a Bavarian regiment, *not* in an Austrian one, clearly showing thereby that he was prepared to die anytime for the German people and "for the *Reich* that embodied them,"[81] though not for the state of the Habsburgs—that artificial state of many nationalities. For he considered the war in no way as an Austrian concern, but as a struggle of the German people (including, naturally, those of Austria) for their existence—as a just war. And he had done his duty thoroughly; faithfully. And although he had, for months already, (specially since the general strike of 1917) been fearing—feeling—that some diabolical traitors' intrigues were being carried on to rob the German front soldier of a victory which he well deserved, yet he had not expected such an end, and so suddenly. . . .

The grief, the indignation and temporary despair that took him over as he abruptly acquired "the most horrible certitude in his life"[82] are so eloquently described in *Mein Kampf* that nothing can throw more light upon the future *Fuehrer's* state of mind than an extensive quotation of his own words: "I could not remain any longer" (i.e., remain hearing the news). "While my eyes once more stared into darkness, I sought my way back to the dormitory, threw myself upon my bed, and buried my burning head under the quilts and pillows.

Since the day I had stood before my mother's grave, I had not wept. When in my youth destiny had been mercilessly harsh to me, I had faced it with growing defiance. When during the long years of the war death had taken many a dear comrade and friend of mine from our ranks, it would have seemed to me nearly a sin to complain —for they had died for Germany. And when in the days of the terrible struggle the slowly advancing gas had taken me in its grip and begun to gnaw into my eyes and when the fear of becoming blind forever had made me feel, for a second, as though I would weaken, the voice of conscience had thundered to me: 'Miserable wretch! You feel like weeping, while thousands are faring worse than yourself!' And I had put up with my lot in silence. But now I could not help weeping. Now I experienced how completely every personal suffering fades away before the misfortune of one's fatherland.

So, it had all been in vain! In vain all our sacrifices and all the hardships we had endured; in vain hunger and thirst, for months without end; in vain the hours in which, facing the terror of death, we had yet done our duty; and in vain the death of two million men! Would not the graves of the hundreds of thousands who had gone forth full of faith in the fatherland, never to return, break open and release the dumb heroes covered with mud and blood—release them as revengeful spirits among the people at home, who had treated so disdainfully the highest sacrifice which a man can offer his country? Had they died *for that*, the soldiers of August and September, 1914? Had the regiments of volunteers, in the autumn of the same year, followed *for that* the elder comrades? Had those boys of seventeen sunk *for that* into Flander's earth? Was *that* the object of the sacrifice that German mothers had brought the fatherland when, with a grieving heart, they had sent the boys to their duty, never to see them again? Had all that happened in order to enable, now, a handful of criminals to set their grip upon the fatherland? . . . The more I tried, then, to think clearly about the monstrous event, the more my forehead burnt with indignation and shame. What was all the pain I felt in my eyes, compared with this wretchedness?

What followed were appalling days and still worse nights. I knew that all was lost. Only fools —fools or . . . liars and criminals—could put their hope in the enemy's mercy. During those nights hatred grew in me, hatred against the originators of that deed.

In those days I also became aware of my destiny. Now I could only laugh at the thought of my own future, that had caused me such bitter worry only a short time before. Was it not ridiculous to

[81] *Ibid.*, ch. 5.
[82] *Ibid.*, ch. 7.

build houses upon such foundations as this? At last it was clear to me that the very thing which I so often had feared without ever being able, in my heart, to believe it had now happened.

Emperor William the Second had been the first German emperor to hold out his hand to the leaders of Marxism in a gesture of reconciliation, without knowing that rascals have no honor. While they still held the Emperor's hand in one of theirs, their other hand was already seeking for the dagger.

With Jews, no pacts are possible; there can only be the hard: either—or.

I decided to become a politician."[83]

This heart-rending, autobiographical account could—historically—be described as the passage of National Socialism from the stage of an expectant or latent incarnate idea, to that of an active one.

Out of the abyss of powerless despair—from that bed of suffering upon which the nameless corporal, Adolf Hitler, lay weeping over Germany's fate while his blinded eyes burned in their sockets like red-hot embers; out of his appalling certitude that all was lost, that all had been in vain—rose the defiant will to freedom and will to power of an invincible people and, beyond that and greater than that, the perennial cosmic will to perfection in all its majesty; the will of the German soldier who had fought in Flanders and —identical to it, expressing itself through it—the impersonal and irresistible will of the eternal warrior and seer *above time* and *against time*; the will of Him Who comes back age after age, when all is lost, when evil rules supreme, to re-establish on earth the reign of righteousness.

There are, in the records of mankind, few things as beautiful as the early history of the National Socialist movement.

The tremendous willpower, kindled through despair, out of which the movement had sprung, was, as I just said, nothing less than the divine will to perfection in its effort to lead the best upstream against the fated current of time and to save through them whatever is yet worth saving, in this doomed creation. The material and moral conditions under which the movement took shape —the miserable, smoky room[84] in which six unknown German workmen sat and deliberated with the superman who was soon to guide them and millions of others to the reconquest of national greatness; these men's utter poverty, their utter insignificance in the eyes of the wide world and specially of those well-spoken-of, comfortable politicians and party leaders whom they were, within a few years, to thrust into oblivion; their burning faith and, which is more, the fact that their leader—Adolf Hitler—was in possession of cosmic truth—are highly symbolical. All life begins in darkness. All everlasting things are born in silence and away from the limelight of publicity, in faith and in truth. And whatever is not born in such a manner, does not last. However noisy and widespread be its success, it will not stand the test of time and that of persecution.

The very early growth of National Socialism as an active, incarnate idea was like the growth of a corn seed within the snow-bound earth; it was like the slow rise of molten rock within the depth of a slumbering volcano: unnoticed and irresistible. It was the outcome of a natural force, in fact, of the oldest and mightiest of all natural forces: of life's inherent instinct of self-preservation in the presence of the powers of death. Started in 1919, officially founded in early 1920, it owes to that divine force its impulse which nothing—not even the disaster of 1945—was able to break.

Throughout the wide world, governments representing sheer finance interests looked with satisfaction upon their latest handiwork: the Versailles peace treaty, up till then the most infamous official document in history, intended to enslave Germany for all time. And the sheep followed their shepherds. And the parrots repeated the nonsense—and lies—which they had been taught: "This treaty seals the victory of those who fought this war in order to put an end to all wars!"—while frenzied crowds demonstrated in the streets of the French towns howling, "Germany must pay!" Never had there been so many speeches, so many sermons, so many articles and books—such a hullabaloo—about "peace." And never—*yet*—had victors behaved with such calculated barbarity.

In the inconspicuous little room at the back of a cafe in Munich, however, Adolf Hitler spoke to the tiny group of German workmen; to the rough men of pure blood and solid virtues, sons of the people among which he—*He*, the One Who comes back—had chosen (this time) to be born. And his words were—and his whole life was—the answer to the lies of this advanced dark age. They cannot have been much different from those one reads in *Mein Kampf* although these were written five

[83] *Ibid.*
[84] *Ibid.*, ch. 8.

years later. He said: "For me, as for every true National Socialist, there is only one doctrine: people and fatherland.

We have to fight to secure the existence and expansion of our race and of our people; to enable them to nourish their children and to preserve the purity of their blood; to secure the freedom of our fatherland, *so that our people may be in the position to fulfill the mission appointed to them by the Creator of the universe.*"[85]

He said: "Whoever speaks of a mission of the German people on this earth must know that such a mission can only lie in the formation of a state which holds it to be its highest task *to preserve and to promote the noblest of all elements which have, in our people, nay, in the whole of mankind, remained unspoilt.*"[86]

He said: "The German *Reich* should, as a state, comprise all Germans, and set itself the task not merely *to gather and preserve the most valuable original racial elements in that people, but to raise them slowly and surely to a ruling position.*"[87]

He said: "*Men do not go to ruin through lost wars, but through the loss of that power of resistance that lies in pure blood alone.*"[88]

He was aware of the downfall of the whole of mankind — including Germany — in the present age. "Unfortunately," said he, "our German people are no longer racially homogeneous."[89] And aware of the primary cause of downfall; racial mixture, the result of forgetfulness of Nature's truth. And aware of that truth, expressed in the oldest book of Aryan wisdom, the *Bhagavad-Gita*: "Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of races; out of the confusion of races, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the loss of understanding; and out of this, all evil."[90]

He spoke with the compelling eloquence of faith, knowing that he was right—that the endless future of the universe (not merely of Germany and Europe) would glaringly prove how right he was. He spoke with the wild eloquence of emergency, knowing also that the struggle he was about to start had to take place then or never; that there was not an hour to waste.

[85] *Ibid.*
[86] *Mein Kampf*, II, ch. 2.
[87] *Ibid.*
[88] *Mein Kampf*, I, ch. 11.
[89] *Mein Kampf*, II, ch. 2.
[90] *Bhagavad Gita*, I, verse 41 *et seq.*

And the somber faces of the hungry, embittered men, who had fought and suffered and yet lost, gazed at him with that unconditional admiration and confidence that is the essence of worship—the faces of the six, and soon of many more; of hundreds, in ever broader meeting halls, always too small to contain them; of hundreds of thousands under the open sky.

"Men do not go to ruin through lost wars. . . ." The magic words—these and others meaning the same—rang throughout defeated Germany. And the hundreds of thousands no longer felt defeated. They now knew they had been betrayed. And they roared against the traitors and against the dark powers at the back of them—the dark powers that they (the German people) would one day crush. They felt strong; they felt young—invincible and immortal. They felt what the best among them really were—had been, from the beginning of Aryan history, appointed to become—the masters of an unheard-of future; the proud founders of a new world. (Only they did not — yet — know through what a terrible *via dolorosa* they actually were to fulfill that staggering destiny.) They gathered, more and more numerous, round the man whose inspired speech quickened in them the highest possibilities of joyous heroism—and made them see old, forgotten truths in a glaring, new light; whose magic radiance filled them with self-assurance; whose love for them was limitless and gratuitous, like the love of a god. They beheld in him the leader, the avenger, the savior—the living embodiment of their unvanquished, collective self, which indeed he was. And they followed him blindly. Their love carried him to power; their love . . . and their hatred for those whom he rightly pointed out to them as the promoters of the humiliation of 1918 and of all the subsequent misery: the Jews and the servants of Jewry, agents of the dark forces by nature or by choice, Germany's—and the world's—*real* enemies.

Their real enemies and . . . their only enemies. Adolf Hitler has pointed out no others. (And *that* is precisely the reason why the whole world—this doomed, dark-age world, stricken with madness, which exalts its foes and kills its friends—has risen against him like one man.) The fact is too important not to deserve a thorough explanation.

Nothing is more unfair to National Socialism than the all-too-easy description of its inherent anti-Semitism as "a means intended to turn the German people's attention away from their actual exploiters" (meaning: the German capitalists), or as a modern expression of the age-old "envy" of the *goyim*—of any *goyim*—at the sight of the

Jews' undeniable success in business. The first assumption, brought forth *ad nauseam* by the communists and their sympathizers — reveals either a complete absence of good faith or a complete misunderstanding of the Jewish question as such and therefore of all serious, vital anti-Semitism. The latter may well be applied to Armenian "anti-Semitism" (or to that of any commercially clever Levantines, whose trickery the Jews alone are able to outdo). It has nothing whatsoever in common with the profound, *biological* and therefore irreducible hostility which opposes National Socialists and Jews.

No doubt, that hostility first burst out in a popular uproar in answer to all the tangible harm wrought by Jews against the German people during a few decades (and many a German whose family Jews had reduced to misery at the time of the inflation, after the First World War, welcomed the boisterous anti-Semitism of the young movement for personal no less than for national reasons); no doubt, the first thing that made Adolf Hitler himself a definitive enemy of the Jews was his knowledge of the anti-German part played by the latter, both politically and socially, in Austria and in Germany, already before 1914; in particular, his knowledge of the Jewish spirit and Jewish leadership of Marxism, and his awareness of the presence of Jews in the press, in the theater, etc. . . . behind all propaganda directly or indirectly aiming at the destruction of every healthy, national instinct among people of German blood. In other words, National Socialist anti-Semitism is—first—racial self-defense of the Aryan; a vigorous reaction against the mischief the Jews did (and are, by the way, since 1945, again doing) in an Aryan land.

But there is more—and much more—to be said. What the Jews did and do (and cannot but do) is a consequence of what they *are*—and of what they remain even when they turn their backs to Jewish tradition (or pretend to do so) and become Christians, Theosophists, Buddhists, or just "rationalists" . . . or communists. And they are fundamentally, irreducibly—already in the invisible realm of which this world of shapes and colors and sounds is but a projection — the polar opposite of the natural Aryan elite; the dark counterpart of the youngest children of the sun. As racially conscious as they, if not—alas!—often more so; as tightly bound as they to one another through the most compelling solidarity; through *total* solidarity (in practical—financial and political—no less than religious or so-called religious affairs) such as one can in history, if at all, seldom come across; as devoted as they to a merciless, collective purpose. Only theirs is *not* the legitimate consciousness of true superiority and the blood-solidarity of Nature's best ones; it is not the healthy racial pride and patriotism of a real people *in their place* within the scheme of life. Nor is their collective purpose by any means, like that of Adolf Hitler's followers, "in harmony with the original meaning of things." On the contrary! For the Jews are, in the first place, *not a race* in the true sense of the word—let alone "God's chosen" one. They are neither a homogeneous variety of Semites nor a brotherhood of kindred Semitic types bearing to one another such a relation as that which binds together Aryans of Nordic, Dinaric, and other types within the German nation. One needs but to look at them in order to be convinced of this; to look at them in the country where they have been gathering for the last thirty or forty years from all the ghettos of the world in the name of their common past and common nationhood: Palestine. One meets there, apart from the "classical" Jew, Jews of all physical types, including the "Nordic"—rare, no doubt, yet present and not necessarily marred by the well-known visible signs of Jewish descent. And some of the members of the strange, pseudo-ethnical, pseudo-religious world community — such as, for instance, the so-called "black Jews" of Cochin, on the Malabar coast—have no Jewish blood, in fact, no Semitic blood at all in their veins[91] . . . which does not prevent them from feeling themselves "Jews."

The Jewish world-community is — has been, more and more, for centuries already — not a Semitic nation but a raceless brotherhood gathered around a Semitic nucleus; a raceless brotherhood, however, as racially *conscious* as any people can be; increasingly numerous cosmopolitan elements who put the usual characteristics of the raceless —faithlessness, unscrupulousness, disregard of order, soul-poisoning scepticism—to the service of the racial idea that they have partly inherited, partly adopted, from their full-blooded brothers in faith and brothers in interests, *and Semites*—a very definite, inferior section of the broad Semitic race — in whom masterfulness in subtlety and intrigue outweighs by far all warrior-like qualities.

And its collective aim, pursued throughout history with relentless consistency, is nothing less

[91]These so-called "black Jews" are just low-caste Indians whose forefathers have once accepted the Jewish *faith*. To this day, they marry among themselves only.

than the prosperity and power of the Jew, everywhere in the world, at the expense of *all* non-Jews. The consciousness of being (more or less) "children of Abraham" and the common "law" under which (nominally at least) its members live may well keep the community together. Yet they are but means to an end. And the end—the common collective purpose: actual Jewish rule—is what really matters.

It is an unholy purpose, the fulfillment of which would imply the dissolution of *all* races and of all genuine nationalities; of all *natural* communities, i.e., of all those that have a solid racial background (first the dissolution of the most gifted and most conscious one; of the most fit to rule—the Aryan —and then, gradually, of all others, *including, ultimately, the Semitic nucleus of the Jewish community itself*) and the ever-tightening grip of a soulless money-power—the power of the raceless, gifted with destructive intelligence—over increasingly bastardized and numberless masses of *Menschenmaterial*, possessing neither thought nor will of their own, *nor* the innocence and nobility of real animals.

In one word, the sharp hostility between National Socialists and Jews means infinitely more than that which the detractors of the Hitler faith so lightly take it to be. It reveals not the usual tension between any two rival "racialisms," but the unique opposition between the two poles of thinking life. That is the hidden but real reason why it is absolute—and why its tangible expressions have been, and will at the first opportunity again be, so deadly.

Adolf Hitler knew it. The wisest among his true disciples knew it, and know it. The all-powerful leaders of world Jewry knew it, and know it.

War against Marxism seemed and still seems to be—and no doubt *is*, in the practical field—the first task of National Socialism, only because Marxism represents today the most immediate menace; because it is the most *successful* brand of the old, very old, Jewish mass poison for *goyim's* consumption, intended to bring about the decay of all races, the end of all true nationalisms, and the limitless increase of a Jew-ridden humanity of poorer and poorer quality in a duller and duller—uglier and uglier—world; in one word, the consummation of the downfall of life upon this planet. Which does not mean to say that other brands of the same, the effects of which are less obvious, less rapid, are not in the long run just as dangerous, if not even more so.

The greatness of the National Socialist movement in this respect lies less in the fact that it has more vigorously (and efficiently) than any other party—or church—fought against the "communist danger," than in that it has pointed out the right reason why the latter is a danger—*the* danger—and fought it *for that reason alone.*

Communism, or rather Marxism, is not a danger because it threatens the owning classes of this earth with dispossession and the subsequent unpleasant compulsion of daily labor and aims at the total abolition of capitalistic economy. *That*—the main cause of all the hullabaloo against the communists *outside* National Socialist circles—is a detail, and a minor one at that. The world has nothing to lose through the disappearance of capitalists and of the rotten system they represent. On the contrary! And, although private ownership, inasmuch as it be the product of personal *work*, and *not* of speculation, was recognized in the original NSDAP Program as a legitimate right of the individual, I would go so far as to say that, even so, it would not be an irreparable catastrophe were *that* also to be wiped away in the storm of radical economic changes.

Marxism is also not a danger because its true adherents—people who live thoroughly *in time*—have little leisure for Christian and other metaphysics and, in particular, little curiosity about what might happen to them after they will be dead. Likewise, it is no danger because Karl Marx's basic teaching concerning history—his famous "historical materialism"—attempts to explain all evolution in time without the help of the hypothesis of "God" and of the human "soul." *That*—the main cause of the uproar against "communist atheism" among Christians and other spiritually-minded people; and the main excuse set forth by the Catholic Church to justify its ban on the "materialistic" doctrine—is also a detail. The danger of Marxism lies, as Adolf Hitler has pointed out in *Mein Kampf*[92] and in numberless speeches, solely—absolutely—in the fact that its conception of man as a mere product of his economic surroundings and of destiny as a play of purely economic forces implies the denial of the importance of race and personality—the denial of the natural hierarchy of races and of the irreducible differences in kind and *in value* between one race and the other, no less than that of the natural inequality of individuals, even within the same race. In other words, it lies in the fact that Marxism is *man*-centered — not *life*-centered — and equalitarian; in contradiction with the spirit of Nature, not in harmony with it; false, from the

[92] *Mein Kampf*, II, ch. 1.

standpoint of cosmic wisdom, like historical Christianity (the source of those moral and spiritual values, in the name of which the capitalistic democracies are, or rather pretend to be, anti-communistic) and like all Jewish teachings for Aryan use, but *not* more so. It lies in the fact that, among all such teachings, ancient and modern, Marxism is, in addition to that, by far the most popular and the most militant. As I said: for the time being, at least, the most successful.

Adolf Hitler has rightly stressed that the definitive victory of such an ideology would mean the end of life upon this planet—which is precisely the aim of the more-than-human forces of disintegration that stand behind world Jewry. The tragedy, however, is that it would *not* mean such a rapid and dignified end as one might imagine. It would mean, *first,* a general and irredeemable bastardization of the whole human species and an unbelievable increase of the number of human beings—"producers"—at the expense of the rest of life—increase, till the last beautiful wild animals are killed off and the last patch of forest cut down, to make place for more worthless, two-legged mammals;—and *then,* when all the possibilities of nourishment which the earth can provide even with the assistance of perfected agricultural technique are exhausted, war for food, bitter, savage war to the finish (also with the assistance of perfected technique) until the doomed species has blown itself to pieces. It would mean, in other words, the reign of quantity in all its horror, and then—in the absence of any biological elite capable of starting anew—a full stop; on this planet at least, the final victory of that death-tendency which is, from the beginning, inherent in every manifestation within time. And it is *that* which Adolf Hitler—the man *against time*—has striven to avoid through his struggle against communism, i.e., against applied Marxism.

The non-communist world has understood neither the nature of the growing menace nor the real meaning of the National Socialist struggle. It is not even the West alone that was, and is, threatened in its biological substance and consequently in its further evolution by the latest man-centered, equalitarian *Weltanschauung* of Jewish origin incorporated into the latest, powerful world organization — one could say: the latest church—under Jewish leadership. It is the entire Aryan race: the man who, in Cape Town, Sidney, or Ottawa has, up till now, kept his Germanic blood pure, no less than the European of Germanic blood. It is *all* pure or relatively pure races of the world that are menaced, including the non-Aryan; *including the Semitic nucleus of the Jewish people themselves*—and no one knows that better than those racially-conscious Jews, once holders of highly responsible positions within the Communist Party who have been, during the last few years, charged with Zionism, i.e., Jewish nationalism, before communist courts and sentenced to long terms of hard labor, when not to death. (Adolf Hitler has written: "After the death of his victim, the vampire himself dies, sooner or later."[93] The poison of man-centered, equalitarian internationalism, intended to bring about the ruin of all races—specially of the Aryan —for the benefit of the Jew, is ultimately bound to work *also* against its originators. For the death forces are not selective. They spare nobody—not even their agents.)

Adolf Hitler's whole constructive policy—all he did to give manual as well as intellectual work the dignity of happy, dedicated service and to make every laborer's life a healthy, self-respecting, and *interesting* one; all he did for the welfare of mothers and children; all he did for the cultivation of bodily efficiency and qualities of character in boys and girls, from the age of six onward, in the different sections of the beautifully organized pan-Germanic youth associations—the famous Hitler Youth and the BdM[94]—and then, at the age of sixteen, in the squads of the Labor Service for six months (or more) and in further bodies preparing them for the privilege of becoming worthy citizens of the proud new *Reich*; all he did, on one hand through the admirable Nuernberg Laws (1935) and, on the other, through the most active encouragement of early marriages and of joyfully consented racial selection, to raise sexual relations from the shameful status of an amusement or of a drudgery or of a business, back to that of the dispassionate duty of the healthy and pure-blooded toward their race, in honor, innocence, and joy; all that, I say, the whole structure of the National Socialist state—its very existence—had one aim and one alone: to breed, out of the best Germans, a nation of supermen in the Nietzschean sense of the word; a nation of "heroes like unto the gods," to repeat the words of Homer.

Opposed to this aim are those whose only wish is for quantity and ever more quantity . . . till more and more millions of bastardized world citizens have completely killed Nature for "man's" sake; till there are no more deserts, no more forests, no more inviolate mountain fastnesses, no

[93] *Mein Kampf,* I, ch. 11.
[94] Bund deutscher Mädel.

more broad landscapes free from human habitations and from the sound of wireless dance music; no more jungles—for the dullest of human beings is, in the eyes of the communist as in those of the Christian, and of all believers in man-centered ideologies, worth more than the noblest royal Bengal tiger or than the most gorgeous banyan tree.

In the eyes of the believers in *quality*, however (in the eyes of those who deplore that broadening disparity between actual life and its divine pattern), any Bengal tiger, any healthy cat—any healthy tree; any perfect sample of manifested life—is worth far more than an ugly, degenerate, human bastard. Alone man in his *perfection*—superior man "like unto the gods," not the patched-up weakling that this conceited age exalts—is to be looked upon as the highest creature, "God's image." National Socialism—and *that* is the root of its conflict with communism, no less than with Christianity as the latter has come down to us—strives to bring back that conception of man into living reality, and to prepare the reappearing of such a human type, through the preservation and strengthening of the best in our fallen age, *not* at the cost of the other healthy and beautiful creatures of this earth but, no doubt—and without a qualm of remorse—at the expense of those masses of racially inferior humanity which the dark forces are now organizing, with the help of the Jews, their permanent agents, under the sign of the hammer and sickle. For those organized masses are tomorrow's threat to the very existence of higher mankind (*not* Asia's threat to Europe—by any means!—but the threat of raceless numbers to the pure-blooded Aryan of Europe *and* Asia, America and South Africa and Australia, *and* to the pure-blooded and noble non-Aryan also of the whole world.)

That is, I repeat—one can never stress the point enough—the deep opposition between National Socialism and Marxism, between National Socialism and *all* man-centered, equalitarian creeds, of which Marxism is merely the latest in date and the most consistent. It is the opposition between the Golden Age ideal of quality at all levels of existence, and the dark-age dream of organized human quantity, submerging all life until it itself finally sinks into chaos and death.

Nobody wanted peace more than Adolf Hitler. Nobody *needed* peace more than he. He needed it in order to consolidate and to extend his great work; in order to allow the understandable but nevertheless somewhat alarming differences in outlook between the old German ruling classes and ruling bodies—the nobility and the wealthy higher-middle class: the intelligentsia; the churches; but specially the general staff, of Prussian tradition (entirely or nearly entirely recruited among the old, land-owning nobility)—on one hand, and the *Reichsleiters* and *Gauleiters* and, in general, the leading men of the New Order, on the other, slowly to die out, and a synthesis of the best of *all* German national forces to take place under the sign of the swastika; he needed it to secure the undisturbed growth of a healthy and uncompromising new generation of men and women—fighters and mothers—born and brought up in the glorious National Socialist atmosphere and devoted, without any reservations whatsoever, to his ideals; to enable himself to continue carrying out his admirable social program and—with them hardly becoming conscious of the change—gradually inducing the German people to accept the ethical and (in the deeper sense of the word) the *religious* revolution that National Socialism represents: the return to racial, i.e., natural, values and, in general, to that life-centered wisdom which the new doctrine implies, after one and a half thousand years of man-centered, equalitarian, anti-natural, and anti-national Judeo-Christian superstition.

The system of political alliances that had prevailed up till then, and that yet prevailed, was indeed—like practically all human institutions of this age—stamped with the sign of untruth. Common dogmatic faith (in the first millennium of the Christian era and somewhat later) and then, more and more, common (or supposed common) material interests had been, *irrespective of blood*, and, more often than not, in flagrant opposition to any idea of natural blood solidarity, the main bond between allied powers. Charlemagne and his warriors had fought, with the blessing of the Catholic Church — the oldest international (and anti-national) power in Europe—against the Lombards and against the Saxons, people of Germanic stock like themselves, which was bad enough. And seven hundred years later Francis the First, King of France—an Aryan king, at any rate—had, for the sake of dynastic greed, allied himself with the Turks against the German *Reich*, which was even worse, if worse could be. And in later history calculations of mere material profit had played an ever greater part in the determination of the attitude of governments toward one another and in the determination of nations' "friends" and "foes," without the mentioned profit being, in fact, anybody's but that of a few international—

Jewish or raceless — big businessmen — which meant the complete separation of politics from national life in the true sense of the word. The typical dark-age mentality[95] behind that unhealthy state of affairs had been, already at the close of the 19th century, that of an influential British minority championing, in the name of a misled and pre-eminently commercial nationalism, the most extreme anti-German policy. It can hardly ever have found a clearer and more cynical expression than in Sir Philip Chalmers Mitchell's essay, *A Biological View of our Foreign Policy, by a Biologist,* published in the 1st of February issue of the London *Saturday Review,* in 1896. There not only are England's commercial interests stressed as though they were everything; not only is Germany—the prosperous and therefore dangerous business rival—pointed out as England's main enemy in spite of undeniable biological similitude, but *that biological similitude,* that community of blood and the community of nature which is the consequence of it, that similitude in permanent, deeper qualities, is precisely *the* fact alleged to make war between England and Germany unavoidable, to cause that war to be a war to the finish; it is the fact which urges Mitchell, professor of biology—and later on (from 1916 to 1919) member of the British General Staff—to paraphrase, applying them to England's sister nation, the famous, pitiless words which the Roman Cato once used to repeat at every opportunity against Carthage, Rome's *Semitic* rival, and to say: *"Delenda est Germania."*

Adolf Hitler was perfectly aware of this superstitious hostility to Germany rooted in the fear of being commercially outdone, which was, with minor circumstantial differences, Eyre Crowe's attitude and, nearer to us, Robert Vansittart's, Duff Cooper's, Anthony Eden's, and Winston Churchill's.

He was aware of it and yet, from the beginning of his public life and over and over again—even *during* the war—he held out his hand to England in a gesture of friendship—in a spirit of total, unconditional, thoroughly sincere reconciliation, without a shade of bitterness, let alone of revengefulness. He did all he possibly could, not to placate the mistress of the seven seas, whose might he neither feared nor hated, but to win her confidence and collaboration, in absolute good faith; to break that superstitious dread of a powerful Germany, which clever or sometimes irresponsible agents of the dark forces have been breathing into her people for over forty years at least, and to awaken in them the slumbering consciousness of the brotherhood of blood, deeper, truer, stronger than any commercial or narrowly political realities—everlasting, while profit and power are time bound.

"Ribbentrop, bring me the English alliance!"[96] Sincerer words than these—the last Adolf Hitler addressed to the man whom he was sending to London as Germany's ambassador, in 1936, to sound once more all the possibilities that could lead to an understanding with England—were never uttered in the history of diplomatic relations.

Von Ribbentrop's experience with England's ruling men was a steady series of disappointments. The permanent undersecretary of state, Robert Vansittart, whom he had hoped to convince of the advantages of a close Anglo-German collaboration, proved adamant in his anti-German attitude—all the more baffling in that he did not even attempt to justify it through some sort of logic. "In Vansittart," was the German ambassador to write shortly before his martyr's death in Nuernberg ten years later, "I felt I had before me a man with an absolutely fixed opinion; the man of the Foreign Office who not only supported the thesis of balance of power but also embodied Sir Eyre Crowe's principle: 'Whatever may happen, never make pacts with Germany!' I had the definite impression that this man would not even once try to bring our two countries nearer to each other. Every word was simply lost on him."[97] Winston Churchill, although admittedly more outspoken, was no less irreducibly opposed to any Anglo-German alliance. The very thought of a powerful Germany filled him with bitterness and hatred. And he was determined to do all he possibly could to keep that nightmare of his from becoming a permanent reality. "If Germany grows too strong, she shall again be beaten down," declared he bluntly in the course of a several hours' conversation with von Ribbentrop in 1937. And he added, as the ambassador reminded him that Germany had friends: "Oh, we are pretty good at getting them around in the end,"[98] thus foretelling that which was—alas!—actually to take place a few years later. Himself one of the clever-

[95]"When society reaches a stage in which property confers rank, in which wealth becomes the only source of virtue . . . then we are in the *Kali Yuga* or Dark Age" (*Vishnu Puran*).

[96]J. von Ribbentrop, *Zwischen London und Moskau* (München, 1953), p. 93.

[97]*Ibid.*, p. 97.

[98]*Ibid.*

est and most efficient agents of the forces of disintegration, he understood both the mentality of the professional politicians and that of the dull, conceited, inconsistent, and gullible average man: the ultimate human factors at the back of "public opinion" and world politics under a democratic order.

In British government circles, Adolf Hitler's healthy, new Germany was—wrongly, no doubt, but all too actually—looked upon with mistrust, as a growing menace. And the very admiration that so many thousands of English people could not help feeling for the inspired ruler's social achievements was—with the help of the press—steadily giving way to resentment at the idea of the leading position to which Germany had risen under him, economically and politically, within but three or four years' time *and without war.* The increasing prosperity and power of the sister nation were surely the most eloquent tribute to the proud faith in "blood and soil" that now filled the hearts and lives of her people. In England one wanted peace, of course. Who did not, after a world war such as that of 1914-1918? And it was —or should have been—quite clear that an Anglo-German alliance would have meant lasting peace. Yet, one dimly felt that such a peace could only help Germany to become stronger and stronger and National Socialism to win prestige within *and beyond* the frontiers of the *Reich.* Now Britons had been taught for centuries that every country which rose to prominence upon the European mainland was a threat to England. This was not merely the opinion of the Foreign Office; it had grown into a widespread British superstition, harder to uproot than any opinion. Germany was, therefore, (and whether this were *or not* in the interest of peace) not to be allowed to become "too strong."

It was easy—again with the help of the almighty press—to bring the average Englishman to believe, on that point, the same as Winston Churchill. All the more easy that new Germany was inconceivable apart from her National Socialist creed, and that the average Englishman was from several sides, at first discreetly, and then quite boldly, being told that the creed had a dangerous, more-than-political bearing — a decidedly anti-Christian one (which, no doubt, was true, although in a far deeper sense than that stressed in the newspaper articles and propaganda pamphlets). The organizations which financed the latter were, *in fact,* keener on harming Germany than on saving "Christian civilization"—let alone the essence of original Christianity, which was by no means threatened. But the pious arguments were clever—the more illogical, the cleverer—well calculated to impress the unthinking masses and the false-thinking half-learned. They bore fruit. In addition to that, the more and more uncompromising attitude which Adolf Hitler himself was beginning to take with regard to the Christian churches—i.e., his very definite attempt to prevent any interference of the churches in state affairs—was bound to give grist to the anti-Nazi propaganda mills. It led to the greatest tension between the National Socialist state and the Vatican "and to the mobilization of all the energies of the churches against us, *in Protestant lands also,*" wrote von Ribbentrop; "a most significant and disadvantageous development from the standpoint of foreign policy."[99]

It thus became clearer and clearer that the English alliance for which Adolf Hitler had so earnestly striven was a psychological impossibility. Not merely the most influential men in the British Foreign Office, but the atmosphere in the whole country was against it. A few weeks before his promotion from the position of Ambassador in London to that of Foreign Minister of the German *Reich,* i.e., already at the close of 1937, von Ribbentrop sent Adolf Hitler a detailed report at the end of which the following sentences are, among others, to be found: "I do not believe any longer in the possibility of an understanding with England. England does not want any mighty Germany in her neighborhood. . . . Here one strongly believes in the efficiency of National Socialism" (i.e., one believes it will give Germany more and more power). "Edward VIII was compelled to abdicate because one was not sure whether he would lend a hand to a policy of hostility toward Germany. Chamberlain has now appointed Vansittart, our most important and toughest opponent, to such a position as enables him to take a leading part in the diplomatic play against Germany. However much one might, in the meantime, for tactical reasons, try to come to an understanding with us, *every single day in the future in which our political considerations should fail to be fundamentally determined by the thought of England as our most dangerous opponent would be a gain for our enemies.*"[100]

There was indeed nothing else to do but to face the fact that Adolf Hitler's great dream of Aryan world leadership on the basis of a solid, peaceful

[99] *Ibid.,* p. 127.
[100] *Ibid.,* pp. 122-123.

collaboration of the two main European nations of Germanic stock was *not*—and was, for a very long time at least, not likely to become—England's dream. It was, no doubt, a pity; a greater pity even than the few racially-conscious Englishmen probably realized at the time. But it was a fact. England's ruling classes were completely in the grip of international Jewry, which cunningly used, in its own interest, both their businesslike fear of a powerful Germany, and their moral objection (or so-called such one) against the National Socialist view of life, in particular, against National Socialist anti-Semitism. And the British people, robbed, through the whole, modern, conditioning apparatus, of their natural capacity of doubt, analysis. and free choice, believed what they were told and reacted to world events as their unseen masters — the Jews — expected them to. One day, perhaps, they would wake up—when it would be too late. In the meantime, however, their masters saw to it that the sight of Germany's grand awakening did not raise them out of their comfortable apathy—at least, not quickly enough for them to discover the tricks that were being played upon them and to refuse to follow their wicked shepherds on the path of fratricidal war.

Unable to break Jewish influence in England, Adolf Hitler strengthened his bonds with the two nations with which Germany was in ideological agreement: Japan and fascist Italy, who both had —the former in November 1936, the latter a year later—signed with him the Anti-Comintern Pact, which England had steadily refused to sign.

Yet, again because he was first a seer and then a politician; because he felt real, eternal England, in spite of all, behind the Judaized England of today, and the essence of hallowed Aryandom behind eternal England, he never abandoned the old dream of friendship and never gave up watching for a change of heart on the British side.

The germs of the Second World War lay in the Versailles Treaty. And not merely in a complete revision of that shameful piece of work, but in the definitive suppression of the spirit which had produced it—i.e., in the abolition of that old, morbid fear and gratuitous hatred of a strong Germany in the hearts of most Europeans—lay the only possibility of a lasting peace. In fact, the infamous treaty was never revised, and the political map of Europe never given back the outlines of sanity on the basis of that "right of people to dispose of themselves" which the victors of 1918 had so often and so loudly proclaimed. And instead of being suppressed or at least left to die out, fear and hatred were systematically and most cunningly cultivated in England, in France, in the smaller European countries that had fought on the Allied side during the First World War; in those that had remained neutral; in the United States of America—of all lands, the one which had the least reason to feel menaced by a Greater German *Reich* beyond the Atlantic Ocean—and, strange as this may seem, in a number of *non*-European countries such as India, whose people had nothing whatsoever to do with the frontier problems of Central and Eastern Europe and did not (apart from one or two resplendent, individual exceptions) possess the slightest idea of European history;[101] countries which, moreover, Germany had never harmed, while England had . . . and how!

Under the influence of those agents of the dark forces who had prepared the yet greatest crime in diplomatic history and who were now supervising its consummation, the people of the whole world outside the "fascist countries" were systematically made to forget or kept from learning the fact that Austrians — representatives of the small German nucleus that had for ages held together and ruled the many and varied national groups comprised within the Kingdom of Austria and Hungary—were and always had been Germans; and that their Parliament had, immediately after the splitting up of the Austro-Hungarian state at the end of the First World War (*long before* Adolf Hitler had come to power; even before his party had taken shape) *unanimously* voted the fusion of Austria with Germany. They were made to forget or kept from learning the fact that there had never existed and could never exist any such creatures as "Czechoslovaks" and that Czechoslovakia was an entirely artificial state, set up at the Allies' command, in 1919, out of Czechs *and* out of Slovaks, Ruthenians, Carpatho-Ukrainians, etc., all unwilling to come together under Czech rule, *and over three million most unwilling Germans*, torn away from their fatherland, thanks to the Versailles Treaty, and more resentful of Czech domination than all the other components of the ridiculous state rolled in one; and the fact that the *only* reason for the concoction of such a state—against biology, against history, against geography, against economics, against Nature—lay in

[101]To be fair, one should point out that many of the Americans—sons of European emigrants—*and Western Europeans* who helped in the concoction of the Versailles Treaty, knew no more about the history and geography of Central Europe than any Indian coolie is likely to know.

its appointed action as a permanent thorn in the flesh of the already mutilated German *Reich*. They were purposely kept in ignorance of the daily provocations of the Czechs in the German Sudetenland and wherever Germans lived within the new state; kept in ignorance also of the oppression the Czechs exerted upon the other, non-Czech elements of Czechoslovakia. The people of the world were systematically kept in ignorance of the fact that the new Poland that the victors of 1918 had brought back into existence after over a hundred and fifty years, far from being homogeneously Polish, comprised important German and Russian minorities; of the fact that the "corridor" linking the bulk of it to the Baltic Sea—and separating East Prussia from the rest of Germany—was German territory, the inhabitants of which were submitted to continual vexations on the part of the Poles, and that Danzig was a German town. They were made to forget—or kept from learning—that the Saarland and the territory on the Memel were parts of Germany; that the Rhineland—occupied by the French since 1923—was also a part of Germany. And every effort which Adolf Hitler made to break *without war* the hostile states and hostile armed forces that the victors of 1918 had tightened round the German *Reich;* every effort he made to win for Germany *without war* a status of equal treatment—*Gleichberechtigung*—among the leading nations of the West — the re-annexation of the Saar, after a plebiscite in which ninety-nine percent of the inhabitants voted for Germany, in 1935; the peaceful reoccupation of the Rhineland in 1936; the re-incorporation of Austria (in March, 1938) and, a few months later, of the Sudetenland into the *Reich,* not to speak of Germany's earlier withdrawal from the League of Nations and her decision in favor of conscription after *all* Adolf Hityer's honest proposals of a *general* disarmament had been turned down—was presented to them *everywhere*—be it in the London newspapers, in those of New York, or in those of Calcutta—as the outcome of a revival of "German militarism" and as the evidence of a "menace to civilization."

As already stated, far from accepting the friendly hand that Adolf Hitler stretched out to her, England became more and more unbending in her resolution not to treat with Germany, happen what might, i.e., more and more fatally launched in the direction Vansittart and Churchill were striving to give her foreign policy. There are serious grounds to believe that the vexations that the German population in the Sudetenland and in the Polish corridor suffered from Czechs and Poles were, more often than not, encouraged when not actually provoked, by secret agents of the British. In other words, England was not only doing all she could to create such conditions as were the most likely to lead to war, but also seeing to it beforehand that she could, *one day*—again as in 1918—throw the blame for it upon Germany, as a matter of fact, this time upon *Nazi* Germany. Her most important European satellite—France—and the world power of which she was herself (quicker than she expected) to become a satellite—the U.S.A.—helped her efficiently in this dirty game.

Still, war would—perhaps—not have become unavoidable, had it not been for a well-organized set of *German* traitors in high position — von Weizsacker and Kordt, both holders of leading posts in the German Foreign Office; General Beck and General Halder, both in turn Chiefs of the German General Staff; *Oberstleutnant* H. Boehm-Tettelbach and other first-rank officers of the German Army; Wilhelm Canaris, head of the German Military Intelligence, and a number of others, some of whose names were to become widely known overnight in connection with the attempt on Adolf Hitler's life, on the 20th of July, 1944; and also a few militant Christians, priests and laymen, all too conscious of the fact that a definitive victory of National Socialism could mean nothing less than the end of Christianity and of "Christian civilization" and determined to prevent such a happening at any price, even at the cost of Germany's destruction; men to whose feelings Bonhoeffer was, during the war, to give expression in a very clear sentence: "Better a devastated Germany than a National Socialist one!"

Such elements were far more important than one is generally inclined to believe. Postwar political literature—and, to begin with, in various detailed memoirs, the surviving traitors' own descriptions of their past doings—goes to prove that the whole machinery of the National Socialist state was simply honeycombed with them. And the fellows were active *long before* the war; in fact, from the very day Adolf Hitler rose to power. And they were in constant secret touch with Germany's bitterest enemies in diplomatic circles abroad.

It is now known, for instance, that the German Secretary of State, von Weizsacker—who himself boasts of his constant activity, consisting of obstruction with regard to foreign policy, in the memoirs he was to write twelve years later—also did his very best in early September, 1938, to im-

press upon the British government the necessity of sending to Germany not Chamberlain, but "some energetic military man, who can shout and bang his walking stick upon the table, when he must"[102]—i.e., a man who, instead of signing with Adolf Hitler the well-known Munich agreement, would have broken off the negotiations and, apparently, caused war, the common aim of all the enemies of the National Socialist New Order.

The reason *why* the British cabinet sent Chamberlain—and not the "energetic military man" whom Herr von Weizsacker would have preferred — and the reason *why* Chamberlain finally acknowledged the integration of the Sudetenland into the German *Reich* is the very same one which had, two months earlier caused the dispatch of Lord Runciman to Prague as a possible mediator between the Czechs and the German Sudeten Party, to the satisfaction of both (and of the German *Reich*) ; namely: the necessity for England to gain time—"once more to do something for peace"—because she was not yet ready for war, or, more exactly, because the leaders of international Jewry *behind* the British politicians had not yet completed their preparations for a world war. Which did not mean that the British Government was not bent on war, sooner or later; war to "stop Hitler" because he had made Germany — the dreaded commercial rival — free and powerful; *and* war to "stop Hitler" because he had put Germany's power to the service of such more-than-political truth as this advanced dark age hates the most.

I am also convinced that war between England (with her European satellite, France) and Germany could have (and would have) been localized and ended in 1940, after the victorious campaign in France, had it not been for an enemy immeasurably more powerful than all the frustrated German officers (and intellectuals) and shortsighted, old-style British politicians and businessmen rolled into one, namely, the leader of the anti-Nazi forces (openly or secretly) *all over the world*; *the* enemy: the Jew.

That one—and whoever, in any part of the world, allowed himself to be, directly or indirectly, influenced by him—is responsible for the fact that the war between England and Germany did not—could not—end in 1940 with the honorable peace which Adolf Hitler generously offered the sister nation which he did not hate, but that it spread further and further, becoming the Second World War.

There was (originally) in Adolf Hitler's own mind not the slightest intention of persecuting the Jews. There may, of course, have been on the part of rank and file National Socialist fighters *individual* cases of violence against specimens of that particularly obnoxious and thoroughly unwanted variety of foreigners—sporadic instances of long-repressed (and quite understandable) national hatred or less laudable personal revenge, neither encouraged by the leaders of the young movement nor justified in the light of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*. There was no systematic molestation of Jews — not to speak of planned extermination of them.

All that Adolf Hitler had done was to point out international Jewry — international Jewish finance, surely; yet *not international Jewish finance alone, but the Jews (and half-Jews) themselves, and the Jewish spirit* — as the sinister force at the back of Germany's betrayal during the First World War, of her defeat in 1918 and subsequent humiliation and misery, and as the soul of the whole Versailles policy—which was indeed, historically speaking, absolutely true. And all he wanted was to rid Germany (and, if possible, Europe) of the Jewish pestilence—under *all* its forms and in all domains: politically and economically, no doubt, but *also* biologically and spiritually. (He acknowledged, in fact, from the beginning—and that, because he was infinitely more than a politician—that biological separation from the Jews and freedom from their influence in the moral and spiritual domain meant *automatically* political and economical riddance of them *also*.)

In Point Four of the famous Twenty-five Points—the unshakable basis of the National Socialist Party Program—he did away with that old and all-too-widespread lie which consists in calling a Jew who speaks the language of a foreign people in whose midst he was born and brought up a man of that people. And he boldly proclaimed that, on account of his blood, *no Jew*—whatever be his capabilities or achievements, and however long his family be settled in Germany—could be a German citizen. He thus laid—for the first time in the West since the decline of the Greco-Roman world and since Theodoric the Great's healthy Gothic kingdom—the foundations of a natural and rational state; of a state according to the dictates of life.

In that long, dull process of decay which is

[102]H. G. Holldack, *Was wirklich geschah; die diplomatishen Hintergründe der deutsche Kriegspolitik* (München, 1949), p. 95.

(with a short, very short halt under that exceptional Germanic king) the history of the West from the day Roman citizenship lost its meaning and value, this *was* a revolution—and what a one! But it was *not* an act of hostility toward the Jews. It was a healthy and enlightened reaction against the folly of every "naturalization" to the extent the latter is an insult to biology; a proclamation of the eternal truth of blood against the long-accepted but nevertheless shocking lie embodied in all such man-made regulations as defy it. In other words, it was an act *against time*; against the ever-increasing untruth of our age of gloom. (The fact that Jews, and neither Negroes nor Hottentots nor Papuans, are mentioned in Point Four is simply due to the presence of the former as the *only* non-Aryan community living in Germany and playing a part in German life.)

Already in the days of the struggle for power, every National Socialist fighter called upon the German people not to buy from Jewish shops, not to believe the newspapers financed by Jews, and so on . . . in one word, to free themselves by every possible means from the Jewish bondage, through individual initiative, *without* the help of laws that did not exist. One must admit that this was natural in a campaign led in the name of national freedom—natural and neither new nor unique. Yet the reaction to it was, all over the world (and not only in communist circles), a louder and louder outcry against National Socialist "anti-Semitism."

Curiously enough, in faraway India, Mahatma Gandhi, the prophet of "nonviolence"—a man in many ways in glaring contrast to Adolf Hitler—was also, from 1919 onward, urging his disciples to boycott British goods no less than Western—i.e., Christian-capitalistic — education and customs, to spin their own cotton, to weave their own clothes, and to return to the simple life of older days; to free themselves from both the economic dependence and the moral corruption resulting from foreign yoke. Nobody blamed him for it. Many, in England itself — and some among the most prominent Englishmen in India, whose job it was to hinder his action—could not help admiring him. The only criticism he attracted himself (mostly from Marxists or sympathizers of Marxism) was that of being an enemy of "progress" and a utopist, whose passive resistance was not the proper answer to "colonial oppression." But nobody blamed him for seeking to rid his people of foreign rule—nobody; not even the English themselves.

Jewish rule in Germany (and in Europe at large) was, however—and is once more since 1945—far worse than British rule in India or, by the way, than *any* obvious and brutal foreign rule in any conquered land. It was—and is—invisible and anonymous, *not felt* by the masses (who have neither leisure nor inclination to seek out subtle evils and their hidden causes) nor even by most of the so-called thinking people, and thereby all the more dangerous; all the more soul-killing. Still, Mahatma Gandhi's struggle was looked upon with sympathy or at least with indifference; Adolf Hitler's, with increasing uneasiness, mistrust, and soon positive hostility. Point Four of the Party Program and all Adolf Hitler's bold—and so accurate!—statements about the nefarious part played in world history by the Jews were quoted (half the time without their context) and hammered upon as ominous signs of a regression into barbarism. And, *although no harm had yet been done to them,* numbers of Jews residing in Germany left the country of their own accord, their hearts filled with hatred for that new, *free,* Aryan world which they felt growing all round them and in spite of them; for that new world which they would soon no longer be able to corrupt and to exploit at will. And they carried their hatred wherever they went and started, by every means within their reach—every means which hatred can devise and which money can secure—a worldwide campaign against National Socialism—already then, *before* Adolf Hitler's rise to power.

Every racially conscious Jew—and every Jew of the world (whether pure-blooded or not) is racially conscious—experienced the news of Adolf Hitler's *legal and perfectly democratic* victory in the last *Reichstag* election of the Weimar Republic and his no less legal and democratic appointment as Chancellor of the German *Reich* on the 30th of January, 1933, as a personal insult from the whole German nation (the overwhelming majority of which obviously stood behind the National Socialist leader) and as a defeat of the Jewish people: their first glaring defeat for many centuries, and an eloquent warning to them. Everyone was decided to do his best to unsettle that now settled fact of Aryan rule in Germany (for Adolf Hitler's rise to power meant, first and foremost, *that*) and to destroy at any cost any possibility of German rule in Europe (which would have meant the end of the long, unseen, Jewish domination of the West, in fact, of the Jews' secret influence in the world).

And an organization was actually founded under the name of *International Jewish Economic Federation to Combat the Hitlerite Oppression of Jews*, and in July, 1933, in Amsterdam, Samuel Untermeyer was elected president of it. Samuel Untermeyer's speech[103] in New York less than a month later is the first official declaration of war on Adolf Hitler's new Germany. And in perfect keeping with the character and purpose of his people—the very brood of the "father of lies"[104]—and with the spirit of this dark age in which all natural values are reversed, the Jew called this war, which was to be conducted relentlessly, to the finish against the young state *against time*, a "holy war" . . . "for the sake of humanity." And he mentioned the "millions of non-Jewish friends" whose collaboration he knew all too well his people could expect. And he forgot to mention the real and only motives of his campaign: hatred and fear of any genuine Aryan awakening—the only motives, indeed, for all the other ones (which he stressed) namely the desire to prevent "starving and extermination" of Jews and to "bang the last nail into the coffin where bigotry and fanaticism are to disappear" were spurious ones. As Hans Grimm—who never was a follower of Adolf Hitler—clearly points out, "not a single responsible word had been uttered in Germany about starving, killing, or exterminating (Jews) *till after 1938*, and not a single action had been taken in that direction."[105] And the National Socialist attitude to Jewry before or after 1938 had—and has — anyhow, nothing to do with bigotry or fanaticism.

In 1938—i.e., *before* the war with Poland—the newly founded state of Israel officially declared war on Germany, again on behalf of all the Jews of the world. This second act of open hostility was, like the first, presented as an answer to Adolf Hitler's supposed "persecution of the Jews," which had not yet begun. It aimed in reality at impressing once more upon the minds of the Jews far and wide (through the enormous prestige of the state of Israel, symbol of their unity and of their hopes) that National Socialist Germany, the proud citadel of awakening Aryandom, remained their enemy number one; their enemy whatever she did or did not do, simply because she was the stronghold of those forces which were, are, and always will be the polar opposite of their collective self.

In fact, a lot had been done for the Jewish cause since the first Jews of Germany—farsighted people who (also) could afford to travel—had judged that things were there likely to become, one day, too hot for them, and gone abroad *with their whole fortunes* before 1933. A lot had been done, thanks to the undue, yet almost magical, effect of certain empty and yet extremely popular words such as "mankind," "freedom," "democracy," etc.; thanks to the fathomless gullibility of most people who can read; and thanks to the masterful suppleness with which the Jews took advantage of both these traits. "Humanity" and "freedom of the individual" and "respect for the human person" were, in the West, at once linked with Christianity and with the "cultural tradition of Europe," dear to all (or supposed to be).

As I said, the Jews were not—yet—in the Third *Reich*, the object of any particularly drastic measures. They just were no longer legally looked upon as Germans. They were just no longer allowed to teach in schools and universities or to finance newspapers for German readers; to be actors, lawyers, professional musicians, or writers for the German public. In one word, it was now, since the establishment of National Socialist rule, forbidden to them to poke their noses into the actual life of the country in which they lived but which never had been and never could be theirs. It was also, since September, 1935—since the proclamation of the admirable Nuernberg Laws for the preservation of racial purity—forbidden to them to marry Germans or, by the way, to have, be it outside the bond of marriage, sexual relations with them. (Under National Socialist rule, abortion was, in the case of a pure-blooded Aryan child, looked upon as murder and severely punished, while the yet-unborn product of a shameful union was—and rightly so—to be destroyed. And a German who *before* the Nuernberg Laws, had taken a Jewess to wife, was either to divorce her or to have her sterilized.) But these regulations had nothing to do with a malignant anti-Semitism. They applied, in fact, not only to Jews, but to all people of non-Aryan race, as the systematic sterilization of the half-German, half-Negro children, shameful traces of the occupation of Germany by African mercenaries after the First World War, goes to prove. And the Jews should have been the last people on earth to criticize the new laws, they who, contrarily to so many better races, have remained faithful to their tribal God, Jehovah, who

[103]*New York Times*, 7 August, 1933, p. 2. The entire text is reproduced there and is, for arrogance, probably unexcelled by any other public, Jewish statement. [ed.]

[104]The Gospel according to Saint John, 20, verse 44.

[105]Hans Grimm, *Warum-woher-aber wohin?* (Lippoldsberg, 1954), pp. 187-188.

—like all tribal gods of all lands and of all times—is said to hold blood mixture in abomination;[106] who were themselves in 1953 to forbid by law, in the state of Israel, marriages between Jews and non-Jews.

Germany's partner, fascist Italy, was unreliable, as further history was so tragically to prove. And the dark forces *in time*—the selfsame ones that are embodied in international Jewry—were there, in spite of fascism, tremendously active through the Catholic Church, that twin sister of freemasonry (shocking as these words may sound to pious Catholics and contrary as they may be to all *public* statements, both of the Catholic leaders and of the Masters of the Lodges, concerning the separation of the two organizations, even their mutual hostility). The one powerful man in Rome with whose unfailing collaboration Adolf Hitler could reckon absolutely—Mussolini, his personal friend—was not fascist Italy and was, *in fact*, less powerful than he looked. And fascism itself was not National Socialism, contrarily to what so many haters of both seem to think. It was a political—and economical—system; not a more-than-political creed; and it inspired a movement of practical and immediate—of *time-bound*—significance, not one of cosmic scope. It did not lay stress upon the all-important idea of race and the ideal of racial purity as National Socialism does.

In other words, notwithstanding the Anti-Comintern Pact and her further bond with Italy and Japan, National Socialist Germany was practically alone; alone at least in the invisible realm of quality and purpose—of aspiration and willpower and meaning; in that realm of *energy* in which material happenings are mysteriously but mathematically — unavoidably—determined; the only Aryan power as conscious of its natural mission as the leading agents of the dark forces—the Jews —were (and are) of theirs; the only Aryan state *against time*. More so: the *Fuehrer* and his true disciples (whether they were to be found in his immediate entourage or elsewhere) were alone, *a minority in Germany itself*, despite Adolf Hitler's immense popularity, and in the world at large, an unbelievably small number of dedicated revolutionaries, at arms against both the obvious *and the deeper* characteristics of this end period of the dark age.

The Jews had, on the other hand—thanks to the untruth into which the West and the East have been sinking for centuries; thanks to that silly superstition of "man," which has *everywhere* replaced healthy reverence of the divine as manifested within all life, but specially within the "hero like unto the Gods"—the whole world more or less on their side; passively on their side, when not actively. The Christian churches *and* anti-clerical freemasonry; the communists *and* all those who still stand for bourgeois capitalism; the gullible pacifists *and* the cleverest of all warmongers; all internationalists *and* all anti-German (or anti-European), shortsighted nationalists were gradually to coalesce with them, in the name of "humanity," against the more-than-human wisdom embodied in the revolutionary state *against time*.

This astounding success of the dark forces was due—partly—no doubt, to the suppleness of their agents who, like Paul of Tarsus—one of the most remarkable of them in world history—acted "as Greeks with the Greeks and as Jews with the Jews."

In November 1938, i.e., after the Munich agreement and before the developments that were to lead to the Second World War, Oswald Pirow, then Defense Minister of the Union of South Africa, paid a visit on behalf of General Smuts both to Chamberlain and to Adolf Hitler. He was to mediate in order to bring about a lasting understanding between England and Germany. In the report which he published in 1951 about his undertaking, under the title *Was the Second World War Unavoidable?*, one reads these most enlightening sentences: "Already through my first conversation with Chamberlain it became clear to me why the two governments did not understand each other. It was not lack of good will on the part of Chamberlain: the latter had made his whole future political career dependent upon an understanding with Germany, and he was ready to make great concessions to that end. *But, between Chamberlain's good will and positive reality stood, as firm as a rock, the Jewish question.* The British Prime Minister had to reckon with a party—his own Conservative Party—and specially with a public that worldwide Jewish propaganda had influenced to the utmost. Unless this agitation could be cooled down, concessions to Germany were unthinkable for Chamberlain." . . . "The factors which stood against Chamberlain's peace policy were: *the worldwide propaganda of the Jews, bitter beyond all measure*; the political selfishness of Churchill and of his followers, the half-communist tendencies of the Labor Party, and the warmongery of the British chauvinists, encouraged by German traitors. In November, 1938, this remark-

[106]Old Testament, *Book of Ezra*, ch. 9.

able coalition had not yet succeeded in shattering Chamberlain's political position, as it was to later on. But it had convinced the British public that Adolf Hitler was the greatest persecuter of man of all times and that any agreement with him could only lead to further humiliation."

And I repeat—for this can never be, nowadays, sufficiently stressed: up till then, the Jews in the Third *Reich* had not been persecuted. Eugen Kogon himself—that fanatical hater of National Socialism if there ever was one—admits in his virulent book—*The SS State*[107]—which he published in 1946 against the Hitler regime, that up to November, 1938, there had only been "individual instances" of molestation of Jews within new Germany. And which is more, Adolf Hitler had no intention whatsoever of persecuting—let alone of exterminating — the nefarious foreigners whom he knew to be the agents of Germany's defeat in 1918 and the deadliest enemies of her people and of Aryan mankind as a whole. He had—unfortunately!—allowed thousands of them to leave the country *with all their property*. And he was prepared to arrange for them *all* to go, taking with them that much of their money as could suddenly be withdrawn from Germany without tragic consequences for German economy.[108] He was not unaware of the mischief they could work against Germany, once abroad. The worldwide propaganda which those of them who had already emigrated were financing was too obvious for him not to have known of it. But he was generous. And he believed in the loyalty of his own people, whom he loved. And he trusted the strength of that splendid German youth that was growing under his eyes, full of faith in him and in his eternal ideals, full of the will to live as a dedicated elite in the service of the latter, and ready to die, if necessary, so that new Germany might live. He knew that, *provided* they stood like one man behind him and stuck to his principles, the German people had nothing to fear from the outer world. He did not know how many influential traitors of German blood were already in the service of the dark forces — against him and against their own people—nor how far Jewish influence was at work secretly, (and all the more efficiently) through the occult bodies that he had forbidden (freemasonry and all societies affiliated to it) *and* through the Christian churches in Germany herself. His constructive plans—in the biological, social, economic, and cultural, not to say also religious, spheres—which could indeed only lead to the invincibility of the German *Reich, needed time* to be carried out. The eternal truths he preached (after one and a half thousand years of false doctrine) *needed time* to become once more, first among the Germans and then among all people of Nordic blood, undisputed, self-evident articles of popular faith. . . . The dark forces were determined anyhow not to leave Adolf Hitler time—or peace. Working from all sides, they did their best to make a permanent understanding between England and Germany impossible, in particular, to prevent all further personal contact between Adolf Hitler and Neville Chamberlain; the one development which, according to Pirow, *might have*, still at the eleventh hour, changed the whole atmosphere (and that, too, provided Chamberlain managed to remain in power). It looked for a time as though they would, in spite of all, *not* succeed. Then suddenly an apparently unexpected—in fact, cleverly prepared—incident came to their rescue: an attache of the German legation in Paris, von Rath, was, on the 7th of November, 1938, for no accountable reason at all, murdered by a Jew.

This was not the first act of provocation on the part of the sworn enemies of the Third *Reich*, as the leading power of regenerate Aryandom. Some time before, Gustlow, *Landesleiter* of the NSDAP in Switzerland, had also fallen victim of a Jewish murderer. And there were the daily insults of the Jewish press of the whole world against all that the Germans held sacred. And there was Untermeyer's formal declaration of war — on mendacious grounds—already in August, 1933. This was but the last straw which broke the camel's back. Up till then, the many and varied — louder and louder — expressions of Jewish hostility to Germany had, save for a few bloodcurdling articles (and eloquent caricatures) in *Der Stuermer*, remained without an answer. *This* provocation roused, throughout the Third *Reich*, an uproar of indignation, taking advantage of which some of the most impulsive among the leaders of the National Socialist fighting formations organized, on the night of the 8th of November, under the direction of no lesser a man than Dr. Goebbels, what is known as the *Kristallnacht*: breaking up of Jewish shops, burning down of synagogues, with all the rough handling of individual Jews that one can imagine; from evening to dawn, all over Germany, a proper orgy of Jew-baiting. The next day, the *Fuehrer* burst out in righteous indignation at

[107]E. Kogon, *Der SS Staat* (München, 1946).

[108]Jewish property in Germany was estimated at a thousand million pounds.

the news of this useless and anything-but-detached violence, the repercussion of which he could well foresee: "You people have thrust back National Socialism and spoilt my work for many years, when not for good, through this nonsense!"[109]

His unmitigated disapproval of the pogrom did not, however, hinder or lessen the explosion of hatred which the news of it provoked in the whole world. It was surely not the first time in history that the murder of a man—in fact, of two men—in high position, at the hands of a foreigner, had become the occasion of tough reprisals against the murderer's compatriots.[110] Up till then, unconcerned nations had generally kept aloof from such affairs. But this time the murderer's compatriots were Jews. And in this Jew-ridden world whatever is done to Jews is the whole world's business. Not only did the Jews literally "foam with rage" (to quote Pirow's words), but the newspaper-reading population of the most varied lands reacted as though the most horrible event within ten thousand years had just taken place under their eyes. In England and in the U.S.A. public opinion —so important in democracies!—flared up in an anti-Nazi outcry and thundered against all collaboration with the Third German *Reich*—that exponent of barbarism in the midst of our "civilized" century! The British ambassador in Berlin was called back to report about the happenings. Chamberlain's position was shattered, the days of his political career numbered. Pirow's official mission to Berlin as a mediator was now out of question. And the *unofficial* journey which he undertook there—in agreement with Chamberlain, in spite of all—was beforehand stamped with the sign of failure. By the time Pirow came back to London to tell the British premier of Adolf Hitler's unaltered goodwill and readiness to treat with England, "Chamberlain's position had become so difficult that he dared not take the initiative of approaching Hitler." The two men whose collaboration could, according to Pirow, have saved Europe were never to see each other again. On the other hand, the American ambassador in Berlin was recalled on the 13th of November, and diplomatic relations between the U.S.A. and Germany suspended. The Second World War — for which, as we shall see, the U.S.A. bears the responsibility at least as much as England herself, if not even more—was now unavoidable. Maybe it was not yet clear which local conflict would become the occasion and the pretext of it. But it was already certain that nothing could prevent it.

It is interesting to follow from the start the signs of increasing hostility which the U.S.A. showed National Socialist Germany: at first mere acts of unfriendliness—full support of the French standpoint against the German in every disarmament conference and the dispatch of a notorious hater of Germany, William Dodd, to Berlin as American ambassador. Then, on the 5th of April, 1937, came Roosevelt's well-known "Quarantine" speech in Chicago against the "aggressive," authoritarian states: Japan, Italy, Germany, *but not Soviet Russia*;[111] then, in early 1938, his plea for intensified armament (to "defend the world" against an eventual "return to barbarism," as the American newspapers stressed); then the break of diplomatic relations which I have mentioned and the feverish activity of both the American ambassadors in London and in Paris in order to bring about war between England (with France at her side) and the Third *Reich*—war at any cost, war before National Socialism had time to make the Third *Reich* invulnerable.

"In the U.S.A. powerful forces had been at work for a long time, urging the country to wage war on Germany," writes von Ribbentrop in his memoirs.[112] And he shows as plainly and clearly as can be, from official documents seized by the Germans in Warsaw and in Paris—in particular, from the reports full of very enlightening details dispatched by the Polish ambassador in Washington, Count Jerzy Potocki, to his government—that as early as spring, 1939, President Roosevelt had already, to a great extent, completed his preparations for America's participation in a coming war against Germany and that he had decided "not to take part in the war from the start but *to bring it to an end, after England and France would have begun it.*"[113] William C. Bullitt, the U.S. ambassador in Paris, and his London col-

[109]Grimm, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

[110]For example, the scenes of violence that took place in Lyons against Italians, after an Italian, Caserio, had murdered Carnot, President of the French Republic, in 1894.

[111]Where some 30,000,000 "bourgeois" kulaks had recently been ruthlessly liquidated, without a murmur of protest from the democratic powers. But, of course, the essential difference was that in Soviet Russia the Jews were not the victims but the perpetrators of these historically unequalled atrocities. They were carried out under the supervision of the Jew, Lazar Kagonovich, then Commissar for the Ukrane. [editor]

[112]Ribbentrop, *op. cit.*, p. 165.

[113]*Ibid.*

league, Joe Kennedy, were instructed to exert pressure upon both governments (the French and the British) and to insist that they "put an end to every policy of compromise with the totalitarian states and do not enter with them into any discussion aiming at territorial changes." They were, in addition, to give "the moral assurance that the U.S.A. had forsaken its isolation policy and was ready, in case of war, to stand actively on the side of England and France, putting all its money and raw materials at their disposal."

In the light of these and other no less eloquent and authoritative documents, one is—irrespective of whatever attitude one might personally have toward National Socialism—compelled to see in the European developments of the fated year, 1939, the product of an actual world conspiracy against National Socialist Germany. Every talk about "Hitler's policy of aggression" is either a shameless, blatant lie or . . . silly women's babble. Adolf Hitler remained, in his dealings with the outer world, after his rise to power—before *and during* the war—as he had during his struggle against the rotten Weimar Republic, "within legality unto the bitter end."

The wonder is not that, less than five years after Adolf Hitler's splendid *Leibstandarte*—glorious foreshadowing of the Golden Age mankind of his dreams—had marched along the Avenue des Champs Elysees in conquered Paris, National Socialist Germany was forced to capitulate unconditionally. The wonder is that, facing practically alone the frenzied hatred of the whole earthly sphere, she resisted its assaults as long as she did. The wonder is that, in spite of the enemy's open fury and secret machinations; in spite of the impact of the Red Army (as fanatically convinced of *its* "truth" as every German soldier of his); in spite of the traitors on the front and at home (*all* of them, from the anti-Nazi diplomats and generals and princes of the church—the men of the 20th of July, and Dibellius, and von Gallen, Archbishop of Munster, and the sinister theologian Bonhoeffer and all the leading freemasons—down to the humblest, simple, squeamish, old woman who was horrified at her grandson's harshness toward the "poor Jews"); in spite of the two gigantic, hostile power blocs—the communist world *and* the capitalist world—closing in tighter upon her every day, National Socialist Germany did not capitulate *earlier*. The wonder is that her armies marched as far as they did into so many conquered lands, and that they and the German people kept their faith in Adolf Hitler till the end and—to a great extent—despite years of systematic "re-education" *after* the end, to this very day.

Not only had Adolf Hitler done all he possibly could to avoid war, but he did everything he possibly could to stop it. Again and again—first in October, 1939, immediately after the victorious end of the Polish campaign; then on the 22nd of June, 1940, immediately after the truce with defeated France—he held out his hand to England; not the hand of a supplicant, still less that of a man afraid, but that of a farsighted and generous victor whose whole life was centered around a creative idea, whose program was a constructive program, and who had no quarrel with the misled blood brothers of his own people, who saw in them, despite their hatred of his name, his future friends and collaborators.

The fact that all Adolf Hitler's efforts to avoid war — or to end it speedily and victoriously, at least honorably — remained fruitless, proves by no means his inefficiency as a statesman or as a strategist. It only proves that the forces of disintegration—the coalesced forces of our dark age, embodied in all-powerful, international Jewry—were, in spite of his insight, in spite of his genius, too strong for him; that it needed a still harder man *against time* than he in order to break them; in other words, that he is not the *last* man *against time*.

He knew it himself, from the early days of the struggle. And nothing shows more clearly how aware he was of his own place and significance in history than the words he addressed Hans Grimm in 1928, in the course of a conversation that lasted an hour and a quarter: "I know that some man capable of giving our problems a final solution must appear. And that is why I have set myself to do the *preparatory work* (die Vorarbeit); *only the most urgent preparatory work, for I know that I am myself not the one.* And I know also what is missing in me (to be *the* one). But the other one still remains aloof, and nobody comes forward, and there is no more time to be lost."[114]

On the 10th of May, 1941, Rudolf Hess made his much misunderstood, lonely, heroic flight to Scotland as a desperate, self-appointed peacemaker. It was, on Hess's part, neither the rash action of a man half insane (as it *had to be* described officially, for the sake of convenience, and as Rudolf Hess himself wished it to be described in case of failure) and still less an attempt at rebellion against the *Fuehrer's* policy, an effort to end the

[114]Grimm, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

war *against his will.* Quite the contrary! Rudolf Hess undertook his long-planned flight, doubtless *without* Adolf Hitler's knowledge, as all the details of the event (and specially Hess's own last letter to the *Fuehrer*) clearly show. But he was guided from the start by the unfailing certitude that his was *the* supreme chance — if any — to bring about, in the teeth of the most adverse circumstances, that which the *Fuehrer* had in vain always wanted and always striven for: lasting peace with England—the sister nation, in spite of all the insults of her Jew-ridden government and the press; the great Aryan power, in spite of her betrayal of the Aryan cause—constructive collaboration with England, first step toward the constructive collaboration of all peoples of the best Nordic blood.

Rudolf Hess failed—in the realm of visible facts, at least—as Adolf Hitler himself was destined to fail, and for the very same basic reason: namely because he is, like he, one of those uncompromising idealists *and* men of action whose intuition of permanent earthly realities exceeds and overshadows the vision even of the most compelling emergency; one of those men *against time*—both sun and lightning—who have in their make-up too little lightning in proportion to their enormous amount of sun.

England's answer to Rudolf Hess's supreme appeal to her sense of responsibility before the dead, before the living, and before the yet unborn was . . . a cell in the Tower of London (and later in Nuernberg, and finally in Spandau, to this day) for the daring, self-appointed messenger of peace. England's answer to all the understanding and friendliness that National Socialist Germany had showed her from the very beginning, her answer to Adolf Hitler's sincere profession of faith in Anglo-German collaboration, was war to the finish: hundreds and thousands of bombers — one wave after the other, in tight formations—pouring night after night (and often in the daytime) streams of fire and brimstone over the German towns and—on the other hand—unlimited, *enthusiastic* aid to Soviet Russia, no sooner than Adolf Hitler had declared war on her. England's answer was the sinister coalition of the Western plutocracies and of the Marxist empire—of *all* the forces *in time*—against National Socialist Germany; the cold-blooded planning of Germany's dismemberment and enslavement forever; and the relentless advance of the crusaders of hatred from the East and the West, until their two hosts of hundreds of thousands, in one of which there were Englishmen, had met and merged into each other over the martyred land. England's answer was, through British accusers along with others, the shameful distortion of history in the Nuernberg Trial, the condemnation of the peacemaker Rudolf Hess for "crime against peace," and the prolongation of the whole propaganda of infamy against both the National Socialist doctrine and the German nation, to this day.

Maybe the Jew-ridden United States of America has, under Franklin Roosevelt, played an even greater part than that of England in the preparation, conduct, and gruesome conclusion of the Second World War. But England is the nation to which Adolf Hitler had, over and over again, the most sincerely, the most appealingly held out his hand in the name of the natural brotherhood of Nordic blood, in the name of the peaceful regeneration of the West. Her crime against him, against his people, against herself and the whole Aryan race, is therefore greater than that of any other of the Allies of 1945. *And nothing—absolutely nothing—can ever make good for it.*

Churchill—the anti-communist but still wilder anti-Nazi—upon the news of the commencement of German-Russian hostilities on June 22, 1941, jubilantly declared: "The cause of Soviet Russia is now the cause of every Englishman and that of the entire freedom-loving world."

The historical landmarks in the development of the combined crusade against National Socialist Germany—the hypocritical Atlantic Charter, as early as mid-August, 1941; and then the well-known, successive agreements of Casablanca, in January, 1943, of Teheran, in November of the same year, of Yalta, in February, 1945, and finally Potsdam, in August, 1945, destined to tighten the grip of the death forces upon the world from pole to pole—are all immediate and logical consequences of the spirit of that statement. And so are the no less historical horrors that were to take place on German soil and elsewhere *after* the two victorious waves of destruction—the Red Army and Eisenhower's "crusaders to Europe" (and their British and French and Belgian and Polish and Czech satellites)—had met and mingled upon the smoking ruins of the proud Third *Reich*: in Dresden, overcrowded with refugees, the murder of half a million men, women, and children under Anglo-American bombs, on that dismal night of the 13th of February, 1945; the lamentable exodus of eighteen million Germans—men, women, and children—from the eastern provinces torn away from the *Reich* to be given to the Poles, the Russians, or the Czechs, with the full approval of So-

viet Russia's Western allies; the atrocities of the Red Army and of the soldiers of the capitalistic democracies of the West in Germany, and of the anti-German partisans in all countries of Europe; the arrest, torture, and murder (or long imprisonment) of thousands of National Socialists, from the martyrs of Nuernberg to the humblest of Adolf Hitler's followers, for having done their duty thoroughly and faithfully; and, until 1948, the criminal attempt to kill Germany's industry and to starve her people or force them to emigrate; and, until this very day—in *fact,* when no longer in name—that sinister farce known as "de-Nazification" and "re-education" of the German people: the systematic attempt to crush the pride, to kill the soul, of the finest nation of the West.

By the end of 1943, National Socialist Germany was alone—pressed between the two coalesced halves of a world in rebellion against the eternal idea that she had, more or less consciously, embodied throughout history and that she now proclaimed, louder and more defiantly than ever, through Adolf Hitler's voice; alone to fight not on two but on a thousand fronts: against regular armies and against partisans in Russia, in Greece, in Italy, in Africa, in France, in Belgium, in Holland, in Norway — everywhere — and at home, against increasingly destructive British and American bombers and increasingly active and arrogant German traitors, anti-Nazis of all descriptions; alone to stand against the thought power and willpower and power of hatred of millions and millions of men, women, and children of all nationalities and of all races; of a whole dark-age humanity, bent upon its own degeneracy and doom; marked with the sign of perdition and, for that very reason, blind and mad: exalting its enemies and holding its true savior in abomination. And it is difficult to say which one of the hostile factors—the "crusaders" from the East and from the West; the German traitors at home *and on all fronts*; the relentless streams of fire which men of Anglo-Saxon blood poured night after night upon the helpless German civilians, killing *over three million* of them; or the silly but sincere (and therefore efficacious) indignation of millions of apparently powerless people of all lands, as they repeatedly heard on the wireless about the "Nazi monsters"—played the crucial part in the disaster of 1945.

To the extent the happenings of the invisible realm determine those of the visible, one can safely state that untiring hatred is, from the cosmic point of view, as efficient as power of arms. The victorious Allies—or rather the Jews, who animated the whole show — were, at the Nuernberg Trial after the war, to put forth the principle of "collective responsibility" and (strange as this may sound from someone who has exposed the famous trial as one of the greatest infamies of history) they were, in *that* connection, again from the cosmic point of view, rigorously right. Anyone whose heart and will have carried Adolf Hitler to power, whose voice has hailed him as founder and leader of a new world, was and remains morally responsible for all that has been, is, or ever will be done in his name and in his spirit. I am the first one to accept this fact. And I accept it joyfully, with pride, as far as I am personally concerned. On the other hand, the principle of collective responsibility cannot be restricted to any particular group of people to the exclusion of other groups. It holds good for *all* those who admit a bond of solidarity with brothers in faith—or be it brothers in hatred—and in particular for all *anti*-Nazis, whether they be ill-informed or not, intelligent or not, capable or not of judging in full liberty. A child of ten who sat before his parents' wireless in Calcutta or Shanghai and was glad to hear the news of the Allied landing in Normandy is responsible for the world disaster of 1945. A child of ten who, in Sydney or Melbourne or San Francisco, added his voice to the chorus of hatred against the accused of Nuernberg is responsible for the death of those men and bears his share of the infamy of the historic trial. As I said before, the Second World War is nothing less than a monstrous crime *for which practically the whole world is collectively responsible*—a collective crime of the whole world against its savior, Adolf Hitler, against National Socialist Germany, against Aryan man and the possibilities that lie within him.

Others have described—or tried to describe—far better than I (who was not on the spot) ever could, the last days of the Third German *Reich*: the irresistible advance of the two frantic invading armies (and of their respective auxiliaries) into the heart of the land, in which *years* of unheard-of bombardment had left nothing but ruins; the terror of the last and fiercest air raids that disorganized everything, while streams and streams of refugees kept pouring westward (realizing that they had, in spite of all, less to fear from the Americans—enemies of National Socialism with *no* faith to put in its place—than from the Russians, who were fighting in full awareness of their allegiance to the contrary faith); the horror of the last desperate battles, intended to im-

mobilize for a while an enemy that one now knew to be the winner; and the moral breakdown—the frightening, blank hopelessness, the bitter feeling of having been mocked and cheated—of millions in whose hearts faith in National Socialism had been inseparable from the certitude of Germany's invincibility: the moral ruins, even more tragic and more lasting than the material ones. Others have described or tried to describe the horror of the last days of Berlin under the relentless fire of the Russian guns — Berlin which, seen from above, "looked like the crater of an immense volcano."[115]

In the midst of the capital ablaze, stood the broad and yet untouched gardens of the Chancellery of the *Reich*. There, surrounded by a few of his faithful ones in his bunker, underground, Adolf Hitler, the man *against time*, lived the apparent end of all his life's work and of all his dreams, and the beginning of his people's long martyrdom. More or less accurate reports have reached the outer world about his last known gestures and words. But nobody has described in all its more-than-human grandeur the last, real, *inner* phase—the tragic failure, and yet (considered from a standpoint exceeding by far that of the politician) the culmination—of his dedicated life.

In August Kubizek's biography of him as a young man, there is a passage too significant for me not to quote it nearly *in extenso*. It is the description of a walk to the Freienberg (a hill overlooking Linz) in the middle of the night, just after the future *Fuehrer* and his friend had attended together, at the opera, a performance of Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*. "We were alone," writes Kubizek. "The town had sunk below us into the fog. As though he were moved by an invisible force, Adolf Hitler climbed to the top of the Freienberg. I now realized that we no longer stood in solitude and darkness, for above us shone the stars.

"Adolf stood before me. He took both my hands in his and held them tight—a gesture that he had never yet made. I could feel from the pressure of his hands how moved he was. His eyes sparkled feverishly. The words did not pour from his lips with their usual easiness, but burst forth harsh and passionate. I noticed by his voice even more than by the way in which he held my hands how the episode he had lived (the performance of *Rienzi*) had shattered him to the depths.

"Gradually, he began to speak more freely. The words came with more speed. Never before *and also never since* have I heard Adolf Hitler speak like he did then, as we stood alone under the stars as though we had been the only two creatures on earth.

"It is impossible for me to repeat the words my friend uttered in that hour.

"Something quite remarkable, which I had not noticed before, even when he spoke to me with vehemence, struck me at that moment: *it was as though another self spoke through him*; another self, from the presence of which he was as moved as I was. In no way could one have said of him (as it sometimes happens, in the case of brilliant speakers) that he was intoxicated with his own words. *On the contrary!* I had the feeling that he experienced with amazement, I would say, that he was himself *possessed* by that which burst out of him with elemental power. I do not allow myself a comment on that observation. But it was a state of ecstasy, a state of complete trance, in which, without mentioning it or the instance involved in it, he projected his experience of the *Rienzi* performance into a glorious vision upon another plane, congenial to himself. More so: the impression he had received from that performance was merely the external impulse that had prompted him to speak. Like a flood breaks through a dam which has burst, so rushed the words from his mouth. *In sublime, irresistible images, he unfolded before me his own future and that of our people.*

"Till then I had been convinced that my friend wanted to become an artist, a painter, or an architect. In that hour there was no question of such a thing. He was concerned with something higher, which I could not yet understand. . . . *He now spoke of a mission that he was one day to receive from our people, in order to guide them out of slavery, to the heights of freedom.* . . . Many years were to pass before I could realize what that starry hour, separated from all earthly things, had meant to my friend."[116]

Calmer now, amid the thunder of explosions and the noise of crumbling buildings—the flames and ruins of the Second World War—than *then*, at the top of the Freienberg, under the stars; freed from the temporary wild despair that had seized him at the news of the Russian advance west of the Oder River, Adolf Hitler beheld the future. And that future—his own and that of National Socialism and that of Germany, which had now become, forever, the fortress of the new faith

[115]These are the words of the well-known German airwoman, Hanna Reitsch, who *saw* it.

[116]Kubizek, *op. cit.*, pp. 140-141.

—was nothing less than eternity; the eternity of truth, more unshakable (and more soothing) in its majesty even than that of the Milky Way.

The Russians could come, and their "gallant Allies" from the West could meet them and rejoice with them upon the ashes of the Third *Reich* (as Winston Churchill and his daughter Sarah,[117] who were actually to be seen a few days later giggling with Russian officers before the skeleton of the *Reichstag*) ; Berlin could be wiped out—or bolshevized—and Germany, cut in two or in four, could, for years and years, suffer such an ordeal as no nation in history had yet suffered. In spite of all, National Socialism, the modern expression of cosmic truth would endure and conquer.

National Socialism would rise again *because it is true to cosmic reality* and because *that which is true does not pass*. Germany's *via dolorosa* was indeed the way to coming glory. *It had to be taken,* if the privileged nation was to fulfill her mission absolutely, i.e., if she was to be the nation that died for the sake of the highest human race, which she embodied, and that would rise again to take the lead of those surviving Aryans who are—at last!—to understand her message of life and to carry it with them into the splendor of the dawning Golden Age.

Oh, now—now under the ceaseless fire and thunder of the Russian artillery; now, on the brink of disaster—how the man *against time* clearly understood this!

Above him and above the smoke of the Russian cannons and of the burning city, above the noise of explosions, millions and millions of miles away, the stars—those same stars that had shed their light over the adolescent's first prophetic ecstasy forty years before—sparkled in all their glory, in the limitless void. And the man *against time*, who could not see them, knew that his National Socialist wisdom, founded upon the very laws of life; his wisdom that this doomed world had cursed and rejected, was and would remain, in spite of all, as unassailable and everlasting as their everlasting dance.

[117]The same Sarah Churchill who, carrying on her father's alcoholic tradition, could be seen more recently consorting with her Negro lover in Rome's bars and nightclubs.

V

Today—more than two decades after the disaster of 1945—when half the world is shivering and shaking before that which it calls the "communist danger," nothing seems more out of date than the old alliance of the capitalist states with Soviet Russia (and the communist forces of all countries) against National Socialist Germany. Even such a notorious anti-Nazi as Winston Churchill admitted publicly, only a couple of years after the end of the war, that the Western Allies had "killed the wrong pig," meaning—in glaring contradiction with his own former words and actions—that it would have been more reasonable for the enemies of communism to help National Socialist Germany to crush Russia, instead of helping Russia to crush National Socialist Germany and then to bolshevize half Europe and three-quarters of Asia. And the Anglo-Saxon politicians who prepared the agreements of Teheran and of Yalta and of Potsdam, and those who signed them, and those who welcomed them, and the millions of newspaper-reading sheep who, under the anti-Nazi intoxication of the time (and the subsequent atmosphere of "war crimes" trials and of "de-Nazication"), found them wonderful, now are taking to hate Soviet Russia, the fortress of conquering communism, as violently—and as unintelligently—as they ever hated National Socialist Germany.

Many a *political* sympathizer of National Socialism in and outside Germany beholds this fact with unconcealed satisfaction and says: "The wheel is turning—so much the better!" *But this is not true*; not true, at least, in the sense it is meant. It is not true, because it is contrary to the laws of evolution in time—to the laws of life—that a world, or even half a world, should halt on its way to perdition and try to go back, against the current of history. The wheel of history *is* turning. It never stopped doing so. But it is not turning toward the general acceptance, still less toward the broad-scale glorification of National Socialism. On the contrary! It is turning as it always has been, in the sense of the stream of time: toward untruth; toward chaos; toward degeneracy and death—further and further *away from*

the wisdom of salvation embodied, age after age, in all true men *against time* and nowadays in Adolf Hitler and his disciples. It cannot turn otherwise, as long as the *last* man *against time* —the victorious destroyer and creator, equally sun and lightning, who will put an end to this humanity and to this age of gloom and open the coming time-cycle—has not manifested himself.

What gives so many people the illusion that the growing anti-communism of a large section of postwar mankind is necessarily linked (or susceptible of becoming, one day, linked) with a change in the world's attitude to National Socialism, is a blissful ignorance of the true nature of the latter *Weltanschauung*. It is, in particular. the error which consists in taking it for a purely political doctrine, while it is in reality infinitely more than that; it is the ignorance of its character *against time*, i.e., of its cosmic significance and place. It is also the ignorance of the true nature of the worldwide anti-Nazi coalition that caused the Second World War and finally broke the power of the Third German *Reich*. That fatal coalition of hatred against the Hitler faith is also something more than political. It is, as I have tried to show in the preceding chapter, the logical alliance of *all* the agents of the dark forces against the one doctrine *against time* and the one state *against time* of our epoch. The dark forces are just as alive, just as active, now after the war—after *their* victory—as during or before the war; more so, as every day brings us nearer the unavoidable end. The fact that their various agents have started quarrelling among themselves does not mean that they have ceased being what they always were, namely, agents of disintegration and death—still less that any of them has suddenly become an agent of regeneration. They are now—all of them —becoming blind to their deep similitude and are exaggerating their differences and forgetting their common origin and their common purpose *only because the one obstacle that stood in their way*—the National Socialist state—is no longer there. *Were it, before their doom, to rise again, again they would automatically coalesce against it.*

The alliance of the capitalistic world with the citadel of Marxism may now appear, *politically*, as a bad bargain for the "Christian West." In fact —from the standpoint of cosmic truth—it was and remains a most natural and reasonable bond: that of all those who believe the old Jewish lie against those who boldly and boisterously expose it; that of all those who share the superstition of the value of the two-legged mammal as such against those who proclaim, in defiance of the spirit of this and of all fallen ages, against the tendency of history — *against time* — the merciless doctrine of human selection and of detached violence, leading to the kingdom of living gods on earth. More so: it was, *ideologically*, on the part of Russia's former "gallant allies," a step dictated by an unfailing instinct of self-preservation. They, whose philosophy of life rests upon the old and obsolete form of the man-made and man-centered creed—upon the Christian *values*, whether or not also upon the Christian metaphysics—ran for the protection of their very *raison d'etre*, for the defense of all that they were accustomed to love, to those who uphold the selfsame creed of man in its new, young, materialistic form, feeling quite rightly that they alone could help them, if the creed and all it meant to them—the love of *man*; the cult of *man;* pity for *man, as he is*, with all his weaknesses; and the artificial barrier between him and the rest of creation — were to survive. They ran to them spontaneously, as old men run to young and strong ones for protection against other young and strong ones of a different world.

Now that they have to pay the price for Russia's help—the price for the survival of their precious "human values," which Russia alone (Russia who, deeply speaking, *shares them*) could save for a time—and that they find it too high, they see in her the "communist danger." They forget who their once only possible ally against that danger was; and what he signified. They forget that the price they would have had to pay *him* (in the long run) for being freed forever from the "menace of Asia" mobilized under Russia's leadership, was nothing short of a definitive, irrevocable renunciation of that man-centered scale of values which is dearer to them than anything else. For communism *is* the natural product of evolution of capitalistic democracy, while National Socialism is the flat negation of it—a revolt against its spirit. The Marxist values—centered round the love of *all men* irrespective of race (of all men as potential "workers") — *are* the Christian values within a technically advanced world in which the notion of an "immortal soul" is rapidly losing all appeal. The National Socialist values are the negation of these as well.

Hans Grimm, who never was a National Socialist, but who understands better than many a German who once called himself one the nature and grandeur of Adolf Hitler's mission, writes, among other things: "And had he" (i.e., the *Fuehrer*) "been able to say, in full awareness, from the be-

ginning: 'We are, in consequence of human fertility, from which a false humanitarianism has taken away the restrictive interference of Nature, faced with a smothering of Europe under a flood of invading masses from the East. We Germans are the first to be threatened. We can and must raise a dam against that mass inundation. In order to be in a position to do so, we must again, physically and morally, take root in ourselves and in our race and put an end to nonsensical quarrels for power among our own people; then, we must be given living space according to our number and abilities, as others have, or we must conquer that living space where no valuable creation risks to be spoilt. And this must now become our accepted moral goal, for indiscriminate breeding coupled with mass levelling means accelerated sinking into decay. But the Creator has made man healthy in body, spirit, and soul and wishes him to remain so, and every glance at Nature all round us—at Nature uncorrected by man, in which alone the healthy and fit to live are allowed to survive—confirms this point of view. . . .' Had he dared to say *that* after the successful seizure of power. . . . *would not the whole world have then defended itself even quicker than it actually did against him and against his institutions and against us?"*[118]

In the eyes of shortsighted politicians—and *all* politicians who are nothing more than politicians are necessarily shortsighted—the distribution of the forces in presence has entirely changed since the worldwide, anti-Nazi coalition began to break in two, i.e., since 1948 or so. Since then—so they imagine—National Socialism is out of the picture. And the anti-communists (thousands of "former National Socialists" and millions of definite anti-Nazis of all countries) form more or less one block—the so-called "free world"—under American leadership, against the communists of Europe, Asia, and Africa (and America)—the other bloc. It looks as though it were so. And since the "free world" is more or less willing to absorb the "former Nazis," it must be that the latter—the anti-communists of always—have more affinity with it than with the communists. The simple logic of all those who, but yesterday, had become the allies of communism in the name of the "rights of man," would, it appears, point to such a conclusion.

But the conclusion is false, and the logic too simple, and those who profess it ignorant of the great historical fact of our epoch: the growth of a militant minority *against time*, at war with the whole dark-age world and its ideals—at war, in particular, with the old superstition which proclaims the "dignity of all human beings."

The shortsighted politicians overlook the fact that neither international agreements nor law courts nor interdictions nor measures of "re-education" can kill thought currents which have their roots in cosmic reality; the fact that National Socialism—or, to be more precise, Hitlerism—continues to exist after the disaster of 1945; more so: that the disaster of 1945—the unavoidable defeat of the National Socialist *state*—has purified the National Socialist community; separated in it the good corn from the weeds; tried it, like fire tries a mixture of pure gold and base metal, and isolated the pure gold. They overlook the fact that there are no such creatures as "*former* Nazis," even if there be—alas!—plenty of former members of the NSDAP, even plenty of people formerly in high position in the National Socialist state who never were National Socialists at all. Such people were, in the days they acclaimed Adolf Hitler, either unaware of what they were doing or consciously playing a double game for the benefit of the anti-Nazi forces: either simpletons or traitors. Adolf Hitler's full-fledged followers, who knew from the start what they stood for and what they wanted, have neither denied their principles nor accepted compromises. And if some of them seem to have done so—outwardly—it is only in order that they might deliberately work themselves into the governing machinery of *both* halves of the hostile world and bring about its collapse at the first opportunity. They may—those real ones, more supple but no less genuine than their silent brothers in faith—appear to have affinities with the "free world" in a renewed and, this time, shockingly insincere "struggle against communism," or, under different circumstances—when it suits the one sacred purpose—they may seem to have affinities with the disciplined communists of East Germany, in a no less insincere "struggle against the money power." In reality, they are that which they always were; that which their genuine brothers in faith have stubbornly and openly remained; that which all true followers of Adolf Hitler are: bearers of the perennial faith of light and life in its present-day form; enthusiastic agents of the perennial cosmic forces *against time*. They reject within their hearts, as uncompromisingly as they always did, the Jewish-sponsored dogma of the "dignity of man." Both communists and anti-communists of the present brand would flatly refuse to have anything to do

[118]Grimm, *op. cit.*, pp. 155-156.

with them, if only they could read their souls and know them as they are. And were they, with or without the material help of any section of the hostile, dark-age world, again to rise to power, again communists and anti-communists would forget their nonessential antagonism, and coalesce against them and against the reborn National Socialist state, exactly as they did during the Second World War. Again the whole world, stamped with the every day more glaring characteristics of the advanced dark age, would defend itself—defend its tired, sickly, increasingly bastardized, ugly humanity and the deep-rooted prejudices without which the latter could not survive—against the defiant detractors of every weakness and of every sickness, the haters of all forms of decay. Again it would rise in a unanimous "crusade" to crush the men who love *not* "man" as he is, but the proud human aristocracy in the making, *as it one day will be,* once it will have stood the test of the dark age; the men who are ready, here and now, and without a trace of pity or sadness, to sacrifice present-day man to that race of living gods, which the youngest and boldest of the races of this earth —the Aryan—is to *become,* through the ceaseless struggle of its natural elite against the current of time.

Some of them—more and more every day—give way; gradually change; let themselves be absorbed into the ugly, dreary, anti-Nazi, postwar world. A few resist and remain—stronger as the flood spreads and roars all round them; victorious rocks—invincible rocks—in the midst of the ever-expanding flood. They make no noise; they are not spoken of; not mentioned in any connection. They work, and they live, apparently like other people; in fact, as National Socialists. They forget nothing, forgive nothing, and learn all that they can. They keep within their hearts and live up to the commandments of the new faith of Aryan pride and cosmic truth expressed by Alfred Rosenberg, the martyr: "Thou shalt be brave; thou shalt never do anything mean. Thou shalt love God in all living things, animals and plants. Thou shalt keep thy blood pure. . . ." They gather now and then, when they can—and read Nietzsche's works and Rosenberg's and Fremsen's, but specially Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf.* And they comment upon the eternal words. They remember and tell their children the message of hope—the secret of invincibility; the call to power — one of the last sentences of the *Fuehrer's* book: "A state which, in the age of racial contamination, devotes itself to the care of its best racial elements, is bound to become, one day, the master of the earth."[119]

They work. They wait. They live. They are, in this darkening dark age, the irreducible element *against time.* They gradually take full consciousness of themselves and of their meaning and of their mission, in a small number of initiates such as that one who told me, on the 28th of October, 1953: "Up till 1945, we were a Party. Since 1945, we have become the kernel of a great new faith. We have discovered who we are, and Who our *Fuehrer* is."

They live. They marry pure-blooded Aryans of the same faith as themselves. They have children —for the privileged race must continue to be, and the *Reich,* its stronghold in the West, must reconquer its power. They bring up their children in the same Hitler faith, in spite of all difficulties. They teach them to be proud of being, they too, members of the small, pure, healthy—indestructible—community. They give them in marriage to worthy young men and women who will, with them, bring the community a generation further along its way to final power and glory.

They are, of course, mostly Germans; there is a *very* strong proportion of former SS men among them. But there are also a few non-Germans—so that the *Fuehrer's* words be fulfilled: "In the new world that we are building, it will matter little whether a man comes from Austria or from Norway, provided he be a pure-blooded Aryan."[120] (There were, during the war, non-German SS divisions—including an Indian one—fighting for the Third German *Reich* and for the Aryan cause.) And the non-Germans look up to Adolf Hitler's land as to the Holy Land of the West.

The whole faithful community is already a *pan*-Aryan community. But a pan-Aryan community conscious of Germany's place and significance in the history of the West and specially in the history of these last years; conscious of the debt of the Aryan race to the National Socialist *Reich*—the state *against time.* Its members are dispersed all over the earth. But the young faith *against time,* the Hitler faith—that no de-Nazification efforts can kill, for it is the modern expression of something eternal—is the link between them, wherever they be.

They live, and work in silence, remembering Adolf Hitler.

[119] *Mein Kampf,* Conclusion.

[120] Entry in the *Bormann-Vermerke* for the night of 1 November, 1941. English translation published as *Hitler's Secret Conversations* (New York, 1953). [editor]

They live and wait. Knowingly or unknowingly, they are waiting for *Kalki*; *Kalki*, the last man *against time*; the one whom Adolf Hitler foresaw in 1928; the Avenger who will give them—or their children—the world.

The last incarnation of him-who-comes-back—the last man *against time* — has many names. Every great faith, every great culture, every true (living *or* obsolete) form of a tradition as old as the fall of man has given him one. Through the eyes of the visionary of Patmos, the Christians behold in him Christ, present for the second time: no longer a meek preacher of love and forgiveness, but the irresistible leader of the celestial white horsemen destined to put an end to this sinful world and to establish a new heaven and a new earth. The Mohammedan world is awaiting him under the features of the Mahdi, whom Allah shall send "at the end of times," to crush all evil through the power of his sword—"after the Jews will once more have become the masters of Jerusalem" and "after the Devil will have taught men to set even the air they breathe on fire."[121] And the millions of Hindustan have called him from time immemorial and still call him *Kalki*, the last incarnation of the world-sustaining power: Vishnu; the one who will, in the interest of life, put an end to this age of gloom and open a new succession of ages. I have called him here by his Hindu name, not in order to show off an erudition which I am far from possessing, but simply because I happen to know of no other tradition in which the three types of manifested existence—*above time, against time,* and *in time*—which I tried in these pages to evoke and to define, have so obviously their counterpart as in the Hindu trinitarian conception of divinity.

A few words will make this point clear.

The well-known Hindu Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, so masterfully evoked in Indian art—is anything but the blending of three inseparable gods into one; anything but the triple aspect of one transcendent and personal god. It symbolizes something by far more fundamental, namely, existence in its entirety: manifested and unmanifested; conceivable, visible and tangible, *and* beyond conception. For existence—being—is the one thing divine. And there is no divinity outside it; and nothing outside divinity.

Now *Brahma* is existence *in und fuer sich*—in and for itself; being unmanifested, and thereby outside and *above time*; being, beyond the conception of the time-bound mind, and thereby unknowable. It is significant that Brahma has no temples in India—or elsewhere. One cannot render a cult to that which no time-bound consciousness can conceive. One can, at the most, through the right attitude (and also through the right ascetic practices) merge one's self into it; transcend individual consciousness; live *above time*—in the absolute present which admits no "before" and no "after," and which is eternity.

Vishnu—the world sustainer—is the tendency of every being to remain the same and to create (and procreate) in its own likeness; the universal life force as opposed to change and thereby to disaggregation and death; the power that binds this time-bound universe to its timeless essence— every manifsted being to the idea of that being. in the sense Plato was one day to give the word *idea.*

All men *against time* (all centers of action *against time,* in the cosmic sense of the word) are embodiments of Vishnu. They are all—more or less—saviors of the world: forces of life, directed against the downward current of irresistible change that is the very current of time; forces of life tending to bring the world back to original, timeless perfection.

Shiva—the destroyer—is the tendency of every being to change, to *die* to its present and to all its past aspects. He is Mahakala—time itself; time that drags the universe to its unavoidable doom and—beyond that—to no less irresistible regeneration; to the spring of a new Golden Age and again, slowly and steadily, to degeneracy and death, in an endless succession.

The truly great men *in time*—men such as Genghis Khan—reflect something of his terrible majesty. *The greatest men against time also*—inasmuch as they all must possess (more or less) the qualities of character that are specially those of the men *in time*; the qualities in which is rooted the efficiency of organized violence. For Shiva is not only the destroyer; he is the creator—the good one;[122] the positive one—also to the extent all further creation is conditioned by change and ultimately by the destruction of that which was there before. He is—as essence of destructive change, as time—turned toward the future. And, on the other hand, Lord Shiva himself—time personified—is also (strange as this may seem to the purely

[121]This tradition can be, in Islam, traced back to the fourteenth century. In Persia the Twelfth Imam—who disappeared mysteriously, to come back at the end of times—has been identified with the Mahdi.

[122]The word *Shiva* means the "Good One."

analytical mind) *above time*. He is the great Yogi, whose face remains as serene as the blue sky while his feet beat the furious rhythm of the Tandava dance, amid the flames and smoke of a crumbling world.

In other words, Vishnu and Shiva, the world sustainer and the world destroyer, the force *against time* and time itself—Mahakala—are one and the same. And they *are* Brahma, timeless existence, the essence of all that is. They are Brahma manifested *in time* (and automatically also *against time) and yet timeless*. Hindu art has symbolized this metaphysical truth in the figure of Hari-Hara (Vishnu and Shiva in one body) and in the famous Trimurti: three-faced Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva.

In the manifested universe as we experience it at our scale, no living being embodies that triple and *complete* idea of existence—the everlasting, universal law of constant change away from, and of untiring aspiration toward and ceaseless effort back to, original perfection *and* the ineffable inner peace of timelessness, inseparable from it—better than the everlasting and ever-returning man *against time*; he-who-comes-back, age after age "to destroy evildoers and to establish upon earth the reign of righteousness."

The man *in time* has hardly any of the Vishnu or, as I have called them, *sun* qualities.

The man *above time* has hardly any of the *lightning* qualities of Shiva, the destroyer.

The man *against time*—who lives in eternity while acting *in time*, according to the Aryan doctrine of detached violence—has Vishnu's faithfulness to the original divine pattern of creation, Shiva's holy fury of destruction (in view of further creation), *and* Brahma's fathomless serenity which is, I repeat, the serenity of all three: timeless peace beyond the roar of all wars *in time*.

Yet no hero *against time* has ever expressed that triple aspect of immanent divinity with absolute adequacy, and none will, save the last one.

That last, great individual—an absolutely harmonious blending of the sharpest of all opposites; equally sun and lightning—is the one whom the faithful of all religions and the bearers of practically all cultures await; the one of whom Adolf Hitler (knowingly or unknowingly) said, in 1928: "I am not he; but while nobody comes forward to prepare the way for him, I do so"; the one whom I have called by his Hindu name, *Kalki*, on account of the cosmic truth that this name evokes.

Contrarily to Adolf Hitler, he will spare not a single one of the enemies of the divine cause: not a single one of its outspoken opponents but *also* not a single one of the lukewarm, of the opportunists, of the ideologically heretical, of the racially bastardized, of the unhealthy, of the hesitating, of the all-too-human; not a single one of those who, in body or character or mind, bear the stamp of the fallen ages.

His companions at arms will be the last National Socialists; the men of iron who will have victoriously stood the test of persecution and, what is more, the test of complete isolation in the midst of a dreary, indifferent world in which they have no place; who are facing that world and defying it through every gesture, every hint—every silence—of theirs and, more and more (in the case of the younger ones) without even the personal memory of Adolf Hitler's great days to sustain them. They are the ones who will, one day, make good for all that which men *against time* have suffered in the course of history, like they themselves, for the sake of eternal truth: the avenging comrades whom the five thousand of Verden[123] called in vain within their hearts at the moment of death, upon the bank of the Aller River, red with blood; those whom the millions of 1945—the dying, the tortured, and the desperate survivors—called in vain; those whom all the vanquished fighters *against time* called in vain, in every phase of the great cosmic struggle without beginning, against the forces of disintegration, co-eternal with the forces of life.

They are the bridge to supermanhood, of which Nietzsche has spoken; the last battalion, in which Adolf Hitler has put his confidence.

Kalki will lead them, through the flames of the great end, into the sunshine of the new Golden Age.

We like to hope that the memory of the one-before-the-last and most heroic of all our men *against time*—Adolf Hitler—will survive, at least in songs and symbols. We like to hope that the lords of the age, men of his own blood and faith, will render him divine honors, through rites full of meaning and full of potency, in the cool shade of the endless regrown forests, on the beaches, or upon inviolate mountain peaks, facing the rising sun.

[123]The five thousand German chiefs, beheaded on the same day in 787 A.D. by order and in the presence of Charlemagne (and of a number of dignitaries of the Christian Church).

BOOK REVIEWS

LORD HAW-HAW & WILLIAM JOYCE: THE FULL STORY. by J. A. Cole. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. New York, 1965 ($4.95).
Reviewed by Ivan Lipoff.

To quote the Arab proverb, "Everything comes to him who waits." Since 1945 the reviewer has read countless volumes on various figures connected with Germany and the Third Reich. All but a handful have been nothing more nor less than propagandistic hate screeds spewed forth with unfailing regularity. Their claims to objectivity and truthfulness are discernable more in the breach than in the observance. A startling exception to this rule of thumb is the book under review. Cole's *Lord Haw-Haw & William Joyce* proclaims itself to be a serious book as well as the only "definitive and authoritative" work on William Joyce. It may be open to question whether or not this is the definitive work on the unfortunate Joyce, but there can be no question that it is serious and authoritative and above all else, and this I stress, almost fair. One might question some of Cole's assertions, but there can be no question that he makes at least a half-hearted attempt to be impartial.

Joyce was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 24, 1906, of Irish stock. The important point is that William Joyce was an American national. However, his family returned to Ireland and then went to England while he was still a child, so that he received his education in these countries. He was graduated with honors from the University of London and became a private tutor. It is obvious that young Joyce was a political idealist deeply disturbed by the situation in which Britain found herself after World War I, although Mr. Cole does not say this. In the lexicon of the left, the only "idealists" are Bolsheviks. In 1923 he joined the British Fascisti Limited, organized by a Miss R. L. Linton-Orman, one of the pioneer groups set up in emulation of Mussolini's new government in Italy. Subsequently he joined Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. His rise in the British Union was meteoric. He proved to be the most able individual in the organization, next to Sir Oswald. Eventually personality differences arose between them and Joyce set up his own splinter group.

In 1939, horrified at the imminent outbreak of war, he and his wife fled to Germany. He thus escaped the fate of thousands whose only crime was opposition to the policies of the British Government but who were rounded up and illegally held in concentration camps for the duration of the war under the notorious regulation 18B. His cardinal error was that he applied for and travelled to Germany on a British passport, declaring himself a subject of the Crown. This blunder was subsequently to cost him his life.

He was recruited by the Germans to broadcast for them and did so throughout the war. Although he became a German citizen in 1940 he had already been broadcasting for them for over a year. He was captured in 1945, shipped back to England, tried for treason, and executed after a trial that received a great deal of publicity.

This brief summary of his career is known to readers of Miss West's book.[1] What marks off Cole's book from the other studies of Joyce, in addition to its fairness, is the fact that Joyce emerges as a human being, not a Hollywood stereotype. Mr. Cole demonstrates that Joyce was personally brave, indifferent to money, and remained true to his beliefs to the end. In the author's words he was "intelligent, well-educated, hard-working, fluent, and sharp-tongued." Equally remarkable is the fact that Mr. Cole, although he himself makes quite clear that he is not in agreement with his subject's politics, leans to the belief that Joyce fell a victim to wartime hysteria. He shows that British justice was stretched to the utmost to find grounds for convicting him. The necessity for this was due to the orgy of hate that had been poured forth upon Lord Haw-Haw. Joyce's death was more in the nature of a "lynching bee" than an example of British justice. The climate of the times was such that it was impossible for him to be turned loose, in spite of the fact that he was an American citizen and should never have been tried in Britain at all. It is a curious phenomenon that

[1]Rebecca West, *The New Meaning of Treason* (New York, 1964).

the completely unbelievable gutter propaganda, which is still being spread twenty years after the war, was unique to the so-called democracies while there was almost none of it in the propaganda of the Axis countries. It is certainly remarkable that any author acceptable to the Establishment would admit even the possibility that a rightist had been judicially murdered. However, equally disturbing is the cavalier fashion in which Joyce's death is dismissed. It is frighteningly like Lenin's remark about being unable to cook an omelet without breaking a few eggs. Apparently the reader is supposed to shrug and forget the whole business. One wonders whether the reaction would be the same if, by some mischance, the British had hanged a prominent Bolshevik.

In point of fact, the fate of William Joyce is unfortunately not unique. He was one of thousands who were hunted down and murdered for being anti-Bolshevik, and the end is not yet in sight. The real tragedy of Joyce was that he stood for sanity in a world gone mad. He saw clearly that even victory would destroy his country, and in his own way he tried to prevent the catastrophe. What even he himself may not have clearly realized was that he stood for far more than merely Britain or Germany but for a Europe united and free from outside influences. His misfortune was that he was too early. As Spengler has so aptly said, "The honorable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from a man." This, at least, Joyce had; he went to his death unbowed. He said almost at the foot of the gallows, "I am proud to die for my ideals; and I am sorry for the sons of Britain who have died without knowing why." In this sense he was a martyr slain on the altar of European unity by the alien influences which have grown strong on its misfortunes. As such he certainly deserves honor and it is heartening to know that at last his true position is being realized. Mr. Cole's book is well worth reading, despite its shortcomings stemming from his ill-concealed antagonism toward Joyce's beliefs.

HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY, revised edition, by Alan Bullock. Harper & Row. New York, 1962 ($8.95; paperback, $3.95).
Reviewed by Ivan Lipoff.

Although thirteen years have passed since the first appearance of Bullock's book, and four years since the most recent edition, it still seems worthwhile, if only because of the extraordinarily large circulation it has enjoyed, that an attempt be made by someone who is not a Jew or a would-be Jew to review this *magnum opus*.

Bullock is one of the members of the trinity of "court historians" who have been charged by the powers-that-be with the task of interpreting Adolf Hitler and National Socialist Germany for the outer world. The other two are, of course, H. R. Trevor-Roper and William L. Shirer. As for Bullock's professional competence, which would enable him to write a biography of Adolf Hitler, according to *Who's Who*, from 1945 to 1952 he was Dean and Tutor of modern history at New College, and since 1960 he has been Master of St. Catherine's College, Oxford.[1] I think we may feel safe in concluding that Bullock has been trained in historical research and has enough background to write a competent biography of the founder of National Socialism. Knowing this, our disappointment is all the greater when we see the result.

In his preface Bullock states:

> I wrote this book without any particular axe to grind or case to argue. . . . Nor has it been my purpose either to rehabilitate or to indict Adolf Hitler. If I cannot claim the impartiality of a judge, I have not cast myself for the role of prosecuting counsel, still less for that of counsel for the defense. (p. 14)

If such was his aim, it is my opinion that he has failed dismally.

Faced with eight hundred pages of distortions, mistakes, half-truths, and outright lies, covering more than half a century of world history and dealing with by far the most important phenomenon of our era, I could not hope to make any sort of detailed analysis of the book in a brief review and have, therefore, limited myself to holding up to the light a more or less arbitrarily selected handful of Bullock's more glaring departures from objectivity.

He begins at the beginning. He describes Braunau on the Inn and the surrounding country of northern Austria and southern Germany, showing the villages from which Hitler's parents and grandparents came. He takes us back for seven generations; all Hitler's ancestors, as it so happens, came from this little corner of Central Europe. Having made all this quite plain, Bullock several times alleges that Hitler was a man with no roots, no home, no family. (e.g., p. 380) In the

[1] *Who's Who, 1964* (London, 1964).

same area is the small town of Berchtesgaden, near which is the Obersalzberg where he owned a country home for many years and which he enlarged after he came to power. If this does not constitute "roots" and "a home," it is hard to imagine what would. But even so, if he wished his readers to believe the no-homes and no-roots myth he would have been well advised to leave out the family tree, which shows us the facts. In the first edition, there was a map of this area which made Bullock's contentions even more untenable. This has been omitted from the present edition. If there is a third, I imagine that the family tree will also disappear. The point of all this is, needless to say, an amateurish attempt to establish yet another myth—the "grudge against society" which is supposed to be the motive force behind all non-Marxist revolutionaries.

Bullock's account of Hitler's formative years is drawn exclusively from accounts written thirty or more years later and hence inclined to be a bit fanciful. Needless to say, the sources used are all anti-Hitler. No use is made of August Kubizek's account[2] of the years of his association with Hitler, although the book is cited in his bibliography. It is also difficult to understand why he did not make use of Hugo Rabitsch's study[3] of Hitler's early school career, which contains a great deal of primary source material on this period of his life.

Sometimes Bullock's desire to denigrate leads him to make very odd pronouncements: "Hitler looked upon himself . . . as highly musical. In fact, his liking for music did not extend very much further than Wagner, some of Beethoven, and Bruckner. . . ." (p. 387) It would be interesting to hear from Bullock what he has in mind and what music he considers takes us "further" than Wagner. Again: "Speech was the essential medium of his power. . . ." (p. 372) In human affairs, speech is the medium whereby an individual communicates his thoughts to his fellow men. Hitler, however, also wrote, and *Mein Kampf* remains the most important source book for those who wish to *know* what he was about. In an earlier edition of his book, Bullock included the statement, "He claims to have read widely in history, but . . . any of the quotations he used he might have got at second hand." This is a very mysterious sentence. Did not Bullock get his quotations at second or third hand? And how can anyone but a fortunate few historians do otherwise, unless, like Faust, he is magically transported into other ages. Hitler is also held up to scorn because "a sense of space pleased him," and he is described as a *petit bourgeois* because, outside a "delight in building and interior decoration, Hitler's tastes were simple and altered little after he came to power." (p. 387)

At other points in his work Bullock makes equally startling remarks. He is guilty of using loaded phrases throughout the book, such as the one in which he refers to Alfred Hugenberg as "a bigoted German nationalist whose aim was to tear up the Versailles Treaty, overthrow the Republic, and smash the organized working-class movement." (p. 147) This is a rather interesting statement, which Bullock does absolutely nothing to explain further. Ostensibly, it was the purpose of every German patriot, even those of Weimar, to "tear up the Versailles Treaty" as soon as possible. The fact that the "working-class movement" was Marxist-dominated was a cause of great concern to many observers of the German scene in the twenties, not only the "bigoted nationalists." Strongly disapproving of the *putsch,* or *coup d'etat,* of November, 1923, Bullock also condemns the National Socialists' use of democratic methods as "demagogy"; and when, as head of by far the largest party in the state, Hitler was made chancellor he calls it "backstairs intrigue." (p. 253) Is he really unaware of the lengthy and tedious maneuvers and discussions which inevitably precede the formation of a coalition government in any country where the list system of voting is used?

Equally graphic illustrations of Bullock's views on Hitler's assumption of power are the following: "It was the equivalent of handing over police powers to the razor and cosh gangs," (p. 261) and: "The street gangs had seized control of the resources of a great modern State, the gutter had come to power." (p. 270) A less bigoted observer might be inclined to say the reverse, i.e., that the gutter was ousted from power in 1933 and did not return until 1945, when the sewers not only regained control of Germany, but of nearly all the West. Although these two quoted statements alone would label Bullock's work a piece of sheer propaganda, he devotes hundreds of pages to equally tenuous remarks.

In the second chapter the author discloses a complete lack of understanding of the period with which he is dealing. He refers to the *Freikorps*

[2]August Kubizek, *The Young Hitler I Knew* (Boston, 1955).

[3]Hugo Rabitsch, *Jugend Erinnerungen Eines Zeitgenössischen Linzer Realschulers: Aus Adolf Hitlers Jugendzeit* (München, 1938).

movement as "a strange and sinister page in the history of postwar Germany" (p. 275) and again as "the training schools for the political murder and terrorism which disfigured German life up to 1924 and again after 1929." (p. 63) He seems to be totally unaware of the events that called the *Freikorps* into being.

They came into existence because of the French invasion of the Ruhr, as a defense against the Red terror, and as a result of the outrages of the insane Pole, Korfanty, whose followers terrorized the population of Upper Silesia after the war. In the words of one observer:

> The handing over to Poland of the greater part of Upper Silesia was one of the most discreditable transactions of which European statesmen have ever been guilty. It was a settlement which flagrantly defied the wishes, as unmistakably expressed by plebiscite, of the majority of the inhabitants of the region. Its only justification was Poland's insatiable greed for territory and France's savage determination to smash Germany to atoms. The whole affair was smirched by arson, violence, and murder, tainted with cowardice, chicanery, and fraud.[4]

In the Rhineland the situation was equally desperate. Albert Leo Schlageter was, of course, the best-known leader of the patriotic resistance to the French occupation, but there were many others, such as Rossbach and Hauenstein. Perhaps their aims have best been set forth by Ernst von Salomon, who has written several brilliant books on his experiences while serving in the *Freikorps*:

> We must make an end to *Erfüllungspolitik*—to the policy of accepting the Versailles Treaty and co-operating with the West. That was one point on which all the groups and subgroups were agreed, though they might and did argue about everything else. We had no wish to become a political party with mass support and all that implies. We did not wish to use the devil to drive out Beelzebub. But we did, from the very beginning, desire basic change, a "national revolution" that would free us from the material and ideological supremacy of the West, as the French Revolution had freed France from its monarchy. So our means had to be different from those of the political parties.[5]

Others who joined the *Korps* had no interest in politics at all:

> There was no particular reason why we should have interested ourselves in the subject. Our sympathies were neither for the Right nor for the Left; we were soldiers and cared nothing for things that did not directly concern us. It was our duty to preserve law and order, and all those who sought to disturb peace were our foes. We were young men without political views. We were all ready to defend the Fatherland, but we were not prepared to act as pawns in the political game.[6]

Bullock utterly fails to examine the question of the Reds, whose power increased steadily throughout the twenties. It was to face this danger that the *Freikorps* came into existence. Their membership was made up of the best among the German youth. There can be little doubt that, had it not been for the heroic youngsters of the *Freikorps* who helped stem the Red tide, it is quite possible, if not probable, that the revolution of 1918 would have culminated the same way in Germany that the Kerensky revolution culminated in Russia.

He is nearly apoplectic in his condemnation of Hitler's storm troops, the *Sturmabteilungen* and the *Schutzstaffeln*. He leaves the impression that they must have been operating in a vacuum, going about beating up defenseless and innocent citizens. Never once does he even suggest that it might have been honor and patriotism which motivated these brave young men, rather than sadism. Never once does he mention the very important fact that all the political parties had private armies. The Communists, the Social Democrats, and the Center Party each had their own strong-arm squads. In fact, Hitler organized his first SA groups in order to protect his meetings against the depradations of his democratic opponents. The Red Front was preparing for civil war throughout the period. By 1930 it had more men under arms (120,000) than there were in the German army.[7] The *Reichsbanner*, which was pledged to the defense of the Republic, was not as well organized and usually was the loser in any clash with the SA. The fact of the matter is that the National Socialists, led and inspired by Hitler, were far more effective than their opponents. But they certainly did not have it all their own way.[8, 9]

[4]E. Alexander Powell, *Thunder Over Europe* (New York, 1931), p. 75.

[5]Ernst von Salomon, *The Questions of Ernst von Salomon* (London, 1954), p. 55.

[6]Friedrich Glombowski, *Frontiers of Terror: The Fate of Schlageter and his Comrades* (London, 1935), p. 34.

[7]E. Alexander Powell, *The Long Roll on the Rhine* (New York, 1934), p. 38.

[8]Powell, *Thunder Over Europe*, p. 48.

[9]n.a., *Germany: Twilight or New Dawn* (New York, 1934), p. 99.

He also makes sweeping, general statements to the effect that the SA was made up only of thugs and criminals. There is no doubt that many of the members who joined during the *Kampfzeit* were of the rougher element, but at the same time we must remember that the finest young men also found their way into the SA, the SS, and the Party out of pure patriotism and a desire to help redeem the honor of their country. As examples we may take the two leading martyrs of the Party: the fifteen year old *Hitler Jugend,* Herbert Norkus, stabbed to death by young communists in January, 1932, and the young college student, Horst Wessel, (his song *Die Fahne hoch*! later became the Party anthem) who was brutally shot down in his home by communist terrorists on January 14, 1930.[10] Neither of these two fit Bullock's classifications, and we may be sure that most of the rest could not be so easily classified.

As further examples of his inability to understand fully the subject with which he is dealing, his continual reference to the German government as "the gutter elite" and his complete misunderstanding of the internal structure of the National Socialist state may be pointed out. In his book he describes Marxism as "equality and friendship among peoples as opposed to racial inequality and the domination of the strong," (p. 406) and if this is his understanding of Marxism I imagine we cannot be too surprised at his description of National Socialism as "a phenomenon which throve only in conditions of disorder and insecurity." (p. 89) In line with his statement about not prejudging the subject of his biography, he has described Hitler as "one of the most evil human beings who ever lived," whose motivation was "power and domination for its own sake"—not "finding satisfaction in the fruits of power." (p. 382)

Unfortunately for Bullock, this is in complete variance with the opinions of innumerable observers who were quite competent and who were able to examine critically the works and government of National Socialist Germany during the thirties. For example, Lloyd George, who, I think, we can assume was not particularly pro-German, in an extremely eulogistic article described Hitler as:

> . . . a born leader, a magnetic, dynamic personality with a common aim, a resolute will, and a fearless heart. . . . Hitler is the George Washington of Germany, the man who made his country independent of all its oppressors. To those who have not actually seen and experienced the manner in which Hitler rules over the hearts and spirits of the German people this description may sound exaggerated, but it is nevertheless the plain truth.[11]

Or, another Englishman who was to play a key role in handing Europe over to the barbarians of the United States and the Soviet Union—Winston Churchill — said of Hitler's accomplishments: "Whatever else may be thought about these exploits, they are certainly among the most remarkable in the whole history of the world."[12] Or again:

> The story of that struggle cannot be read without admiration for the courage, the perseverance, and the vital force which enabled him to challenge, defy, conciliate, or overcome all the authorities or resistances which barred his path. He and the ever-increasing legions who worked with him certainly showed at this time, in their patriotic ardor and love of country, that there was nothing they would not do or dare, no sacrifice of life, limb, or liberty that they would not make themselves or inflict on their opponents.[13]

These are but two examples of many I might have chosen, selected because of the positions of the men who made the statements.

Foreign observers, such as C. W. Domvile Fife, had high praise for National Socialist Germany and great admiration for what was being done to improve the lot of the average German both materially and spiritually.[14] Bullock seems unaware of the existence of these observers.

Naturally, Hitler is condemned for his systematic abolition of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty. Yet by 1936, before he made any foreign-policy moves and long before there was any rearmament,

> . . . he had reduced unemployment from 6,000,000 to 1,000,000. Germany's total national income rose from 41 billion marks to 56 billions. The German middle class and German trade experienced a period of prosperity; 640,000 tons of new shipping were under construction in German yards. The production of automobiles of all kinds rose from 45,000 to nearly a quarter of a million,

[10]Adolf Ehrt, *Communism in Germany: The Truth About the Communist Conspiracy on the Eve of the National Revolution* (Berlin, 1933), pp. 156-157.

[11]Stanley McClatchie, *Look to Germany: The Heart of Europe* (Berlin, 1937), p. 206.

[12]Winston Churchill, *Great Contemporaries* (New York, 1937), p. 206.

[13]*Ibid.*, p. 228.

[14]C. W. Domvile Fife, *This Is Germany* (London, n.d.), pp. 41-42.

and the deficits of the cities and provinces almost disappeared.[15]

Speaking of armament, one looks in vain throughout the book for the figures giving the strengths of the armies of the countries surrounding Germany when Hitler came to power in 1933. Or, for that matter, for the next few years as well. When we examine them we may form a better idea of just why Germany began to rearm.

> Here are figures taken from the League of Nations *Armaments Year Book* for the year 1936: the total German war strength was 3,650,000; the Little Entente, including Rumania, Poland, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia—all pledged by treaty—amounted to 7,000,000 men; to this enormous war strength of the Little Entente should be added 6,900,000 for France.[16]

Of course, this figure did not include that of the armies of the Soviet Union, which Germany also had to take into account since she was an ally of France.

One suspects that the Versailles *Diktat* was, in Bullock's opinion, a sacred piece of parchment, not one comma or period of which should have been changed. Yet many of the Allied leaders, including Churchill, called for revision of the treaty long before Hitler came to power. No one who examines it today can fail to realize that it was one of the most diabolical documents ever forced upon an unhappy country. It made World War II a certainty, and even today what is left of Europe is dying of its putrescent remains. Yet this fact seems to have eluded Bullock's perception. He does not even pass a comment on Article 231, the "War Guilt Clause,"[17] which the Allied leaders knew to be a lie when they foisted it upon a prostrate Germany. Even before the ink was dry on the infamous paper, Lloyd George, one of the signatories, made the prophetic comment that the creation of the Polish Corridor and the separation of the German city of Danzig from the *Reich* was a terrible blunder which would lead to war sooner or later.[18] Unfortunately, no one listened to him.

Hitler's peace offers are mentioned in a snide fashion, as if they were not worthy of notice. One is tempted to ask, why? The victors of World War I had promised to disarm as soon as Germany did, and Germany carried out her side of the bargain long before Hitler came to power. However, the Allies reneged on their pledged word and continued to rearm. When Hitler became chancellor he asked the Western Powers to fulfill their part of the treaty, but they simply ignored him and continued rearming at an even more rapid rate. Back in 1936 Lloyd George said in the House of Commons:

> Germany was entitled to believe that those three Great Powers meant to take action. They probably meant business, but every month there was delay, until at last it became impossible to do anything. *We are responsible for creating the atmosphere of fear. Is it not possible to break this circle of death before it is too late?*[19] [reviewer's italics—editor]

Of course it was too late, because the financial oligarchy had already determined that Germany must be crushed.

The responsibility for Hitler's actions rests squarely with the League of Nations. Germany was told it must undergo a period of probation before the League would deal with it. Nothing happened. Time after time, between 1933 and 1936, his peace proposals were ignored. In 1936 he suggested setting up an international court of arbitration and offered the most comprehensive series of nonaggression pacts possible to the rest of Europe.

> What an irritating person, to propose such changes when the powers were preparing to destroy him! Was it conceivable that peace-loving democracies would agree to anything that was proposed by an upstart who had repudiated the Treaty of Versailles, occupied the Rhineland, declined to take foreign loans, and had instituted the system of barter? The prestige of the powers had to be preserved, particularly the prestige of France and America. So the "circle of death," as Lloyd George called it, had to come full.[20]

Speaking of this same year, 1936, Bullock says:

> German economy was henceforward subordinated to one purpose, preparation for war. It is this fact that explains why, although Germany made so remarkable an economic recovery, and by the end of this period was one of the best-equipped industrial nations in the world, this was reflected, not in the standard of living of her people, [which was deliberately stabilized at a

[15]Francis Neilson, *The Churchill Legend* (Appleton, Wisconsin, 1954), p. 286.

[16]Francis Neilson, *The Makers of War* (Appleton, Wisconsin, 1950), p. 81.

[17]n.a., *The Treaty of Peace Between the Allied and Associated Powers and Germany* (London, 1920), p. 98.

[18]Richard and Gisela Mönnig, *Danzig* (Berlin, 1939), p. 67.

[19]Neilson, *The Makers of War*, pp. 111-113.

[20]*Ibid.*

low level][21] but in her growing military strength.

. . . The psychology of Nazism, no less than Nazi economics, was one of preparation for war. Both depended for their continued success upon the maintenance of a national spirit and a national effort which in the end must find expression in aggressive action. War, the belief in violence and the right of the stronger, were not corruptions of Nazism, they were its essence. (p. 357)

This one extract from his book is so utterly contrary to the truth that it would take a good-size article to answer it adequately. It is sufficient to state that Bullock completely ignores the definitive work on German war preparation—*Germany's Economic Preparation for War,* by Burton H. Klein—published by Harvard University Press in 1959. Klein completely demolishes Bullock's thesis. He disposes forever of the myth of a Germany armed to the teeth in 1939. He proves that it was not until 1943 that Germany was on anything like a war economy.

Bullock's statement that the consumer received no benefit from Germany's economic upsurge is simply a lie. It is a typically democratic-Jewish use of the "big lie" which Hitler warned against in *Mein Kampf*.[22] In point of fact, the German masses were never so well off before or after as they were in the years between 1933 and 1937. The vast majority of Germany's economic problems had been faced and solved long before Germany began rearming in the face of obvious threats of aggression from the "peace-loving" democracies. The National Socialist program was geared to solving Germany's internal economic problems. The gigantic strides made between 1933 and 1939 simply stagger the imagination. Vast sums were spent on building up the buying power of the public. Salaries grew tremendously. All segments of the population were helped.[23]

"The confidence of the people in its economic policy finds expression in savings bank deposits. In the public savings banks the deposits increased from 11.4 milliard in 1932, to 12.1 milliard in 1933, reaching 14.6 milliard in 1936 and 16.1 in 1937."[24] In the same period of time 677,870 residential dwellings, containing 1,458,124 individual flats were erected.[25]

Annual sales of private cars now exceeded 220,000, while those of motor bicycles have reached the astonishing figure of 235,000. From the summer of 1932 to the early part of 1938, the number of private cars in use in Germany rose from 1.63 million to 2.85 million, that is, an addition since the advent of the National Socialist regime of 1.22 million. Germany has now more private car owners than either Great Britain or France. According to the latest computations there are 2.85 million car and motorcycle owners in Germany as against 2.3 million in Great Britain and 2.2 million in France.[26]

All this, mind you, was accomplished before rearmament began!

Bullock's statements just do not bear any kind of investigation. Innumerable observers testified to the truth of the economic well-being of the Germans in the thirties and the economic miracles that the Hitler regime brought about. Even Bullock should give "the most evil human being who ever lived" his due! He is stretching things a bit too far in trying to make us believe that the German people were not the recipients of all this prosperity.

Bullock quotes Hitler's speeches throughout this period and while admitting that they were "masterpieces of reasonableness" infers that they were really subterfuges to gain time for Germany to rearm. Personally, I believe that a reading of them after all that has happened and in the light of what we know today leaves no such impression. For example, in one speech Hitler made the prophetic statement:

Whoever lights the torch of war in Europe can wish for nothing but chaos. We, however, live in the firm conviction that in our time will be fulfilled, not the decline, but the renaissance of the West. That Germany may make an imperishable contribution to this great work is our proud hope and our unshakable belief. (p. 336)

Or again,

Perhaps the time is coming more quickly than we think when the rest of Europe will see in our Germany the strong safeguard of a truly human culture and civilization. Perhaps the time is coming more quickly than we think when the rest of Europe will no longer regard with resentment the founding of a National Socialist German *Reich,* but will rejoice that this dam was raised against the Bolshevik flood. . . . (p. 354)

[21]The clause in brackets, which appeared in earlier editions, has been deleted in the latest edition. [editor]

[22]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* English translation by Ralph Manheim (Boston, 1943), pp. 231-232.

[23]Fife, *op. cit.,* pp. 187-188.

[24]Cesare Santoro, *Hitler Germany: As Seen by a Foreigner* (Berlin, 1938), p. 220.

[25]*Ibid.,* p. 208.

[26]*Ibid.,* p. 272.

In this unfounded belief Hitler was displaying a naivete which is in startling contrast to his usual brilliance. His fatal error was in believing that he was dealing with ordinary political leaders who could be dealt with on a reasonable basis. Neither the crippled madman in Washington nor his brandy-soaked British counterpart fitted into Hitler's scheme of things. That he failed to realize this until it was too late was his tragedy and an even greater one for the world. Bullock, of course, makes no attempt to deal with these problems. Instead he raises up the hoary old myth of rapacious Germany, bent on world domination. This may be very convenient for his purposes, but it raises a great many more questions than it answers. As one keen observer put it:

> As far as Great Britain is concerned, there is, in 1936, not a shadow of reason for war with anybody—Hun, Yank, Chink, or Frog. It is because there is no concrete reason whatever, that abstract reasons have to be thought up and trotted out.[27]

At another point the same author makes the interesting point:

> There are so many people who consider that the only way to attain to a good peace (and there is no one who would be so mad as to say that this is a good peace) is to have another good war. We must have another, bigger and better war. Then there will be peace.[28]

This was hitting the nail on the head. It describes exactly what happened three years later.

Bullock examines Germany as if she were an island. He never bothers to consider the forces outside her boundaries which were working for war. An extremely important reason for the outside agitation against Germany was her financial policy. When Hitler was appointed chancellor, *legally* I might add, there were a great many problems in the economic sphere.

> With no gold, no foreign exchange, six million unemployed, and starving farmers, she determined to go back to the fundamental principles of economics which have been lost sight of by the financiers of other countries. One thing she was determined on. Not to go into the world financial market and borrow money ever again. . . .
>
> The fundamental principle is that wealth is the product of labor applied to raw materials to make articles of utility Labor may be employed to make goods for immediate consumption or to increase capital values by carrying out work which will enable more articles of utility to be produced at a lower cost. The building of motor roads is an excellent example of the second application of labor, as it facilitates and cheapens the transport of goods. *The German government decided to introduce a new method of measuring the value of the mark, discarding gold and making the mark represent a labor unit.* [reviewer's italics—editor] Taking the total output of labor in the country, the number of marks in circulation is limited to the output, and so prices are kept very level, only small fluctuations taking place. . . .
>
> They also proceeded to make a very bold experiment by creating credit through the state to set everyone to work on some useful employment. They were under no delusion as to this fictitious capital. They realized it would have to be replaced by the only real capital, savings from the product of labor, and they took care that every penny was utilized as far as possible to increase the capital wealth of the country. . . .
>
> The interesting result of the calculation of the mark in terms of labor is that while the other capitalistic countries have millions of unemployed Germany has had to import foreign labor. . . .
>
> She knows the real labor value of her goods in marks, and going to a foreign country she proceeds to barter an exchange of goods for goods which is advantageous to both sides in the bargain. To do this she had obviously to arrange the exchange for a period of several years and give the other country credit to the extent of her immediate purchase of raw materials to be paid in manufactured goods. She has therefore brought trade to its ultimate real basis and cut out the complications of varying currencies.[29]

In capsule form, this was the economic system which National Socialism instituted. A very brief examination of the reaction of bankers and finance-capitalists to it will demonstrate that it had a great deal of responsibility for the outbreak of war in 1939. An acute observer will quickly grasp the difference in reactions of the bankers when faced with National Socialism and with Marxism, which ostensibly is the direct antithesis of capitalism, according to the apologists for the latter system.

> In November of that year (1936) General Robert E. Wood lunched with Churchill in London, and, testifying before a Senate committee later, the General informed it that Churchill said: "Germany is getting too strong and we must smash her."
>
> For what reason? The bloodless conquests had not begun. The Sudeten question and Munich were still far off. There could be only one reason for Churchill's de-

[27] Wyndham Lewis, *Left Wings over Europe or How to Make a War about Nothing* (London, 1936), p. 14.

[28] *Ibid.*, p. 11.

[29] A. P. Laurie, *The Case for Germany: A Study of Modern Germany* (Berlin, 1939), pp. 135-137.

termination to smash Germany, and that was that she had shown the world that a state could make a success of the barter system and dispense with foreign loans. *There was panic among the international bankers at what Hitler had done, and it was soon realized that if the peoples of other states heard of the methods employed by Hitler, they might ask their governments to try them.*[30] [reviewer's italics—editor]

And this same Churchill was the man who, in one of his sober moments, said of Hitler: "If our country were defeated, I hope we should find a champion as indomitable to restore our courage and lead us back to our place among the nations."[31] But we need not stop with Winston; there were even more interesting remarks passed about Hitler's financial system by other highly placed plutocrats. For example, the late, unlamented Bernard Baruch, American representative of high finance and "unofficial adviser" to our presidents, made some very illuminating remarks on this subject.

In May, 1944, Mr. Baruch received a gold medal at the annual dinner of the National Institute of Social Sciences, in New York City. General George C. Marshall made the presentation, and, as an instance of Mr. Baruch's foresight, the General revealed that in 1938 the financier told him: "We are going to lick that fellow Hitler. He isn't going to get away with it."[32]

In September, 1939, just after the war began, Baruch said:

If we keep our prices down, there is no reason why we shouldn't get the customers from the belligerent nations that they have had to drop because of the war. *In that event, Germany's barter system will be destroyed.*[33] [reviewer's italics—editor]

All of these remarks go a long way toward explaining the events that were going on behind the scenes in the immediate prewar period. However, these may never have happened as far as Bullock is concerned. There is no mention of the correspondence between Churchill and Roosevelt behind Chamberlain's back (i.e., the Kent telegrams), and there is naturally enough no mention of Roosevelt's influence upon the course of events in Europe in the period 1937-39. In some ways Bullock's book is far more interesting for the material he ignores than for that which he includes.

It is quite strange that Bullock neglected to investigate Roosevelt's influence upon the European scene and his frantic desire to embroil the United States in a war so as to undo the muddle his inept schemes had created in his own country.

Shortly before the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor, the labor bureau at Washington estimated that there were eleven million unemployed in the country. For more than eight years Roosevelt and his coterie tried every bureaucratic device to solve the problem, without success. . . . The Japanese, by dropping bombs upon the fleet at Pearl Harbor, did more to set the wheels of American industry going again than the academic Fabians had done in eight years.[34, 35]

It is quite germane to this discussion to remember that had it not been for the affair in Europe, Roosevelt would have been unable to solve his domestic problems by embroiling us in war by the back door, to quote Charles Tansill.[36]

The honest historian cannot dismiss his influence upon these events with the casualness of Alan Bullock. A far better case can be built against Roosevelt than Bullock has built against Hitler, and one can easily come to see him as the agent of high finance and his position

being in all this a kind of malignant tumour, not autonomous, not self-created, but an unclean exponent of something less circumscribed than his own evil, personal existence; a magistrate with legally limited jurisdiction, a perjurer, not fully aware of what he does, why he does it, or where it leads to.[37]

Anyone who is not a tool of the Establishment would be far more inclined to agree with one Continental observer who pointed out: *"Dieser Krieg wird in die Geschichte eingehen als der Krieg des Praesidenten Roosevelt."* (This war will enter into history as President Roosevelt's war.)[38]

[30]Neilson, *The Churchill Legend*, p. 286.

[31]Neilson, *The Makers of War*, pp. 83-84.

[32]Francis Neilson, *The Tragedy of Europe: A Diary of the Second World War* (Appleton, Wisconsin, 1946), p. 302.

[33]Neilson, *The Churchill Legend*, p. 313.

[34]Neilson, *The Makers of War*, p. 167.

[35]In late 1939, there were more than 11 million unemployed in the U.S., but, according to the last figures published in the *World Almanac and book of facts* (New York, 1941) before the war, this number had declined to 9.3 million, based on calculations by the American Federation of Labor. [editor]

[36]Charles Callan Tansill, *Back Door to War* (Chicago, 1952).

[37]Ezra Pound, *America, Roosevelt, and the Causes of the Present War* (London, 1951), p. 18.

[38]Sven Hedin, *Amerika im Kampf der Kontinente* (Leipzig, 1943), p. 202.

Looking back from a vantage point of over twenty-five years, the observer must unconsciously formulate the question in his mind: Just what was the purpose of the whole thing? Why was the culture of Europe destroyed and millions of people slaughtered? To hand over the smoking ruins of Europe to the barbarian hordes of the Soviet Union and the United States? Or to enable the "old gang" politicians to keep their incredibly corrupt and inept system going? To remove a serious threat to the domination of finance-capitalism? Why? Why? For Churchill it was simply a personal affair, for he has informed us: "I have only one purpose, the destruction of Hitler, and my life is much simplified thereby."[39] The monstrous nature of this statement is truly staggering!

Bullock does not even attempt to formulate these questions to himself. In fact one gets the impression that he is rather satisfied with the way things turned out. He rather sneers at Hitler's offer of peace in his speech to the *Reichstag* on July 19, 1940, in which he said:

> It almost causes me pain to think that I should have been selected by Fate to deal the final blow to the structure which these men have already set tottering . . . Mr. Churchill ought perhaps, for once, to believe me when I prophesy that a great Empire will be destroyed—an Empire which it was never my intention to destroy or even to harm. . . .
>
> In this hour, I feel it to be my duty before my own conscience to appeal once more to reason and common sense in Great Britain, as much as elsewhere. I consider myself in a position to make this appeal since I am not the vanquished begging favors, but the victor speaking in the name of reason. I can see no reason why this war must go on. (p. 592)

How prophetic and how sad! Again, one cannot help speculating how different the history of the world would have been if the "Old Gang" had lived up to their pledged words before the entire situation arose or, when it did, if reason had triumphed. Babbling hysterically about the "six million" will not silence these facts.

Bullock further maintains that Germany and her National Socialist philosophy had nothing to offer the rest of the world and that the nations who were allied with and fighting beside her were held there only by force. He neglects to mention that by 1945 much of the manpower fighting in the German armies was foreign. Ten percent of each regiment was non-German. I sincerely doubt that these vast numbers of Russians, Ukrainians, Croats, Danes, Flemings, Norwegians, Swedes, and the rest were fighting to defend tyranny and for German aggrandizement alone. Not only does Bullock seem to be unable to grasp the spirit of European unity which motivated and still motivates these men but he is woefully naive in his treatment of the "liberation" of Europe by the Western democracies and their Bolshevik allies. We can assume that he has never looked into the extensive literature on the subject or had any personal contact with any of the unfortunate millions who shared in the rather dubious privilege of being "liberated." One looks in vain for any mention of the fifteen-odd million people in Europe slaughtered by the Soviets with the tacit consent, as embodied in the Yalta and Potsdam agreements, of their American and British allies between 1945 and 1950.[40]

As we might expect, he places great credence in the records of the Nuernberg "trials" and speaks in hushed, eulogistic terms about those involved in the July 20th bomb plot against Hitler. He complaisantly accepts the alleged evidence produced at those "trials" and never once considers the basis on which they were staged. He never faces the fact that they were a hollow mockery of justice and seems to be totally unaware that many eminent jurists have condemned the entire structure of Nuernberg. Using Nuernberg as a basis, war is only a crime for the Germans. No mention is made of the horrors of Dresden or Nagasaki. The only real basis for the trials was "victory," which was a thin disguise for blind hate and a desire for vengeance.[41] Undoubtedly, the other side of the entire question has best been presented by Hermann Goering, who in the course of his last, remarkable letter to Winston Churchill before he managed to escape the Yiddish saturnalia, said:

> Before History I establish you as the man who, indeed, had the capacity to cause the downfall of Adolf Hitler and his political work, but who nevertheless will not be successful in place of the fallen man in again raising the protective shield against the Asiatic invasion of Europe. . . . Long after my responsibility will

[39]Neilson, *The Churchill Legend*, p. 357.

[40]For a documented record of the massacres and atrocities committed against the Germans in the East only, see Johannes Kaps, ed., *The Tragedy of Silesia* (München, 1952); and Theodor Schieder, ed., *The Expulsion of the German Population from the Territories East of the Oder-Neisse Line* (Bonn, 1952).

[41]Freda Utley, *The High Cost of Vengeance* (Chicago, 1949), ch. 6.

have found its objective judge in the further development of events, you will have to accept responsibility for the fact that the last, bloody war was not the last one which had to be fought out for the vital interests of the Continent on its own territory. You will have to answer for the fact that the bloodbath of yesterday will be followed by a still greater one and that Europe will have to make its stand for life or death not at the Volga but at the Pyrenees. It is my warm wish that you will at least live to see the day on which the world, and especially the Western nations, will have to learn by bitter experience that it was you and your friend Roosevelt who, for the sake of a cheap triumph over National Socialist Germany, sold their future to Bolshevism. This day will come more quickly than you like, and, in spite of your advanced age, you will thus probably still be active enough to see it dawn blood-red over the British Isles also. . . .

You will, as is your custom, no doubt waste no time in writing good memoirs, and you will write them all the better because now none can hinder you in reporting or concealing just what you wish. Nevertheless, you will be powerless against those corrections which the development of events, precipitated by you, will unflinchingly undertake. It will then be your affair to give the peoples the answer to the questions which you have not given to your sham tribunal and which you have refused to give, not so much to us who wish to have to thank your fairness for nothing, but to historical truth. . . . The devastated area of European civilization and its historical treasures now lying in ruins still bear witness today in the first place to the desperate bitterness with which a great and proud people yesterday fought with incomparable self-sacrifice for its very existence.

Tomorrow, however, they will bear witness to the unscrupulousness with which alone the superior numbers led onto the field by you could bring about the subjection and deprivation of the rights of this people.

But the day after tomorrow the ruins will bear witness to that betrayal which has surrenderd Europe to Red Asia.

The Germany which you have beaten will, through its very collapse, revenge itself upon you. For neither have you carried out a better policy than we have, nor have you given evidence of greater efficiency and bravery. You have to thank for your victory, not better qualities or an imaginary superiority of your own skill and strength, but solely and after six years the preponderance of your coalition. . . .

Your name stands beneath all the principal documents of this era of British lack of understanding and jealousy of Germany.

Your name will also stand beneath the result: that this era of the liquidation of Germany from history challenges the existence of Europe. . . .

I regret today, as mine and the National Socialist Government's gravest mistake, solely the fateful error to which I and our policy succumbed in our judgment of your power of discernment as a statesman. I regret that I attributed to you the discernment of the world-political necessity of a satisfied and prosperous Germany for the existence of the British Empire also. I regret that our strength and our means were not sufficient to wring from you, even in the very last minute, the bitter knowledge that the liquidation of Germany will be the beginning of the liquidation of the British world power. We took our places and acted each according to his law. I according to the new law for which this Europe is already too old; you according to the old law, for which this Europe is no longer important enough in the world.

I shall manage to go my way to the end in the sure consciousness that, as a German National Socialist, I was, in spite of everything, also a better European than you. I leave the verdict over this calmly to posterity. . . .[42]

The courage and quiet dignity of the Field Marshal in the face of death is in stark contrast to the purplish effusions which poured from Churchill's pen in a seemingly unending stream, in a pitiful attempt to explain just what went wrong, until senility claimed him.

Oswald Spengler wrote:

I refrain from forming any estimate of those things which are only just coming into being. True valuation of an event is only possible when it has become the remote past, and the definitive good or bad results have long been facts: which is to say, when some decades have passed. . . . Facts alone stand firm, judgments waver and change. In sum, a great event has no need of a contemporary estimate. History itself will judge it when its contemporaries are no longer living.[43]

It is this wise dictum that Bullock has simply ignored. As a trained historian he has marshalled the facts of German history from 1919 to 1945, while at the same time doing his best to make nonsense of the whole thing by shutting his eyes to the very facts he has just related. We are to believe that Hitler was "the most evil man who ever lived," while at the same time he was just like everybody else. Naturally, his unlikeness to everybody else is constantly apparent to the reader, but it would never do to admit it, for not only must we hate the most evil of men, we must also despise him for being so "commonplace." If an unprejudiced person, say from another planet, were to read this book, he would find it puzzling indeed to account for the fact that the man it describes could have had the career which he did have. I

[42]Johann Schoeman, *Goering's Last Letter* (Pretoria, 1949), pp. 5-10.

[43]Oswald Spengler, *The Hour of Decision* (New York, 1934), pp. x-xi.

strongly suspect that even the photographs of Hitler that were chosen for the book were selected with the view of presenting him in the worst possible light, as there are much better ones available.

Bullock's basic trouble (if we are charitable enough to accept his basic academic honesty, and that requires an extraordinary amount of charity) is that he stands too close to the events with which he is dealing. Only time will give us the perspective to rightly judge the most remarkable man of this century and, perhaps, of all time. The definitive biography of Adolf Hitler remains to be written. I feel sure that Bullock would be in full agreement with the Allied Chekists who interrogated Hitler's boyhood friend, August Kubizek, in 1945, and would be equally incapable of understanding Kubizek's answers:

"You are a friend of Adolf Hitler's?"
"Yes."
"Since when?"
"Since 1904."
"What do you mean by that? At that time he was a nobody."
"Nevertheless, he was my friend."
"How could you be his friend when he was still a nobody?"

And on another occasion:

"So you are a friend of Adolf Hitler's. What did you get out of it?"
"Nothing."
"But you admit that you were his friend. Did he give you money?"
"No."
"Or food?"
"Neither."
"A car, a house?"
"Not that either."
"Did he introduce you to beautiful women?"
"Nor that."
"Did he receive you again, later on?"
"Yes."
"Did you see him often?"
"Occasionally."
"How did you manage to see him?"
"I just went to him."
"So you were with him. Really? Quite close?"
"Yes, quite close."
"Alone?"
"Alone."
"Without any guard?"
"Without any guard."
"So you could have killed him?"
"Yes, I could have."
"And why didn't you kill him?"
"Because he was my friend."[44]

[44]Kubizek, *op. cit.*, pp. 297-298.

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BOOK REVIEW..... WILLIAM L. PIERCE
THE TRAGEDY OF SILESIA, EDITED BY J. KAPS

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Man is a rope stretched between the animal
and the Superman — a rope over an abyss.
Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I was very pleased with your first issue of *National Socialist World*. I found every article, including your editorial and both book reviews, tremendously exciting. The world has certainly been waiting a long time for such a journal....

I have only one small criticism to make: the date given by Mr. Lipoff, in his review of Bullock's book, for the murder of Horst Wessel is apparently wrong. It should be February 23, 1930, instead of January 14, 1930....

John Carpenter
New York City

The young National Socialist idealist and martyr, Horst Wessel, was shot from ambush by a Marxist on the night of January 14, 1930. He lay critically wounded in a Berlin hospital for more than five weeks before he finally died on February 23, 1930, at the age of twenty-two.
Editor

Dear Editor:

You have my congratulations for that supreme piece of work, *National Socialist World*. You can be all the more proud of it, as Adolf Hitler could not publish a journal of comparable level before 1932. This is a sign of how far you have already come, even though it might otherwise seem difficult to realize.

Certainly you will not mind hearing my view on certain points.

Commander Rockwell's excellent article needs no comment in itself. What he says is, for the most part, completely correct. And I wish there were more people with that deep understanding of the requirements of propaganda and of its importance in general.

But what he says on page 11 — "Hitler's National Socialist movement not only did not make that stupid mistake..." — is not quite correct. The majority of Germans employed in the propaganda field after 1933 did make the same mistakes as your American right-wing compatriots. Adolf Hitler himself, of course, was superior in just that field. But after 1933 the new tasks as head of the state and government left him so little time that he could no longer do very much himself in the field of propaganda. And that, alas, was fatal in more than one respect.

Goebbels was an absolutely honest National Socialist and certainly no fool. But as chief of the German propaganda apparatus he was hopelessly inferior to his opponent, Sefton Delmer, Churchill's Jewish propaganda chief (who, after the war, boasted that he got even Churchill himself to believe his — Delmer's — inventions).

And then remember what Ivan Lipoff said on pages 91-92: "It is a curious phenomenon that the completely unbelievable gutter propaganda, which is still being spread twenty years after the war, was unique to the so-called democracies while there was almost none of it in the propaganda of the Axis countries."

That is, alas, utterly correct. You certainly understand why I say "alas," since it meant in practice that Goebbels almost totally ignored the "privy-wall" type of propaganda, which, by its nature, has the broadest possible audience.

Commander Rockwell mentions Julius Streicher and his *Stürmer*. They had many enemies within the NSDAP, just because of the qualities he mentioned! There were many political leaders of the party who, in their districts, removed the *Stürmer* from public display. Adolf Hitler himself had to interfere personally to secure the further existence of the *Stürmer* at all! As you will realize, such men were not very good in terms of their propaganda ability.

Knowing this, you will certainly understand the significance of the fact that, when I by chance met some years after the war the former chief editor of the Party newspaper in Hamburg—with a circulation of about 200,000 until 1945—he was simply unable to understand why the German people were taken in to such a large extent by the Jewish-controlled, postwar propaganda. An honest man. But, as you will certainly agree, how can a man unable to understand the reasons for the Jewish propaganda success have conducted himself a successful propaganda war against such Jews prior to 1945?

And such failure was not unique, alas; it was

almost the rule.

And what Commander Rockwell says of Alfred Rosenberg and Gottfried Feder is likewise not correct. The truth is that both men failed at their task of winning the university community. That, in spite of their failure, so many German professors were won for National Socialism (the Allies in 1945 fired more than 5,000—five thousand!—professors from German universities and colleges), was due solely to Adolf Hitler's personal achievements and to the deep, natural, scientific truth of our great idea, but not to Rosenberg or Feder, neither of whom were taken very seriously in academic circles.

Of course, it was not all bad. There were even excellent publications, for instance, *Das Schwarze Korps*, the weekly paper of the SS. But, in general, the art of propaganda was still in the process of being tried and learned in Germany before 1945.

Colin Jordan's article on National Socialism is a most valuable contribution to the shaping of our idea. But, just in view of the supreme importance of the subject, he certainly will not mind if I express some slightly different views on two or three points.

He says: "In this its roots go back to Plato's Greece and his conception of a natural life, consisting in the full realization of man's true nature through the conducive power of government within his native community."

Plato's ideas of the state—as expressed in his *Republic*—as well as his moral ideas in general have by no means any basic connection with National Socialist ideas on those subjects.

The National Socialist conception of the state was outlined clearly by Adolf Hitler: "The state is a means to an end. Its end lies in the preservation and advancement of a community of physically and psychically homogeneous creatures." (*Mein Kampf*, Vol. II, Chap. 2) There are many more statements on the subject in the same chapter and in others. To give the National Socialist idea in one sentence: The National Socialist state is the natural, external form of life of the national organism of a given race.

Thus, the state is of an organic nature, contrary to the liberal idea of the state as an unavoidable evil that has the duty of protecting citizens from one another and allows for their mutual swindling of one another.

With Plato, however, the state is a rather artificial fiction, a mere ivory-tower abstraction, conceived by a man removed from natural reality. It is utterly useless and worthless. And it is a fundamental error to believe that the roots of National Socialism go back to Plato's Greece and his conception of life that was by no means natural, nor did it consist in the full realization of man's true nature, etc.

To be sure, and that makes our author's error understandable, in Germany before 1945—when the majority of Party members or "National Socialists" had hardly grasped the real idea, but instead mostly thought of a revival of some old nationalist or conservative conceptions—many people, even in high places, did not realize the fundamental difference between Plato's ideas and National Socialism and, consequently, superficially confused the two. Even Alfred Rosenberg was not free of that mistake, which we must realize today.

And concerning Plato's moral ideas, we must state the fact that they in essence were contradictory to the basic laws of nature, i.e., to those laws that had led man to his height at that time. Plato's ideas were in many respects the direct preparation for Christianity, i.e., for the upper classes, of course, whereas Christianity, as Nietzsche so aptly wrote, is Platonism for the masses. Thus, Plato's ideas were already the mark and expression of the general decay of classical civilization. To be sure, they are a very noble mark of decay and an Aryan one at that, whereas Christianity is a rather vulgar form of decadence, and a Jewish-organized one. But that does not make Plato a man helpful to us.

The second point in the article for which I must express some criticism is not of fundamental importance, but we might yet consider it: "At the same time, the local communities require to be revived, the provincial sub-nations recognized and respected, and peoples subject to an undesired, alien rule given their ethnic freedom by separation."

For what do we aim?

It is the preservation and promotion of the best elements of our race throughout the world. To that end we intend to erect a common Aryan Federation, which has that as its main task.

Speaking in round numbers, the total number of Aryans to be united in our future state are about 700 millions (including Russia), but, after careful examination, we will most probably come to the conclusion that the best racial elements in the whole community amount to hardly more than 50 millions. Those 50 millions,

then, are those with whom we are primarily concerned. We must find means of selection and of real promotion (i.e., we have to avoid the breeding of hot-house Aryans unable to survive a rough life and thus representing only another form of decadence). On the other hand, we must discourage the many millions of hereditarily worthless beings from breeding. For all that we need a common state. Would it really be of any interest or value to our cause, either with regard to the positive or the negative aspects of selection, to burden the whole process by reviving anything like traditional "nations"?

When we, one day, will unite our whole race and form an elite sub-race out of the best elements, nobody will ask whether the member of the elite formerly was a Russian, a German, an Englishman, a Frenchman, an American, or what have you. Why should we make things complicated?

Very helpful is the excellent review of Bullock's book, which plays such a great role among the so-called "educated" people. I was surprised at Mr. Lipoff's excellent knowledge. There is only one slight flaw in the whole article, namely, with regard to the German volunteer corps—*Freikorps*. They did not come into existence because of the French invasion of the Ruhr (in 1923), but the first *Freikorps* came into existence in December, 1918, in the defense against communism, i.e., first against the Red Army in the Baltic states (which were quite unable to defend themselves and were saved from being swallowed by the Reds only by the German *Freikorps*) and in South Germany, i.e., Austria, against the Yugoslavs who were ravaging the German province of Kärnten.

Since the German Army was in the process of disintegration as a result of the revolution and thus largely paralyzed, the *Freikorps* increased their participation from January, 1919, onward in the act of German self-defense against the Jewish-Soviet revolutions which took place all over Germany from 1919 to 1923.

Lipoff said, that had it not been for the *Freikorps*, "it is quite possible, if not probable, that the revolution of 1918 would have culminated the same way in Germany that the Kerensky revolution culminated in Russia."

I must say, it is not just probable, but certain that the Soviets would have established a Soviet Germany in those years, if the German nation had not still had those forces that formed the *Freikorps* to smash the Reds, as anyone knows who has studied the German history of that time. Democrats never, never have been able to successfully resist Jewish communists.

Since our reviewer refers to some books on the *Freikorps*, I must point out that the *best* book on that subject is *Die Deutschen Freikorps*, by F. W. v. Oertzen. A more recent report, though not as thorough as the above book, is given by Erich Kern in his book, *Von Versailles zu Adolf Hitler* (Plesse-Verlag, Göttingen).

Against the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923 (until 1930) there were no *Freikorps* employed, but only small resistance groups. Against the Poles, however, *Freikorps* were active not only in Upper Silesia, but also in Western Prussia, where my own father was in the German self-defense force.

But, aside from this, Lipoff's article is extremely valuable. Very important is his mentioning of Burton H. Klein's work, *Germany's Economic Preparation for War*, a really definitive book. It is absolutely true that Germany was on a real war economy only from 1943 onward. We knew that, and it was often deplored by National Socialists here that Adolf Hitler did not prepare better for war, for otherwise the outcome might well have been different.

Very correct and important is his statement on page 98: "In this unfounded belief Hitler was displaying a naivete which is in startling contrast to his usual brilliance. His fatal error was in believing that he was dealing with ordinary political leaders who could be dealt with on a reasonable basis." So it was. And it must be added that Adolf Hitler made the same error inside Germany, i.e., toward his conservative opponents. He believed those men—who formed a large portion of the higher body of officers of the German Army and sat in many key positions of the state administration—so reasonable as at least to put the life interests of Germany above their opposition to the "Nazis." Adolf Hitler's fatal error, externally as well as internally, may have the same psychological reason, namely, that he himself was so closely bound to the new law and world view he created and was preaching, that he failed to realize the hostility he, by his very nature, must awaken in all representatives of the old, sick, and decadent forces, who always have only hatred for the new. He himself did not seem to have realized what a revolutionary he was.

There is much to be said about Savitri Devi's

article, but I shall mention here only a few minor errors:

The total membership of the NSDAP in 1945 was a bit over eight million, not thirteen million.

The *Hitler Jugend* covered the youths between the ages of ten and eighteen, not six and sixteen.

The RAD (*Reichsarbeitsdienst*, or National Labor Service) normally mobilized the eighteen-year-old boys and girls. For the girls, however, the age was not so definitely fixed; they could serve at any time between their eighteenth and twenty-fifth years and were freed from service in the event of marriage. It was only during war, when the armed forces were taking the seventeen-year-old boys, that the RAD took them at sixteen. And the normal term for the RAD was twelve months, not six. It was only during the war years, when the lack of manpower was considerable, that the term was reduced to six months.

Once again I wish to express my appreciation for the fine issue of *National Socialist World*. At least here in Germany, i.e., among German National Socialists and potential ones, *National Socialist World* has been the best success of all you have done till now. It has been the best and most effective means to destroy the vicious lie so common among the National Socialists here and elsewhere that "the English and American Nazis are working for the Jews"! The *Stormtrooper*, as excellent as it is, is for the average German right winger simply "too much," "too American." But all can see that no Jewish agent ever would produce something like *National Socialist World*.

May the future work become what it is intended.

Heil Hitler!
Bruno Lüdtke
Germany

Dear Editor:

Received your magazine, *National Socialist World*, last week and have just finished reading it. I must say that I am intrigued by some of your ideas, but I am apalled at the way you present them. You and Mr. Rockwell proudly boast of having produced an "intellectual" journal, while denouncing Jews and liberals for the built-in biases and subtle deceptions you claim exist in their publications. What was immediately apparent to me, if not to you, was the fact that *National Socialist World* is about as biased a publication as can be found anywhere.

Either you have the same lack of basic academic honesty of which your Mr. Lipoff has accused Professor Bullock, or you totally fail to understand what is required of a scholarly or "intellectual" journal. You have neither approached your subject with an open mind nor have you supplied one shred of evidence to support the numerous and serious allegations which are made throughout your magazine.

It may be that National Socialism has something worthwhile to offer in the way of solutions to the problems which beset our society today, but you are not likely to convince many responsible members of the academic community until you are able to offer something considerably more intellectual than *National Socialist World*. National Socialism has a lot of growing up to do.

Yours truly,
Harold Norman
University of California
Berkeley, California

EDITORIAL

There are many more first issues of political quarterlies published than second issues. More often than not a few dedicated individuals will pool their elaborate plans and meagre resources to bring out the first issue of a journal created in the image of their highly personal and subjective views on the world, its ills, and the remedy for those ills. When the time for the second issue rolls around they find themselves discouraged, bankrupt, and unable to proceed further, due to the disheartening fact that their first issue was able to attract a grand total of perhaps fourteen subscriptions. What was self-evident to them has not proved at all self-evident to the bulk of their fellow men. The ideas that were inspiring to them have struck almost no responsive chord in others. The anticipated flood of enthusiastic response to the new ideology—or to their new twist to an old ideology—has turned out instead to be a drouth.

In a more trivial sense, the same general principle embodied in the lesson these idealists have just learned can be illuminated by the outcome of efforts in many other fields of human endeavor, such as songwriting or advertising. For every successful idea which has at least momentarily caught on with the public there have been hundreds of duds.

Certainly we don't want to try to push analogies too far; in the songwriting business today, for example, there are unfortunately strong and alien influences governing the degree of success an individual may have, other than his ability to express in his art those qualities which are able to bring forth a response from the souls of a majority of his contemporaries. But the picture should be clear—those ideologies, or those spokesmen for ideologies, which are able to spark a fire in the minds of many men, a fire which will grow eventually into a consuming and cleansing conflagration instead of smoking briefly and then dying, must possess something more than a narrowly subjective outlook, a viewpoint peculiar to but a few men with ideas shaped by their essentially unique experiences. Rather, they must embody qualities and ideas which, in their essence, are *universal*—in a race-wide sense. They must in some way stir or give coherent expression to at least a few of those feelings, yearnings, and ideals which have, through hundreds of thousands of years of slow evolution, become a part of the racial heritage, the inborn nature of those to whom the appeal is made.

There has been in the minds of many English-speaking National Socialists the pessimistic suspicion that perhaps National Socialism—that perhaps that body of ideas to which Adolf Hitler gave voice — was able to take root in Germany in the 1920's and 1930's solely because of the unique social, political, and economic conditions which existed there and then and to which National Socialism was peculiarly adapted, and that *their own* acceptance of the National Socialist creed—here in America, or England, or elsewhere, and now — was due to something rather special in their makeup, something not shared with most of their countrymen.

Certainly there were many outward aspects of the development of the National Socialist movement in Germany which were conditioned by the particular and immediate circumstances in which the young movement found itself. But we have long believed that its success was due primarily to its embodiment of that which is the essence of the Aryan soul, and to Adolf Hitler's supernatural insight into that soul and its needs, and only secondarily to the fact that he was born when and where he was. Furthermore, we have believed that that Aryan soul has been little affected in its fundamental qualities by the migrations, invasions, colonizations, and wanderings of the last few millennia, and that the man of Aryan race who incarnates that soul — whether born in Berlin or London or Stockholm or Chicago — is susceptible to the appeal to his innermost nature which is inherent in National Socialism.

Tarnished and obscured though it may be amid the garbage-heap of our modern Jewish-liberal "culture," wallowing in the filthy outpourings from Hollywood and elsewhere, acquiescing in a deliberate Jewish program of racial mongrelization, showing equanimity in the face of national governments composed of

traitors, perverts, and opportunists, that Aryan soul, unchanged in its inmost self, still survives in a majority of our people and awaits more and more impatiently an ideology which it can wholeheartedly embrace, an ideology in complete harmony with itself—that is, National Socialism.

Well, a fine theory, at any rate. But has it any objective reality? We admit that we had serious misgivings as the first issue of *National Socialist World* went to press. In order to survive—in order to pay its own way, so that future issues could be produced—we had estimated that approximately one thousand subscriptions would have to be sold during the first year of publication. Were there that many receptive people that could be reached?

Within the first five weeks after the mailing of the Spring issue, the thousandth subscription check was received. Since then, the circulation has continued to grow, and we are shortly looking forward to reaching the two-thousand mark. Especially pleasing has been the reception of *National Socialist World* by the academic community, which has previously been the almost exclusive province of the liberal-Jewish-Marxist elements. From now on these elements will be driven back step by step, until our universities are once more our own.

* * *

Since the first issue of *National Socialist World,* we have received about a dozen letters of the same general tone as the one from Mr. Norman printed in this issue's letter section. As is the case with Mr. Norman's letter, they do not show the blindly raving, vicious hatred of the numerous Jewish letters we receive, but a somewhat stuffy criticism of our general lack of scholarly respectability. The writers all appear, guessing as best we can from the content of their letters, to be sincere, naive, gentile liberals. Perhaps the word "liberal" is misleading here. We do not mean to imply strongly left-wing political convictions but, rather, a state of detachment, or a condition of being uncommitted, coupled with the conviction—at least outwardly expressed — that such a detached state is really the only "respectable" state of mind for one who claims to be an intellectual. Thus, *National Socialist World,* in their eyes, is far from respectable, for, as Mr. Norman correctly asserts, we are biased.

This general idea — this "liberal" state of mind — merits some examination, if only because it seems to be widely spread among contemporary — gentile — intellectuals. As a physical scientist, the editor is well aware of the quite considerable merits of an open-minded attitude when the task at hand is the determination of objective truth in some matter—for example, the degree of guilt or innocence of an accused person before a court of law, or a correlation or lack of correlation between certain types of high-energy events in a nuclear physics experiment. In such endeavors an open, unbiased mind is certainly one of the most important prerequisites for success. But the same lack of prejudice, so laudable in the connection just mentioned, when carried into other areas, has led us to the brink of racial suicide.

When white Americans or Englishmen can so pride themselves on their lack of bias that they will side with Negroes in a dispute against members of their own race if the facts indicate that "justice" is on the side of the Negroes; when Aryans are so "open-minded" that they can look with equanimity on a growing trend toward interracial marriages, it not having been "proved" to their satisfaction that the resulting mulatto children are any less "desirable" than their own; when generation after generation of gentiles discovers over and over again that many of the catastrophes which have been falling on their heads through the ages—bloody, fraticidal wars and revolutions, crushing economic calamities, ruinous trends of social and cultural decay—are the direct consequences of the self-interested activities of an alien minority among them, and fail to take decisive actions against those aliens because it would be "unfair" to blame all of those aliens for the actions of some of them—then those unbiased, open-minded, and impartial examples of detached intellect are well on the way to extinction. This, in itself, might not be a bad thing. Unfortunately, however, they seem determined to take the rest of us with them.

Nature has provided our race with a fairly healthy set of instincts, which, coupled with our reasoning ability, can carry us on to yet-undreamed-of achievements. When we, however, in our foolish pride, use that reasoning ability to thwart instead of to abet those instincts, we promise shortly to put a permanent end to our achievements.

The basic elements which determine a man's —or a race's—meaningful goals are inborn, not reasoned. Instinct provides the motivations; the task of intellect is simply to implement those motives in the most effective manner

available.

Thus, once we clearly understand what our motives are, our duty lies only in trying our best to achieve the goals dictated by those motives. To attempt to replace those goals with "better" ones, or more "humane" ones, or "fairer" ones, intellectually formulated on the basis of a foolishly imagined conquest of Nature by man, can lead only to disaster in the long run.

National Socialists know what their fundamental goals are and can state them in a fairly simple manner. Perhaps the easiest way to attempt to epitomize an entire *Weltanschauung*, with an emphasis on goals and motivations, is to quote the immortal words of Adolf Hitler:

What we must fight for is the security of the existence and reproduction of our race and our people, the sustenance of our children and the maintenance of the purity of our blood, the freedom and independence of our nation, so that our people may mature for the fulfillment of the mission alloted them by the Creator of the universe.

Every thought and every idea, every doctrine and all knowledge, must serve this purpose. And everything must be examined from this point of view and used or rejected according to its utility. Then no theory will stiffen into a dead doctrine, since it is life alone that all things must serve. . . .

. . . the National Socialist philosophy finds the importance of mankind in its basic racial elements. In the state it sees on principle a means to an end and construes that end as the preservation of the racial existence of man. Thus, it by no means believes in an equality of the races, but along with their differences it recognizes their higher or lesser values and feels itself obligated through this recognition to promote the victory of the better and stronger and demand the subordination of the inferior and weaker, in accordance with the eternal Will that dominates this universe. Thus, in principle, it serves the basic aristocratic idea of Nature and believes in the validity of this law down to the last individual. It sees not only the different values of the races, but also the different values of individual men. From the mass it extracts the importance of the individual personality, and thus, in contrast to disorganizing Marxism, it has an organizing effect. It believes in the necessity of an idealization of humanity, in which alone it sees the premise for the existence of humanity. . . .

And so the National Socialist philosophy of life corresponds to the innermost will of Nature, since it restores that free play of forces which must lead to a continuous mutual higher breeding, until finally the best of humanity, having achieved possession of this earth, will have a free path for activity in domains which will lie partly above it and partly outside it.

We all sense that in the distant future humanity must be faced by problems which only a highest race, become master people and supported by the means and possibilities of an entire globe, will be equipped to overcome. . . .

Thus, the highest purpose of a National Socialist state is concern for the preservation of those original racial elements which bestow culture and create the beauty and dignity of a higher mankind. We, as Aryans, can conceive of the state only as the living organism of a nationality which not only assures the preservation of this nationality, but by the development of its spiritual and ideal abilities leads it to the highest freedom. . . .

A National Socialist state must begin by raising marriage from the level of a continuous defilement of the race and give it the consecration of an institution which is called upon to produce images of the Lord and not monstrosities halfway between man and ape. . . .

It must set race in the center of all life. It must take care to keep it pure. It must declare the child to be the most precious treasure of the people. It must see to it that only the healthy beget children; that there is only one disgrace: despite one's own sickness and deficiencies, to bring children into the world; and one highest honor: to renounce doing so. And conversely it must be considered reprehensible to withhold healthy children from the nation. Here the state must act as the guardian of a millennial future in the face of which the wishes and selfishness of the individual must appear as nothing and submit. . . .

Those who are not physically and mentally healthy and worthy must not perpetuate their defects in the bodies of their children. In this the National Socialist state must perform the most gigantic educational task. And someday this will seem to be a greater deed than the most victorious wars of our present mediocre era. . . .

In the National Socialist state, finally, the National Socialist philosophy of life must succeed in bringing about that nobler age in which men no longer are concerned with breeding dogs, horses, and cats, but in elevating man

himself, an age in which the one knowingly and silently renounces, the other joyfully sacrifices and gives....

If as the first task of the state in the service and for the welfare of its nationality we recognize the preservation, care, and development of the best racial elements, it is natural that this care must extend not only to the birth of every little national and racial comrade, but that it must educate the young offspring to become a valuable link in the chain of future reproduction....

. . . beginning in youth one iron principle must be hammered into those heads which are capable of education: any man who loves his people proves it solely by the sacrifices which he is prepared to make for it. There is no such thing as national sentiment which is only out for gain. Nor is there a nationalism which only encompasses certain classes. Shouting hurrah proves nothing and bestows no right to call oneself national if behind it there does not stand a great, loving concern for the preservation of a universal, healthy nation. There is ground for pride in our people only if we no longer need be ashamed of any class....

Only when a nation is healthy in all its members, in body and soul, can every man's joy in belonging to it rightfully be magnified to that high sentiment which we designate as national pride. And this highest pride will only be felt by the man who knows the greatness of his nation.

An intimate coupling of nationalism and a sense of social justice must be implanted in the young heart. Then a people of citizens will someday arise, bound to one another and forged together by a common love and a common pride, unshakable and invincible forever.

Our era's fear of chauvinism is the sign of its impotence. Not only lacking any exuberant force, but even finding it distasteful, it is no longer destined by Fate for a great deed. For the greatest revolutionary changes on this earth would not have been thinkable if their motive force, instead of fanatical, yes, hysterical passion, had been merely the bourgeois virtues of law and order.

And surely this world is moving toward a great revolution. The question can only be whether it will redound to the benefit of Aryan mankind or to the profit of the eternal Jew.

The National Socialist state must make certain that by a suitable education of youth it will someday obtain a race ripe for the last and greatest decisions on this earth.

And the people which first sets out on this path will be victorious.

The crown of the National Socialist state's entire work of education and training must be the burning of the racial sense and racial feeling into the instinct and the intellect, the heart and brain of the youth entrusted to it. No boy and no girl must leave school without having been led to an ultimate realization of the necessity and essence of blood purity. Thus the groundwork is created by preserving the racial foundations of our nation and through them in turn securing the basis for its future cultural development.

For all physical and intellectual training would in the last analysis remain worthless if it did not benefit a being which is ready and determined on principle to preserve himself and his special nature....

The National Socialist state must, if necessary, even by education extending over centuries, break with the mischief of despising physical activity. On principle it must evaluate the individual man not according to the type of work he does but according to the form and quality of his achievement....

For the activity which the individual performs is not the end of his existence, but only the means to it. It is more important for him to develop and ennoble himself as a man, but he can do this only within the framework of his cultural community, which must always rest on the fundament of a state. He must make his contribution to the preservation of this fundament. The form of this contribution is determined by Nature; his duty is only to return to the national community with honest industry what it has given him. Anyone who does this deserves the highest estimation and the highest respect. Material reward may be granted to him whose achievement brings corresponding benefit to the community; his ideal reward, however, must lie in the esteem which everyone can claim who dedicates to the service of his nationality the forces which Nature gave him and which the national community has trained....

In the present period, when entire human groups can estimate one another only according to salary classes, there is . . . no understanding for this. But for us this cannot be a reason to renounce the fight for our ideas. On the contrary: anyone who wants to cure this era, which is inwardly sick and rotten, must first of all summon up the courage to make clear the

causes of this disease. And this should be the concern of the National Socialist movement: pushing aside all narrowmindedness, to gather and to organize from the ranks of our nation those forces capable of becoming the vanguard fighters for a new philosophy of life. . . .

It may be that today gold has become the exclusive ruler of life, but the time will come when man will again bow down before a higher god. Many things today may owe their existence solely to the longing for money and wealth, but there is very little among them whose nonexistence would leave humanity any the poorer.

This, too, is a task of our movement; even now it must herald a day which will give to the individual what he needs for living, but uphold the principle that man does not live exclusively for the sake of material pleasures. This must someday find its expression in a wisely limited gradation of earnings which in any event will give every decent workingman an honest, regular existence as a national comrade and as a man.

Let it not be said that this is an ideal condition which this world will not tolerate in practice and will actually never achieve.

We are not simple enough, either, to believe that it could ever be possible to bring about a perfect era. But this relieves no one of the obligation to combat recognized errors, to overcome weaknesses, and to strive for the ideal. Harsh reality of its own accord will create only too many limitations. For that very reason, however, man must try to serve the ultimate goal, and failures must not deter him, any more than he can abandon a system of justice merely because mistakes creep into it, or any more than medicine is discarded because there will always be sickness in spite of it.

We National Socialists know that with this conception we stand as revolutionaries in the world of today and are also branded as such. But our thoughts and actions must in no way be determined by the approval or disapproval of our time, but by the binding obligation to a truth which we have recognized.

These brief excerpts from *Mein Kampf*, as pertinent and vital today as when they were written more than forty years ago, thus demonstrating the timeless qualities of Adolf Hitler's wisdom, can provide only a sketchy outline of the National Socialist ideology and goals. But the pertinent point here is that *National Socialist World* is a National Socialist magazine, firmly committed to those goals. We have not the slightest intention of providing "equal time" to opposing ideologies. It may indeed be the case that National Socialism still has further "growing up" to do, but we shall do that growing with our eyes fixed steadily on our goals. If this seems narrowminded or biased to some observers, we have no apologies.

As for Mr. Norman's statement that we have not supplied evidence to support the "numerous and serious allegations" which we made in our first issue, we can only point to the one hundred and seventy-three footnotes in that issue, which refer the interested reader to a great deal of supporting evidence indeed.

We really suspect that many persons who share Mr. Norman's "unbiased" state of mind have never explored any of this evidence but instead have let themselves, sheeplike, be led down a carefully chosen intellectual path, all the while priding themselves on their academically respectable outlook. They have, despite their intellectual pretensions, unconsciously let their attitudes toward every public issue be formed not by any process of reason, but by the subtle manipulators of public opinion. They believe not what evidence and reason point to, but what they are *told*, be it cleverly and indirectly, to believe — what it is *fashionable* to believe in their circles. Thus, as just one example, we are faced with the spectacle of numerous scholars and journalists who, even after reading the sublime wisdom in *Mein Kampf* for themselves, still parrot the "official" description of the book which has been laid down for them—a "turgid discussion of Hitler's ideas, written in a verbose style which is both difficult and dull to read," an example of the "pretentiousness" of a "half-educated man seeking to give weight to his words."[1]

It is almost hopeless to attempt to convince even "responsible members of the academic community" who have an emotional attachment to a contrary viewpoint by presenting them with facts alone. Since emotion, rather than intellect, seems to be the governing element both in forming and in reinforcing opinions, *National SocialistWorld* will not shrink from presenting issues with an emotional bias. But we will always make every effort to be correct in our facts and will generally endeavor to provide a substantial amount of documentation for our assertions.

The Editor

[1]Alan Bullock, *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny* (New York, 1953), pp. 109-110.

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BOLSHEVISM FROM MOSES TO LENIN: A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ADOLF HITLER & ME

by Dietrich Eckart

Translated from the German by William L. Pierce

EDITOR'S FOREWORD: The following material has been translated from a pamphlet found in the NSDAP *Hauptarchiv*. Its German title was *Der Bolschewismus von Moses bis Lenin: Zwiegespräch zwischen Adolf Hitler und mir*, and it was originally published in Munich in March, 1924, from unfinished notes on which Dietrich Eckart had been working in the autumn of 1923.

Dietrich Eckart was born on March 23, 1868, in the Bavarian town of Neumarkt, which is about twenty miles southeast of Nürnberg, and he died on December 26, 1923, in Berchtesgaden. He was a poet, a playwright, a journalist, a scholar, and a philosopher, as well as a dedicated fighter for the National Socialist cause. Among his better-known works are his play *Lorenzaccio* and his translation and adaptation to the German stage of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. He was for a while editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and he wrote the Party song, with the famous words *"Deutschland erwache,"* which later became a Party byword.

The reader interested in more details of Eckart's life, as well as a fairly extensive sampling of his poetry, is referred to Alfred Rosenberg's book, *Dietrich Eckart, Ein Vermächtnis* (Munich, 1928 ff.).

Der Bolschewismus is of interest to today's English-speaking National Socialists for three reasons. First, it is the last earthly work of the man who, as the intimate companion of Adolf Hitler during those critical, early years in Munich, helped prepare the spiritual foundations of National Socialism. Eckart had been seriously ill as he was writing the pamphlet, and his arrest and temporary imprisonment, as a consequence of the Munich *putsch* of November 9, 1923, were followed shortly by his death.

Second, it is instructive, as being representative of a certain category of propaganda. Eckart was a practical propagandist as well as an idealist and a poet, and *Der Bolschewismus* is an excellent example of his style. Aimed at the reader with the equivalent of a high-school education, it is skillfully contrived to avoid tediousness and maintain a relatively unsophisticated audience's interest while making a rather extensive, if not intensive, historical investigation of the Jewish question. It achieves this by relegating the great majority of documentary evidence to footnotes and by liberally interspersing historically significant points with spicy or amusing tidbits.

Third, it is of considerable interest, even today, for its own sake. Although the last forty years have unfortunately provided us with considerably more experience of Jewish-Bolshevist activities, Eckart did quite well with the materials available to him in 1923. Of particular interest is his use of the Old Testament, as a history of the Jews, to throw light onto more recent Jewish activities.

Eckart's notes for *Der Bolschewismus* were still in rather rough and unfinished form when he died, and this will be evident at a few places in the text which follows. The editor has slightly condensed the original material during his translation, omitting several of the more ragged portions and such things as untranslatable puns, as well as a few sections which have limited interest for present-day readers. Additional footnotes have been added by the editor in a few places, and these are so designated.

"Yes!" he cried. "We've been on the wrong track! Consider how an astronomer would handle a similar situation. Suppose that he has been carefully observing the motion of a certain group of celestial bodies over a long period of time. Examining his records, he suddenly notices something amiss: 'Damn it!' he says. 'Something's wrong here. Normally, these bodies would have to be situated differently relative to one another; not this way. So there must be a hidden force somewhere which is responsible for the deviation.' And, using his observations, he performs lengthy calculations and accurately computes the location of a planet which no eye has yet seen, but which is there all the same, as he has just proved. But what does the historian do, on the other hand? He explains an anomaly of the same type solely in terms of the conspicuous statesmen of the time. It never occurs to him that there might have been a hidden force which caused a certain turn of events. But it was there, nevertheless; it has been there since the beginning of history. You know what that force is: the Jew."

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "but to prove it, to prove it! For the last fifty or hundred years, so far as I'm concerned, it's been obvious; indeed, a good deal further back, perhaps even in pre-Christian times. . . ."

"My dear fellow," he replied to me, "we can read in Strabo[1] that already in his time, shortly after the birth of Christ, there was hardly a place to be found on the whole earth which was not then dominated by the Jews; *dominated*, he writes, not merely *inhabited*. Already decades earlier, Cicero[2]—at that time a great and powerful man, my friend!—suddenly lost his nerve when, in his well-known defense plea in the Capitol, he was obliged to point out the great influence and the cohesiveness of the Jews: 'Softly, softly! I want none but the judges to hear me. The Jews have already gotten me into a fine mess, as they have many another gentleman. I have no desire to furnish further grist for their mills.' Similarly, the influence of the Jews with Augustus was so great that they completely intimidated Pontius Pilate, who, as deputy of the Roman Emperor, was certainly not a nobody. Thus he said, 'For God's sake, away with this sordid Jewish affair!' as he reached for the washbasin and condemned Christ, whom he considered guiltless, to death.[3] Considering these things, my friend, every child knows—or, rather, *could* know—how late the hour already was at that time."

A reach for the Old Testament, a brief flipping of pages, and — "There," he cried, "the recipe from which the Jews always brew their hellish broth! We anti-Semites are really something. We manage to find out everything except that which is really important." Word for word, he emphatically read with a hard voice:

> "And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians: and they shall fight every one against his brother and every one against his neighbor; city against city and kingdom against kingdom. And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof: and they shall seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards. [4]

"Yes indeed," he laughed bitterly, "now the people will seek to Dr. Cuno, and Dr. Schweyer, and Dr. Heim,[5] and whatever other charmers and wizards they have. When asked why Germany has become a pigsty these gentlemen will answer reproachfully, 'You yourselves are to blame. You have no more good breeding, no faith, only selfishness and conceit. Now you will try to put the blame on the Jews. It's always been like that when you have needed a scapegoat. Then everyone has jumped on the Jews and persecuted them unmercifully. And just because they had the money, and because they were defenseless. Is it any wonder that a few individual Jews are behaving in a reprehensible manner now? After all, one finds some black sheep in every group. As if there weren't a good number of decent Jews! Look at their

[1]Strabo (Greek geographer and historian, ca. 63 B.C. — ca. 24 A.D.), *Geographica*.

[2]Marcus Tullius Cicero, *Oratio pro. L. Flacco*. In 59 B.C. Cicero defended the proconsul Flaccus, who, at the urging of Jews, was accused of corruption in connection with his administrative activity in Syria.

[3]John 19:12.

[4]Isaiah 19:2-3.

[5]Three figures prominent in German politics in 1923: the German Chancellor, the Bavarian Minister of the Interior, and the founder and leader of the Bavarian People's Party, respectively. [Editor]

piety, their sense of family responsibility, their sober way of life, their readiness to make sacrifices, and, above all, their ability to stick together! And you? At one another like dogs and cats: sheer insanity!'

"Thus will the charmers and wizards prattle on and on, till one night the blood sign will appear on all the Jewish houses, and the infuriated masses, led by the Jews, will swarm forth to smite all the firstborn in the land again, as in Egypt."[6]

"Remember how it was here in Munich during the Communist takeover?" I interjected. "The houses of the Jews certainly weren't marked with blood, but there must have been a secret arrangement, because among all those who suffered the misfortune of a house search not one was a Jew. As a matter of fact, one of the stupid Red troopers who had me by the hair answered my sarcastic question by explaining that it was forbidden to search the Jewish houses.

"And in 1871, in Paris, the Jewish defense also ran according to plan. There the Communists destroyed whatever they could, but the many palaces and houses of the Rothschilds remained completely intact.[7] All this enables us to understand the place in Exodus according to which 'a mixed multitude' also left Egypt with the Jews."

"In Egypt, the scoundrels' scheme succeeded only about halfway," he finished. "The Egyptians became masters of the situation at the last moment and sent the 'mixed multitude' to the devil, together with the Jews. There must have been a dreadful struggle. The slaughter of the firstborn reveals that clearly enough. Just as they have done with us, the Jews had won the great lower stratum of the population for themselves — 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' — until one night they sent out the order, 'Down with the bourgeois! Kill them, the dogs!' But things didn't turn out so well as they had expected. That portion of the Egyptian nation that had remained patriotic turned the tables and booted Moses, Cohn, and Levi out of the country, followed by the inhabitants whom they had incited. During this exodus, they carried along as much stolen booty as they could manage, the Bible reports with satisfaction. It also reports, in no uncertain terms, that the Egyptians were glad to be rid of them.[8] The best, though, was the reward the Jews gave their stupid accomplices. Suddenly they began calling them 'rabble,'[9] whereas formerly they had called them 'comrade' and pretended to love them. Imagine the faces these deluded ones must have made in the desert when they heard this."

"The murder of seventy-five thousand Persians, in the Book of Esther, no doubt had the same Bolshevist background." I answered. "The Jews certainly didn't accomplish that all by themselves."

"No more," he confirmed, "than the dreadful bloodbath over half the Roman Empire, which took place during the reign of Emperor Trajan. Hundreds of thousands of non-Jewish nobles in Babylonia, in Cyrenaica, in Egypt, and on Cyprus butchered like cattle, most of them after the most abominable torture![10] And today the Jews still rejoice over that. 'If only the various centers of rebellion had cooperated,' triumphs the Jew, Graetz, 'then perhaps they would have already been able to give the Roman colossus its death blow at that time.' "[11]

"The Jews call our Sedan Day[12] celebration barbarous," I remarked. "But they find entirely in order the fact that, year in and year out, they still, after all this enormous time, celeb-

[6]Exodus 12:7-13, 29-30.

[7]James K. Hosmer, *The Jews* (New York, 1885), p. 272. [Editor]

[8]Exodus 12:35-36; Psalms 105:38.

[9]In the translation from the Hebrew of Exodus 12:38, that word which is rendered in the King James version as "mixed multitude" appears in the German Bible as *"Pöbelvolk,"* meaning "rabble." [Editor]

[10]In volume two, chapter 16 (page 384 of the 1783 London edition) of his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Edward Gibbon reports: "From the reign of Nero to that of Antoninus Pius, the Jews discovered a fierce impatience of the dominion of Rome, which repeatedly broke out in the most furious massacres and insurrections. Humanity is shocked at the recital of the horrid cruelties which they committed in the cities of Egypt, of Cyprus, and of Cyrene, where they dwelt in treacherous friendship with the unsuspecting natives.... In Cyrene they massacred 220,000 Greeks; in Cyprus, 240,000; in Egypt, a very great multitude. Many of these unhappy victims were sawed asunder, according to a precedent to which David had given the sanction of his example. The victorious Jews devoured the flesh, licked up the blood, and twisted the entrails like a girdle round their bodies." [Ed.]

[11]Heinrich Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden von den Ältesten Zeiten* (Breslau, 1853).

[12]September 2. Sedan was the site of the great Prussian victory in the Franco-Prussian war, on this day in 1870. [Editor]

rate in the synagogues their heroic deed concerning the seventy-five thousand Persians, in the feast of *Purim.*"

"None of this evidence seems to make any impression on us, however," he said dryly. "One would think us deaf and blind.

"Before the first clash with the Egyptians, the head scoundrel, the modest Joseph, had things pretty well prepared: The seven lean cows, all the granaries filled, the people raging with hunger, the reigning Pharaoh a perfect flunky of the Jews, and Joseph, with a corner on the grain supply, 'ruler over all the land'![13] All the lamentations of the Egyptians were in vain; the Jew held the warehouse closed with an iron fist until they, in return for a bit of bread, were obliged to give away first their money, then their cattle and their land, and finally their freedom. And suddenly the capital was swarming with Jews; old Jacob was there, and 'his sons, and his sons' sons with him, his daughters, and his sons' daughters, and all his seed' — the entire hodgepodge.[14] And Joseph 'wept a good while' for joy. Afterward, he said to his brothers: 'ye shall eat the fat of the land,' and 'the good of all the land of Egypt is yours.'[15]

"But some time after this glorious Egyptian citizen of the Jewish faith, one hundred and ten years old, had died, the old Pharaoh also passed away and was succeeded by another Pharaoh, who 'knew not Joseph,' and, seeing the multitude of Jews, who meanwhile had grown very powerful, he became quite frightened. He feared lest: 'when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies';[16] thus he was smarter than Wilhelm II,[17] who hoped for their support. The Jews must work, he decided. In all seriousness, *work.* 'Unmerciful,' wailed the Jewish chronicler. No wonder that they breathed vengeance. After all, for what did one have the *Pöbelvolk,* if not to do the work?

"By now, the Egyptians had forgotten dear Joseph, who was dead and gone; but there was no lack of others on whom to blame the state of affairs, namely, the landowners, the industrialists, the bourgeois. According to the Jews, no one else was responsible. 'Proletarians of all countries, unite!' And the masses believed it and turned on their own flesh and blood for the sake of the 'chosen people,' who had brought on all their distress in the first place. But to us they touchingly read aloud in school the beautiful story of Joseph and his brothers. No doubt many teachers 'wept a good while.' It's enough to drive one to despair."

He paused with a dark look at the Book of Hate.

[13]Genesis 41:43.
[14]Genesis 46:7.
[15]Genesis 45:18, 20.

[16]Exodus 1:6-10.
[17]Emperor William II of Germany, who abdicated in 1918 after the Marxist-Jewish revolution in Germany led to the crumbling of her war effort and the loss of World War I. [Editor]

II

"And so it goes, through the entire Old Testament," he began again. "Indeed, I'm telling you nothing new, but we must bring it home to ourselves as often as possible in order to be able to negate the constant hypocritical babble. Really, the Book of Joshua should suffice; such a thing of uninterrupted genocide, of bestial cruelty, of shameless rapacity and cold-blooded cunning — Hell incarnate! And everything in the name of Jehova, in fact, according to his express wish! When the city of Jericho fell victim to the Jews through the treachery of the harlot Rahab, neither man nor beast, neither young nor old remained among the living; only the harlot was spared. She and her whole, noble family were rewarded with the privilege of living in Israel.[18] And what good-natured peoples they were who, one after another, were completely exterminated! Delitzsch, who has thoroughly investigated that period, writes, for example, about the Canaanites: on all the hills, under every shady tree, they rendered adoration and reverence to the sun god and to the salutary goddess Aschera; and he compares

[18]Joshua 6:25.

this beautiful, poetic custom with the pious way of our Catholic villagers, serving the Almighty in remote mountain chapels."[19]

"Joshua alone," I emphasized, "was responsible for the massacre of thirty-one kings, with all their people. Among those nations exterminated in these predatory raids were several who had yielded themselves trustingly to him. Each time the sinister words, 'let none survive,' were heard. I am inclined to believe that the *Pöbelvolk*, or at least their descendants, must have still been the obedient shock troops of the Jews, not because the work was so atrocious, but because the children of Israel have always let deluded gentiles do their dirty work, particularly where danger was involved. Besides, they would not have been strong enough to subdue the peoples to whom they were opposed, without the bellicose enthusiasm of their brutalized comrades.

"Of particular interest is the evident satisfaction with which the Jews have deliberately enumerated each of the slain kings. One is reminded of the prophet Isaiah. In one place, he raves as if possessed: 'The Lord is angry at all the gentiles; he will deliver them to the slaughter; their land will become burning pitch; it will become a wasteland, soaked with their blood; there will be no nobles in the land; their princes will die out.'[20] Between Isaiah and Joshua were hundreds of years, but in that whole time the infernal rage of the Jews against non-Jewish royalty hadn't changed a bit."

"And in all eternity nothing will change," he proceeded, "so far as the attitude of the Jews toward our kings and our leaders is concerned. To destroy them is their eternal aim, and when they can't accomplish this by force, then they will use cunning. Whenever we have a strong leadership, the Jews are obliged to keep their noses clean. Our leadership can be truly strong, however, only if it is based completely in our people; only if it concerns itself with the welfare of the least among them just as much as with that of the wealthiest of them; only if, in the firm conviction of its own worth, it bars every alien influence from the beginning; only if it is not merely *national*, but is also *social*, down to its very bones. No matter what others may say, I assert this: a time will come when all the elite nations of the world will have such a leadership; and then everyone will be astonished to see that, instead of grating on one another as has previously been the case, they will treat one another with respect and consideration. For then there will be no more whipping up of land greed, of an itching for power, of suspicion — sentiments which exist in unmixed form only in the isolated few, and not in the more trusting general populace, anyhow. There will be an end to the lying praise of an indiscriminate human brotherhood, which would be possible, if at all, only under the supposition that one had from the first excluded that eternal mischief-maker, the Jew. But had this been done, there would be no need to push the universal brotherhood idea; the various peoples would find themselves compatible of their own accord."

[19]Friedrich Delitzsch, *Die Grosse Täuschung: Kritische Betrachtungen zu den alttestamentlichen Berichten über Israels Eindringen in Kanaan, die Gottesoffenbarung vom Sinai, und die Wirksamkeit der Propheten* (Stuttgart, 1920).

[20]Isaiah 34.

III

"Tell me," I interrupted him; "strictly speaking, do you consider the Jew to be national, or international?"

"Neither," was the answer. "One who really feels international has as much regard for the rest of the world as he does for his own nation. Were our so-called international swarms really like that—fine. But I fear that they are secretly more concerned with the attitude of the rest of the world toward themselves than with their own atitude toward the world. Internationalism requires basically good intentions. But the Jew fundamentally and completely lacks these. He hasn't the remotest idea of classifying himself with the rest of humanity. His aim is to dominate others in order to extort from them at his leisure. Were he really interested in comradeship, he has had the longest and most abundant

opportunity for it. Jehova's command to him to make no alliances with foreign peoples, but, on the contrary, to devour one after the other, went straight to his heart.[21] Everywhere one greeted him with cordiality, at first: in ancient Egypt, in Persia, in Babylonia, in Europe; the cloven hoof appeared everywhere. The early Germanic conquerors found him with a number of arrogated rights and made no move to dispossess him of these. He was allowed to do business wherever and however he wanted, even in the slave trade, toward which he has always been peculiarly inclined. Like everyone else, he could hold public office, including the magistracy; and his so-called religion was protected by the state. Thus wrote Otto Hauser, who is an excellent source of fascinating illuminations regarding the Jews."[22]

"I should say so!" I nodded. "One must partake of him with caution though, otherwise one may not see the black forest for the 'blond' trees.[23] On the whole, I prefer Werner Sombart, even though his Berlin lectures swarm with Jews."

"Now, he says the same thing!" he cried. "According to him the Jews were by no means always second-class citizens. In antiquity one even found them often with special privileges which absolved them from certain duties, such as military service.[24] It was never their strong side to risk armed conflict. In the War of Liberation,[25] the Jews of Deutsch-Krone, in Pomerania, sent a petition to the king, requesting permission to remain home from the campaign in return for money. In this petition they argued that ten thousand *talers* would be of much more use in the war effort than the frankly questionable fighting ability of a Jew. The petition was accepted, not only from them but also from the Jews of five more of the seven Prussian districts."[26]

"Yes, I know that place in Hauser," I added; "it is authentic. He also quotes there from *Mayer's Encyclopedia*, however, a statement which calmly claims that the Jews, through their heroic spirit in the War of Liberation, proved themselves as worthy German citizens."

"Just as they did in the World War," he winked expressively. "If I had my way, I'd require placards to be hung in all the schools, at every street corner, and in every public room, on which would be printed nothing but Schopenhauer's description of the Jews: 'Great masters of the lie'![27] There is no better description. And it applies without exception to every Jew equally, whether high or low, stock exchange tycoon or rabbi, baptized or circumcised. Our servile people! Provoked for thousands of years! And the innocents are taken in again and again by this blatant swindle. It is understandable that they become surly with the Jews, but only after the latter have shamelessly abused their naive good nature and plundered them to the skin with their usury and fraud. And that has been the case everywhere: in the old Roman Empire, in Egypt, in Asia, later in England, Italy, France, Poland, Holland, Germany, and even, as Sombart writes, 'in the Iberian peninsula, where the Jews have experienced so many blessings'!

"And the game they're playing today, they have been at for two thousand years," he continued. "I think that suffices to characterize the nature of Jewish internationalism. Now we still have left to consider the national feeling of the Jews. Naturally not that of the one for Germany, of the other for England, and so on. Not many mice are to be caught with that bait any longer. 'Send me a box full of German soil, so that I can at least symbolically defile the accursed country,' wrote the German Jew Börne;[28] and Heinrich Heine sniffed out Germany's future from a toilet bowl.[29] The physicist, Einstein, whom the Jewish publicity agents celebrate as a second Kepler, explained he would have nothing to do with German nationalism. He considered 'deceitful' the custom of the Central Association of German Citizens of Jewish Faith[30] of concerning themselves only with the religious interests of the Jews and not

[21]Exodus 34:12; Deuteronomy 7:16.

[22]Otto Hauser, *Geschichte des Judentums* (Weimar, 1921), p. 251.

[23]Hauser distinguishes "light" or "blond" men, or, as he says, men of noble race, from "dark" or "black" men of inferior race. Wherever he has occasion to mention a blond Jew in his book, he praises him to the sky. For my part, I have met some of the greatest rascals among blond Jews.

[24]Werner Sombart, *Die Juden und das Wirtschaftsleben* (Leipzig, 1911), p. 356.

[25]Against Napoleon Bonaparte, 1813-1815. [Editor]

[26]Hauser, *op. cit.*, p. 376.

[27]Arthur Schopenhauer, *Parerga und Paralipomena* II, § 174.

[28]Ludwig Börne (alias Löb Baruch), *Briefe aus Paris* (Hamburg, 1832), I.

[29]Heinrich (alias Chaim) Heine, *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen* (1844).

[30]*Zentralverein deutscher Staatsbürger jüdischen Glaubens.* [Editor]

with their racial community also. A rare bird? No, only one who believed his people already safely in control, and thus considered it no longer necessary to keep up pretenses. In the Central Assocation itself, the mask has already fallen. A Dr. Brünn frankly admitted there that the Jews could have no German national spirit.[31] We always mistake their unprincipled exertions to accomodate themselves to all and everyone for impulses of the heart. Whenever they see an advantage to be gained by adopting a certain pose, they never hesitate, and certainly wouldn't let ethical considerations stand in their way. How many Galician Jews have first become Germans, then Englishmen, and finally Americans! And every time in the twinkling of an eye. With startling rapidity they change their nationality back and forth, and wherever their feet touch, there resounds either the 'Watch on the Rhine,' or the 'Marsellaise,' or 'Yankee Doodle.' Dr. Heim does not once question the fact that our Warburgs, our Bleichröders, or our Mendelssohns are able to transfer their patriotism as well as their residence of today to London or to New York on the morrow. 'On the sands of Brandenburg an Asiatic horde!' Walther Rathenau once blurted out about the Berlin Jews.[32] He forgot to add that the same horde is on the Isar, the Elbe, the Main, the Thames, the Seine, the Hudson, the Neva, and the Volga. And all of them with the same deceit toward their neighbors. Our charmers and wizards, however, distinguish between respectable and not-so-respectable, between settled and newly immigrated, between western and eastern Jews; and if worse comes to worst, they shrug their shoulders and mutter, 'Every country has the Jews it deserves.' It means nothing to them that it was a Jew who coined this fine-sounding phrase. Nor that in the case of Germany, considering the quality of the Jews we have 'deserved,' it becomes a resounding slap in the face. 'All Israel stands openly in the British camp!' announced the American union leader, Samuel Gompers, in 1916. And that includes the German Jews too, as the American, Ford, well knew. He has written of the faithlessness of the so-called 'German' Jews toward the country where they live, of the fact that they have united themselves with the rest of the world's Jews toward the ruin of Germany. 'Why?' jeers the Jew. 'Because the German is a vulgar scoundrel, a backward, medieval creature, who hasn't the faintest idea of our worth. And we should help such rabble? No, he has the Jews he deserves!' Such arrogance is indeed staggering to behold."

I reminded him of Russia. "Before the revolution, the Jews condemned her as a downright sewer of vileness, even though they were the evident vermin in that sewer; now, the same Jews are at the helm, and, wuppdiwupp, the same Russia is a great nation."

"In the year 1870," he rejoined, "we Germans had the privilege of being a great people. The Jews considered that the time had arrived for replacing the French emperor, who had become undependable, with a pliable president. This also seemed an excellent opportunity to establish the Commune;[33] thus the 'heroic German people.' No wonder that right behind our princes and generals, a pack of gesticulating Jewish financiers rode into Paris. Meanwhile, though, we have sunk back down into the pack again. The press, 'that select tool of the Antichrist,' as Bismarck called it, has designated us as 'Boches' and as 'Huns.' But have patience! The more quickly we approach Bolshevism, the more glorious we will become again. And one fine day it will be the English and the French who are the scoundrels. One doesn't need spectacles to see that. 'I am a British subject but, first and foremost, a Jew,' screamed a Hebrew years ago in a large English-Jewish newspaper.[34] And another: 'Whoever has to choose between his duties as an Englishman and as a Jew must choose the latter.'[35] And a third: 'Jews who want to be both patriotic Englishmen and good Jews are simply living lies.'[36] That they could venture things of that sort so openly indicates how overrun with Jews England already was then."

"The stronghold of European Jewry had its origin in the period between Cromwell and Edward VII," I emphasized. "Since then, however,

[31]Artur Brünn, *Im Deutschen Reich* (the periodical of the *Zentralverein*) 1913, No. 8.

[32]Walther Rathenau, *Berliner Kulturzentren*, 1913. Rathenau was a Jewish war profiteer in World War I and later a minister in the Weimar government. He was executed by German patriots in 1922. [Ed.]

[33]A Jew-controlled, socialist government of Paris which lasted only from March 18 to May 27, 1871, but which was responsible for thousands of horribly atrocious murders during this brief period. [Editor]

[34]M. J. Wodeslowsky, *Jewish World*, January 1, 1909.

[35]Joseph Cohen, *Jewish World*, November 4, 1913.

[36]*Jewish Chronicle*, December 10, 1911.

the center of Jewish activity seems to have been transferred to America. They have had a good footing there for a long time. Sombart maintains that it was Jewish money which made the first two voyages of Coumbus possible.[37] A Jew, Luis de Torres, is supposed to have been the first European to step on American soil. And, topping everything else, the Jews have recently claimed Columbus himself as one of them."

"That's not surprising," he laughed. "Everyone who has somehow played a role in the world, the dear Lord included, is a Jew. They even have Goethe and Schopenhauer on their list. And blessed be he who believes it. For my part, I contest them Columbus as well as Torres; ocean travel was much more hazardous then than now."

"According to Hauser," I replied, "Columbus was an Aryan, perhaps even of German descent."

"It's all the same to me," he responded. "As far as I'm concerned, he could have been a Zulu. I'd sooner attribute his deed to a Negro than to a Jew."

"Completely aside from that, it's clear that they have had America by the throat for quite a while," I continued. "No country, writes Sombart, displays more of a Jewish character than the United States.[38] We have already seen a consequence of this in the World War. In 1915, at a time when the true Americans hadn't the slightest thought of a war against us and, in fact, were so disposed toward us that any indication of a possible conflict of interest could have been smoothly and amicably settled, a secret advisory committee met with President Wilson for the sole purpose of preparing the country for war against Germany.[39] And who was the chief wire-puller in these nefarious activities, which were set into motion a full two years before the engagement of the United States in the war? The previously unknown Jew, Bernard Baruch. 'I believed that the war would come, long before it came,' he later calmly explained to the special committee of Congress which confirmed all this. And no one got up and beat the crafty scoundrel to a pulp."

"The resolution of the Jewish high command many years ago to unleash the World War is well authenticated," he said. "At the sixth Zionist Congress in Basel, in 1903, the president, Max Nordau, proclaimed: 'Herzl knows that we stand before a tremendous upheaval of the whole world.'[40] Good old Herzl! What an idealist! Our charmers and wizards were filled with awe at the thought of this noble patriarch. The scoundrel knew, however, what his filthy people had in mind for us!"

"But Herzl was a Zionist," I interjected.

"He was a Jew!" he said, striking the table with his fist. "The word *Jew* says everything. There is no need for any further distinction! 'God's chosen people' want to have their own 'God's country' again. Catch that: 'again'! God's people and God's country, neither of which, in reality, ever existed! Every portrayal ridicules for its depravity that general state of affairs which existed for some six hundred years in Palestine, till the Assyrians put an end to the mischief. Can you call that a country?

[37]Sombart, *op. cit.*, pp. 32-33.

[38]*Ibid.*, p. 39.

[39]Five years after *Der Bolschewismus* was written —on June 2, 1928—an article appeared in *Liberty* magazine, by the former head of the United States Secret Service, William J. Flynn, detailing the previously secret intrigues of Wilson, Baruch, *et al.* in 1915 to engage the United States in the World War. But these treacherous proceedings pale into insignificance when compared to the activities of the Zionist Jews in 1916, following the negotiations between the British Government and world Jewry which led to the Balfour Declaration of 1917.

In a pamphlet published in London, in March, 1936, by the New Zion Press and entitled *Great Britain, The Jews, and Palestine,* Samuel Landman, the well-known Zionist, states that these negotiations led to a "*quid pro quo* contract" in which world Jewry agreed to use its influence to bring America into the war on Britain's side in return for Britain's guarantee that Palestine would be handed over to the Jews. He says that, once the negotiations were complete, "the change in official and public opinion as reflected in the American press in favor of joining the Allies in the War was as gratifying as it was surprisingly rapid." (A photocopy of the original is available upon request.)

Eckart, of course, did not know the full story of these arrangements in 1923. [Editor]

[40]Litman Rosenthal, *American Jewish News,* September 19, 1919. Rosenthal, writing in reminiscence of his attendance at the 1903 conference, blatantly lays bare the eager Jewish anticipation of a world war, eleven years before the fact. Nordau's speech continues ". . . let me tell you the following words as if I were showing you the rungs of a ladder leading upward and upward: Herzl, the Zionistic Congress, the English Uganda proposition, *the future world war,* the peace conference where with the help of England a free and Jewish Palestine will be created." (A photocopy of the original is available upon request.) [Editor]

Can't one accept the Old Testament as the authority on the matter? First we read of the uninterrupted murders and plunderings of the other peoples of Palestine, which, naturally, took many years. Then right up to the last, with the most abominable vileness, one state of anarchy followed another. The pinnacle, the flowering, the glory of Jewish statesmanship, namely, King David, was such a rascal that even the unprecedented villainy of the letter condemning Uriah was not enough for him; on his deathbed he urged his son to murder his old war comrade, Joab.

"When Cyrus gave the Jews permission to return to Palestine [from their Babylonian 'captivity'] the overwhelming majority ignored Zion and remained in immeasurably rich Babylonia. Completely content there, they continued their financial speculations and other activities."

"In the year 1267," I informed him, "there were only two Jewish residents in Jerusalem. Up to the World War, the number of Jews in all Palestine had grown to only 120,000,[41] even though they had been free to return there since ancient times and certainly weren't lacking travel expenses. The remaining twenty or so millions — exactly how many is difficult to ascertain, since the Jews themselves do the counting — fatten themselves upon the sweat of others all over the world. It is hard to understand how tiny Palestine can hope to accomodate this enormous crowd."

"That's not necessary," he retorted. "The point is that it is now official. Israel has remembered itself. Its chains are cast aside. The sun of a new God's state rises over Zion. What an act! Finally liberated from bondage! Everyone is numbed with awe. The Jews grin."

"They have already issued a resolution . . . ," I wanted to continue.

"Yes indeed," he cried, "if anywhere, this is where the cat jumps out of the bag! The resolution of the Pan-Jewish Conference of 1919, in Philadelphia! 'The Jews are citizens of the new Jewish state of Palestine, but at the same time they have complete rights of citizenship of whatever countries they choose to live in.' One must read that *non plus ultra* of arrogance twice, indeed, a hundred times, in order to be sure one isn't dreaming. Imagine instead: 'The English are citizens of Great Britain. Each Englishman who chooses to live in Germany or France or Italy retains all his rights of English citizenship, but at the same time he has the complete rights of citizenship of the country in which he is living.' Now ask yourself what a scream of indignation, not we or the French or the Italians, but the Jews themselves would raise if the English people had actually made such a resolution! The Pan-Jewish Congress, however, issued its resolution as categorically as a command.

"This assembly comprised representatives of all the Jews of the world, including the Zionists. Their intentions were, in short, that the Jews should stay where they were and that the new Zion should simply have the purpose, first, to strengthen their political backbone, second, to gratify their arrogance, and last but most important, to provide them a state where they could carry on their dirty business without fear of detection.

"I think we can form a pretty good idea of Jewish nationalism from this."

"Okay. So they are neither national nor international," I acknowledged. "What, then?"

"In terms of our customary concepts," he shrugged, "it really can't be defined. It is a rank growth over the whole earth, sometimes advancing slowly, sometimes leaping ahead in great bounds. Everywhere it sucks voraciously at the lifeblood of the planet. What was in the beginning a swollen abundance will become in the end nothing but dried-up sap. Zionism is the visible, surface aspect. It is connected underground to the rest of the monstrous growth.

"And nowhere is there to be found a trace of opposition to this thing."

"One might say," I laughed, "that the wolves have split themselves into two packs. It has been agreed that one of these shall abandon the land of the sheep in order to go live somewhere, quite among themselves, as pure vegetarians."

[41]Hauser, *op. cit.*, pp. 484, 491.

IV

"There is one thing above all others which we must always keep in mind," he thundered, "one thing of which we must always remind ourselves: 'Great masters of the lie'! One need only forget Schopenhauer's words for an instant in order to begin slipping under the influence of their deceptions. To be sure, we also lie but, in the first place, not as a matter of habit and, in the second place, clumsily. Any really experienced judge of human nature is able to detect the lie of an Aryan, even a very shrewd one. Sherlock Holmes himself, however, would be at a loss when confronted with the Jewish cold-bloodedness in deception. A Jew is only embarrassed when he inadvertently blurts out the truth. If he should happen to deliberately tell the truth, it is always with a mental reservation, thus making a lie even of the truth."

"Indeed, Luther," I replied, "said to the Jews: 'You are not German, but a deceiver; not a Frenchman, but a faker.'[42] His synonym for Jew was 'liar'!"

"That's what everyone who knows them says of them," he rejoined, "from the Pharaohs up to Goethe and our time. It has been said in every dead and living language: in Greek, Latin, Persian, Turkish, German, English, French, or what have you. One would hope that these universal condemnations, throughout the whole world, would give our charmers and wizards at least a little to think about. God forbid! Not even Christ was able to reach them. He stood there among the cringing Jewish rabble, his eyes flashing, the very image of scorn, and his words fell among them like whiplashes:

> Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar and the father of it.[43]

But to our charmers and wizards that means no more than the unintelligible stammering of a child."

"They delude themselves by believing that to be only a stern but well-meaning lecture of the Lord to his beloved people of Israel," I underscored his irony.

"Christ," he continued with a raised voice, "was never other than perfectly straightforward and frank. God, not to feel the fact that there two fundamentally different worlds opposed one another! In Palestine after the Babylonian captivity there was a great lower stratum of non-Jews ruled over by Jewish moneylenders, powerful through their usury. One can read that in the Book of Nehemiah [especially in chapter five—Ed.]. Sombart says that it leaves absolutely nothing to be desired in the way of clarity.[44] The outstanding point is that the real population, composed of oppressed peasants, was of an entirely different race than the Hebrews. Gradually the Jews forced their religion on them. Christ himself growled about that: 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte . . . .'[45] To the Jews, Galilee was the land of gentiles, whose population 'sat in darkness,' as they impudently imagined.[46] They said: 'Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?' and 'Art thou also of Galilee? Search, and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet.'[47] The Hebrews were so firmly convinced of the non-Jewish ancestry of Christ that they counted him among the especially hated Samaritans.[48] We live and learn! There are many more such examples."

"One could hardly recommend a better policy than that which lets each man find salvation in his own fashion," I stressed. "The tacit assumption in that policy, though, is that each man's fashion should involve some sort of decent sentiment, some genuine belief, and not just a contemptible Phariseeism. This distinction should have been expressly emphasized, long ago. It wasn't, and the religion of the moneychanger has received the benefit of this misguided tolerance. Christ was not so tolerant. With a whip he put a stop to the business of the children of the devil, even though he had said, 'Love your enemy'!"

[42]Martin Luther, *Von den Juden und ihren Lügen.* Luther's words are more poetic in German: *"Du bist nicht ein Deutscher, sondern ein Täuscher; nicht ein Welscher, sondern ein Fälscher."* [Editor]

[43]John 8:44.

[44]Sombart, *op. cit.*, p. 371.

[45]Matthew 23:15.

[46]Matthew 4:15-16.

[47]John 1:46; 7:52.

[48]John 8:48.

"Yes," he replied, "but we must understand what Christ meant by 'enemy.' We can love an honorable and decent enemy, even a brutal one, who is frank and forthright in his enmity. And at the same time we can beware of him. But Christ never dreamed that we should clasp pure beasts to our hearts, that we should love men whom no love whatever could dissuade from their implacable determination to poison us, body and soul. Indeed, he himself did not do that. On the contrary, he continued to strike with his whip as hard as he could. And the words that he flung with indignation into the faces of the rabble breathed of irreconcilability itself. To me, he acted very properly in the founding of his religion; there was very little contradiction between his sermons and his deeds! Why, then, have the 'pious' never followed his example? They least of all. They mercilessly persecute even their decent adversaries —as a matter of fact, *only* their decent adversaries. Their eyes remain closed to the most cunning bunch of swindlers in existence. The Bavarian People's Party, for instance, knows quite well that we are defending the Christian foundations of our nation without mental reservations. They also know, however, that we can make no common cause with them as long as they adhere to their present policies. And so they turned to the Jews, hoping to remain in power with their help. They surprised themselves. Dripping with friendliness at first, the Jews turned on them murderously when they had gotten the upper hand."

"That was inevitable," I agreed with him. "Fortunately, the Jews would not be able to provide us with that same sort of dreadful experience, for we do not betray and murder our own flesh and blood for the sake of profit. So far as we are concerned, the Bavarian People's Party could even remain in office, provided they clean the manure out of their pigsty and perceive the correctness of our views. We are not willing to tear ourselves apart just for power. But we want Germanism, we want genuine Christianity, we want order and propriety, and we want these things so firmly established that our children and grandchildren can remain satisfied with them."

"They consider that impossible," he said, "and therefore they consider our program nothing but empty phrases, of no more sincerity than the empty phrases with which they consciously try to peddle themselves to the people. But our goals are not only possible, they are certain, even if we don't attain them tomorrow. But first a beginning must be made. So far, never and nowhere has there been a truly social state. Everywhere and always the upper crust has leaned much more strongly to the principle, 'what is yours, is mine,' than to, 'what is mine, is yours.' These wise ones have only themselves to blame for the fact the lower stratum, full of rage, now is committing the same error. The Jew is able to take advantage of both these groups. One of them provides for his affairs, the other carries them out. Therefore, we oppose them both. We will put an end to unfair privileges as well as to slavery."

"Decidedly," I replied. "Our front stands against both left and right. A strange situation; from two directions we must ward off attackers who also fight one another. The Reds scream at us as reactionaries, and to the reactionaries we are Bolsheviks. From both sides the Jew directs the attack on us. The lower stratum doesn't see him yet and, thus, hates us from sheer stupidity; the upper stratum sees him but thinks it can serve its own selfish purposes with him and, thus, shoots us in the back more from unscrupulousness than stupidity. One really needs a good deal of faith under such circumstances in order to maintain one's courage."

"Which we have, God be thanked, in a hundred ways," he said, laughing, as he stretched himself. "No words were spoken more directly to our hearts than 'Be not afraid'![49] And that was supposed to have been said by a Jew? Those creatures of eternal fear? Crazy!"

[49]Matthew 28:10.

V

"Every time new and promising opportunities for meddling have arisen," he brought out, "the Jew has been immediately involved. He has demonstrated an uncanny ability to sniff out like a bloodhound anything which was dangerous to him. Having found it, he uses all his cunning to get at it, to divert it, to change its nature, or, at least, to deflect its point from its goal. Schopenhauer called the Jew 'the dregs of mankind,' 'a beast,' 'the great master of the lie.' How does the Jew respond? He establishes a Schopenhauer Society. Likewise, the Kant Society is his work, in spite of the fact that—or, rather, *because*—Kant summarily declared the Jewish people to be a 'nation of swindlers.'[50] The same with the Goethe Society. 'We tolerate no Jews among us,' said Goethe.[51] 'Their religion permits them to rob non-Jews,' he wrote.[52] 'This crafty race has one great principle: as long as order prevails, there is nothing to be gained,' he continued.[53] He categorically emphasized: 'I refrain from all cooperation with Jews and their accomplices.'[54] All in vain; the Jewish Goethe Society is still there. It would be there even if he himself had expressly forbidden such knavery."

"With exactly the same right," I interjected, "the two of us could join a Talmud Society. What impudence that would require! Inconceivable."

"Not to the Jew," he replied. "To him impudence has no meaning. He is only able to think in terms of advantage or disadvantage, profit or loss. One must approach him with a different sort of measuring stick."

"Our charmers and wizards," I rejoined, "all fall for their trick. Goethe, Kant, Schopenhauer seem to be nothing but babblers to them."

"Bah, Goethe!" he interrupted contemptuously. "Not even the saintly Thomas Aquinas is able to reach these people. The great father of the Church has described in his writings our relationship with the Jews in terms of a voyage on a ship. The Jews, embarked on the same vessel with the Christians, play a characteristic role: while the Christians are occupied with sailing the ship, the Jews plunder the storeroom and bore holes in the hull. St. Thomas recommends that they should be relieved of their booty and chained to the rudder. What an atrocity! How un-Christian! Poor Jews! One can learn so much from them! At least, according to Drs. Heim and Schweyer. And so the world goes on, governed with the same wisdom as in the time of Joseph's Pharaoh."

"Namely, by statesmen," I completed, "who are so busy ruling that they completely fail to notice that not they but others actually rule; by men like Czar Nicholas, who indulged himself in the same self-deception and got a bullet in the head for it. As early as 1843 Disraeli gave us a hint of what we should expect there. 'The mysterious Russian diplomacy is organized by Jews,' he boasted. Also, 'the mighty revolution which is in the making in Germany is evolving entirely under the leadership of Jews.' "[55]

"Most of our revolutions," he said, "whether initially with desirable goals or not, have evolved under Jewish leadership. The revolutions of vulgar predisposition were, for the most part, the work of Jews; and those with loftier tendencies were soon subverted into a darker course by Jews. In the case of the struggling young Christianity, for example, the Jews, quick as a flash, began hanging onto its coattails. Consider Paul, properly called Schaul, who was a rabbinical student. That Schaul first chose the Roman-sounding name, Saulus, and then had himself renamed Paulus gives cause for thought. Still more, the fact that in the beginning he persecuted the fledgling Christian community with first-rate ferocity. I don't know: mass murderers who later become saints —is that not too much of a marvel? Indeed, the Jew Weininger supposed that Christ had also originally been a criminal.[56] But, my God, a Jew could say that a hundred times, and it still need not be true on that account.

"As a Jew, Paul certainly knew that of all

[50]Immanuel Kant, *Anthropologie in pragmatischer Hinsicht* (Königsberg, 1798).

[51]Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre.*

[52]Goethe, *Das Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweiler.*

[53]*Ibid.*

[54]Goethe, *Tag- una Jahresfeste.*

[55]Benjamin Disraeli, *Conningsby* (London, 1844).

[56]Otto Weininger, *Geschlecht und Charakter* (Vienna and Leipzig, 1903).

the peoples of the world the Jews, first and foremost, needed their souls saved. 'Go not . . . to the Gentiles, . . . but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' demanded Christ.[57] Paul ignored it. He went to the Greeks and the Romans and brought them his 'Christianity.' A 'Christianity' with which the Roman Empire became unhinged. 'All men are equal! Brotherhood! Pacifism! No more privileges!' And the Jew triumphed."

"I always think," I spun the thread further, "of the admirable Herr Levine in the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*.[58] He suddenly burst out one day, as if in rapture: only a Jew could have done that; could have, with Paul's impudence, put himself in the middle of the Capitol and there expounded a doctrine which must bring about the utter ruin of the Roman Empire! That's what the man said, word for word; I still remember it perfectly."

"It certainly hits the nail on the head," he rejoined. "It may be a long time yet before Christianity recovers from Paul. Oh, what gullible souls we are! A Jew murders hundreds of Christians; suddenly he notices that the rest only become even more zealous; the well-known light dawns on him; he pretends to be converted, throws himself into the great pose, and behold: even though he deviates in nearly all his doctrines from the other apostles, we listen devoutly to his sermons. The simple teachings of the Master, which the most childlike mind might comprehend, we must have 'explained' to us by a Hebrew."

"The Jew," I replied, "certainly must be tempted to say, 'Why are you so stupid that you let everyone make fools of you?' And there are many charmers and wizards who, on account of his extraordinary cunning, or 'spirituality' as they call it, look upon him with timid admiration."

"If it depended on mere possessions," he returned, "they would be justified. Someone named Goldstein once boasted that the Jews administer the spiritual property of the German people.[59] A pity that he didn't add *how* they administer it.

"Well, let us be thankful that there will always be men who, for example, will read Goethe through the eyes of Goethe and not through the slimy spectacles of Goldstein. They may not be professors, but perhaps vagabonds of a sort. A breed, anyway, which will not become extinct and through which the original Goethe will be safely preserved. The Jews can then quietly 'administer' the new Goethe. It will not be begrudged them."[60]

"Suppose, however," I interjected anxiously, "the 'vagabonds' also listen credulously to them and fall into the trap?"

"It lies in the nature of the 'vagabond,'" he laughed, "to have a heart so full that it matters not how his head happens to be persuaded; it will always be his heart that determines the outcome. They feel intuitively that which the clever, despite their understanding, are not able to see. And they preserve it. One may deceive their heads, but not even they have authority over their spirits."

[57]Matthew 10:5-6.

[58]I.e., *Berlin Advertiser*, a Berlin newspaper. [Ed.]

[59]Moritz Goldstein, *Kunstwart*, March, 1912.

[60]One is reminded here of what has happened to Wagner in recent years. If Eckart could have foreseen how Wagner's immortal operas would be someday perverted at Bayreuth, he would have been far more distressed than he was over Jewish "interpretations" of Goethe's writing. [Editor]

VI

"And, you see," he pounded on the table, "they alone are to be thanked that at least part of our Christian heritage, as well as our other cultural legacy, has survived administration by the Jews. Where are they? Where were they? Among high and low, among the kings and the soldiers, among the popes and the mendicant friars, among the learned and the illiterate, everywhere. But not among the nothing-but-rich; but not among the nothing-but-clever; but not among the greedy and the insatiable; but not among the *Pöbelvolk*. Here the Jew is at home. Whatever appears here in the way of spiritual possessions he matter-of-factly admin-

isters; it is his own. Just as everything was transformed into gold for King Midas, every deep and meaningful word is turned into filth at his touch. But for the others, for the . . ."

"Vagabonds of the spirit," I threw to him.

"Everything remains as of old," he nodded. "There have been popes of Jewish blood.[61] Also there has seldom or never been a shortage of other dignitaries of the same descent in the Church. Was that which they stood for Catholicism? No, it was Judaism. Let's take just one thing: the selling of indulgences. The very essence of the Jewish spirit. We are both Catholics, but dare we not say that? Are we really supposed to believe that there has never been anything in the Church with which one can find fault? Just because we *are* Catholics, we say it. That has nothing to do with Catholicism. We know that Catholicism would have remained intact even if half the hierarchy had consisted of Jews. A number of sincere men always held it high, though often only secretly, many times even against the pope. Sometimes there were many such men, sometimes few.

"The investigation of the Jew and his activities should have been the alpha and the omega of our historians. Instead, they investigate the bowel movements of the past.

"Karl the Great favored the Jews at every turn. It seems to me that his slaughter of the 4500 Saxons at Verden — the best German blood — and his Jewish advisers had something to do with one another.

"The notorious insanity of the Crusades bled the German people of six million men. Finally the Hohenstaufen, Frederick II, succeeded through mere negotiation, without striking a blow, in securing the Holy Land for Christendom. What did the curia do? Full of hatred, they hurled the ban of excommunication on Frederick and refused to recognize his treaty with the sultan, thus neutralizing his great success. It seems that, to those pulling the strings, the incidental bloodletting was more important than the avowed objective of the Crusades.

"At last came the Children's Crusade. Tens of thousands of children sent against the victorious Turkish army, all to be destroyed. I can't believe that the idea for that absurdity originated in a non-Jewish mind. I am always reminded of the murder of the children of Bethlehem and the slaughter of the Egyptian firstborn. I would give anything for a photograph of the priest who preached that Crusade, and his flunkeys.

"Giordano Bruno called the Jews 'such a pestilential, leprous, and publicly dangerous race that they deserved to be rooted out and destroyed even before their birth.'[62] This genial philosopher was burned at the stake. For his heresy? Opponents of the Church were swarming in Italy during his time, yet he, the most impartial of them, was seized."

"Well, how about now?" I interrupted him. "In Russia one Catholic priest after another is tortured to death by the Jewish beasts; hundreds have already been liquidated; the Church is taking its last gasp; but Rome cannot bring herself to call the child by its real name. Many times she has made a small start in that direction — but only to be immediately squelched. Catholicism wants to speak; Jewry paralyzes its tongue."

"Rome," he replied, "will pull herself together, but only if we pull ourselves together first. And one day it can be said that the Church is whole again."

"Since those who are responsible for the trouble will have been discovered!" I cried. "Since the disguised Hebrew, together with his cuckoo eggs, will have been thrown out of the Christian community! He has set not only the Egyptians but also the Christians against one another so that 'they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbor,' and he is still at this game. He works from the outside, carefully building his pitfalls and making his destructive influence felt in the press. But he also works from the inside, where he is even more dangerous, in the mask of the Christian minister. The Christian confessions swarm with Jewish and half-Jewish clergymen, the Protestant denominations even more so than the Catholic. They already feel so sure of victory in the Protestant churches that in Dresden a certain Pastor Wallfisch had the impudence to announce publicly: 'I am a Jew and will remain one; yes, now that I have learned the Christian beliefs I have become more than

[61]Anacletus II (1130-1138), Innocent II (1130-1143), Calixtus III (1168-1178), Clement VIII (1424-1429), Alexander VI (1492-1503), and even Pius XI (1922-1939). In addition, Gregory VI (1045-1046) and others may have been Jews or part-Jews. Anacletus II, Calixtus III, and Clement VIII are generally classified as antipopes. [Editor]

[62]Giordano Bruno, *Spacio della Bestis Trionfante* (1584).

ever a true Israelite.'[63] And in Hamburg a preacher named Schwalb said: 'I consider myself a genuine Jew and have always considered myself thus.'[64] Where that sort of thing is possible, Christianity might as well let itself be buried.

"Luther's spirit seems to be completely played out among our Protestants. On the question of all questions, the Jewish question, they either hush him completely or try to tone him down. One of the most well meaning among their theologians, Professor Walther, calls Luther's attitude toward the Jews 'so offensive that it must arouse not only confused astonishment among Christians but also great indignation among Jews.' Those Christians with a confused astonishment wouldn't have found themselves in that state if they had not previously let themselves be confused by the Jews. And as for the great indignation of the Hebrews, we are not grieved a bit. Where, by the way, has that indignation been apparent? So far, Israel has been quiet as a mouse about it. They have always praised Luther greatly as the enemy of Rome. Heine began a ceremonious hymn of joy to the Reformer with the words, 'Luther, you dear man.' "

"He had good reason," he jeered. "All Jews have good reason to celebrate Luther and to ignore his anti-Semitism. Without intending to do so, he paved the way for them, and how! The more they extol his authority, the less the world notices his error. That he later cursed them as a pestilence is indeed bitter to them, but — how many people are even aware of his condemnation of the Jews?"

"The Jew Goldmann," I put in, "stated their reason plainly enough. 'Luther has again brought the Old Testament to honor.' "[65]

"Instead of to dishonor," was the reply. "His translation to the German language might have been of some use; as it is, it has grievously damaged the German power of discernment. Lord in heaven, what a halo now surrounds Satan's 'Bible'! Luther's poetry sparkles so that even the incest of Lot's daughters has been given a religious shimmer. Jehova's command to be fruitful and multiply had to be obeyed by these two pious maidens—at any price!"

"Schopenhauer expressed a similar opinion," I confirmed. "He said that if one wants to understand the Old Testament one must read it in the Greek version. There it has an entirely different tone, an entirely different color, with no presentiment of Christianity! Contrasted with the Greek, Luther's translation seems 'pious'; also 'often erroneous, indeed, sometimes intentionally, and delivered throughout in a churchly, edifying tone.' Luther has permitted himself changes 'which one could call forgeries' and so on."[66]

"Not Luther," he raised his finger. "The rabbis who helped him with the entire translation introduced the changes and forgeries. Hebrew is a difficult language. Luther translated a certain word, for example, as 'racial kinsman.' But then the rabbi came and said that the word means 'neighbor.' And so we have the translation: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' rather than, as it should be: 'Love thy racial kinsman as thyself.' A small piece of cunning, but—it served its purpose of giving the Jews the aspect of real humanitarians."

"Yes, even Luther was taken in by the 'chosen people,' " I replied. "He looked upon the Old Testament as divine revelation. He approached the book with infatuation, convinced that it could contain nothing but sheer preciousness. Then he began wading into the vile thing. After a few steps he blinked his eyes, bewildered. He was stunned. That just couldn't be so! It *must* have some other meaning! And so, with perfectly honest intentions, he read between the lines what simply wasn't there. Everywhere he managed to see allusions to Christ, although nothing could be farther from the Jews' actual thoughts on the matter. Their Messiah is no 'lamb's tail,' Heine jeered at Christ, no scorner of earthly existence.[67] On the contrary, their Messiah is a brutal dog who will conquer the earth for his Jews; he is the 'prince of this world.' Page after page it says: 'Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves,' or 'Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for

[63]In his lecture in 1894, entitled *Umpires of the Jewish Question.*

[64]In his farewell sermon in March, 1894.

[65]Nahum Goldmann, the well-known Russian Jewish Zionist who also had the unbelievable audacity to announce that the Jews "no longer recognize the right of any country to consider the question of the treatment of its Jewish population as an internal affair."

[66]Schopenhauer, *loc. cit.*

[67]Heinrich Heine, in his poem "Disputation."

thy possession.' One of these is the statement of a 'divinely inspired' prophet, the other a 'deeply spiritual' psalm.[68]

"Credulously, Luther viewed everything in a rosy light. This became easier for him when, in the middle of the great morass, he came to passages like: 'Ye will have no permanent existence among the nations, and the soles of thy feet shall find no rest,' and 'Ye will be an abomination among all peoples.' Compassion seized him. 'The Jews,' he thought to himself, 'have become untrue to their godly doctrine, but they will again find the way home to it.' It never occurred to him that these direly threatening sermons served only the purpose of holding the Jews to their course.

"On the other hand, many passages of apparently lofty stamp have quite a different purpose; namely, they serve as protective cover. He later recognized this Jewish tactic, but only in the living Hebrews, not in their Bible. 'The Jews desire to make all their affairs ambiguous, so that nothing about them is really certain,' he said. If one belabors them for an especially low-minded passage, they can indignantly point at one which is dripping with loving kindness. Heine, for example, writes an utterly vulgar poem about Germany; five minutes later he is praising 'the dear homeland' to the skies. A matter of changing mood? Oh, dear God! I suppose we are to believe that an old street whore often finds herself in the mood to sing the 'Ave Maria,' or that a basically honest fellow often is in the mood to steal. What nonsense!"

"No, you are right," he said. "The Jew often plays the role of a benefactor of mankind only in order to accomplish his destructive aims without notice. It's always been that way."

"This ambiguity," I completed, "one finds even in Spinoza.[69] One can hardly imagine a bolder, more outspoken world view than his; but his ethics would horrify a pig. 'In all things seek that which is advantageous' is the quintessence of his moral philosophy — the genuine Jewish viewpoint."

"It is the most terrible tragedy," he said sadly, "that Luther bears the responsibility for such a dire development — the consequence of deeds committed in perfect innocence — that today all civilization is in danger of running aground on it. The greatest German the unsuspecting cause of the German collapse; Luther, the mighty opponent of the Jews, the one who most disastrously paved the way for them— incomprehensible, I tell you, incomprehensible. To happen too late by a paltry ten or twenty years! To first become awake to the Jews shortly before his death, when everything had already been determined![70] Previously, body and soul for the traitors! Then the Hebrews had still been 'cousins and brothers of our Lord' to him, while we Christians were only 'brothers-in-law and strangers.' Wringing his hands, he entreated the populace to associate with them in a 'decent and proper' manner. To him they were exalted above the Apostles! The late Erzberger couldn't have carried on more absurdly."[71]

"Only not for an instant as sincerely," I stopped him. "If Luther had been a contemporary of Erzberger, he wouldn't have had to find out about the purpose of Jewish hush-money first, in order to see through Judaism. As early as his student days he would have promptly leaped with both feet into the battle against the devil's brood."

"My God," he immediately returned, "one cannot blame him. A lot has happened in the last four hundred years. But there is one thing to remember: popular instinct was more alert then than nowadays. All along the line mistrust of the Jews was quite firm. Luther was a man of the people, the son of simple folk. His predilection of many years toward the Jews is a bit misleading; one must take into account a certain naivete, a lack of worldliness, the result of his stay in the cloister. The same rule seems to have applied here as elsewhere: too

[68]Isaiah 61:6; Psalms 2:8.

[69]Baruch Spinoza, the greatest Jewish philosopher (1632-1677).

[70]Martin Luther died in 1546. His two principal anti-Semitic writings, *Von den Juden und ihren Lügen* and *Vom Schem Hamphoras,* appeared in 1543. A philo-Semitic tract by him was written in 1523. The modern reader may refer to Walther Linden, *Luthers Kampfschriften gegen das Judentum* (Berlin, 1936), which contains the complete text of *Von den Juden und ihren Lügen* and extracts from *Vom Schem Hamphoras;* or to E.V. von Rudolf, *Dr. Martin Luther Wider die Juden* (Munich, 1940), which has extracts from both. [Editor]

[71]Matthias Erzberger (1875-1921) was a left-wing member of the Catholic Center Party. A collaborator with the Jews and Social Democrats during World War I, he favored the Versailles Treaty and became German vice chancellor in 1919. He was executed for his treasonable activities by German patriots in 1921. [Editor]

much studying ruined his vision. Nevertheless, Luther was a great man, a giant. With a shock which pierced the twilight he saw the Jews as we have only begun to see them today. But, unfortunately, too late, and even then not there, where he had done the most damage—in Christianity. Oh, had he only seen them there; had he only seen them in his youth! Then he would not have attacked Catholicism, but, rather, the Jews behind it! Instead of a wholesale condemnation of the Church, he would have let his whole, passionate impetus fall on the true villains. Instead of glorifying the Old Testament, he would have branded it as the arsenal of the Antichrist. And the Jew—the Jew would have stood there in his abominable nakedness, as an eternal warning. He would have been obliged to get out of the Church, out of society, out of the halls of the princes, out of the castles of the knights and the houses of the citizens. For Luther had the strength and the courage and the overpowering will. It would never have come to the splitting of the Church or to the war which, in accordance with the wishes of the Hebrews, spilled Aryan blood in torrents for thirty long years."

VII

"'And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians: and they shall fight every one against his brother and every one against his neighbor,'" he ground out. "What hatred, what demonic hatred! That's not human; what is it?"

"That, my friend," I joked, "is the 'geniality of the heart' of which the Jew, Fritz Kahn, has spoken, through which 'Israel has become the ethical mother of mankind.' These fellows are really quaint in their impudence. Kahn has called Moses 'an almost unique phenomenon in the history of civilized peoples: a national hero without weapons.' At the same time he reproves us with the remark that 'on stormy nights the distressed wail of widows may be heard around the bronze heroes of our market places,' that is, around our statues of Prince Eugene, Marshal Blücher, and so on. I wonder what he thinks Moses used to massacre the Egyptian firstborn, if not weapons. Gumdrops, perhaps? Or were they smothered to death from sheer love? Apparently we are to believe that the *Pöbelvolk* consisted entirely of baby sitters and wet nurses.

"Well, all these fellows operate the same way at least. They don't even bother to deny anything; instead they flatly maintain exactly the opposite."

"That tactic seems to work quite well with our men of learning," he growled. "The Jews say whatever they please; it is all gospel to our scholars. They wouldn't think of trying to verify anything; the fact that it appears in print is enough for them. A certain Jewess called the *Talmud* 'a grandiose, monumental work of the spirit,' a 'heroic monument of ideas, to which the millennia have given the breath of their experience.'[72] Immediately upon encountering such a gem the German professor whips out his notebook—and the next day his students have devoured and digested the new tidbit. That's the way it goes in our gymnasia. They are all designed, so they say, to turn out nothing but geniuses; instead, one lackey after another is graduated."

"A few hours spent browsing in the *Talmud*," I proceeded, "is quite sufficient to remove any doubt about the Jews. It's understandable that they have only the most inordinate praise for the book. When they peep into it their own peculiar nature peers back out at them. And that, of course, is the greatest source of joy for them. Thus, every Jew is in essence a Talmudist, even if he has never looked at the *Talmud*. It makes no difference when it was written; in fact, it needn't have been written at all. The first Jew comprised all its essential ingredients. The Jewish leaders fully understand that, but they only say it metaphorically. 'The *Talmud* is an unimpeachable authority,' trumpeted the rabbi, Dr. Gronemann, before a Hanover tribunal in 1894. 'The legal doctrines of the *Talmud* have precedence,' a Professor Cohen imperiously told a criminal court in Marburg in 1888. And he added—now pay atten-

[72]Doris Wittner, *Ostjüdische Antlitz*, No. 252 (1920).

tion to this!—that it applied also to non-believing Jews who, however, were none the less still a part of the Jewish community, 'since they acknowledge the moral doctrines of the *Talmud.*' A masterpiece! From time to time the fellows blurt out a real secret in their babbling, but we just don't pay attention. 'Whatever is in the *Talmud* we acknowledge to have absolute precedence over the whole law of Moses,' a group of so-called reform Jews testified in Paris in 1860, with the concurrence of the *Alliance Israelite.* And a rabbi, Dr. Rahmer, has written in *Pierer's Encyclopedia* that the *Schulchan Aruch,* a kind of *Talmud* for home use, has been 'taken on by the Israelitish community as an authoritative guide for religious practice.' Taken on? Such a wag! Pretty soon I'll be 'taking on' the features of Dietrich Eckart."

"Lord," he said, "whoever doesn't become sickened and nauseated upon making a closer acquaintance with the *Talmud* can put himself on display in a circus side show."

"The local side show," I remarked, "has certain limits on the degree of abnormality it will exhibit. The young student from Tübingen who could gulp down half-a-dozen toads with gusto has been its greatest attraction till now. No one, though, has a stomach capable of digesting even this one passage from the *Talmud*: 'Rabbi Johanan said the penis of Rabbi Ishmael was as large as a six-*kab*[73] wineskin. Rabbi Papa said the penis of Rabbi Johanan was as large as a five-*kab* wineskin; according to others, three *kabs.* The penis of Rabbi Papa was as large as one of the baskets of the inhabitants of Harpania.'[74] The high-minded competitive zeal of the three old rabbis could knock an unprepared person off his chair."

"One finds a whole series of such pleasantries in this magnificent example of a religious book," he said disgustedly. "The real clincher, however, is that non-Jewish girls 'who are less than three years and one day old' are considered 'suitable' for rabbis, since Moses had written: 'But all the women children that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves,' namely, for the rabbis.[75]

"The most abominable perversity and the most tedious syllable-thrashing in the same breath. What goes on inside Jewish heads must really be frightful."

"They," I returned, "are of a contrary opinion on that. Otherwise their mirror image, the *Talmud,* wouldn't inform us that 'the Israelites are more pleasing before God than the angels,'[76] or that 'the world was created on behalf of the Israelites alone,' or that 'whoever slaps a Jew in the face has struck God himself,' or that 'the sun illuminates the earth and the rain makes it fertile only because Israelites live on it,' and more of the same sort of modesty."

"I really doubt that there is any medical encyclopedia which contains terms suitable for describing the Jewish megalomania," he said. "But what an incredible talent they have for disguising it!"

"Their book *Sirach,*" I completed, "howls: 'Terrify all peoples; lift your hand up against strangers, that they may see your power. The fire of wrath must burn them. Crush the heads of the princes, who are our enemies!'[77] And the *Schulchan Aruch* rages: 'Pour out, oh Lord, your fury over the *goyim,* who do not know you, and over the kingdoms which do not invoke your name. Pursue them in wrath and extinguish them beneath God's heaven!'[78] They make the same threat in both places, with the distinction that the *Schulchan Aruch* emphasizes that

[73]The *kab* is an ancient Hebrew unit of measure equivalent to about two quarts. [Editor]

[74]*Talmud, Baba Mecia,* 84a. It is interesting to note that recent editions of the *Talmud* replace the word "penis" (*männliches Glied* in German) with "waist" (*Körperumfang* in German). The 1933 Berlin edition translated by Lazarus Goldschmidt, for example, claims in a footnote to this passage that the appearance of *männliches Glied* in earlier editions was due to a 'mistake" in translation. One only needs, however, to read the material adjacent to this passage, with its distinctly smutty character, to see that the original translation was no "mistake." [Editor]

[75]*Talmud, Jabmuth,* 60b. The exact words of Goldschmidt's 1931 Berlin edition of *Jabmuth* are: *Es wird gelehrt: R. Simon b. Johaj sagte: Eine Proselytin unter drei Jahren und einem Tage ist für Priester tauglich, denn es heisst:* und alle Kinder unter den Weibern, die die Beiwohnung eines Mannes nicht erkannt haben, lasst für euch leben .... [Editor]

[76]*Talmud, Hulin,* 91b. One really must take the trouble to look into the *Talmud* oneself, in order to believe the truly astounding things to be found therein. We have referred to Goldschmidt's German translation, published by the *Jüdischer Verlag* (Berlin, 1930-1936), but the *Talmud* is also available in English translation (with the exception of a few of the more perverse passages) from the Soncino Press (London, 1935). [Editor]

[77]*Sirach* 36:2-12.

[78]*Schulchan Aruch, Orach Caijim* 480.

all must be exterminated who do not swear on Jehova."

"And with such an abominable moral doctrine on his conscience," he began to boil, "that marvel of modern Jewry, Moses Mendelssohn,[79] had the impudence to assert that 'dominion over the earth belongs by right to Jewry.' Because of their religion! As a trained Talmudist he certainly knew his way around in the whole, vile thing—those extracts we have just quoted are only a tiny fraction—but he still . . . oh, this lying, this utterly mendacious pack, the very essence of the lie!"

"All Berlin," I said, "buzzed with praise then for the 'wise,' for the 'noble' Moses. But Goethe wasn't deceived. 'Jewish trivia!' was his comment on the pious trickery. It struck no one as odd that the incomparable Moses philosophized himself in the twinkling of an eye from a simple, private tutor to the powerfully wealthy founder of the banking house of Mendelssohn, thus avoiding by a wide detour the well-known eye of the needle. This benefactor of mankind slyly promoted the idea that the Jewish people constitute a religious community only. Today this still constitutes a favorite nostrum of the Jews. A certain Dr. Ruppin has revealed why. 'Special laws against the Jews,' he tells us as he chuckles and rubs his hands together, 'have always been directed at the religious aspects of Jewry, since this sphere of activity provided the only easily conceivable target for legislation. Anti-Semitism, however, has never really been inimical to the Jewish religion, but has been indifferent to it.'[80] So! We now have an admission that their 'religion' serves a very useful diversionary purpose. Anyone, however, who has become acquainted with it has found out that what the Jews call their religion coincides exactly with their character."

"That's what they themselves say," he said. "They are incessantly boasting, too, that their religion is such a masterful creation that it stands alone in the world. Then bring the *Talmud* forward! It contains the Jewish religion in its purest form—theology, dogmatics, morality, everything together in the same place. Why do they hold back the magnificent book so nervously, if indeed 'the millennia have given the breath of their experience' to it? As born benefactors of mankind they should have long since made it accessible to the general populace. Instead, it still hasn't been completely translated, even today. And who in the devil has read what there is of it? One would think they were afraid some medieval church is still waiting to burn it for heresy.

"Some religion! This wallowing in filth, this hate, this malice, this arrogance, this hypocrisy, this pettifogging, this incitement to deceit and murder—is that a religion? Then there has never been anyone more religious than the devil himself. It is the Jewish essence, the Jewish character, period!"

"Luther," I interjected, "expressed his opinion of it plainly enough. He urged us to burn the synagogues and Jewish schools and to heap earth on the remains 'so that no man would ever again see one stone or cinder of them.' God would forgive us for what we had formerly tolerated through our ignorance—'I hadn't known it myself,' he wrote—but now that we were aware of what went on, we dared not, at any price, protect these buildings 'wherein they slander, curse, spit on, and revile both Christ and us.'[81] We could hardly speak more strongly ourselves. He also urged the destruction of their houses, for they carried on there in the same way as in their schools. 'Some may feel,' he complained, 'that my judgment is too harsh. It is, if anything, too lenient, for I have seen their writings.'[82]

"Our school inspectors apparently haven't seen them, nor have our charmers and wizards."

"Burning their synagogues, I am afraid, would have been of little avail," he shrugged. "Even if there had never been a synagogue, a Jewish school, an Old Testament, or a *Talmud*, the Jewish spirit would still have been there and had its effect. It has always been there. Every Jew ever born has embodied it. And that is even more pronounced with the so-called enlightened Jews. Heine belonged, certainly, among the most enlightened, but he had just as

[79]Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786) was a troll-like, hunchbacked, little Jew, originally a Talmudic scholar, who eventually displayed a vastly greater affinity for a fast buck than for the peculiar "wisdom" of the *Talmud*. Starting as a tutor in the house of a rich, Jewish silk merchant in Berlin, he soon became a partner in the business and amassed an enormous fortune. He was celebrated by his fellow Jews, as well as by a circle of gentile admirers, however, as an extraordinarily pious and clever philosopher. [Editor]

[80]Arthur Ruppin, *Die Juden der Gegenwart* (Berlin, 1904), p. 203 ff.

[81]Luther, *Von den Juden und ihren Lügen.*

[82]*Ibid.*

much insane arrogance as the greasiest Galician kike. Moses Mendelssohn passed for a downright wonder of wisdom. Yet, lo and behold, he found it actually shocking that the Jews still didn't have the domination over the earth which was due them!"

"From long years of experience," I brought out, "Dostoevski, depicted the hair-raising conceit of the Russian Jew.[83] For a long time he lived with all kinds of convicts, including several Jews, sleeping on the same wooden bunks with them. Everyone treated these Jews in a friendly manner, he reported, not even taking offense at their raving-mad manner of praying. Probably their own religion had once been like that, thought the Russians to themselves, and they quietly let the Jews do as they pleased. But, on the other hand, the Jews haughtily rejected the Russians, didn't want to eat with them, and looked down on them. And where was this? In a Siberian prison![84] All over Russia Dostoevski found this antipathy and loathing of the Jews for the natives. Nowhere, however, did the Russian people resent their behavior, indulgently believing it to be a part of the Jewish religion."

"Yes indeed, and what a religion!" he said scornfully. "It is the character of a people which determines the nature of their religion, not the other way around."

"Dostoevski," I continued, "was compassion itself, but, like Christ, he took exception to the Jews. With foreboding, he asked what would happen in Russia if ever the Jews should get the upper hand there. Would they even approximately give the natives the same rights they themselves enjoyed? Would they likewise allow them to pray in the manner they wished? Or would they not simply make slaves of them? Still worse, 'wouldn't they skin and fleece them?' Wouldn't they even exterminate them, as they had so often done with other peoples in their history?"

"Ah, could our workers but share his forebodings, particularly those who hope for salvation from the Soviets!" he cried. "Famine, mass graves, slavery, Jewish whips. Whoever goes on strike is hanged. 'Come hither, all ye who are weary and heavy laden.' How they whistle, the dogs! And how fine that sounds, in front of the curtain! Behind it, however, lurk the pampered *'Pöbelvolk,'* the Red Army, the dregs of non-Jewish humanity."

"The toll of Russians sacrificed since the beginning of Bolshevik domination is estimated by the authorities at about thirty million," I answered. "Those who weren't summarily executed fell to famine and disease. Were they all bourgeois? Only an imbecile could believe that. Who among us, then, has the most to suffer? The thousands who every day stand for long hours at their various occupations. Capitalists are hardly a majority among them. But that hasn't dawned on our workers. In their eagerness to be the masters, they let themselves be led about by the nose like children.

"Ebert[85] has thundered against capitalism his whole life. Now he is president. And? At every street corner banks sprout from the ground like mushrooms. That is certainly a fact. Everyone sees it. Anyone can reach out and touch it. But does that lead anyone to smell a rat? Not on your life!

"The first thing the Jew Eisner[86] did after the revolution was have the banks guarded by the army. Capitalists smuggled their enormous hordes of money out of the country for months, and he didn't raise a finger to stop them. He felt it was more important to travel to the Socialist Congress in Switzerland and there place the entire guilt for the world war on Germany. Do penance, he said, and the French will forgivingly clasp you to their hearts. Quite likely! Experience has gloriously confirmed it."

"The same Eisner," he nodded, "who, at the beginning of the war, sent a flood of telegrams to the other Social Democrat leaders, entreating them to remain true to the Kaiser. A disgraceful stab in the back must be avoided at all costs, said he. It went like that until the treaty of Brest Litovsk.[87] Up till then all Ger

[83]Feodor Dostoevski, *An Author's Diary* (1876-1880).

[84]Dostoevski spent five years in a Siberian prison camp at Omsk (1849-1854). [Editor]

[85]Friedrich Ebert (1871-1925) was the Marxist leader of the Social Democrats. He collaborated with other traitors to bring about the German collapse of 1918 and became *Reichspräsident* under the new regime, in 1919. [Editor]

[86]Kurt Eisner (1867-1919) was a Jewish journalist, politician, and Marxist leader in Bavaria. A principal organizer of the 1918 revolution (*Dolchstoss*), he became first president of the Bavarian republic. He was executed by a German patriot in 1919. [Editor]

[87]The treaty of March 3, 1918, ending hostilities between Germany and Russia, was signed at Brest Litovsk. [Editor]

man Jews were inspired monarchists. But then came the about-face. The Moor had done his duty and crushed Czarist Russia; now for him to crush himself. The rest is silence. Visible to all eyes, the Jew also made his bid in Germany.

"Oh, workers! To let yourselves be thus deceived! Things are different than that which innocents let themselves dream. The Communist Party in Germany still has fewer than a quarter of a million members; yet it owns over fifty newspapers. What that costs is simply incalculable. Millions. Who pays these enormous sums? We National Socialists have our hands full just keeping our one *Beobachter*[88] going. If we had an arrangement with the Jews, we would have a prodigious number of party newspapers in an instant. Are there comrades who doubt that? I'd like to meet one. And, look here, this is the incredible thing: they know that the Jews are secretly behind things, but they act as if it weren't so at all. Is that honest? Can that lead to a happy outcome? To rush to destruction unsuspectingly is one thing, but to do it knowingly and to single out one's grimmest enemy as an accomplice is another."

"I'd like to know," I remarked, "what the comrades would say if one proved to them in black and white that the Junkers or the big industrialists have had a secret moral philosophy of the most abominable sort since time 'x'. Their rage would be unimaginable. 'Aha!' everyone would roar. 'With principles like that it is no wonder the devils torment us so! Imagine that! How can anyone be that mean and vile? The whole bunch of them should be exterminated!' They would carry on like that, as if possessed, and rightly so. But, on the other hand, when one shows them that the Jews have, in their official religious books, the most hair-raising statements about the plundering and murder of all gentiles, it makes no difference at all to them. They either dispute it or, when that seems hopeless, say that most Jews haven't been that religious for a long time and don't concern themselves with that stuff any more. It never occurs to them that the Jewish character is the source of their vile literature."

"But this," he said, "tops it all: all—and I mean *all*—social injustices of any significance in the world today can be traced back to the subterranean influence of the Jews. The workers seek, therefore, to eliminate with the help of the Jews those evils which none other than the Jews themselves have consciously and deliberately established. One can imagine what kind of help they will receive."

"Behold the modest Joseph!" I rejoined. "His influence on the Pharaoh caused the Egyptians dreadful distress, from which they later thought they would free themselves with the help of Moses. I must admit that that episode does not lack a certain grim humor."

[88]The *Völkischer Beobachter* was the official NSDAP newspaper, from December, 1920, on. [Ed.]

VIII

"The truth," he said, "is, indeed, as you once wrote: one can only understand the Jew when one knows what his ultimate goal is. And that goal is, beyond world domination, the annihilation of the world. He must war down all the rest of mankind, he persuades himself, in order to prepare a paradise on earth. He has made himself believe that only he is capable of this great task, and, considering his ideas of paradise, that is certainly so. But one sees, if only in the means which he employs, that he is secretly driven to something else. While he pretends to himself to be elevating mankind, he torments men to despair, to madness, to ruin. If a halt is not ordered, he will destroy all men. His nature compels him to that goal, even though he dimly realizes that he must thereby destroy himself. There is no other way for him; he must act thus. This realization of the unconditional dependence of his own existence upon that of his victims appears to me to be the main cause for his hatred. To be obliged to try to annihilate us with all his might, but at the same time to suspect that that must lead inevitably to his own ruin, therein it lies. If you will: the tragedy of Lucifer."

* * *

Here the notes of Dietrich Eckart break off.

TO THE GERMAN YOUTH

by Dr. Walter Gross

The following is the translation of a short address which appeared in the December, 1935, issue of Neues Volk, *the official publication of the Racial-political Department of the NSDAP. Dr. Walter Gross (Ph.D., Heidelberg, 1934), head of the Department, is the author of numerous books and articles on racial matters.*

More than any other single aspect of the National Socialist ideology, the racial aspect has been deliberately misrepresented and distorted by the Jewish-democratic world press for the purpose of fomenting hatred against National Socialists and their beliefs. This brief address gives us a glimpse at the doctrine, as presented in Germany, which was and still is hysterically characterized as "preposterous," "virulent," "appallingly crude," "demented," and "sadistic."[1] We leave it to the reader to judge who is demented. [Editor]

Dear German boys and girls:

When we speak today about race and blood, we touch upon a subject which stands at the focus of the intellectual and philosophical struggles of our times. You know, of course, that all the political and spiritual opponents of our movement have in the course of time had to admit that we are right in the fields of politics and economics, and today they can't get around admitting the accomplishments of National Socialism, however unwilling they are to do so. But as soon as the talk turns to the spiritual foundations of National Socialism, as soon as the idea upon which we base everything comes into question, objections arise. Now as ever, it is the racial ideas of National Socialism whose justification is doubted or even bluntly disputed. A glance in the foreign press will show us that; and we find it in discussions all the time with groups in our own country who feel even now that they cannot accept certain parts of the National Socialist philosophy.

I have already talked about what we mean by racial thinking in the most general sense, and have pointed out with emphasis that for us the teaching of blood and race does not mean primarily an important and interesting bit of biological science, but above all a political and philosophical principle which basically determines our attitude on many questions of life. The two most important facts which form the basis for this principle are knowledge of the powers of hereditary transmission and a recognition of the deep, even spiritual meaning of the racial differences within mankind. Because we are aware of dependence upon hereditary abilities and talents, we do not fall into the old error of overestimating educational measures and the effects of care and training; we are conscious of our responsibility to pass on our own heredity because only from it flows strength for the future. We are modest about every achievement of our own, for it has its roots in the abilities which we have received from our forebears without any doing on our part; and at the same time we're proud to see ourselves and our own short lives as links in the chain of generations and to feel that we are the bridge which leads from a great past into the most distant future.

And because we have learned, on the other hand, to recognize and respect the physical and spiritual individuality of the various human races, we have gotten away from the sickly ambition of striving for an indiscriminate "equalization" and a barren sameness in the areas of politics, economics, culture, and religion. We have recognized again the characteristics of our own race and wish to foster and preserve them, because they are the God-given form in which we live our lives as a nation and a people. At the same time we've gotten a better appreciation of the traits of this world's other races to the extent that we are no longer so anxious to make them follow our ways of thinking and feeling at any price, but we are convinced that

[1] All these descriptions are applied by William L. Shirer in his all-too-well-known book, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (New York, 1959).

they too can live and deal only according to the laws of their own nature.

That is about the content of racial thinking as we teach and learn it. And now when we ask ourselves why there is so much quarreling over such a simple and yet great idea, we find with closer examination that the reasons for this reaction have changed in many ways in the course of time. The opponents of our racial theories have remained firm in rejecting the new ideas, but they have repeatedly changed the grounds that they stand on themselves, and have forced us in the process to continually open and present these questions from a new position.

In the beginning, years ago in other words, when people first dared to speak of race in this rotten age of liberal-bourgeois thinking and Marxist corruption, they attacked the dangerous new ideas sharply on so-called scientific grounds. Some critics simply challenged the correctness of our biological findings. Armchair experts ridiculed racial knowledge and its teachers, and from lecterns, in editing rooms, and in meeting halls they tried to make it seem that they were dealing with only a handful of amusing fools and their wild imaginations. It is a good idea to look back today on that time and bring to mind once more the underhanded tactics of our ideology's foes. There were serious, experienced scientists even then who worked out the foundations of a completely new conception of things, while the opposition used all possible means of discrediting and slandering them, keeping up this barrage for years on end. The much-vaunted scientific freedom was trampled under foot because that suited the ruling powers of the time.

Now we have that part of the fight happily behind us.[2] Today it is clear to men in all camps and all countries of the world that one cannot seriously doubt the scientific and biological basis of our racial views, and all truly scientific discussions on this subject have for some time been devoted only to broadening our knowledge in individual areas, and the actual correctness of the basic ideas is no longer questioned. So things have quieted down in the world of science; the enemies of our beliefs have had to take up new positions in order to defend their old values against the modern age. They soon found a new slogan for the fight; "in the name of humanity and morality" people prepared to combat a view whose scientific merit could no longer be contested, but whose effects in national life might nevertheless be unbearable and even disastrous. You know what kind of accusations have come up in the course of months; for example, the theory of heredity is supposed to be dangerous because it relieves man of the responsibility for his own life and always gives him a chance to excuse his laziness, baseness, and weakness of character as inherited tendencies. Worried old maids of both sexes wrung their hands and watched an age of immorality and shamelessness roll in which they felt must be blamed on that false doctrine, the National Socialist race theory. We joined in the battle too, and may well say that we have already won it. For when such objections to our views are raised, it is really nothing more than a sly evasion of the facts.

Certainly we are not the masters of our destinies, because we are always dependent upon the form which we inherit, and that is determined by heaven. But that certainly doesn't mean that nothing more can be done with us, or other people, for that matter. On the contrary, what we do with our inherited talents for the good or bad depends entirely on us; we can let our abilities be wasted and misused, or we can train and develop them. We can lazily let our bad or useless traits grow more dominant or we can fight courageously all our lives to overcome them. This is a decision that each person has to make (and which society demands of everyone), so we place the great, difficult precept of individual responsibility next to knowledge of the hereditary determination of our characters.

This is a clear, understandable principle; even our enemies have gradually calmed down when faced with it. Today they must grudgingly admit the moral correctness of our interpretation, just as they had to credit our scientific accuracy. So now they are leaving also the second position in their running fight. But already there is a new battle beginning in a new and, frankly speaking, more important area. Now the objection arises that while the National Socialist racial theory may be completely correct

[2]Unfortunately, this is not yet so. Dr. Gross did not reckon with the incredible arrogance of a loud and influential group of American-Jewish pseudo-anthropologists who still today noisily maintain that there really are no such things as distinct races and no evidence at all that there exist hereditary psychic or intellectual differences between the races. [Editor]

and may also be educationally and morally sound, it must nevertheless be rejected in the name of faith, religion, and piety. It is said that we are on the point of putting blood in the place of God as a sort of idol, thereby replacing the human soul with a man-made theory, or at best with body and matter.

If we ask ourselves about the reasons why people always try to disturb the ideological unity of the German people on religious grounds, we come up with this very same reproach again and again, though with a thousand variations. It constitutes the last opposition to the victorious idea of our movement.

Dear boys and girls! We want to face these outmoded boogeymen again in this third round of the great struggle of the present day with our accustomed boldness and vigor. And with perfect reason, because no accusation can be more dishonest or stupider than the one we've just discussed. Nobody really has any idea of advocating empty materialism in connection with our racial teachings. Certainly nobody wants to turn the admitted fact of race into any kind of idol and to destroy real religious feeling with it. But we believe in any case that we have the right to demand more attention and respect for our racial views, just as the obviously irreligious and overbearing philosophies of the past have been able to do. If we bow again before the facts of creation instead of trying to argue them away with liberal or scholastic squabbling, is that somehow supposed to be anti-religious? If we recognize once more the way in which our own nature is regulated by hereditary characteristics dictated by the Almighty, do you call that human conceit and idolatry? If we humbly admit that as human beings we are bound by race and cannot do otherwise than to think, feel, and act according to the ways which our blood demands and which God Himself has established in us, is that heresy and disbelief, or isn't it rather a bit of piety in the truest sense of the word? Yes indeed, in the facts and precepts of race, we see something sacred and holy. This is not because we want to build up our own egos, but because we, being more honest than our opponents, recognize and admit the power of the Creator. This is something that has been very inconvenient for many political systems of the past. When we try to maintain the differences and special merits of the various races which heaven created, we thereby serve the Creator and obey His laws, and so act in better faith than the quarreling scholars who value their dull, ashen dogmas above the facts of real life. If the best men of all times and peoples have drawn the deepest, truest religious feeling from a look at the world's great order and nature, we acknowledge proudly yet humbly that to us the laws of blood and race, with their wonderful interrelationship and difficult demands, form a holy part of that great order in which we recognize the Almighty.

And so once again we raise the banner of Life against every doctrine of weakness and death, and we prepare for the future with a confession of faith: our blood is sacred to us as the thing that forms us in the image of God.

DOCUMENTS ON THE 'RUSSIAN' REVOLUTION

from the National Archives of the United States

A principal consideration in any propaganda campaign is that of credibility. Propaganda material should be chosen and presented so that the average listener or reader—the audience—will be likely to believe it. This imposes a severe burden indeed on the National Socialist propagandist, especially when his topic is some aspect of the Jewish question. In the first place, the actual state of affairs of which he is trying to inform his audience is, by ordinary standards, so extraordinary as to invite disbelief *per se*. In the second place, every member of his audience has been told over and over again, through every medium of indoctrination, a story that is, in many of its facets, diametrically opposite to the truth. Dietrich Eckart has pointed this out in the first part of chapter seven of *Der Bolschewismus*, in this issue of *National Socialist World*: "They don't bother to deny anything; instead, they flatly maintain exactly the opposite." And Adolf Hitler later reiterated this point in chapter ten, volume one, of *Mein Kampf*, where he warned of the Jewish "big-lie" tactic.

During roughly the last twenty years world Jewry has with reasonable consistency been trying to convince the Aryan nations of the world—outside the Iron Curtain—that Jews are, by and large, anti-communist in their outlook and always have been; that, in fact, Jews and Bolsheviks are fundamentally different sorts of people; and that Russian Jewry was one of the principal victims of the Bolshevist terror during and after the revolution of 1917. Their campaign has been waged with all the enormous propaganda resources at their disposal. They have even produced a battalion of outspokenly "anti-communist," Jewish columnists and editors. Every Jew who is shot in Russia, from secret-police boss, Lavrenti Beriya, to the lowliest embezzler of public funds, is tearfully canonized as another victim of Soviet "anti-Semitism." This propaganda effort has been quite successful. Although many of our citizens over fifty years old recall hearing a different story back in the 'twenties and 'thirties, their memory usually fights a losing battle with the current deluge. It is, as Adolf Hitler has reminded us, necessary to keep always in mind Schopenhauer's description of the Jews: "great masters of the lie"; otherwise we immediately begin to succumb to their propaganda.

Thus, when we announce that Bolshevism has been a Jewish phenomenon since its inception—that nearly all the leading Bolshevik revolutionaries in Russia, in Hungary, in Germany, in Spain, and elsewhere, from the highest commissars down to the local *Cheka* torturers and triggermen, were Jews—we are generally rewarded with hostile disbelief from our audience.

The World Union of National Socialists has in its research files several tens of thousands of items of documentary evidence concerning the Jewishness of communism. Particularly important are more than two thousand official government documents of several countries, including the United States. These documents have special value because they rate quite high in audience credibility. We present here some forty pages of these, selected more or less arbitrarily from our files. The Jewishness of communism is a vast and complex subject, with a large temporal and geographical span. We have, therefore, in order to avoid confusion, restricted ourselves here to Russia in the years 1917-1919. By concentrating on a localized situation, moreover, we are able to present in the limited space available a very convincing array of evidence indeed. *In essence these documents give us irrefutable proof that highly responsible, trained observers of three nations—ambassadors, foreign ministers, high consular officials, commercial representatives, and military intelligence officers from the United States, Great Britain, and the Netherlands—eyewitnesses all — were unanimous in unambiguously describing Bolshevism in Russia between 1917 and 1919 as Jewish.*

Several of these documents have been published before, and the texts of four of them were even released by the United States gov-

ernment,[1] but to our knowledge no one has ever before published complete photographs of all of them. Most of the documents are complete, and all covering material, such as accompanying letters, is reproduced, thus squelching the potential objection that the incriminating statements in them have been changed in meaning by being taken out of their contexts. In the case of a few of the longest documents, however, only the pertinent sections are reproduced, in order to conserve space.

Unfortunately, the quality of the following photographs leaves much to be desired. Most were reproduced from microfilm under less-than-optimum conditions. It was felt that the disadvantage of a little fuzziness, however, would be more than offset by the increased credibility gained by using actual photographs of the original documents rather than merely their transcribed texts.

We feel that the material presented here, if properly used, can be of great help to many National Socialists in their efforts to convince their fellow citizens of the correctness of the National Socialist views. To this end, we intend this article to be the first in a series of documentaries in which we will assemble evidence on various topics in a form convenient for use by our readers.

Documents alone, of course, will not win new National Socialists for us. But they should be sufficient to put a substantial dent in the complacency of the average, happily brainwashed citizen. And that, at least, is a step in the right direction.

All of these documents are on file in the National Archives of the United States, in Washington. The file numbers, which are the first items listed in each of the notes below, serve to identify the documents and should be mentioned in any correspondence with the National Archives concerning specific ones of them. The first seven documents are from Record Group 59, and the last two are from Record Group 120.

[1]*Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1918, Russia* (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1931). Doc. 861.00/288: vol. I, p. 7; doc. 861.00/1757: vol. I, pp. 518-519; doc. 861.00/2205: vol. II, pp. 239-241; doc. 861.00/3029: vol. I, pp. 675-679.

NOTES:

1. Document 861.00/288. Telegram of March 19, 1917, from the U.S. ambassador to Russia, David Rowland Francis, to the U.S. secretary of state, Robert Lansing. Before he became an ambassador, Francis was a governor of Missouri and then U.S. secretary of the interior. The word "to" in the next-to-last line of this telegram should have been "of."

2. Document 861.00/1757. Telegram of May 2, 1918, from the U.S. consul general in Moscow, Summers, to Lansing. Omissions, misspelled words, and other slight irregularities in this and other telegrams are largely due to the fact that they were transmitted in code and then decoded in Washington before being typed.

3. Document 861.00/2205. Telegram (undated) received by Lansing July 5, 1918, from John Kenneth Caldwell, U.S. consul in Vladivostok. Caldwell later became consul general, then assistant chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the U.S. Department of State, and finally acting chief.

4. Document 861.00/3029. Report by the Netherlands Minister (Oudendyk) in Petrograd (formerly St. Petersburg; now Leningrad).

The Uritsky mentioned here was the Jew, Moisei Solomonovich Uritsky, first head of the *Cheka*.[2] One should not be surprised that his assassin was also a Jew. This was only the first of many Jewish family squabbles which led to violent deaths for several of the various leaders of the *Cheka* and its successors, the GPU, the OGPU, the NKVD, etc.

"Zinoviev" was actually the Jew, Hirsh Apfelbaum, who had adopted a Russian-sounding pseudonym. He was later one of the most feared of all the Bolsheviks, but he eventually suffered a fate similar to Uritsky's.

"Litvinov" was actually the Jew, Maxim Finkelstein, who likewise had adopted a Russian pseudonym. Finkelstein was later Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

Chicherin (Grigori Vasilievich), on the other hand, was apparently a Russian. He preceded Finkelstein as Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

[2]Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counterrevolution and Sabotage.

5. Document 861.00/3357. Report dated October 28, 1918, by R. R. Stevens, representative of the National City Bank of New York. Here it can be pointed out that not only the analysis and urgent recommendations given by Stevens, but those of every other observer who urged the liberation of the Russian people were stamped "Strictly Confidential" and kept carefully from the knowledge of the public. It would hardly do to present the people with such a glaring contradiction to Wilson's noble principles, fraudulently used to lure America into World War I. They might begin to see, in the difference in Wilson's attitude toward the monarchy in Germany and the *Cheka* terror squads ruling Russia, a glimpse of his true motivations and of the forces behind him.

6. Document 861.00/5177. Extract from report dated April 6, 1919, by British Military Intelligence. The John W. Davis who signed the covering letter was the U.S. ambassador to Great Britain (1918-1921). He had formerly been a U.S. congressman and U.S. solicitor general, and he later became the Democratic candidate for president, in 1924.

7. Document 861.00/5067. Summary of Scotland Yard report of July 16, 1919. Certification of the authenticity of this and the following two items is provided by the Archivist of the United States, as the complete documents and all related correspondence could not be reproduced here because of limitations of space.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

ERH

GREEN CIPHER

FROM Petrograd, Russia,

Dated March 19, 1917,

Rec'd 20th, 6 :00 p.m.

INDEX BUREAU MAR 21 1917 DEPT. OF STATE

ASSISTANT SECRETARY MAR 21 1917

DEPARTMENT OF STATE MAR 1917 DIVISION OF NEAR EASTERN AFFAIRS

861.00/268

APR 6 1917

Secretary of State,

Washington.

1110.

~~March 19, 8 p.m.~~

Orderly quiet still prevails. Present eminently wise arrangement estops claims of any pretended blood successor as the Grand Duke Michael represents hereditary succession after abdication of Czar and the Tsarevitch and his qualified acceptance nullified any pretender's claims by preserving Imperial succession until the people act.

Understand that provisional Government needs funds badly. England has been financing Russia and is likely to continue whenever Allies unitedly recognize the present Government. Assistance to meet pressing necessaries would be very opportune and highly appreciated.

Financial.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

ERH

FROM Petrograd, Russia,

--2--

Financial aid now from America would be master stroke.

Confidential.

Immeasurably important to the Jews that revolution succeed. If Jews make such advances, however, great discretion should be exercised lest revolution assume a phase which would arouse opposition to antisemitics who are numerous here.

F R A N C I S .

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

SPECIAL RED

FROM

Moscow

Dated May 2, 1918

Recd, 7, 9:18 a.m.

CORRECTED COPY.

Secretary of State

Washington.

460, May 2, 3pm.

DEPT. OF STATE

With reference to Department's number 1531 to Embassy. Consulate General is maintaining observers along line of German advance. At present fourteen men covering territory from just south of Petrograd to Rostoff-on Don. They are engaged by local American business man ostensibly for a syndicate of American and British firms interested in the future Russian market. Salary six hundred rubles monthly plus actual and necessary expenses. All are men of education and practical business and military experience.

First two reports received relate to condition at and near Vitebsk, Vyazma, and Bryansk. At Vitebsk food shortage. Jews predominant in local Soviet Government, anti-Jewish feeling growing among population which tends to regard oncoming Germans as deliverers. No goods arriving from Germany. Small speculators are getting some goods especially investments in small (?) and warehouses are empty. Trains run about twenty miles beyond Vitebsk whence break as far as Polotsk which is hold by Germans. According to persons coming from occupied territory food is cheaper there due strict food control by Germans who register all domestic animals etcetera, Germans are persisting seizing working population and sending them for enforced labor to unknown destinations believed not to be in

Germany

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

RR 460 From Moscow
FROM

Germany. At Vyazma food conditions worse than at Vitebsk. In country only barley, oats, and flax planting so far owing seed shortage. Total planted indicates fifty percent of last year at best. In occupied territory Germans reported to be furnishing some seed on proviso two thirds crop for German Government.

At Bryansk practically no commercial freight movement though some potatoes and flour seen moving toward Smolensk. German Ukraine troops closing in actively on Bryansk which is Red Army staff headquarters but Red Army lacking in discipline and morale, flees before enemy without fighting and plunders local population which is prepared welcome Germans as deliverers hoping that they will later be rid of them through terms of general peace. Government and railroad property being evacuated to Bryansk from Smolensk and Vitebsk but Bryansk will soon fall as its evacuation impossible owing shortage of engines.

Observers sent from Petrograd by Imbri report Finnish White Guard having few Germans and Swedes a mong them only twelve miles from city. Roadstead at Cronstadt crowded. Vessels practically unofficered, crew complements nearly full but mostly new recruits , not enough trained sailors to man guns and engines. No resistance to Germans expected. End message.

SUMNERS.

(*) Apparent Omission.

NE-M

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

FROM

ERR

INDEX BUREAU
RECD
JUL - 6 1918
DEPT. OF STATE

Vladivostok.

Undated.

Recd. July 5, 1918, 11:40 a m.

Department of State
JUL 3 - 1918
DIV. OF NEAR EASTERN AFFAIRS
(RUSSIA)

Secretary of State,

Washington.

20. Following message ~~red~~ from Harris Irkutsk, which was sent to the Department in original cipher, in accordance with Department's telegraphic instructions through Consul-General of the United States at Yokohama received June 6th, 1925. For Department. Since April 1st, 1917, as commercial representative of National City Bank, I have travelled 18,000 miles in (Blank) Russia, Turkestan and Siberia. Have resided in Petrograd, Moscow, Nizhninovogord, Samara, Astrakhan, Tashkent, Samaresk, Archangel, Mosk, and Irkutsk. Have come in contact with every class of Russian society, including financier, workman peasant, manufacturer, merchant, soldier, general nobility, intellectual, politican., and anarchist. Believe I am entitled to offer an opinion on present condition. I presume over great (blank) interest in Russia is to get her, if possible, to fight Germany again. Russia will never fight Germany again under Bolshevik Government. Bolsheviks are only interested in seizure of their power and ruining Russia. Bolsheviks in every city I have resided are simply robbing, murdering and burning. Practically every business is ruined. Seventy-five per cent of all shops closed, private ~~plundered~~, banks seized and funds confiscated. Courts of Justice abolished and ~~(blank)~~ school education reduced

Filed OCT 5 1918

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

20. Vladivostok. -2-

FROM

reduced to minimum. Foreign commerce nationalized. Landed property both large and small seized and divided. Factories nationalized and workmen paid for doing nothing. Currency system reduced to printing unlimited quantities of worthless paper. Not content with ruining Russia in a disgraceful treaty with Germany Bolshevik now permit Germany, wherever possible, to buy up all raw materials and food stuffs for shipment to Germany while Russians starve. Fifty per cent of Soviet Government in each town consists of Jews of worst type, many of whom are anarchists. It would be grave mistake on our part to officially recognize Bolshevik who scarcely represent ~~(blank)~~ per cent of Russian population in many places, as Irkutsk for example, depend upon armed priscners of war to keep them in power. I recommend intervention on part (blank) to ally standard and fight common enemy. (*) element in Russia will never rally to Bolshevik even if they should declare war upon Germany. The great mass of Russian people prefer even German tyranny to Bolshevik terrorism. I suggest careful consideration Ally intervention, even with Japanese assistance, along with American, French, English and Chinese troops making it perfectly clear to Russian people that there will be no occupation of Russian territory but that such action is indispensable to assist them in again renewing the struggle with Germany. Am certain Russian people would accept such statement in good faith and not object to Japanese. There armed Czechs (*) satisfactory (?) and Vladivostok are army which may be utilized as nucleus and many anti-Bolshevik are now rallying the Czechs for the purpose of overthrowing

(*) Apparent omission.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.

FROM

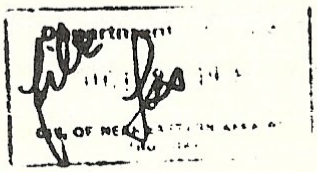
D. Vladivostok. -3-

overthrowing Bolshevik. If we can induce Russia to again declare war upon Germany the moral effect upon German people would be as discouraging as if a great battle were lost in France. As soon as a new government is firmly established after overthrow of Bolshevik in Siberia and Russia we should recognize and assist it by every means in our power so that a new battle-line may again be drawn up against Germany. That effect of such Russian action upon Austria and Turkey. In this connection I recommend that Priamur remain for the present in Siberia and that a joint allied intervention be immediately considered. A German advance might result in occupation of Moscow and Petrograd but such action would also give Germany a starving, discontented and revolting population. If allies do not intervene and Czechs are removed or left unsupported there is grave danger of Germany holding Siberian railroad line through armed war prisoners. If Czechs are not supported the danger that they may be overthrown by Bolshevik and war prisoners. Harris."

C.S.B. CALDWELL.



No. 10008. LONDON, October 5, 1918.



861.00/3029

NOV 30 1918

The Honorable

The Secretary of State,

Washington.

Sir:

With reference to the Department telegraphic Instruction No. 1581 of September 24, 1918, and to my telegrams No. 2452 of October 3, 4 p.m. and No. 2493 of October 4, 5 p.m., in regard to a report by the

- 2 -

the Netherlands Minister, relating to conditions in Petrograd, I have the honor to transmit herewith, for the information of the Department, a copy of the Note, dated October 1, 1918, together with a copy of the Report enclosed therein, which was received from the Foreign Office in response to the representations of the Embassy in this connection, and upon which my telegrams referred to above were based.

I have the honor to be,

Sir:

Your obedient servant,

(FOR THE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES)

Edward Bell

Enclosure:- Mr. Balfour to Mr. Page, October 1, 1918, and enclosure therein.

Subject:- Conditions in Petrograd.

COPY
F. R.

No.162839/W/38.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs presents his compliments to His Excellency the United States Ambassador and, with reference to his note No. 1261 of the 25th September, has the honour to transmit, herewith, for His Excellency's confidential information, a copy of the report by the Netherlands Minister, relating to conditions in Petrograd, which was received through His Majesty's Minister at Christiania.

Mr. Balfour trusts that His Excellency will agree with him in considering that it is undesirable that any of the information contained in the report should be made public until the Allied subjects and citizens now in the power of the Bolsheviks have left the country.

Foreign Office,
London, October 1st, 1918.

COPY
E. R.

~~Begins:~~

Sir,

On August 30th I left for Moscow largely in connection with negotiations for evacuation of British subjects from Russia. The same day Uritsky Commissary at Petrograd for combating Counter-Revolution, was assassinated by a Jewish student Kanegiesser, whose father is a wealthy (? engineer) and holds a very good position at Petrograd. This murder was at once attributed by the Bolshevik Authorities and Bolshevik Press (only existing Press in Russia) to French and English.

That same night Consul Woodhouse and Engineer Commander Le Page were arrested at 1 a.m. in the street. Every effort was made the next day (August 31st) by my secretary Mr. Van Niftrik to obtain their release and that of Consul Woodhouse was promised for the afternoon.

At 5 p.m. on August 31st when Consul Bosanquet and Acting Vice-Consul Kimens who had been busy the whole day with Mr. Van Niftrik in connection with his attempt to obtain release of the arrested and were heading to the Embassy and were near the Embassy building, they were warned not to approach the Embassy, told that it had been occupied by Red Guards and that two persons had been killed. They at once decided to head back to find Mr. Van Niftrik and asked him to endeavour to secure entry into the Embassy. While driving slowly away from Embassy their car was stopped by Red Guards in another car, one of whom levelled a revolver at

them

them and told them to hold up their hands. They were searched and had to give their names, and rank, but to their great surprise were allowed to proceed. Mr. Van Niftrik drove with them to Gorokhovaya 2, Headquarters of the Commission for Combatting Counter-Revolution, to which persons arrested are usually taken and where Mr. Woodhouse was confined. He had a long interview with the Commandant of Petrograd Shatov and strongly protested against the unheard of breach of International Law which had taken place, and demanded to be allowed to drive immediately to Embassy to be present at search there. Permission was refused by Shatov, who said that Embassy was being searched because Authorities had documents proving conclusively that British Government was implicated in Uritsky's murder. When they had left Furm.... and their car was passing the Winter Palace, Staff of British Consulate and of Missions and some civilians who were at Embassy when it was invaded were seen walking under guard to No. 2 Gorokhovaya.

A meeting of neutral diplomatic corps was held that night upon initiative of Mr. Van Niftrik, at which following points were submitted.

(1) That immediate release of those arrested should be demanded.

(11) That it should be insisted upon that Mr. Van Niftrik should be present at examination of arrested.

(111) That attention should be drawn to gross breach of international law committed by armed occupation of the Embassy which bore on the door a signed and sealed notice to the effect that it was under the protection

of

of Netherlands Legation and by refusal to allow Mr. Van Niftrik to be present at the search.

The meeting drew up a protest to be presented to Soviet Authorities at Moscow.

On September 1st particulars were learnt as to the violation of Embassy and details will be found in a statement herewith enclosed made by Mrs. Bucknall, wife of Lieutenant Bucknall now under arrest. Mrs. Bucknall was at the Embassy at the time of its invasion. The Red Guards under the direction of several commissaries had made their way into the Embassy at 5 p.m. and behaved with the greatest brutality. Captain Cromie who had tried to bar their entrance and had been threatened that he would be killed "like a dog" had fired, killing two men. He had then been shot himself and died nearly instantaneously. The whole staff of the Consulate and Missions and some civilians accidentally present at the Embassy had then been marched under escort to Gorokhovaya No. 2., where they remained until Tuesday September 3rd when (at 4 p.m.) they were conveyed to the fortress of Peter and Paul.

During next few days repeated efforts were made by Mr. Van Niftrik, Mr. Van der Pals, also Consul and neutral legations to obtain release of those arrested but without success. Mr. Van Niftrik endeavored successfully to obtain an interview with Zinoviev, President of Northern Commune on September the 1st, M. de Scavenius, Danish Minister who expressed profound indignation at what had occurred, saw Zinoviev at 9 p.m. on that day, and expressed himself in strongest terms. He was promised that body of Captain Cromie should be delivered

MP

up to him and Mr. Van Niftrik, and on September 2nd they together removed the body to the English Church. The funeral took place in the presence of the whole of the Corps Diplomatique and the greater part of the British and French Communities. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and was completely wreathed with flowers. After it had been lowered into the grave I pronounced following short address in French and English.

"In the name of the British Government and in the name of the family of Captain Cromie I thank you all especially the representatives of the Allied and neutral countries for the honour you have shown Captain Cromie.

Friends, we have all known Captain Cromie as a real friend, as a British gentleman, as a British Officer in the highest sense of the word.

Happy is the country that produces sons like Captain Cromie.

Let his splendid and beautiful example lead us and inspire us all until the end of our days. Amen."

The doyen of the Corps Diplomatique, M. Odier, Swiss Minister gave expression to his deep sympathy and admiration for the late Captain Cromie who had died for his country.

In the evening of September 3rd no impression having yet been made on the Communal Authorities another meeting of the Corps Diplomatique was held. This meeting was attended by Neutral Diplomatic representatives and Mr. Van Der Pals representing the Netherland Legation. Unexpected feature of the meeting was the appearance at the suggestion of Mr. Scavenius of German and Austrian

Consuls-General.

Consuls-General. The whole of the Body met together at 9 p.m., and proceeded to Zinoviev's residence where they with difficulty succeeded in obtaining an interview with him. M. Odier strongly protested in the name of the neutral Legations at action taken by Communal Authorities against foreign subjects. He emphasised the fact that for acts of violence committed against foreign subjects in Russia the Soviets officials would be held personally responsible. He demanded that permission should be granted for a neutral representative to be present at the examination of the accused. Zinoviev said that he must consult his Colleagues on the matter. Mr. Van der Pals afterwards again laid stress on this point. M. Odier was followed by German Consul-General who made a forcible protest in the name of humanity against the terrorism now entered upon by Bolsheviks. He referred in strong terms to "sanguinary" speech of the other day by M. Zinoviev and said that even though French and English arrested belonged to nations at war with Germany yet it was impossible not to unite with neutral representatives in a strong protest against course now adopted by Bolsheviks. He appears to have spoken with great force though one line of (words or perhaps pages missing).

I returned to Petrograd yesterday as I had received a telegram from my Secretary urging my return and could not therefore take responsibility of remaining longer absent from Petrograd where position I gather must be very bad. Up to today situation here has in no way improved. Besides British arrests numerous arrests of French citizens have taken place, including that of the

Commercial

Commercial Attaché to French Embassy though French Consular officers have not so far been touched. Thousands of Russians belonging to officer and wealthy classes not excluding merchants and shop-keepers are being arrested daily, and, according to an official communication five hundred of them have already been shot; amongst arrested there are a large number of women. For last four days no further British arrests have been made. I enclose herewith a full list of British officials and civilians now under arrest at Petrograd.

Position of British subjects in prison is most precarious and during last few days constant reports have reached Legation that question whether to shoot or release them has not yet been decided. There seems to be also a strong tendency to regard those arrested as hostages. Those belonging to Military and Naval Missions are probably in most danger and in present rabid temper of Bolsheviks anything is possible but there is some hope that Consular staff and civilians may be released before matters become still more serious. With regard to members of Missions hope of release seems very small.

Conditions under which Englishmen at Peter and Paul Fortress are kept are most miserable. I was informed yesterday by M. d'Arcy Commercial Attaché to French Embassy just released, that they are crowded together with other prisoners, some twenty in a cell, twenty by ten feet. In each cell there is only one bed rest must sleep on a stone floor. No food whatever is supplied by prison authorities, and they depend entirely on arrangements which this Legation had made, and food furnished by friends and

Relatives.

relatives. Rugs, pillows, medicines, warm clothing and other comforts are being sent from time to time, but great difficulties are experienced in getting these articles delivered. From August 31st to morning of September 2nd no food at all was accepted for prisoners. Since then they have received some supplied from outside, but it still remains to be seen whether it will reach them regularly at Fortress, though I shall leave no stone unturned to secure its proper distribution. Russian prisoners in Fortress appear to be absolutely starving and this will make the question of supply of British subjects even more difficult than it would otherwise be, owing to presence in their cells of famished Russians. I enclose herewith copy of letter just received from British prisoners which speaks for itself.

Yesterday evening I endeavoured to see Zinoviev in order to inform him of appalling conditions at the Fortress but he absolutely refused to see me. I was equally unable to see Uritsky's successor and could only gain access to a subordinate of latter, who behaved with lack of courtesy which may now be expected. I informed him of conditions obtaining in Fortress and he eventually promised to speak to Commandant of Fortress whom he had occasion to see that night. He refused to give me the number of Zinoviev's telephone or name of Commandant of Fortress.

As regards situation in Moscow I can only say that in my opinion it is most grave. Nineteen Englishmen and thirty Frenchmen have been arrested and are kept

under

under the worst conditions. Mr. Lockhart who was released and subsequently re-arrested was only saved from being shot on September 4th by my most strenuous exertions. Before I left Moscow a solemn promise was given to me that he would be released but his position is precarious in the extreme, while all those now under arrest there are in great danger. Mr. Lockhart is accused by Soviet Government of organising a plot to overthrow it and Bolshevik official and unofficial papers are full of details of alleged conspiracy while it is asserted that British officials at Petrograd were concerned in plot. Attempt on life of Lenin is of course attributed by Bolsheviks to British and French and if he should die it is quite possible that all now under arrest at Moscow and Petrograd would be shot.

At Moscow I had repeated interviews with Chicherin and Karahan. I consider Chicherin beneath contempt and can only apply to him term "reptile". I was able to show pretty clearly what opinion I held of him. Whole Soviet Government has sunk to the level of a criminal organisation. Bolsheviks realise that their game is up and have entered on a career of criminal madness. I repeatedly told Chicherin with all the energy of which I am capable that he must realise full well that Bolshevik Government was not a match for England. England had a longer wind than the Soviets. She would not be intimidated; even if hundreds of British subjects should be executed by order of the Bolsheviks England would not turn one hair's breadth from her purpose. Moment would come when the Soviet

Authorities,

Authorities, man by man, would have to pay for all the acts of terrorism which they committed. But in spite of persistence with which I drove those facts home, I could not obtain any definite promises from Chicherin but only a few evasive replies and some lies. Bolsheviks have burnt their boats and are now ready for any wickedness.

As regards original objects of my journey to Moscow, evacuation of British from Russia I found it necessary to promise that Litvinov should be allowed to leave England at once provided that in exchange for this concession all British subjects in Russia including Consular staffs and Missions were allowed to leave the country. This was agreed to so far as Consulates and civilians were concerned including those now under arrest at Petrograd but an exception was made with regard to members of Military and Naval Missions who would be released only on arrival of Russian Red Cross delegates in France for the purpose of repatriation of Russian soldiers. Result of negotiations was reported by telegraph to His Majesty's Minister at Stockholm through intermediary of Swedish Consul-General at Moscow for communication to British Government.

As regards invasion of British Embassy at Petrograd I had occasion to present to Chicherin and Karakan, in addition to my protest and demands for repatriation, embodied in my Note to Chicherin of September 2nd, joint protest drawn up by neutral diplomatic representatives at Petrograd (see above) which I also signed, demanding release of all those arrested at Embassy and that Embassy should be handed over to me and stating that Soviet Government would be held responsible in every

respect

respect for consequences of this breach of international law which was quite unique in history. This I reported to my Government, at The Hague, through the intermediary of Chicherin for transmission to British Legation there though I cannot affirm that telegram was sent. Chicherin wished to evade question of release of persons arrested at Embassy and only agreed to demand for Embassy to be handed over to me, but I told him plainly that it must be all or nothing, and that I would not consent to half measuresof this kind. I have further demanded that all documents seized at the Embassy shall be delivered to me.

The foregoing report will indicate the extremely critical nature of the present situation. The danger is now so great that I feel it my duty to call the attention of the British and all other Governments to the fact that if an end is not put to Bolshevism in Russia at once the civilisation of the whole world will be threatened. This is not an exaggeration but a sober matter of fact; and the most unusual action of German and Austrian Consuls-General before referred to, in joining in protest of neutral Legations appears to indicate that the danger is also being realised in German and Austrian quarters. I consider that the immediate suppression of Bolshevism is the greatest issue now before the world, not even excluding the war which is still raging, and unless as above stated Bolshevism is nipped in the bud immediately it is bound to spread in one form or another over Europe and the whole world as it is organised and worked by Jews who have no nationality, and whose one object is to destroy for their own ends the existing order of things. The only manner in which this danger

could

could be averted would be collective action on the part of all Powers.

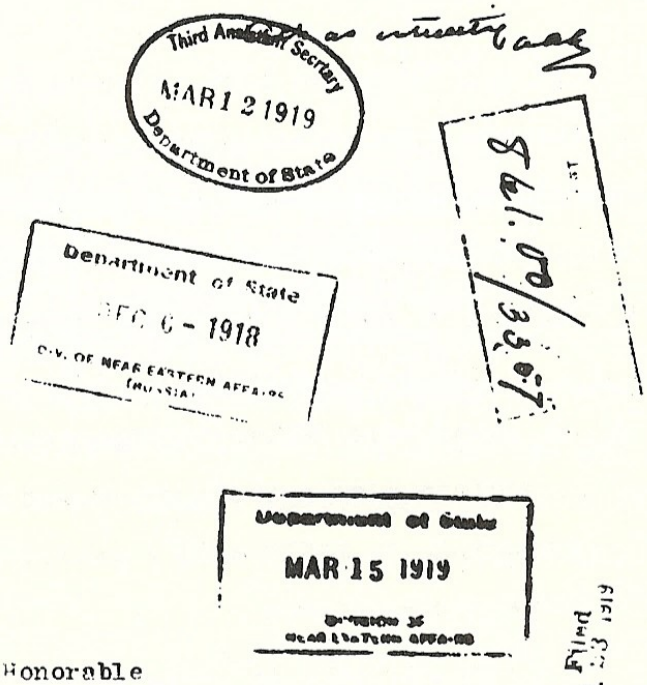
I am also of opinion that no support whatever should be given to any other Socialistic Party in Russia least of all to Social Revolutionaries, whose policy it is at the moment to overthrow the Bolsheviks, but whose aims in reality are the same, viz., to establish proletariat rule through the world. Social revolutionaries will never fight any foreign power and any profession which they may now make in this sense are merely a tactical move in their struggle with the Bolsheviks.

I would beg that this report may be telegraphed as soon as possible in cypher in full to the British Foreign Office in view of its importance.

Consul Bosanquet and Acting Vice-Consul Kimens are staying at this Legation but it is essential that this fact should not be known to any one. (Ends.)

AMERICAN LEGATION
COPENHAGEN

No. 1894 November 12, 1918.



The Honorable

The Secretary of State,

Washington.

Sir:

I have the honor to enclose herewith, for the information of the Department, a

1/ copy of a letter written to me by Mr. R. R STEVENS, representative in Russia of the National City Bank of New York, under date of the 28th ultimo, transmitting a memoran-

2/ dum on the SITUATION IN RUSSIA, a copy of which is also enclosed.

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It will be noted that in his letter Mr. Stevens requests that, in case the material or opinions contained in the memorandum are used, his name be withheld, inasmuch as he feels that his statement is not so complete as he would like to have made it under more favorable circumstances.

3/ I enclose also a short statement by Vice Consul J. A. LEHRS with regard to Mr. Stevens' memorandum.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H Chapman Smith

Enclosures:
1, 2, and 3/
As described above.

GS/een

ENCLOSURE NO. 1 IN DESPATCH NO. 1894, November 12, 1918

C O P Y

Office of the Scandinavian Representative
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

Copenhagen, Denmark
Holmens Kanal 16

October 28, 1918

Hon. U. Grant-Smith, Chargé d'Affaires,

The American Legation, Copenhagen.

Dear Sir:

I attach hereto a hurried and rough memorandum giving in general my views with regard to the Russian situation. This statement is of necessity hurried and imperfect but will perhaps serve the purpose for which I understand you wish it,- namely for your own private and confidential information and advice. If you have occasion to use any of the material or opinions here expressed, please leave my name out of it, as if I were making any official and signed statement with regard to the situation I should want to give much more time and care to it.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) R. R. Stevens

ENCLOSURE NO. 2 IN DESPATCH NO. 1894, November 12, 1918.

BOLSHEVISM IN ITS INTERNATIONAL PHASE

In any consideration of the regime of Bolshevism in Russia the important fact to be borne in mind continually is that the same conditions which made Bolshevism possible there exist today in greater or less degree in every country of the world. In Russia the want, deprivation and hardships attendant upon the rigors of the war reached a straining point in February, 1917, which culminated in the political revolution and the abdication of the Tsar. Following upon this revolution which enhanced the restlessness of the people by the organization of a weak and uncertain government, a group of bold and determined men seized upon the moment when the Russian masses, breaking the bonds of autocracy, emerged from the gloom of absolutism and stood hesitating, gasping, and blinking in the bright sunlight of freedom. With specious promises condensed into a platform claiming liberty, land and bread to a people unable to grasp the full significance of the first and not understanding in its true light what was promised them by "land," and desiring above all things bread to cover the exigencies of the present moment, this clique was able in a moment to wrest the power from the staggering government, and a great social revolution was a coup fait.

Now the doctrine of self-determination has been preached through all lands, and people who have never thought beyond the limits of their own horizon are revolving in their minds the theory of self-determination. It is evident that these

people

people are unable to think clearly or logically of what self-determination consists or how it may be brought about, and the great danger at the present time is that by illogical and ignorant thinking self-determination on the part of the people will resolve itself into universal anarchy. The world peril is now the Russian peril, for by the establishment of Bolshevism in Russia and the actual working of the principles of Bolshevism in Petrograd and Moscow the leaders of that party have become strengthened in every way, and at the expense of Russia are conducting energetic and clever propaganda throughout the world. In every country from Argentina to Canada and from Japan to England a strong international organization has been formed, cooperating in all its parts and aiming toward the establishment of Bolshevism in every country of the world. These organizations are supplied with funds from their bases in Petrograd and Moscow and their theories are being developed and perfected in Russia which for the purpose has been converted into a great laboratory of communism. The declared policy of Bolshevism is the introduction of communism in all countries, and to effect their plans they require a world-wide social revolution with all the attendant disasters.

BOLSHEVISM IN ITS NATIONAL PHASE

In studying Bolshevism as established in Russia there are four principal points to be constantly borne in mind:

1. The Bolsheviks are not primarily concerned in political systems of government. Their aim is communism viewed not from a political side, as the outside world is inclined to look at it, but solely in its social application.

2. The present Soviet Government of Russia is not truly representative of the people for two reasons:

a. The Bolsheviks claim to be representative not of the

the whole people but only of the proletariat.

b. They explain the present system of government as a "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" reposed in a trusteeship which is made up of the champions of the proletariat. The leaders in the government frankly state that the proletariat in its ignorance does not know what is best for it and what measures should be taken to realize their true destiny. Until they acquire this knowledge they must turn their affairs over to their champions who will take the measures necessary not only for bringing them to their place in the sun, but for consigning all other classes into the realms of cold and darkness.

3. It is very important to note that from the smallest districts up to the very head the Government is composed almost entirely of Jews, Russian Jews. Lenine is the only real Russian in the Government and he, although honest, is a fanatic. The Jews surrounding him are demagogues and rascals.

4. The Government is not imbued with a national spirit, but is international to the core, and international only for the proletariat. This spirit explains their acceptance of the Brest Treaty which they are free to admit was made at the expense of the true interests of Russia and which they dismiss with the calm statement that it was necessary to their international aims to conclude peace with Germany on any terms whatever. They know no patriotism and claim none. They are truly the internationales.

The reign of terror which has horrified the whole world the Bolsheviks find necessary because they have no room in the communistic state for the bourgeoisie or dissenters who, by their very existence within the state, constitute two perils to Bolshevism: (1) they are a constant counter revolutionary force which will always be eager to seize the power and pervert

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the principles of Bolshevism, and (2) they are the income receiving class and are parasitical per se. In the communistic state there is room only for the wage earners; all others must be destroyed.

RESULTS OF BOLSHEVISM

The results of Bolshevism may be studied in any daily newspaper which brings forward with every issue its new stories of the upper classes being murdered by hundreds, and all classes are suffering from starvation and dying in great numbers therefrom. Reports from Russia depict a general disorder throughout the country and disintegration of trade, commerce, and industry and transportation with enormous losses and the work of generations suffering destruction over night. All humanity cries out against it; all humanity should rise and demand a decent government where every man and all classes should have a right to exist. It is not a question of the establishment of a socialistic or a capitalistic government; it is a demand for a government of law and order which the world is interested in making upon Russia.

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

The only solution which can be made of the Russian problem is international intervention on humanitarian grounds, backed by whatever military force is required. The term "international" should not be construed to mean intervention by the Allies or by the Central Powers or by either acting in concert, but intervention by a league of all the nations in order that the Bolsheviks may not have the opportunity of saying that they are being attacked by Anglo-American imperialism or by German militarism, but that they will be forced to admit that they are being attacked by civilization itself. Intervention must be impartial and unselfish, its avowed and actual aim to be the establishment

establishment of law and order by the creation of such conditions within the country that an expression of opinion may be secured from all classes as to what form of government they desire and what form of government they will support. After securing such an opinion, which in itself would represent a free and unprejudiced self-determination, the League of Nations should bind itself to establish such government and support it in its stages of organization and until it found itself self-supporting by the will of the Russian people. Russia to-day is incapable of putting an end to the disorder within the country. The people are illiterate, without a knowledge of civic principles and with no governmental experience. The best blood in the country is being wantonly spilled by the vicious power in control. The question may be asked why the Bolsheviks if they are in a minority are suffered by the people. For centuries the Russian people have been ruled by a very small minority of the upper classes who kept the masses bound hand and foot, blinded and gagged until 1917, when the people by a great struggle loosed and flung aside the iron bonds of tsarism and stood erect. It was but a few months before they were hurled back by Bolshevism and new bonds of tyranny and oppression were encircled on their prostrate forms. Non-intervention means that the world views this action, if not with consent, at least with acquiescence. Non-intervention permits anarchy to pursue its destructive way in Russia and consigns the Russian people to violence and terror throughout the years until at last they will rise again and by another revolution of bloodshed and horror they will endeavor to find the government which is best suited to them. It is my belief that a universal plebiscite would call by a great majority for a constitutional monarchy,

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the ruler with powers strong in the beginning but aided and advised by a cabinet responsible to and chosen from the leaders of a truly representative parliament, which would be able as the years passed and the people learned the duties and responsibilities of participation in government to bear an increasing share of the burden of state and which would gradually replace the monarchy in all administrative and legislative functions.

As to the creation of new sovereignties from the Russian Empire, it is my belief that the Finns, being a race of altogether different nature from the Russians and far in advance of them in many ways, should be allowed a separate sovereignty, which is undoubtedly the desire of the Finnish people. The Ukraine is quite another matter; the people are Slavic, their interests are bound up in the interests of Russia, and for geographical and economic reasons the Ukraine is necessary to the logical and prosperous development of European Russia. A strong degree of local self-government which would border on autonomy should be constituted not only to the Ukraine, but to all the different governments of Russia, but the Ukraine, the Kuban district and the Caucasian provinces should all be included within the Empire of Russia. The people of Siberia, having had to suffer and endure the hardships of the pioneer, are more rugged and independent in cast than the European Russians. They are able to form their opinion as to whether they desire to be included in the Empire and their wishes in this respect should be acceded to. The Urals constitute a natural boundary between Europeanand Asiatic Russia and it would be no difficult matter to constitute either one or two empires from the great continent.

Copenhagen, October 28, 1919.

ENCLOSURE NO. 3 IN DESPATCH NO. 1894, November 12, 1918.

Copenhagen, November 8, 1918.

NOTES ON MR. STEVENS' MEMORANDUM ON THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

Mr. Stevens shows in his memorandum on conditions in Russia a thorough understanding of the Russian situation and of the causes that brought the once powerful country to her present condition.

As Mr. Stevens explains in his letter accompanying the memorandum the latter is just a hurried sketch, and this probably accounts for the omission of "peace" in the list of "promises" with which the leaders of Bolshevism made the dark and utterly ignorant population of Russia their followers.

It was this promise of "peace without annexations and contributions on the basis of self-determination of nations" accompanied by a violent propaganda in the trenches persuading the soldiers to stop fighting that broke the Russian front and made out of what were once regiments disorderly mobs of Bolsheviks. In the Bolshevist formula of peace only the word "peace" was of meaning to the ignorant soldiers, but not one in one hundred would have been able to explain "annexation, contribution," etc.

With reference to the suggestion of an "international" intervention in Russia, i. e., with the participation of Germany, I would like to point out that such a participation would have the danger of greatly strengthening Germany's position in Russia and would contribute to the reestablishment of her once so powerful influence.

J. A. Lehrs

American Vice Consul

INDEX BUREAU SEP 9 1919 STATE

R. Jones
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W.E
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No. 1163.

London, August 15, 1919.

COUNSELOR DEC 5 1919 DEPARTMENT OF STATE

DEC 31 1919

861.00/5177

Filed DEC 31 1919

[redacted]

Sir:-

With reference to the Department's instruction no. 2648 of November 6, 5 p.m., regarding Bolshevism in Great Britain, I have the honor to transmit herewith, for the information of the Department, three copies of a Confidential Memorandum on REVOLUTIONARY

TENDENCIES

TENDENCIES BEHIND THE LABOUR UNREST.

I venture to add that this Memorandum was prepared by an Intelligence section of General Headquarters, Home Forces. Its contents were considered, by the Government, of such a confidential nature that almost immediately after its issuance it was suppressed. Inasmuch as the subjects have been treated in the Memorandum in a very complete and concise manner, I shall not attempt to summarize them at length in this covering despatch.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

John W. Harris

Enclosures:- As above indicated.

(b) *Philosophical Anarchism* is, therefore, not to be confused with the *anarchist propaganda of revolution by violence*, a development which may be dated from 1872, when, at an International Working Peoples Association Congress held at The Hague, the anarchist section separated themselves from the followers of Karl Marx. Revolutionary organizations were formed in all countries and an international outbreak of violence and assassination commenced which has never been fully suppressed. The freedom which Great Britain enjoyed from such violence has been mainly due to the fact that exiles from Russia have been given a home in England.

(c) *Nihilism* is the name which was given in 1862 to a school of anarchist thought in Russia, mostly of the student type, which called into question and ridiculed the generally received convictions and respectable conventionalities of social life and talked of re-organizing society on strictly scientific principles. Their manners, method of dressing, and so on, were extreme and ridiculous, and they professed a contempt for aesthetic culture, sentimentalism and refinement of every kind. They taught that the antiquated institutions which had to be abolished as obstructions to real progress were religion, family life, private property and centralized administration. They were so persistent in their propaganda that the police took action and a number of political trials followed. It may be said that the professed Nihilists were sometimes of unsound mind and sometimes the product of a too rapid academic education. As a result, however, the movement was driven underground and became a secret society with assassination as one of its methods of obtaining liberty.

In its later stages, from 1879, it is difficult to say whether the movement was mainly criminal or mainly political. In any case it is so closely allied to the purely anarchist movement and revolutionary Marxian Socialism that for general purposes they may be considered together. In fact the term Bolshevism now covers all these schools of thought, although, intellectually, any form of Anarchism is irreconcilible with Socialism.

(iv) *Bolshevism.*—"Bolshevik" is a hybrid term signifying a person belonging to the majority. It was coined after the split of the Russian Democratic Party in 1903, when the more moderate wing was left in a minority and the revolutionary wing gained a majority of votes. It has now come, with Russians, to mean "out for everything—out and outer."

Bolshevism is now a customary term for revolutionary socialism of the Marxian school. It does not imply any new doctrine and has been applied generally to the political procedure of the Russian revolutionaries. The "nationalisation of women"; the exclusion of the bourgeoisie from the use of the franchise; the execution of political opponents and other excesses should, therefore, be regarded as only incident upon the rise into power of unbalanced or totally uneducated men, and not as a corollary of the triumph of Marxian Socialism. There are some educated men in positions of prominence, but as any undue restraint on the masses by such men would lead to their own downfall and, indeed, the majority even of the educated men are actuated by feelings of revenge, it is not to be wondered at that the revolution has been allowed to run its full and almost unrestrained course. The greatest impetus to the movement was given by returning political exiles of an unbalanced temperament, and, apart from this, it should be remembered that the movement is mainly controlled by Jews. In view of the past persecutions of this people it can readily be understood that they have proved to be immoderate and unpatriotic during a social upheaval.

If any real distinction between the practise of Bolshevism and the original teaching of Socialism is to be made it should be described as a difference in political action, *i.e.*, direct action or rebellion instead of parliamentary action resulting from the constitutional rise into power of a duly elected Socialist majority. Nevertheless, the political actions of the Bolsheviks have been largely influenced by the syndicalist-anarchist school of thought, which has always been strong in Russia. The decentralization of power down to the local soviets is partly due to geographical considerations but mostly to syndicalism and anarchism which in the past had done much to undermine state authority.

GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

I Certify *That the annexed copy, or each of the specified number of annexed copies, of each document listed below is a true copy of a document in the official custody of the Archivist of the United States.*

Department of State Decimal File, 1910-1929, file 861.00/5067. Summary of Report No. 9 of July 16, 1919, from the Directorate of Intelligence (Home Office), Scotland House, S. W. 1, entitled "A Monthly Review of the Progress of Revolutionary Movements Abroad." This report was enclosed with despatch No. 1072, dated London, July 23, 1919, from John W. Davis, American Ambassador to Great Britain, to the Secretary of State in Washington.

This document is from the General Records of the Department of State.

In testimony whereof, *I, WAYNE C. GROVER, Archivist of the United States, have hereunto caused the Seal of the National Archives to be affixed and my name subscribed by the* Acting Chief Archivist, General Records Division *of the National Archives, in the District of Columbia, this* 19th *day of* April *19*61.

Wayne C. Grover
Archivist of the United States

By L. Philip Bauer

GSA WASH DC 60-74

NAR-350 · AUGUST 1959
(Formerly GSA Form 86)

CLASSIFICATION CANCELED
Authority: letter 1-8-58
W. H. Anderson, State Dept.
By Ronald J Heise
Date March 13 1961

AMERICAN EMBASSY
17 JUL 1919
LONDON

~~SECRET~~ DIRECTORATE OF INTELLIGENCE

Report No. 9. (Home Office)

Scotland House, S.W.1.

16th July, 1919.

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS ABROAD

(Circulated by the Home Secretary)

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SUMMARY

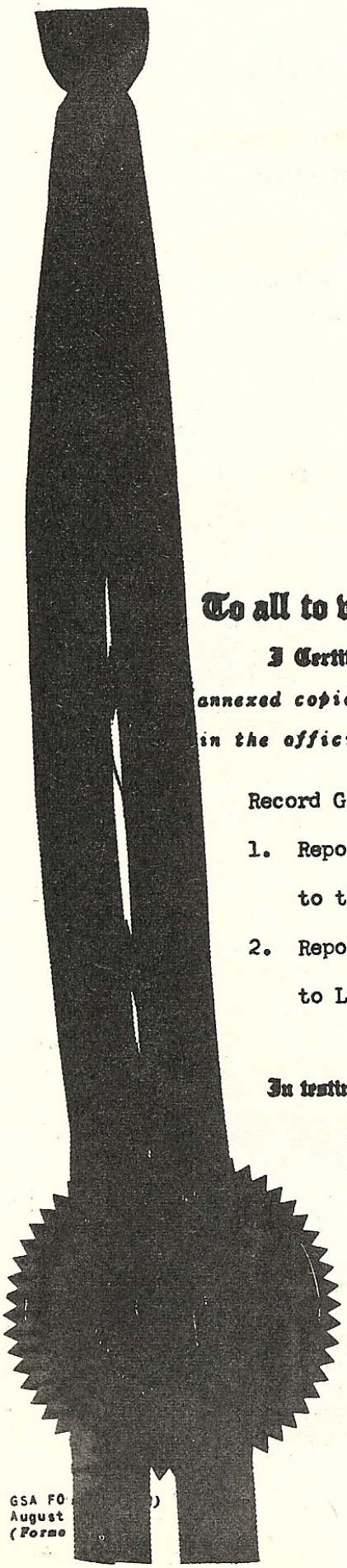
There is now definite evidence that Bolshevism is an international movement controlled by Jews; communications are passing between the leaders in America, France, Russia and England, with a view to concerted action. Buda Pesth is merely an outpost of the Russian Soviet Government.

In Russia itself Bolshevism is beginning to change its character, and, if Lenin's administration falls, fears are expressed that the power may pass into the hands of the anarchists, which will mean complete chaos. In Buda Pesth, it is believed, any announcement of Allied intervention would be welcomed by more than nine-tenths of the population.

Labour unrest is general throughout the world, but it is becoming apparent that much of it is economic and is part of the process of re-adjustment after the sudden decline in the purchasing power of money. The extreme elements naturally take advantage of any unrest.

While affairs in Holland and Switzerland are more stable, the position in Scandinavia seems to be changing for the worse.

Italy is in the throes of an industrial crisis, which may have profound political consequences. The assistance given by the Italians to the Hungarian Communists may prove to be a dangerous double-edged weapon.



GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

I Certify *That the annexed copy, or each of the specified number of annexed copies, of each document listed below is a true copy of a document in the official custody of the Archivist of the United States.*

Record Group 120: Records of the American Expeditionary Forces

1. Report of June 9, 1919, from Captain Montgomery Schuyler to the Chief of Staff, A.E.F., Siberia (pp. 1 and 2 only).
2. Report of March 1, 1919, from Captain Montgomery Schuyler to Lt. Colonel Barrows, Vladivostok.

In testimony whereof, *I, WAYNE C. GROVER, Archivist of the United States, have hereunto caused the Seal of the National Archives to be affixed and my name subscribed by the* Chief Archivist War Records Division *of the National Archives, in the District of Columbia, this* 2nd *day of* September *19*60.

Wayne C. Grover
Archivist of the United States

By Dallas Irvine

GSA FO
August
(Forme

GSA-WASH DC 51-7873

HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, SIBERIA

Vladivostok, Siberia,
June 9th, 1919.

From: Captain Montgomery Schuyler.

To: The Chief of Staff

Subject: General Report - Omsk.

1. In compliance with orders of the Commanding General (Secret) October 25th, 1918, I left Vladivostok on November 20th, 1918 and proceeded to Omsk which I reached on December 8th, 1918. I left that city, also in compliance with orders, April 26th, 1919 and arrived in Vladivostok on May 7th, 1919.

2-5. Full and accurate information as to the "local personalities" at Omsk is rather difficult as both military and civil officials of the government there are constantly changing and since my departure there have been many new appointments in both the Cabinet and War Ministry.

The Government as at present administered consists of first, Admiral Kolchak, with the title of "Supreme Ruler". On the civil side the Government consists of a Council of Ministers presided over by the President of a Council of Ministers. This Council at the present time is forced to do both legislative and executive function. On the military side the Admiral has the so-called "Stavka" or General Staff and the Ministry of War which is one of the divisions of the civil cabinet. Up to the time of my departure the General Staff and the War Ministry had separate heads and their respective functions were constantly causing friction owing to the lack of clearly defined spheres of activity. Since then, however, they have been united under one man who is the Chief of both divisions and this change it is believed will bring about greater unity and coordination in the military work. The General Staff is in charge of all matters pertaining to the front and to the active campaign against the Bolsheviks. The Ministry of War is charged with the duties of mobilization, transport and supplies as well as of all military operations in the rear, which term is now used to include all territory East of Omsk. With the great gains of territory which have been made by the army this Spring, it has been found necessary to have the General Staff nearer the actual theatre of operations and preparations are now being made to move it from Omsk to Ekaterinburg. Admiral Kolchak has stated that he will not move the civil government from Omsk until he is able to take it direct to Moscow or Petrograd.

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Both the civil and military departments at Omsk, at the present time, suffer from the lack of men trained in leadership, and of executive ability. When Admiral Kolchak came in power he found no men in the government who were capable of filling the offices they held, with the possible exception of Mr. Vologodsky, the President of the Council of Ministers. Nearly all of the other ministers were of the long-haired, loud-mouthed type and spent so much time in fruitless discussion that they were never able to get any action even on the most urgent matters. These men are gradually being replaced as new men can be found of greater executive ability and there is a steady but slow improvement in the calibre of the ministers. It must be remembered, however, that owing to the geographical limitations, Admiral Kolchak had only Siberia to draw from and Siberia has never been known as a breeding place for Russian statesmen, on the contrary it has always been the dumping ground of persons whose presence in European Russia was not desired by the Government. Practically none of the trained officers of the old army are now available, those of them that survived the war with Germany having nearly all been murdered by the Bolshevicks as they were found in European Russia. In the Black Sea massacre it is stated that not less than 8,000 officers were murdered and at Kronstadt, in the Gulf of Finland, between six and seven thousand were drowned at one time. The present officers of the Siberian Army are either former non-commissioned officers of the old army or young boys who have had just sufficient education to be able to do the necessary paper work and neither kind are of the right stamp to reorganize a new army and to hammer out a fighting force from the hopeless anarchy into which Kerensky and his successors, Lenine and Trotsky, have thrown the Russian people.

At the time when Admiral Kolchak took over the Government in November 1918 as the result of a coup d etat which was engineered by the Cabinet during the Admiral's absence at the front in an effort of the more sensible numbers to get rid of the paralyzing influence of Avksentiev and his followers. Almost immediately after this Admiral Kolchak had pneumonia and it was not until January 1919 that a real beginning was made in the reorganization of Russia. Up to the end of 1918 things had been growing steadily worse in Russia ever since the first few months of the First Provisional Government, when for a short time it looked as if able the new regime would be ~~hopeless~~ to bring some sort of modern government into the country. These hopes were frustrated by the gradual gains in power of the more irresponsible and socialistic elements of the population guided by the Jews and other anti-Russian races. A table made in April 1918 by Robert Wilton, the correspondent of the London Times in Russia, shows that at that time there were 384 "commissars" including 2 negroes, 13 Russians, 15 Chinamen, 22 Armenians and more than 300 Jews. Of the latter number 264 had come to Russia from the United States since the downfall of the Imperial Government. It is only since the

In reply please refer to No. 383.9 Mil. Int. Report.

PERSONAL AND ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ Schuyler

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DOD Dir, 5200.9 Sept. 27, 1958
NWR by L. Ramsey Date 3-17-60

WAR DEPARTMENT
~~AMERICAN~~ EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, SIBERIA.
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF
INTELLIGENCE SECTION

March 1, 1919.

My dear Colonel Barrows:

I have just received yo r letter of January 29th, forwarded by Baron Hoyen of General Romanovsky's staff, who has just arrived in Omsk. I was of course much interested in your news, as I had been unable to find anything about the movements of our officers or as to myself.

I was afraid that I should be stranded in Omsk for some little time even if the others got away and although I want to get home just a as soon as possible for urgent personal business reasons, I realize that I am o more use here than possibly anywhere else. This work, however, is so familiar to me as this is the fifth revolution I have watched in the pains of birth, that I must confess it has lost its charm of novelty.

I have not attempted to write you anything concerning the situation in Omsk as I have felt that conditions here were so fluid that what I wrote would be valueless when received by you. Lieutenant Cushing is preparing a sort of weekly report which he will send in in his own name and which will suffice for us both for the present. My telegrams have been perhaps more numerous than you desired and some of the subjects mentioned may not interest our expedition in the least. This I was aware of when sending them but I felt it was better to err on the side of fullness than the other way. I am strictly obeying my orders to keep out of local affairs and avoid giving advice, but I must say it is very hard not to jump in and manage this government entirely.

The problems which the Omsk Government has to fa e are not at all intrinsically different from those which prevail in every movement of the kind known to history, but the besetting problem in this instance is that Admiral Kolchak has to work with the materials available for his purposes, namely the Russian people of today, who are so thoroughly disorganized and lifeless as a result of the last three years, that that they are unable even to think for themselves far less to govern themselves.

In the first place, the coup of Admiral Kolchak's friends whereby he assumed the role of Supreme Governor was absolutely necessary if the whole of Siberia was not to fall ripe into the hands of the Bolsheviks. That visionary set of impractical theorists with whom I spent an e enig in a railroad car at a Manchurian station- Messrs Avksentieff and compa any- were far worse than out and out anarchists, for they were weak dreamers who could not even maintain the ordinary police security necessary to life in any community. Crime was rife in the streets of Omsk murders and hold ups were of nightly occurrence in this city on the main streets and the Bolshevik city governments throughout Siberia were running things their own way just as they are in Vladivostok today.

It is of course difficult to legalize Admiral Kolchak's position, in fact it is impossible, for while it was done by the decree of the so called government of the time, it was simply a coup d'etat. His status however is as good according to Russian law as that of any of th re olutionary governments which preceded him.

In the beginning and of necessity his acts for the restoration of order were autocratic; he depended on the support of the army and the officers especially, and he put down local disorder with a high hand.

X201 Schuyler X401 Romanovsky

In reply please refer to No._____

WAR DEPARTMENT
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OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF
INTELLIGENCE SECTION

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Ever since then however, he has shown himself in so far as he could safely do so, more and more liberal, and I have no hesitation in saying that I firmly believe that his own opinions and frame of mind are far more liberal than the outside world gives him credit for. He is unfortunate in this that he has had to dpend upon the mailed fist to maintain his position and to keep his government from bein, overrid by the Bolshevik elements which are numerous in every city in Siberia.

It is probably unwise to say this loudly in the United States but the Bolshevik movement is and has been since its beginning guided and controlled by Russian Jews of the greasiest type, who have been in the United States and there absorbed every one of the worst phases of our civilization without havin, the least understanding of what we really mean by liberty. (I do not mean the use of the word liberty which has been so widespread in the United States since the war began, but the real word spelt the same way),and the real Russian realizes this and suspects that Americans think as do the loathsome specimens with whom he now comes in contact. I have heard all sorts of estimates as to the real proportion of Bolsheviks to that of the population of Siberia and I think the most accurate is that of General Ivanov-Rinov who estimates it as two per cent. There is hardly a peasant this side of the Urals who has the slightest interest in the Bolshevik or his doings except in so far as it concerns the loss of his own property and, in fact, his point of view is very much like that of our own respectable farmers, when confronted with the IWW ideal.

Unfortunately, a few of our people in the United States, especially those with good lungs, seem to think that the Bolsheviks are as deserving of a hearing as any real political party with us. This is what the Russian cannot understand and I must say that without being thought one sided, I should not hesitate to shoot without trial if I had the power any persons who admitted for one moment that they were Bolsheviks. I would j st as soon see a mad dog running about a lot of children.

You will think I am hot about this matter but it is I feel sure, one which is going to bring great trouble on the United States when the judgment of history s all be recorded on the part we have played It is very largely our fault that Bolshevism has spread as it has and I do not believe we will be found guiltless of the thousands of lives uselessly and cruelly sacrificed in wild orgies of bloodshed to establish and autocratic and despotic rule of principles which have been rejected by every generation of mankind which has dabbled with them.

There have been times during the past month when I have been afraid that the Kolchak government would not last until the next morning I have had I suppose, the closest connection with the leaders here of any foreigner in Omsk and my sources of information are so many and so varied that I am pretty sure to hear the different points of view on every imaginable question. The announcement of the Princes' Island conference with Bolshevik came as a clap of thunder to the government, in fact it so took the wind out of their sails, that I believe they wol would have thrown up the government and run away if it had not been for

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timely and cool headed advice which they received. When the news became more widely known there was a fairly strong reactionary movement started by Cossack officers and adherents of the old regime. This was discovered and allowed to die a natural death with very good results. With the failure of the princes Island conference, the government began to get back a little of the strength it had lost and today I believe it will hold on for some time, provided it does not get another series of hard knocks from the Allies or the United States.

The very clever and most unscrupulous Japanese propaganda which has been carried on here is one of the most interesting I have ever seen carried out by that country. The way the Japanese took over Korea and we made a scrap of paper of our solemn treaty with that poor little miserable people was child's play to the present methods of procedure in regard to Kmx Siberia. Admiral Kolchak hates the Japanese the latter naturally are not unaware of that feeling and cordially reciprocate it and the combination of their propaganda with that of the Bolsheviks in the United States and elsewhere is very powerful. I can understand how people who know nothing of our foreign relations or of the Russian people can be carried off their feet by it but how responsible men can listen to it I do not know. If the feelings of the Russian people are to be consulted and the future of their own country is to be in their hands there will be no Bolshevik future for this land. They have submitted to it first, from the very good reason that they did not know how to go about fighting it and second, because it came at the psychological moment when the morale of the people had been so shaken that they were ready to endure anything in order to be allowed to be let alone.

The scheme now being worked out for a popular assembly for all parts of Siberia will, I am sure, be of service and even if only partially successful- and I do not see at present how it can be more-will do much towards proving the sincerity of Kolchak in his promises.

Please do not get the idea that I am enthusiastically in favor of the present government, that I consider it ideal or even good, for it is not; but I do consider that it has already united more varied and more numerous elements of the Russian people than any other government which might take its place would do. The question of the moment is not an ideal government but one that will last for the next few weeks and will restore order enough so that any elections may have a fair chance of being carried out without force and fraud and graft.

Personally, I am fairly comfortable here; Cushing and I have each a room requisitioned by the government and it will be impossible to carry out the recommendations made by the Adjutant in a recent telegram because there are no rooms to be had and we have had applications for two months already. With kind regards to all friends,

I am, Very sincerely yours,

Montgomery Schuyler
Captain, M.S.C.

Lt Col. Barrows,
Vladivostok.

BOOK REVIEW

THE TRAGEDY OF SILESIA, 1945-1946, edited and compiled by Dr. Johannes Kaps. Translated from the German by Gladys H. Hartinger. Published by "Christ Unterwegs." Munich, 1952.
Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

This 576 page documentary record of the fate of the German population of Silesia at the end of World War II is only one of several books of a similar nature which have been published since about 1950. Much more recent ones are available,[1] but this is one of the few which have been published in English and is therefore of considerably more interest to English-speaking National Socialists than most of the others. In any event, it can be considered approximately typical.

It is divided into two parts. The first part, by far the shorter of the two, consists primarily in a brief history of Silesia from the time of the earliest known Germanic settlers there, about the seventh century B.C., to the time of publication of the book. Silesia (*Schlesien* in German), a rich and fertile German province which comprises the wide valley of the upper Oder River, is bounded on the south by the Sudeten Mountains, on the east by Brandenburg and Saxony, on the north by Pomerania, and on the northeast and east by Poland. It covers an area of 14,000 square miles and had a population of approximately five million in 1939. Some of the major cities are Breslau (the capital of Lower Silesia), Hindenburg, Beuthen, Gleiwitz, Oppeln (the capital of Upper Silesia), and Liegnitz, the site of historic battles. Settled by Germanic peoples many centuries ago, defended with their blood, and enriched and civilized by their muscle, brain, and spirit, Silesia was an integral part of the German nation, despite the presence in some portions of the province of a Polish minority, which had formed a substratum of the population since ancient times.

In 1945, this province, along with the rest of Eastern Germany, was brutally devastated by the invading Red Army, and it was then handed over to the Polish communists. Following the Potsdam Conference in the summer of 1945, the German population of Silesia were forcibly expelled with the utmost savagery from their former homeland, across the newly established Oder-Neisse boundary. The second part of the book consists primarily of 196 documentary reports by various survivors among the expellees. "Christ Unterwegs," the publisher, is a Roman Catholic publishing house, and many of the reports are by Catholic priests.

These reports are interesting for several reasons. First and most important, a reading of them serves to reorient with a violent jerk those of us who, under the influence of the never-ceasing flood of Jewish-democratic, anti-Nazi propaganda to which the world has been subjected for more than three decades now, have unconsciously let themselves take a defensive position concerning some of the activities of our German National Socialist comrades during World War II. This deliberately and blatantly falsified propaganda, insistently repeated over and over and over again, has attempted to build in the public mind images of our "gallant Soviet allies" (to use one of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's favorite expressions), "liberators" of Eastern Europe from the yoke of Nazi tyranny; of innocent, victimized, little Poland, wantonly attacked and robbed of her rightful territory by bullying Germany; and of those long-suffering, blameless, persecuted victims of Nazi genocidal mania, those sensitive and refined benefactors of mankind — the "aristocrats of the world"[2] — your friends and mine: the Jews. Our aristocratic friends have used an old, old tactic here (which, unfortunately, seems to have worked rather well), namely, loudly and self-righteous-

[1] Wolfgang Schwarz, *Die Flucht und Vertreibung Oberschlesien 1945-46* (Bad Nauheim, 1965); R. O. Becker, *Niederschlesien 1945: Die Flucht—die Besetzung* (Bad Nauheim, 1965); and Theodor Schieder *et al.*, eds., *Dokumentation der Vertreibung der Deutschen aus Ost-Mitteleuropa* (Bonn, 1957) are good examples.

[2] These are the exact words Samuel Untermyer used to describe himself and his fellow Jews in his amazing speech of 6 August, 1933—world Jewry's first declaration of "holy war" against National Socialist Germany. The full text is reproduced in the *New York Times*, 7 August, 1933, p. 4L.

ly to accuse your victim of your own crime first, before he has a chance to accuse you. (And when it comes to self-righteousness, we all know who the uncontested champions of *that* technique are.)

This race of professional martyrs had begun their wailing and gnashing of teeth and rending of garments as early as the summer of 1933, with vividly imaginative descriptions of "slaughter, starvation, and annihilation . . . of . . . innocent and defenseless" Jews; of "fiendish torture, cruelty, and persecution"; of the "cold-bloodedly planned and already partially executed campaign for the extermination of a proud, gentle, loyal [!] and law-abiding people," by "starving and torturing them, murdering and beating them"; and so on, *ad nauseam.*[3] They elaborated endlessly on the same theme with increasing brazenness as the *goyim* gullibly soaked it up. By the end of the war, using all their resources of cinema, press, and radio, and all their histrionic talents, they had indelibly impressed upon the minds of the British and American publics the horrifying picture of six million "proud, gentle, and loyal" Jews brutally massacred without reason by savage Germans. With this elaborately and artfully devised picture being continually waved before our eyes, our attention was kept diverted from the *real* genocide which was taking place — the deliberate murder of millions upon millions of our own race — of the *best* of our own race — by the bolshevized tools of world Jewry.

And the smoke screen persists to this day. Every time there is some public mention of the Morgenthau plan, of Dresden, of the Potsdam agreement, of the *epuration* in France, of the gruesome mass murders at Prague, or of the mass starvation of German prisoners by good old Ike, a hysterical wailing about the "six million" rises on cue to drown out the embarassing reminder.

Most of us have at least heard of, in the form of rumors or secondhand reports, many of the horrible events which are described by eyewitnesses in *The Tragedy of Silesia,* but we can all well afford to hear the gruesome details repeated, for they are things that no National Socialist must ever forget, however tempting that prospect might be. To this end, we have quoted below rather extensively from the book.

These first four excerpts are primarily concerned with the behavior of the recently bolshevized Poles toward the German Silesians.

I was arrested by the Polish police on August 2nd, 1945 . . . . I spent the first night after my arrest in a coal cellar with my other fellow-victims. Next morning the Poles robbed me of all my belongings. They made me take off my suit, shoes, and underclothing, and in their stead gave me some tattered garments to put on, which, as I very soon discovered, were full of vermin. Then they shaved my head—a procedure which was adopted in the case of all the prisoners—and painted a number on my back. I was convict No. 189. After that they locked me up in a dark cell, where I remained for the next fortnight. There were eleven of us crowded together in the cell, which had neither a window nor electric light. As there was only room for six persons at the most, we had to take turns lying down on the stone floor. There was a leaky water pipe in the cellar and the floor was always wet.

In the evenings the Poles resorted to their usual methods of ill-treating the prisoners. They would turn on the wireless or else a group of Poles would start playing accordions outside the cells. As soon as we heard them we knew that the torture was due to begin. The Poles then dragged the prisoners out of the cells, one after another, and started beating them with rubber cudgels, rubber tubing, wooden cudgels, and clubs. On numerous occasions some of the prisoners had their teeth knocked out. . . . The female prisoners were frequently raped by the Poles. One of my fellow prisoners, Mr. Grosspietsch, of Glatz, was beaten to death outside the cell. A German police employee was beaten to such an extent that he died an hour afterward. When the Poles kicked him into the cell after maltreating him, blood and excrements flowed out of his anus. When he was dead the Poles dragged him out of the cell and shot him in the head in the presence of the other prisoners. . . . A former major had his eyes beaten out with rubber cudgels and died a few hours later of the injuries he had sustained. A post-office clerk by the name of Ohr was also killed. Numerous other persons died as a result of the treatment they were subjected to, but I cannot remember all their names. . . . (Report No. 192, of the concentration camp at Glatz.)

* *

. . . After I was arrested I myself witnessed some dreadful scenes in prison, when the Germans were flogged and beaten by the Poles. . . . Mr. Richard Kintzel, an architect, who was seventy-five, was arrested by the Polish secret police, allegedly because he was a "capitalist"; every morning between six and seven o'clock, for weeks on end, whilst he was in prison, he was forced to go down on his knees and clean the streets and pavements outside the prison with a small brush, in all kinds of weather. Mr. Kintzel had lost six sons in the war, and his youngest son, aged fourteen, was abducted and taken to Russia, where he later died. Mr. Kintzel himself was expelled from Grünberg by the Poles, but was later

[3] *Ibid.*

arrested by the Russians in Mühlhausen, in Thuringia, and tortured to death in the Russian concentration camp at Sachsenhausen. . . . (Report No. 147, from the parish of Grünberg.)

* * *

We were arrested by Polish militia and an OGPU officer one afternoon in October, 1945, and taken to the town of Trebnitz. When we reached Trebnitz they took me along to No. 17 Breslau Street, the house that had formerly belonged to Mr. Schitkowsky, the choirmaster, and had now become the Polish militia headquarters, and locked me up in the cellar there, where I remained for the next six weeks. . . . Conditions were terrible. We were crowded together like a lot of animals. During the six weeks I was imprisoned there, we never once received any water to enable us to have a wash. Nor was there any electric light in the cell. Swarms of lice ran about on the rags on which we slept. At night they plagued us to such an extent that we hardly got a wink of sleep, but it was hopeless to try to catch them as it was so dark in the cell. There was an old bucket in each cell which we had to use when we needed to relieve nature. Needless to say, the stench from the bucket was horrible. The militia guards, most of whom were youths, took a special delight in tormenting the poor prisoners every day, either by beating or kicking them or by setting the dogs at them. They were highly amused whenever one or other of the prisoners got bitten. The wounds never had a chance to heal properly but as a rule became infected with dirt and then festered and grew more and more painful. There was no medical treatment available at all. Only cases which were already hopeless were seen by a doctor, sent to a hospital, and then finished up in a mass grave.

One Sunday afternoon they fetched me out of the cell and took me along to another cell. There was a Polish warder, who was drunk, and another Pole in the cell. The warder was armed with a heavy oak stick which had an iron tip. Alternately using the tip and the thick end of the stick, the two of them now took it in turns to beat me. Then they made me crouch down and hop around the cell and sing as I hopped. It was all the same to them what I sang, so long as some sound or other issued from my throat. If I stopped singing for a second they started belaboring me with the stick. The warder was standing in one corner of the cell and the other Pole in the opposite corner. Every time I reached a corner one of them would kick me in the stomach with such force that I fell over and rolled along the floor, whereupon the one who was standing in the opposite corner would kick me in the back and send me spinning across the floor. . . . It was not until the warder grew drowsy and fell asleep that they stopped torturing me. I later heard that this same warder had already killed seventy persons by beating them to death. Covered with blood, and black and blue all over, I was eventually taken back to my cell in a state of unconsciousness. . . . Most of the Germans who were imprisoned by the Poles suffered the same torture that I had to endure. The Poles even went so far as to beat female prisoners and were particularly fond of setting big, savage dogs at them. . . . (Report No. 195, of conditions in the Polish militia prison at Trebnitz.)

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At about noon on August 1st, 1945, just after I had come in from the fields and was busy feeding the horses in the stable, four militiamen of the Polish Communist Party suddenly appeared and arrested me. My father, who had tried in vain to appease them, was likewise arrested and beaten. The Poles hated us so violently and gave vent to their hatred to such an extent that it was useless to remonstrate with them. The militia who arrested us were youths ranging from sixteen to twenty years of age. They were armed with all kinds of weapons, and began maltreating us before we had even left the farm, and then dragged us off to the prison in Wünschelburg, shouting raucously and firing shots into the air all the while.

My father and I were locked up in a cell together. The cells were situated in the cellar at the townhall and were dark, damp, and cold. . . . Soon afterward they came and took my father away. I heard someone shout, "Trousers down! Lie down, you swine!" Then I heard the sound of blows descending on naked flesh, followed by screams, moans, and groans, and at the same time derisive laughter, jeers, oaths, and more blows. I trembled with rage and indignation at the thought that the Poles had flogged my father, an old man of sixty-eight. . . . About ten minutes later I heard the sound of steps approaching the cell and then the door was opened and I heard a Polish voice shout, "Out you get, you swine, you son of a bitch. Trousers down! Get a move on! Quick!" Before I had time to realize what they were about to do to me, four of them, an ugly grin on their faces, seized me. They pulled my trousers down and pushed me over a stool, one of them squeezed my head between his legs, one of them trod on my feet, while the third trod on my hands, and then they started flogging my bare thighs and posterior with a whip. I bit my lip to prevent myself from screaming, for I was determined not to let these devils see how much they were hurting me. But I was unable to control the twitching of my body, and I wriggled about like a worm while the lash of the whip continued to descend on my naked flesh. Then I fainted. . . . The Poles stopped flogging me and dragged me onto my feet and pushed me into the cell. I had received about thirty to forty strokes. Blood was trickling down my legs; the skin was literally raw; I could neither lie nor sit down owing to the dreadful pain I was in. . . . Again and again I tortured my brain to try to remember some offense or other which I might have committed unknowingly and which had caused the Poles to wreak their vengeance on me, but I could think of no wrong I had done. I had been a soldier right up to the end of the war, but I had never been a Party member nor an SS member, nor had I mishandled or insulted a Pole. What did they want of me? Were they out to kill me by beating me to death? Sometimes I heard

Polish voices and jeering, diabolical laughter outside the cell. My thoughts wandered on. What would happen to my family if they killed me? Where was my wife? Was my father still alive? I was consumed with fear and dread. A week before my arrest the Poles had tortured a German by the name of Tasler to death in this same cell and had then hanged him. Every night Polish militia and civilians sang and bawled and made a dreadful racket in the market square in front of the prison. My native country, my native town, in which I had lived all my life, were sadly changed. The night seemed endless. And morning brought another day of terror and suffering.... (Report No. 196, of the concentration camp at Wünschelburg.)

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These brief excerpts are typical of dozens of reports in the book by victims of the Polish terror. The explanation of this inhumanly criminal behavior involves several factors. First, however, it should be made quite clear that neither "German aggression" nor "Nazi atrocities" in Poland were basic causes of, although they may often have been handy excuses for, this behavior. It is of fundamental importance to remember this fact, which is contrary not only to the often repeated claims made in the democratic press, but also to the assumptions made by the publishers and many of the contributors to *The Tragedy of Silesia.* The following few excerpts illustrate clearly enough the existence of this misconception. Keep in mind as you read these that the narrators are *not* National Socialists, and, in fact, many of them, particularly some of the priests, boast of their anti-Nazi attitudes.

. . . The Poles now began to enforce evacuation measures. We dreaded the so-called "Adolf Hitler Memorial Marches," which they were in the habit of organizing, "in order to give us time to ponder on why we voted for Adolf Hitler," as they put it. The inhabitants of whole villages, above all the women and children—the latter most certainly never voted for Hitler—the aged, and the sick, were turned out of their houses and forced to tramp the countryside for about three weeks. Poles on horseback escorted them. Those who were too exhausted to walk any further were left lying by the wayside.... (Report No. 172, from the parish of Schreiberhau.)

* * *

. . . Furthermore, the Poles resorted to more and more drastic methods of interrogation from day to day. New arrivals appeared in the cell, covered with blood. Those who told the truth and said that they had not been members of the National Socialist Party were beaten unmercifully. The Polish police were firmly convinced that everyone who was German must have been a member of the Party and also that all men who were tall must have been members of the German SS troops.... Many of the new prisoners, whether men, women, or girls, were forced to strip before interrogation and then were interrogated naked.... Needless to say, many of the girls and women interrogated in this way were brutally raped and treated most inhumanely. The Poles trapped their fingers in the door and then closed and opened it. They drove small wooden wedges under the women's fingernails and toenails and then beat their victims. They even went so far as to trample on the girls and women with their hobnailed boots. Cries of pain re-echoed through the cellars day and night and made the rest of us sick with horror. The most sinister inquisition of the Middle Ages was surely not so gruesome and dreadful as the methods of the Poles, at whose mercy we now were. Their favorite kind of whip was one made of wire, knotted together. And they used cudgels, as thick as a man's arm, and also heavy tramcar chains to beat the prisoners with.... One of the prisoners, a workman from Falkenberg, was one day called an SS man by one of the Polish militiamen. Other prisoners from Falkenberg said that the man in question had never been a member of the National Socialist Party, the SS, or any of the other Party organizations. But it was no use. One Sunday, as we were working on the playing field in Falkenberg, the militiaman in question suddenly started beating the man from Falkenberg, in the presence of his children, who had brought him some food. The man collapsed, and he was dead by the time we carried him back to the cellar.... (Report No. 33, from the parish of Falkenberg.)

* * *

. . . Despite the fact that I was known to be a violent anti-Nazi and had even been persecuted by the Gestapo and dismissed from my post as registrar, and in addition possessed excellent testimonials from Polish civilian internees and prisoners, I was subjected to this sort of treatment by the Poles in Klein-Helmsdorf.... I should like to state in advance that our village was always held in ill repute as being anti-Nazi and that the Party never succeeded in organizing a local Party group, and that, incredible though it may seem, there were only two members of the SA and one member of the SS in the whole village, despite the fact that the population numbered practically a thousand.... (Report No. 170, from the parish of Klein-Helmsdorf.)

* * *

In this last case, it is a little hard to grieve for most of the inhabitants of Klein-Helmsdorf. Incidentally, this is not the only place in the book where traitors arrogantly boast of their treason and then bewail the fact that it did them no good; the Poles and Russians treated them nearly as badly as they did the loyal Germans.

I do not mean to imply, however, that the Polish Communists did not take a thoroughly murderous attitude toward all National Socialists. Here are just two examples of the fate of Na-

tional Socialists who fell into their hands:

. . . . All members of the National Socialist Party, irrespective of whether they had been active members, of whom in any case there were only a few left, or merely paying members, were promptly arrested. Some of them were shot on the spot, while the rest were interned and then taken eastward. Many of them died of starvation on the way, while the majority lost their lives either in Upper Silesia, where they were forced to dismantle industrial plants, or else in Russia. Only one former member of the Party returned to Liegnitz alive.... (Report No. 160, from the parish of Liegnitz.)

* * *

. . . A thirteen-year-old boy who was still wearing part of his Hitler Youth uniform was promptly shot by Poles.... (Report No. 169, from the parish of Kleinröhrsdorf, near Löwenberg.)

* * *

The point to be emphasized here is that, far more than the righteous indignation of peace-loving, democratic Poles, now "liberated" by their "gallant" Soviet benefactors, being vented on their wicked, National Socialist persecutors, there were other reasons for this atrocious behavior. Anticipating the elaboration which follows, these reasons may be summarized thus:

1. A natural hatred of the lowest elements in most societies for their superiors.

2. A deliberate accentuation of the influence of these elements among the Poles by the Soviets, in accordance with their general policy of bolshevization.

3. The influence of the Jews in Poland before, during, and after the war.

The Germans (in the broadest sense of the word *German*) were always the rulers in Eastern Europe, as everywhere else in the world that their migrations had carried men of Germanic stock. They had always constituted the warrior class and the nobility, even in those lands in which they were a minority of the population, such as Russia, where the descendants, first of Rurik, founder of the Russian Empire in the ninth century, and then of Andrew Kobyla, originator of the family which later took the name Romanov, were of Germanic race. They conquered, organized, and civilized the natives, built up a Germanic culture, and withstood repeated onslaughts by the Asiatic hordes from the East. They formed a natural warrior-elite wherever they settled. In some places they were only a relatively thin upper crust, a ruling caste, to a largely non-Germanic population. In other places, as in Silesia, they constituted not only the upper classes but the middle and much of the lower classes as well.

Still, the non-Germanic peoples of those Eastern lands where Germans were predominant did remain an element in the population, in general constituting a portion of the lowest class (with the notable exception of the Jews, who were a class unto themselves, outside the natural social structure). In Silesia, Germans constituted the bulk of the landowners, the farmers, and the craftsmen and tradesmen. Poles, to a large extent, were farm laborers and industrial workers. This situation, although originally established through the force of arms of Germanic warriors centuries ago, tended to maintain itself because of the inherent differences in the natures of the Germans and the Poles. Resentment of naturally superior elements in a society by those in an inferior position, whether by nature or by circumstance, is all too common a phenomenon in racially homogeneous societies. In the case where the lowest and highest elements are, for the most part, racially (or even culturally or linguistically) distinct, this unfortunate but apparently natural tendency is strongly accentuated. America today is an outstanding example of this phenomenon. And many, if not most, of the revolutions in Latin America have illustrated the same thing; namely, they have tended to be revolts by the more mongrelized elements — the mestizos—against the less mongrelized ruling classes.

So it was in Silesia and her neighboring regions. Polish hatred of Germans did not wait for Adolf Hitler and National Socialism; it lay smoldering through the ages, waiting only for the right circumstances to assert itself. Immediately after World War I, when Germany was temporarily defenseless and large areas of Germany were under Polish administration or that of the League of Nations, the right circumstances presented themselves. Polish terrorists raped, murdered, looted, and burned.[4] In the 'thirties, as tension mounted due to the Polish refusal to consider territorial readjustments in the face of German insistence, violence again broke out. The Germans, in September, 1939, unearthed the mutilated corpses of some 58,000 racial Germans who had been butchered by Poles in those areas of German population over which the Poles had held the administration.[5]

[4]E. Alexander Powell, *Thunder Over Europe* (New York, 1931), Chap. VI.

[5]Hans Schwadewalt, ed., *Polish Acts of Atrocity Against the German Minority in Poland* (New York. 1940).

These atrocities, by the way, were brought to the attention of various international bodies, such as the International Red Cross and the Associated Press, and representatives of these bodies were brought in by the Germans to view the gruesome evidence, but the mass media in the Western democracies remained strangely silent—as silent as they have remained in the case of the more recent East German atrocities. But, of course, the same anti-German — in fact, *anti-Aryan*—elements were in essential control of the mass media then as now.

There was more behind the horrors that took place on such a vast scale in Eastern Europe in 1945 and 1946, however. The fact that some five million German men, women, and children were murdered in Eastern Europe in those years immediately following the conclusion of World War II has more for an explanation than the natural animosity between Germans and Poles (or Germans and Czechs, or otherwise).

The basis on which Marxism has depended for its spread is the demoralization, degeneration, and eventually the destruction of the natural racial elite among a people, and the transfer of effective political control to the lowest elements of that people—at least temporarily. In the long run, although the most debased criminal elements of a people may remain as accomplices, the ultimate political control always passes to the same alien, international sect, the originators and purveyors of Marxism everywhere. The most fundamental Jewish-Marxist tactic, the very essence of bolshevization, always and everywhere is the annihilation of the ruling class, or of any potential leadership group — their natural enemies — among a people. During and immediately following the Marxist revolution of 1917 in Russia, the Germanic racial element in the population was savagely and thoroughly exterminated. In the Ukraine the same fate awaited the sturdy, industrious, and independent kulaks, who formed the racial backbone of that nation. They were virtually wiped out during the 'twenties and 'thirties, leaving the Jews and their accomplices only the more tractable agricultural and industrial laborers to contend with.

In Poland, the same, bloody tactic was applied. In the Katyn Forest and elsewhere, in the spring of 1940, the bulk of the Polish Officers' Corps, most of which had surrendered to the invading Russians rather than to the Germans, was "liquidated," to use a favorite Marxist expression.[6] This grisly operation took place under the Jewish[7] commissar of the Soviet NKVD, Lavrenti Pavlovich Beriya. Since Poland had just been at war, her officers' corps constituted a very large portion of the able-bodied Poles of her ruling classes—a majority of the actual and potential leaders of the Polish people. With this opposition out of the way, the Soviets turned over administration of the captured East German provinces to the vilest of the criminal elements among the Poles. Jews, Polish cutthroats and felons, sadists, drunkards, hooligans, and perverts of the lowest sort ran the Workers' Councils and Polish militia groups responsible for the Silesian atrocities against the Germans.

If it is not already clear from the preceding eyewitness reports what the quality of the personnel comprising the Polish administration, police, and militia during this period was, then the following should leave no doubts on that point:

> . . . It was not safe for Germans to be out on the streets, for they ran the risk of being arrested by the Poles and taken off to work. There was plenty of work to be done, for the Poles were bone-idle and delighted in tormenting us. They actually robbed German women of the milk they had just bought with the few *zloty* they had managed to save, and poured it into the gutter. Even on the busiest streets they would deprive Germans of their suitcases or else steal the contents of the same and make the Germans take off their shoes and hand them over. . . . They raped women and robbed them of the last of their possessions. (Report No. 171, from the parish of Hirschberg.)
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>
> . . . . Many of the villagers died as a result of the ill-treatment they received at the hands of the Polish militia. One of their favorite methods of torture was to make the people lie down on the floor, completely naked, and then they would trample on them with their hobnailed boots. . . . (Report No. 53, from the parish of Alt-Wette.)
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> * * *
>
> . . . Polish militia shot a farmer's wife, twenty-seven-year-old Mrs. Anna Herde, on the street in front of her farm in broad daylight. They wanted to separate her from her child and take her away, as her husband had fled. She collapsed with her child in her arms. Her assassins then ordered those who

[6]Joseph Mackiewicz, *The Katyn Wood Murders* (London, 1951); F. J. P. Veale, *Crimes Discreetly Veiled* (London, 1958), Chap. II; J. K. Zawodny, *Death in the Forest* (Notre Dame, Indiana, 1962).

[7]Alexander Werth, *New Statesman and Nation* (24 January, 1953), p. 87.

had witnessed the murder to bury her body at once in the center of the village, namely, in the street....

. . . As soon as the Poles took over they began to terrorize the population. The Polish militia behaved in an atrocious manner.... Looting by the militia was the order of the day. The sight of Polish militia approaching one's house was enough to set one trembling with fear. Indeed, they were feared even more than the Russians.... (Report No. 45, from the parish of Lindenau.)

* * *

. . . The Poles deprived us of everything. The only things we managed to save were the clothes we were wearing. Their behavior toward us Catholic priests and even to those of us who, like myself, held services in Polish for them was utterly abominable. Incidentally, there were a lot of Poles from Lublin in my parish, most of them rabble, thieves, and murderers. The vicarage, which was seized by Polish militia in October and turned into militia headquarters, became a veritable chamber of torture in which scores of decent women and girls were brutally raped and ill-treated and robbed every day. Day after day houses and farms belonging to Germans were raided and looted and the occupants turned out. Three women, all of whom had small children, were shot by the militia.... (Report No. 48, from the parish of Steinhaus.)

* * *

These abominable proceedings were directed at the highest levels by the hierarchy of the Polish Communist Party, which was essentially a kosher enterprise. Jews occupied nearly all the top positions.[8]

The Jews in Silesia, to be sure, did not confine their activities to the upper echelons; not everyone can be a commissar:

. . . The Polish Jews in Reichenbach were a great source of trouble. There were about 5,000 of them, as compared to a German population of about 16,000. They soon took possession of all the shops and charged what prices they pleased. In fact, very soon Reichenbach began to be referred to as "Jewtown." The Jews undermined the last trace of any morale there had still been and made mischief between the Russians and the Poles, with the result that the Germans were the poor victims. (Report No. 116, from the parish of Reichenbach/Eulengebirge.)

* * *

At four o'clock in the afternoon, on May 8th, 1945, the Russians entered the town. The first two days were dreadful. Many of the women and girls were raped, and practically every house was looted. . . . From 4 p.m. on May 8th, until 4:30 p.m. on May 9th, sixteen different parties of Russian soldiers—on two occasions there were some Polish Jews with them—came to the vicarage.... (Report No. 117, from the parish of Langenbielau.)

* * *

. . . the Russians occupied Lower Silesia on May 8th, 1945. The Jewish camp near Peterswaldau which contained about two thousand internees had been disbanded the day before. The internees now raided and ransacked the houses in the village. They rigged themselves out in new clothes, which they had stolen, and moved into those apartments which were untenanted, as the owners had been evacuated. Seven Jews moved into the house we were living in.... The days that followed were a nightmare to those of the Germans still left in Peterswaldau. The Jews and the Russians wrought havoc and destruction. It was not even safe for the Germans to sleep in their own homes at night. They were obliged to spend the night in hiding, either in barns, out in cornfields, or elsewhere. . . .

On June 24th, 1945, Polish militia and Jews suddenly turned us out of our house without any warning whatsoever.... Together with about 800 other persons from the village, we trudged along the roads for almost a week. Many of those with us died by the roadside of hunger and exhaustion.... (Report No. 118, from Peterswaldau.)

* * *

From the above reports, it seems that a substantial portion of the "six million" must have been immune to *Zyklon B*. They were still all too lively after supposedly having been "exterminated" at Auschwitz and other Polish prison camps.

When we turn to the Russian atrocities, however, we see more clearly the malevolent influence of the organized Jewish hatred directed against higher mankind in general and, in this case, against the Germanic race in particular. Keep in mind as you read the following excerpts that it was the Jew, Ilya Grigorievich Ehrenburg, who, in his official capacity as Soviet Commissar for Propaganda, deliberately *ordered* the Soviet troops to behave as they did: "Kill! Kill! In the German race there is nothing but evil; not one among the living, not one among the yet unborn but is evil! Follow the precepts of Comrade Stalin. Stamp out the fascist beast once and for all in its lair! Use force and break the racial pride of these Germanic women. Take them as your lawful booty. Kill! As you storm onward, kill, you gallant soldiers of the Red Army!"[9] Thus, the following horrors are not accidental and isolated instances, such as always occur in war, of a few criminal ele-

[8]Joseph G. Whelan, *The Soviet Empire: A Study in Discrimination and Abuse of Power* (U. S. Government Printing Office, 1965), p. 62.

[9]Karl Doenitz, *Memoirs: Ten Years and Twenty Days*, transl. by R. H. Stevens (New York, 1959), p. 431.

ments taking advantage of the disorder, or of a few cases where military discipline broke down temporarily, but, rather, the *widescale, deliberate, planned* policy of the invading army.

The "liquidation" of the little German village of Schönwald is as good a place as any to start:

About one thousand inhabitants defied danger and remained in Schönwald, since they did not really believe that the Russians were as cruel and inhuman as they were reputed to be, but hoped to win over the latter by welcoming them and being hospitable.... On the afternoon of January 26, 1945, some Russian tanks entered the village, followed by motorized columns. Within a couple of minutes the entire village was occupied by the Russians, who now went from house to house, looting and murdering. No one was left unmolested. Neither girls nor women were spared the ignominious outrage of being raped by the Russians, who, as the victors, considered this to be their right. Fourteen-year-old girls and sixty-year-old women were treated alike. For weeks on end they had to submit to the will of the victors. Those who refused to submit were either treated in a most inhuman manner, shot, or murdered. Parents who attempted to protect their children were either taken off to the vast steppes and mining districts of the Urals or Siberia, or else they were shot dead on the spot and now lie buried in one of the huge graves in the village churchyard, which contains the bodies of the two hundred victims slaughtered by these barbarians. When the Russians eventually tired of looting, robbing, murdering, and ill-treating the women and girls, they set fire to a considerable part of the village and razed it to the ground. And all this was done despite the fact that not a single shot was fired in resistance on our part.

Poles from the neighboring villages later ransacked Schönwald and removed whatever was left after the Russians had finished looting. The girls and women still left in the village were constantly at the mercy of the Russians. When the Russians handed over the administration to the Poles at the beginning of May, 1945, the inhabitants of the village who were still left were forced to work as servants and laborers on the farms that had once belonged to them, which were now occupied by Polish farmers from Volhynia.... At the end of October, 1945, the Poles issued their first eviction order. About eight hundred persons, including old men, women, girls, and children... were herded into cattle trucks... seventy to ninety of them in one truck, and taken to Mecklenburg. The journey lasted two weeks, during which time they were given no food. Many of them never reached their destination, but died on the way as a result of the brutal treatment they received, of hunger, thirst, and the terrible hardships they had undergone. Those who died... were simply thrown out.... Those who managed to survive the journey... were so emaciated and exhausted that many of them fell a victim to typhus. About 150 men, women, and children, but mainly women and girls, contracted this dreadful disease and died of it.... (Report No. 11, from the parish of Schönwald.)

* * *

... I dread to think of the coming winter, with no food, no warm clothes, and no fuel. The barns and the cellars are empty. We have been robbed of all our cattle. The fields are full of weeds. We are now being deprived of the potatoes we managed to plant in the spring, and they are being used to distill spirits.... For the past few weeks the Russians have been forcing Poles to settle here.... Most of the people here are despondent and weary of life, which is not surprising after the nervous strain they have endured during the past months. For weeks on end hordes of soldiers raided our houses at all hours of the day, robbed us, beat us, and raped the womenfolk. Some of the women were raped about three hundred times. Neither young girls of twelve nor old women of eighty were spared. Many of the women are now suffering from venereal disease and cannot get medical treatment as none is available.... (Report No. 132, from the parish of Nippern.)

* * *

In another place is mentioned "the case of a girl in Bunzlau, who, in the course of three weeks, was raped by more than 250 soldiers." (p. 55)

* * *

... Most of the men of the village were arrested and abducted. Linus Halwig, the saddler, and Alfons Ludwig, the baker, were shot in the presence of their families. Meanwhile, the Russians continued to torture the womenfolk. Mothers were raped in the presence of their children, and the Russians did not even spare women who were eighty years old. A number of women contracted diseases of which they later died.... (Report No. 79, from the parish of Hennersdorf.)

* * *

... An old couple who lived in an old house near the forest and had taken in an old man who had fled from the village were accused of harboring a German soldier. The Russians searched the whole house, but found no soldier. Thereupon, they boarded up the doors and windows and set fire to the house. The three old people burned to death inside the house.... A boy who had belonged to the Hitler Youth Movement is said to have shot a Russian officer. Thereupon the Russians made him dig a grave for himself and his parents and then shot the three of them.... In order to protect the women and girls, Father Grelich... stood on guard outside the room in which the womenfolk were assembled and refused to let the drunken Russian soldiers enter. Thereupon they shot him and threw his body into the garden. ... Many women and girls were tortured to death because they defended themselves.... About fifteen women and children fled from a house in Döbern in order to avoid being molested. They were pursued by the Russians and shot. (Report No. 24, from the parish of Schalkendorf.)

. . . Mrs. S., a doctor's wife, told us that within a week as many as eighty women, who had been raped by Russians, came to her husband for medical attention. They included old women and children.... On one occasion when my aunt and I were in the cemetery at Neuheide, we saw one of the gravediggers digging a huge grave for twenty German soldiers. They had been shot by the Russians who were taking them to internment camps, solely because they were too exhausted to walk any further. Many people, including numerous soldiers, found life so unbearable that they committed suicide.... (Report No. 138, from Hangwalde.)

* * *

. . . Forty-five bodies—women, soldiers, children, people who had been killed or beaten to death by the Russians—were buried together in one huge grave. Russian soldiers even went so far as to violate some of the female corpses that lay in the mortuary at the cemetery prior to burial. (Report No. 17, from the parish of Rosenberg.)

* * *

. . . the nuns from the village . . . told us that the Russians had arrived . . . shortly before midnight and had taken four of the nuns with them. They had been tortured and raped by officers for several hours. Finally they returned, their faces swollen and beaten black and blue....

. . . A mother told us that Russians had raped her young daughter during the night. As they were Russians who were billeted in the village she went to the commanding officer to make a complaint. He asked to see the girl, and when she appeared he too raped her and then sent her home.

. . . the Russians made all the nuns assemble in one room.... They tried to defend themselves, but it was of no avail. They were brutally raped by the Russians—even the oldest nuns, who were eighty.... In the morning they boasted in the village that there were no longer any virgins at the convent.... (Report No. 23, from the diary of a priest of the parish of Klosterbrück.)

* * *

. . . The girls, women, and nuns were raped incessantly for hours on end, the soldiers standing in queues, the officers at the head of the queues, in front of their victims. During the first night many of the nuns and women were raped as many as fifty times. Some of the nuns who resisted with all their strength were shot, others were ill-treated in a dreadful manner until they were too exhausted to offer any resistance. The Russians knocked them down, kicked them, beat them on the head and in the face with the butt-end of their revolvers and rifles, until they finally collapsed and in this unconscious condition became the helpless victims of brutish passion, which was so inhuman as to be inconceivable.... And to make matters even worse, these atrocities were not committed secretly or in hidden corners but in public, in churches, on the streets, and on the squares, and the victims were nuns, women, and even eight-year-old children. Mothers were raped in the presence of their children, girls were raped in front of their brothers, and nuns were raped in front of young boys. The Russians even went so far as to rape their victims when they were already dead.... (Report No. 49, from Neisse.)

* * *

The book has hundreds of pages of similar reports. And essentially identical scenes occurred over and over again, not just in Silesia, but in East Prussia, in the Sudetenland, and in all the German provinces invaded by Roosevelt's "gallant Soviet allies." While all this was going on, Harry S. Truman, Joseph W. Stalin, Winston S. Churchill, and Clement R. Atlee were leisurely discussing at Potsdam, over brandy and cigars, what to do with the Germans in the Eastern provinces who had not yet been butchered. When the Potsdam conference ended on August 2, 1945, it had been decided, among other things, to forcibly expel all persons of German race from those German territories which lay east of the Oder and Neisse Rivers. Approximately five million German men, women, and children perished during the subsequent expulsions. The conditions under which they took place can be gathered from the following excerpts:

. . . Next day they herded all of us—there were two thousand men and women—into cattle-trucks. ... We travelled in these cattle-trucks for twelve days. It was so icy cold that we all screamed with pain. Our clothes were covered with frost and I developed frostbite in my toes. Many of the men and women died en route, and their naked corpses were thrown into holes that were hastily dug for this purpose.... As I was getting out of the cattle-truck, I saw Mr. Piechotta, the director of the slaughterhouse, lying there, dying. His hands were completely frost-bitten. It was a dreadful sight, that I shall never forget as long as I live....

On October 6th, 1945, I was then transferred to a hospital train together with the aged and the sick, as I was ill. The train was bound for . . . Frankfort on the Oder. It was overrun with lice, and we had to lie on the bare floor. The only food we were given was three rations of bread. Each ration consisted of one pound, and we received the last one on October 11th.... Many of those with me died of exhaustion, and I contracted hunger-typhus a second time. The coaches were getting emptier and emptier as more people were dying.... (Report No. 9, from Gleiwitz.)

* * *

On January 17, 1946, at one-thirty in the middle of the night, we were dragged out of our beds by the Poles. After they had robbed us of all our possessions, they turned us out of the house and expelled us from our native village. A few hours later, they took us to Neisse, where, despite the fact that . . . the temperature was more than four degrees below

zero, we were forced to spend the night out in the open. By next morning many of the expellees were suffering from exposure and frostbite. In the course of the day we were then crowded into railway trucks. ... There were as many as a hundred persons in each truck, and after a journey which lasted five days we eventually reached the frontier station, Forst, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on January 22nd. During the journey eight persons died in our truck (seven grown-ups and one child) and their bodies were thrown out of the truck just before we reached the frontier station.... The Polish border police then ordered us to get out of the trucks as quickly as possible, and beating us with their cudgels, they took us along to the station, where most of us were robbed of our remaining possessions. . . . (Report No. 63, from the parish of Neuz.)

* * *

. . . The Germans were robbed of their cattle, their poultry, and their rabbits. For a time the Germans lived on wild vegetables.... A few days before Christmas, 1945, one of the horses belonging to the Russians died. After they had buried it, the Germans exhumed it and consumed it for their Christmas dinner. Typhus broke out as a result of the famine. ... In the midst of all this distress we were subjected to further terrorization when, in July, 1946, Polish soldiers appeared in our villages and expelled the entire German population from their native country. (Report No. 134, from the parish of Zobten-Gorkau.)

* * *

There is often a tendency among British and Americans who are aware of these Russian and Polish atrocities to feel a bit too self-righteous. It is easy (and perhaps just) to condemn these two nations which have succumbed to the Jewish-Marxist disease and, with their better elements liquidated, displayed such a disgusting behavior, typical of the lowest dregs of mankind. But let us not forget that there exist among all nations these same dregs. If the American and British armies of invasion did not commit atrocities on quite the same enormous scale as did the Russians, there were all too many isolated cases just as vicious, committed by whites as well as by Negroes, and by gentiles as well as by Jews. And even if the British and Americans did not quite have widescale rape, torture, and murder as an openly admitted official policy, as did the thoroughly bolshevized and Judaized Russians, they came within a hair's breadth of it. The Morgenthau plan for Germany, fully backed by the Jewish-liberal element in the U.S. government, came all too close to being adopted. Those who think that Roosevelt would have shrunk from actually carrying out such a policy of genocide should remember his agreeable reaction to Stalin's proposal at the Teheran conference to "liquidate" 50,000 German officers and other members of the intelligentsia, in order to help "pacify" the German people. Only Churchill's hesitation, because he did not think it would be well received by many of his constituents, averted this particular bit of bolshevization. And anyone who would put his name to as diabolical a document as the Potsdam agreement, as did Truman and Atlee, thereby earning a place in history alongside such benefactors of mankind as Attila, Kaganovich, and Morgenthau, could hardly be swayed by any considerations other than self-interest. Any timidity these two politicians may have shown in openly following the Ehrenburg-Stalin policies toward the conquered Germans was only due to concern about the possibility of unfavorable domestic public opinion. In this, though, perhaps they were a bit too cautious. Eisenhower and his officers, under orders from Roosevelt not to give offense to Jewish or other Marxist elements in "liberated" Europe under any circumstances whatever, agreeably shut their eyes as the "heroes of the resistance" butchered approximately 105,000 right wingers and anti-Semites among their fellow citizens in France in 1944 and 1945.[10] In other areas also, Allied soldiers seemed to show no appreciable degree of indignation when ordered not to interfere with massive executions of German civilians and prisoners of war by bands of Marxist partisans.

Nor did Anglo-Saxon flyers shrink from their orders to annihilate the population of the ancient Saxon city of Dresden in February, 1945.[11] With apparent enthusiasm fighter pilots flew low over the burning city and its suburbs, packed with Silesian refugees, machine-gunning tens of thousands of women and children in broad daylight as they tried in vain to escape. (p. 115) And this strafing of women and children was not due to the particularly sadistic incentive of individual flyers. The murderers here were merely dispassionately carrying out official orders, which were to exterminate as many German civilians as possible. Part of the official instructions given the bomber crews before an attack on the neighboring city of Chemnitz read: "Your reasons for going there tonight are

[10]Sisley Huddleston, *France: The Tragic Years* (New York, 1955), Chap. 23.

[11]David Irving, *The Destruction of Dresden* (London, 1963); Erich Kern, *Verbrechen am deutschen Volk* (Göttingen, 1964), pp. 132-155

to finish off any refugees who may have escaped from Dresden."[12]

And the anti-Nazi extermination camps that were operated in Germany after the war, at Dachau, Landsberg, and elsewhere, although there may have been a preponderance of Jewish names among the torturers and executioners there, were still official operations of the United States government.[13]

And, more fundamental than these various instances, is the fact that Americans and Englishmen, by siding with Jewish Bolshevism against their German racial brothers—and natural allies—enabled Marxism to triumph over National Socialism and Eastern Europe to be subjected to the worst bloodbath the world has ever undergone. No one can doubt, that had they even taken a neutral attitude, German National Socialists would have utterly annihilated the Marxist plague in Europe—the most horrible disease with which mankind has ever been infected, and one which, thanks to Anglo-American criminal stupidity, now has the prospect of devouring not only the best among the Germans, the Russians, the Poles, the Hungarians, the French, the Croats, the Ukrainians, and a handful of other nations, but the rest of higher mankind as well.

The fact is that any nations which have let themselves fall as much under Jewish influence as have the United States and Britain — any nations which have for several decades let their public opinion be formed almost solely by media which are almost totally under the control of an alien, Jewish element in their midst—cannot afford to congratulate themselves about anything whatever. The fact that an *epuration* has not—*yet*—struck in their midst is very shaky ground for confidence; they are still being led by the nose by presidents and prime ministers who, if they thought to profit politically by it, would show no more opposition to such an affair than did de Gaulle; men who are just as capable of collaborating with the Jewish-Marxist executioners of their countrymen as are those puppet leaders who rule—or seem to rule —in Eastern Europe now; men who concern themselves, for political reasons, more with the welfare of Negroid subhumans — whether in Mississippi or in Rhodesia — than with the welfare of their racial kinsmen.

None of *us* can afford ever to forget *The Tragedy of Silesia,* to forgive those responsible, or to relax until treason is no longer prosperous among us, and we are represented by truly national — i.e., National Socialist — governments everywhere.

[12]Irving, *op. cit.*, p. 155.

[13]Freda Utley, *The High Cost of Vengeance* (Chicago, 1949), Chap. 7.

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NUMBER 3 SPRING, 1967

NATIONAL SOCIALIST WORLD

THE TWENTY-FIVE POINTS. . . .G. FEDER

DOCUMENTS ON THE FIRST WORLD WAR. . . . . .WUNS RESEARCH FILES

"I COME TO LIBERATE EUROPE"
SELECTED CARTOONS OF ERIK AND PLAUEN

GOLD IN THE FURNACE. . .SAVITRI DEVI

BOOK REVIEWS
THE GERMAN REVOLUTION BY H.P. GREENWOOD
QUISLING. . . . . .BY RALPH HEWINS

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THE WORLD UNION OF NATIONAL SOCIALISTS

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EDITOR: Dr. William L. Pierce

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A movement which, in an era of majority rule, commits itself as a matter of principle to the idea of individual authority and responsibility in all things must one day, with mathematical certainty, overcome the existing order and emerge victorious.

ADOLF HITLER

ATTENTION

On January 25 of this year Colin Jordan, Leader of the British section of WUNS, was imprisoned by the Wilson government in England. He was sentenced to eighteen months confinement for ". . . conspiring to contravene the Race Relations Act by distributing written matter likely to cause hatred against a section of the public distinguished by colour or race." Specifically, he was charged under section 6 of the notorious Race Relations Act of 1965 for writing and distributing a document entitled "The Coloured Invasion," which severely condemns the Wilson government's efforts to mongrelize the English people by encouraging large-scale immigration of Negroes from former British colonies.

Under this Jewish-inspired Act, the truth or falsity of the written matter being distributed is irrelevant. Thus, any British citizen can be thrown into prison for handing to another British citizen a copy of one of the documents reproduced in the previous issue of *National Socialist World*, for the contents of those documents, if made generally known, would tend to induce hatred of the Jewish race.

Colin Jordan's final statement to the court before sentence was passed was: "Through this State prosecution, the Wilson government has decreed that it is now a crime to say that Britain belongs to the British. I am being punished because I have fought to free Britain from Jewish control and coloured immigration. I have done what I conceive to be my duty as an Englishman in a spirit not of hate but of love for England. I believe that my imprisonment will serve to show my countrymen what is happening to their country. I believe that it will serve to awaken them to the treason now being committed by the Wilson government in promoting the coloured invasion of Britain and suppressing criticism of it."

And so now England has joined occupied Germany and all those lands behind the Iron Curtain as a country where criticism of Jews is punishable by imprisonment or, in some cases, death. And Jewish groups in America and elsewhere are quietly but vigorously lobbying for similar laws.

Many National Socialists have suffered and will yet suffer, before our final victory, far worse than imprisonment for a year and a half. But we can ill afford to lose the leadership of a man of Colin Jordan's caliber during such a critical period as lies immediately before us. Let us all then resolve on one thing: namely, that each day that Colin Jordan is held in prison the Wilson government shall be forcibly reminded, in one way or another, of its treasonous and criminal behavior. This is a responsibility that rests not only upon WUNS headquarters personnel but also upon each supporter of our great cause, wherever he or she may be. Everyone who lives in a city which houses a British legation or any other arm of the Wilson government—including branch offices of such "nationalized" enterprises as BOAC—and who has a telephone can make his feelings on this matter known. And everyone can write letters of protest to his local newspaper. Those letters which are printed cannot help eventually reaching the attention of Wilson and his cohorts, as well as the general public.

Many, of course, will think of more imaginative methods of expressing themselves. But, above all, do not forget the value of repetition. Don't make just one phone call but, rather, one a day. We are living in an era of spineless governments, which determine every course of action by holding up a moistened forefinger to the breeze of public opinion. Those segments of the population which can stir up the biggest fuss are those which get their own way. Unfortunately, we are now obliged to take advantage of this sorry state of affairs. Let us, then, do it with enthusiasm and the determination to restore our comrade to our ranks at the earliest possible moment.

HELP — in the form of talent, bodies, and cash—is urgently needed at WUNS headquarters. We have an immediate requirement for qualified personnel on the staff of *National Socialist World*. Competent, responsible National Socialists who can assume editorial, clerical, or research duties must be recruited for full- or half-time work on a permanent basis. And financial contributions for staff support and the purchase of equipment remain an absolute necessity.

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

. . . Contrary to Mr. Lüdtke's assertion in the last issue of *National Socialist World*, the period of service in the RAD in time of peace was only six months. I and my wife both served our six months in the year 1938.

Respectfully yours,
Franz Schneider
Fairfield, New South Wales
Australia

Editor:

I cannot address you by any traditional form of courtesy because my contempt for your political doctrine is absolute. Therefore, when you send me a mimeographed letter addressed "Dear Librarian" you can expect no similar form of endearment from me.

. . . You and your cohorts are roping in now the dissident elements of the racial conflicts in this nation, and making your propaganda in privies and publications just as nefarious as the Nazi progenitors in Germany then, who seized on Hitler as a puppet and leader.

But in the United States we don't flinch and pay for such nonsense.

You won't get one cent from me, or from any library which I am permitted to operate as a servant of a community of people in this country. Your fallacies don't stand up in the competition of the open market place of ideas under the freedom of the press, even if you do get some supporters with your arrogant idiocy of a master race theory—which is in fact no theory at all, because a theory must be founded on at least some degree of fact and experience in truth. . . . I want you to know exactly where I stand. Name calling won't budge me, and your new improved gas chambers won't even come close to the holy spirit you ignore and despise.

J. S. Ibbotson
Librarian, Tacoma Public Library
Tacoma, Washington

c.c. The Hon. Lyndon B. Johnson
President of the United States of America

Dear Editor:

With regard to Mr. Norman's letter published in the last *National Socialist World*:
I don't know whether Mr. Norman is a student or a professor but by taking up this line of criticism he will end up going round in circles. My advice to Mr. Norman is to get to grips with life. He will learn, as I have, that it's easy to sit in your study room within the safety of the university walls and use weighty words but quite another to come out into the open and do something about what you are supposed to believe in. When he comes out of his ivory tower he will soon learn who needs to do the growing up. I've spent hours in the company of such individuals as he. They are always anti-this or anti-that but never state what they are for.
I have been an active National Socialist since 1962 and it's my experience that when the chips are down it's always people like Mr. Norman who take the line of least resistance and follow the crowd no matter where it leads them. What is your proud boast, Mr. Norman? What do you believe in? Most important of all—what have you done about it?

Yours sincerely,
H. J. Hendle
London

* * *

We regret having to announce that we shall no longer be able to answer or even acknowledge all letters from our readers, because of the enormous growth in the volume of our mail. We shall continue to appreciate receiving comments from all interested persons, however.

Members of WUNS sections around the world can feel pride in the achievements of our German comrades in the *Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands* (NPD). In the recent elections in Hesse they polled 8.3% of the total vote. The figure for Bavaria, 7.3%, was nearly as good. Since they have only been working openly as the NPD for a little over two years now, these figures represent a really significant accomplishment. Our NPD comrades are fired with enthusiasm at this success, and it should inspire all of us to greater efforts.

EDITORIAL

Now and then the Editor feels the obligation to read what our spiritual opposites—the Marxists—have to say in their official publications. Although it certainly seems a good idea to keep a close eye on what these people are doing and saying, it is usually a distasteful job. At best, it means wading through page after page of their all-too-familiar cliches—railings at "imperialist warmongers" and "the exploiting classes"; warnings against "racial chauvinism," "opportunist revisionism," and "class collaboration"; and boosts for "our Afro-American brothers" (Negroes) and the "National Liberation Front" (Viet Cong) — strung together "according to Marxist-Leninist principles." At worst, it means a journey into that twisted, nightmare world of the Jewish mind.

A recent issue of *Progressive Labor* (June-July, 1966), however, contained a very interesting article. *Progressive Labor* is the organ of the Progressive Labor Party, a far-out collection of weirdos, revolutionary beatniks, and wild-eyed Negroes, gathered around a core of Bolshevik Jews, with headquarters in Brooklyn, Harlem, and the Lower East Side ghetto of New York City. This outfit is so far left that it condemns the Communist Party, U.S.A., as "bourgeois" and specifically castigates Gus Hall and Norman Thomas as disgusting examples of smug, flabby complacency. Their magazine is, as usual, edited by two of the Chosen Ones, Milton Rosen and Solomon Davidowicz. The article that was particularly interesting was a sort of self-analysis dealing with the internal problems of the Progressive Labor Party. And the interesting thing about it was that, after translating the Marxist-Leninist jargon into English, it was a very perceptive analysis of many of the same problems we National Socialists face. For despite our antithetical ideologies some of the same annoying traits of human nature plague us both.

After dispensing with a few preliminaries, including a quotation from the writings of Comrade Mao Tse-tung, they get down to the meat of the matter. The essence of the article is an attack on what they call "bourgeois individualism." In their words:

> Bourgeois individualism takes many forms, all bad. Some of the most common are:
>
> *Personal fear:* This is the most direct form of placing one's own physical comfort above the interests of the Party and the working class, and in a sense it is the most basic form.
>
> Sometimes fear is obvious and even admitted by the individual member: "I won't take part in that street meeting because I don't want to go to jail, I don't want to get hurt." Of course, we don't argue that anyone should be reckless or that it's good *per se* to go to jail. But sometimes it's necessary. The old CP [Communist Party] made — and makes — its first rule of operation to stay out of jail. Usually a good way to stay out of jail is not to cause any trouble for the ruling class. . . .
>
> The enthusiasm of our members — organizing tenants, mobilizing demonstrations, speaking at street meetings, collecting signatures — has generally been one of our strong points. But excitement over an immediate issue will wane over the long, hard, zig-zag road of life-long revolutionary work. Our enthusiasm must be strengthened with deep-going understanding. This means day-to-day work on the job and in the communities. And it means thorough study of Marxism-Leninism. . . .
>
> *Comfort Corruption:* This is the ruling-class carrot that accompanies the stick that causes fear. It is a gimmick as old as the class struggle itself. The old higher-paid workers in the "aristocracy of labor," with a few exceptions, did not *consciously* sell out; they were simply softened into forgetting the majority of their class brothers. . . . The former SNCC worker who used to worry whether or not his $20 would be coming every week now gets a $150 LBJ check without fail each Friday and is finding that middle-class life is not so bad.
>
> Most of these people are not bad. They do not intend to sell out. Often they are simply discouraged by the slow, unromantic pace of progress. . . .
>
> Every pore of the U.S. of A. oozes with the syrup of "success" stories, soft living, soap operas, and, above all, comfort—no real struggle—and escape. "Honest" opportunities for easy living are not hard to find for the middle-class intellectual, no matter how radical he may have been. If your parents can't come through in a pinch with a house in the suburbs or a soft job, there are always scholarship funds, foundation grants, and trips around the world—in some worthy cause.
>
> To resist this comfort-corruption requires a serious commitment to revolution.
>
> *Lack of Seriousness:* As we said, significant progress has been made since our founding convention. Yet, despite the ruling class attacks on us, some

members still think they're playing games. They think they can call "time out" whenever they want. They are as sloppy in their work as in their dress and personal habits. They live in a dream world. They just can't quite understand or believe that our Party is really out to make a revolution. . . .

This lack of seriousness first crops up in a lot of "little" day-to-day ways: The student PLer who sleeps late instead of getting out on the campus early to talk with more people; the member of a neighborhood club [i.e., PL "cell"] who never thinks of writing a story for our newspaper on PL or other community activities; the "organizer" who never stays after a meeting to talk informally because he's always rushing, no matter how late at night, to meet his latest girlfriend; those who just never seem to sell any PL literature, but have seen all the latest movies . . .

These habits and dozens of others—lazy, degenerate attitudes—are simply self-indulgence. . . . But they are directly related, as is fear, to the lack of desire for the revolution and understanding of, and commitment to the working class.

Some members who come from middle-class comfort seem to seek a safe little living room to crawl back into from time to time, just as water seeks its own level. . . .

Isolation: The most serious immediate problem facing our Party is the isolation of too many members from non-Party people, especially working people. . . . Too many members still have no real friends outside the Party. A few members still shun getting a job. . . .

Some members seem to think that developing friendships with new people is some sort of burden. On certain evenings they'll force themselves out of a sense of duty to visit non-Party contacts, and some won't even do that much. But every free moment they get they'll drop in for a relaxing bull session, cup of coffee, and rest with one of the in-group or "real friends" who are usually in the Party.

This elitist snobbery reflects fear and lack of resoluteness. After all, it takes an extra effort to make a new friend in the neighborhood, in school, or on the job. It may even mean going out of the way, crossing the street to say hello to a neighbor, inviting co-workers over for supper or organizing a party. And why strain ourselves to visit new people's homes when we have such a comfortable "home" here in the social-political clique which, in cases where it applies, we call our Party club? . . .

The article goes on for quite a few pages in an orgy of self-criticism, interspersed with further edifying quotations from the writings of Comrades Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-chi. Having had some personal contact with the anti-social riffraff and sub-human garbage those Bolsheviks are trying to organize into an effective, working revolutionary force, we can — almost — sympathize with the hard-pressed Jews who are running the PLP. But they have had a great deal of experience at this sort of thing and have already managed quite well at keeping things stirred up these last few summers in the big cities of America. And it is always easier to incite a riot among a mob of restless Negroes, or to talk a bunch of the beard-and-sandal set into a lie-in than it is to engage in long-term, constructive activities. That's where our enemies have an edge on us. For their work is primarily destructive in nature, intended to chip away the mortar holding the social structure together and to bring about chaos as a prerequisite for the establishment of the "dictatorship of the proletariat": the old, old Jewish game that has worked all too well so many times before.

We National Socialists, on the other hand, are faced with a task primarily constructive in nature. We must salvage from a rapidly decaying human mass those elements of our race still capable of being forged into the sword which shall one day hew out of the public body those cancerous growths responsible for its present sickness and approaching death. And then, reversing the downward trend, we must use those same racial elements to build up a strong, sound Aryan civilization embodying those healthy National Socialist principles given to us by Adolf Hitler. In its complete fulfillment it is a job for generations, even centuries. But here and now we have the urgent and immediate task of forging that sword. That will not wait for future generations. If we do not continue to build a strong, viable, effective World Union of National Socialists during the next few years then we will have lost our chance for all time and with that chance the future of our race. For the present trend that we can observe all about us will not stop of its own accord, and far less will it reverse itself.

Never in history has a nation or a civilization or a race—once it has built up a little downhill momentum — been able to act to save itself from final ruin. History has always been a one-way street. But never before in history has anyone had in his grasp that which Adolf Hitler has given to us. We have stumbled and almost dropped the torch he handed us. It has flickered and nearly gone out. But the flame is still there, and there is yet time to fan it to new brilliance. National Socialism is a gift from Providence, a unique and priceless opportunity for man. National Socialism—and *only* National Socialism — can successfully oppose the degenerative forces at work in the world today, but only if we use it wisely and bravely

—only if all of us unhesitatingly and unflinchingly meet the obligations which, as National Socialists, are ours.

Rosen, Davidowicz, *et al.* bemoan the fact that the enervating influence of the welfare state has sapped much of the destructive enthusiasm of their followers. The SNCC Negro who used to agitate his colored brethren for $20 a week is now holding down a plush sinecure in the Job Corps, which he doesn't want to jeoparize. The "downtrodden" workers are too busy enjoying the current general prosperity to worry about "smashing the tyranny of the ruling class."

Since many of the issues into which the PLP has been trying to breathe a little life died with the days of the sweatshop and the breadline, it is no wonder they are having trouble motivating their followers.

Unfortunately, however, the problems about which National Socialists are concerned, unlike many of those of the PLP, are very much alive. And yet, we face the same frustrating difficulties in trying to motivate many of our people as do our kosher counterparts with theirs. Many of our people, who call themselves National Socialists—at least in private—and will agree emphatically with us on the dangers confronting our race and the need for action, still behave as if these things were not really so.

Regardless of whether we call the disease "bourgeois individualism" or by some other name, the symptoms are fairly clear in our case. For too many of us, our National Socialism is not the central feature in our daily lives but instead occupies the role of—a *hobby*. It is something we save for Sunday evenings or rainy Saturdays and consists primarily in reading National Socialist literature — after the blinds have been carefully drawn—or in bull sessions with trusted intimates. More to the point, our National Socialism is too often a completely selfish thing—something in which we indulge ourselves for the sake of relieving our frustrations, or because we find it an interesting and exciting game. And, like other games, it occupies a strictly secondary role in our lives. We do not let it interfere with our employment or our schooling. We are careful that it does not jeopardize our income or our security or even our social status.

The fact that we often lavish a great deal of time and money and effort on little projects and schemes we have thought up; that we even buy mimeograph machines—or machine guns —and plan and plan and plan, is no excuse. Unproductive or strictly self-gratifying activity can in no way take the place of a disciplined, coordinated National Socialist effort. Some of us carry self-deception to great lengths in justifying this hobby-like activity, but the hard truth is that unless we completely reorient ourselves—both with regard to the full acceptance of our individual responsibilities as National Socialists and with regard to the integration of those responsibilities with those of the Movement as a whole, we do not deserve the name National Socialist.

National Socialism must occupy not just a part but the *whole* of the lives of those who are justified in calling themselves National Socialists. It must cease being a self-serving hobby and become a race-serving, holy cause for each of us. Pet projects and secret daydreams must give way to disciplined, regular activity; and soft, lazy, and cowardly attitudes toward the fight we are waging must be replaced by an uncompromisingly Spartan sense of duty.

More than twenty-four centuries have passed since the Spartans set for all the world their unforgettable example of Aryan heroism and self-discipline at Thermopylae.[1] And in that time the Aryan, warrior-like attributes brought to Greece from the Northland by the ancient Hellenes have become a rare—very rare—commodity indeed. We have let ourselves be slyly maneuvered into two fratricidal catastrophes in the last half-century — catastrophes which have selectively bled us of priceless and irreplaceable millions of the best elements among us. Those of us with a fighting spirit who are left must steel ourselves for a struggle against enormous odds. We must subject ourselves to a self-discipline as rigorous as any ever displayed by our ancestors—and in an age when self-discipline has gone out of style. Narrow concern for self must give way to broader concern for race. Lethargy and inaction must give way to bold, determined activity. Timidity, hesitation, and sneaking, undercover play-acting must give way to the furious courage and the

[1]Gibbon strikingly illustrated the Spartan attitude in a single sentence: "Leonidas and his three hundred companions devoted their lives at Thermopylae; but the education of the infant, the boy, and the man had prepared, and almost ensured, this memorable sacrifice; and each Spartan would approve, rather than admire, an act of duty of which himself and eight thousand of his fellow-citizens were equally capable." (*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. 42)

raging attack of the berserker. Petty greed and love of comfort must give way to an unquenchable thirst for vengeance. And the weak decision to blend in, chameleon-like, with a rapidly degenerating world, for the sake of personal security, must give way to the unshakable determination to secure the future of the race, regardless of personal jeopardy.

Those cautious tens of thousands of "secret" National Socialists, who are awaiting the day when it is "safe" to avow openly their beliefs must understand that that day will never come unless they begin *making* it come now.

It really boils down to this—each of us must ask himself the following question: Am I willing to fight for what I know to be right even when, at times, success may seem unattainable; despite totally conflicting views of a great majority of my fellow men; and regardless of personal consequences to myself; and am I willing to do this here and now, without reservation or evasion?

Our race has, in times past, been richly enough endowed with men and women who have answered this question in the affirmative when the need arose, to have become master of this earth. Upon the existence of enough of these now depends our future survival.

The Editor

THE TWENTY-FIVE POINTS

by Gottfried Feder

The following material has been abstracted and translated from the 17th edition of Gottfried Feder's pomphlet, Das Programm der NSDAP und seine weltanschaulichen Grundgedanken (*Munich, 1930*). *The Twenty-five Points, constituting the political platform of the Party, have been given here in complete form, exactly as originally published, except for their translation into English. The remaining material from the 52-page pamphlet has been considerably condensed, however.*

The program of the NSDAP is presented here strictly for historical reasons, and no inferences are to be drawn as to the present policies of the World Union of National Socialists or any of its affiliates. The Party program, as distinct from the philosophical foundations of National Socialism, was intimately bound and constrained by the immediate political, economic, and social circumstances and conditions of Germany some four decades ago. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see just what was the content of the program which led to the Party's success in Germany, if only to avoid some of the misconceptions which have been deliberately spread by our opponents. Liberal elements have labeled the program "reactionary," and conservative elements have labeled it "socialist" (i.e., "Marxist"). The two most widely read "authorities" on the subject, namely, W. L. Shirer and Alan Bullock, have vehemently denounced the Twenty-five Points in their books but have been careful to avoid actually setting forth those Points so that their readers could judge for themselves.*

Here they are.

Program of the National Socialist German Workers' Party

The National Socialist German Workers' Party — registered as the "National Socialist German Workers' Union" — at a great mass meeting on February 25, 1920, in the Hofbräuhaus-Festsaal in Munich, announced its program to the world.

In Section 2 of the Constitution of our Party this program is declared to be unalterable. It is as follows:

The program of the German Workers' Party is limited as to period. The leaders have no intention, once the aims announced in it have been achieved, of setting up fresh ones in order to ensure the continued existence of the Party by the artificially inspired discontent of the masses.

1. We demand the union of all Germans, on the basis of the right of the self-determination of peoples, to form a Great Germany.

2. We demand equality of rights for the German people in its dealings with other nations, and abolition of the Peace Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain.

3. We demand land and territory (colonies) for the nourishment of our people and for settling our surplus population.

4. None but members of the nation may be citizens of the State. None but those of German blood, whatever their creed, may be members of the nation. No Jew, therefore, may be a member of the nation.

5. Anyone who is not a citizen of the State may live in Germany only as a guest and must be regarded as being subject to the Alien Laws.

6. The right of voting on the leadership and laws of the State is to be enjoyed by the citizens of the State alone. We demand, therefore, that all official positions, of whatever kind, whether in the Reich, the provinces, or the small communities, shall be held by citizens of the State alone.

* W. L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (New York, 1960); Alan Bullock, *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny* (New York, 1953).

We oppose the corrupt parliamentary custom of filling posts merely with a view to party considerations, and without reference to character or ability.

7. We demand that the State shall make it its first duty to promote the industry and livelihood of the citizens of the State. If it is not possible to nourish the entire population of the State, foreign nationals (non-citizens of the State) must be excluded from the Reich.

8. All further non-German immigration must be prevented. We demand that all non-Germans who entered Germany subsequently to August 2, 1914, shall be required forthwith to depart from the Reich.

9. All citizens of the State shall possess equal rights and duties.

10. It must be the first duty of every citizen of the State to perform mental or physical work. The activities of the individual must not clash with the interests of the whole, but must proceed within the framework of the community and must be for the general good.

We demand therefore:

11. Abolition of incomes unearned by work.

Breaking of the Thraldom of Interest

12. In view of the enormous sacrifice of life and property demanded of a nation by every war, personal enrichment through war must be regarded as a crime against the nation. We demand, therefore, the total confiscation of all war profits.

13. We demand the nationalization of all businesses which have (hitherto) been amalgamated (into trusts).

14. We demand that there shall be profit sharing in the great industries.

15. We demand a generous development of provision for old age.

16. We demand the creation and maintenance of a healthy middle class, immediate communalization of the large department stores and their lease at a low rate to small traders, and that the most careful consideration shall be shown to all small traders in purveying to the State, the provinces, or smaller communities.

17. We demand a land reform suitable to our national requirements, the passing of a law for the confiscation without compensation of land for communal purposes, the abolition of interest on land mortgages, and prohibition of all speculation in land.[1]

18. We demand ruthless war upon all those whose activities are injurious to the common interest. Sordid criminals against the nation, usurers, profiteers, etc., must be punished with death, whatever their creed or race.

19. We demand that the Roman law, which serves the materialistic world order, shall be replaced by a German common law.

20. With the aim of opening to every capable and industrious German the possibility of higher education and consequent advancement to leading positions, the State must consider a thorough reconstruction of our national system of education. The curriculum of all educational establishments must be brought into line with the requirements of practical life. Directly the mind begins to develop the schools must aim at teaching the pupil to understand the idea of the State (State sociology). We demand the education of specially gifted children of poor parents, whatever their class or occupation, at the expense of the State.

21. The State must apply itself to raising the standard of health in the nation by protecting mothers and infants, prohibiting child labor, and increasing bodily efficiency by legally obligatory gymnastics and sports, and by extensive support of clubs engaged in the physical training of the young.

[1]On April 13, 1928, Adolf Hitler made the following elucidation to the program:

"Because of the mendacious interpretations on the part of our opponents of Point 17 of the program of the NSDAP, the following explanation is necessary.

Since the NSDAP is fundamentally based on the principle of private property, it is obvious that the expression "confiscation without compensation" refers merely to the creation of possible legal means of confiscating, when necessary, land illegally acquired, or not administered in accordance with the national welfare. It is therefore directed in the first instance against the Jewish companies which speculate in land."

(Signed) ADOLF HITLER

Munich, April 13, 1928.

22. We demand the abolition of mercenary troops and the formation of a national army.

23. We demand legal warfare against conscious political lies and their dissemination in the press. In order to facilitate the creation of a German national press we demand that:

(a) all editors, and their co-workers, of newspapers employing the German language must be members of the nation;

(b) special permission from the State shall be necessary before non-German newspapers may appear (these need not necessarily be printed in the German language);

(c) non-Germans shall be prohibited by law from participating financially in or influencing German newspapers, and the penalty for contravention of the law shall be suppression of any such newspaper, and immediate deportation of the non-German involved.

It must be forbidden to publish newspapers which are damaging to the national welfare. We demand the legal prosecution of all tendencies in art and literature which exert a destructive influence on our national life and the closing of institutions which militate against the above-mentioned requirements.

24. We demand liberty for all religious denominations in the State, so far as they are not a danger to it and do not militate against the moral and ethical feelings of the German race.

The Party, as such, stands for positive Christianity, but does not bind itself in the matter of creed to any particular confession. It combats the Jewish-materialist spirit *within* and *without* us, and is convinced that our nation can achieve permanent recovery from within only on the principle:

The Common Interest before Self-Interest

25. That all the foregoing requirements may be realized we demand the creation of a strong, central national authority; unconditional authority of the central legislative body over the entire Reich and its organizations in general; and the formation of diets and vocational chambers for the purpose of executing the general laws promulgated by the Reich in the various States of the Confederation.

The leaders of the Party swear to proceed regardless of consequences—if necessary at the sacrifice of their lives—toward the fulfillment of the foregoing Points.

Munich, February 24, 1920.

After full discussion at the general meeting of members on May 22, 1920, it was resolved that "This program is unalterable." This does not imply that every word must stand unchanged, nor that any efforts to extend or develop the program are to be prohibited, but it does imply that the principles and basic ideas contained in it are not to be tampered with.

There can be no twisting and turning for reasons of expediency, no secret meddling with the most important—and for the present order of politics, society, and economics, most unwelcome — points in the program; no deviation from its original sense.

Adolf Hitler has emphasized the two cornerstones of the program by printing them in heavy type:

The Common Interest before Self-Interest—that is the Spirit of the Program. Breaking of the Thraldom of Interest—that is the Kernel of National Socialism.

THE BASIC IDEAS

Today chaos is rampant in the world—confusion, conflict, hatred, oppression, robbery, cruelty, self-seeking. Brother is estranged from brother. Members of the same nation attack one another and club a man to death simply because he wears a Swastika. They all suffer under the same burdens, the same privations; yet who during these last months has ever heard of Marxist workers attacking and beating their employers to death, or their party leaders, or even one of the bank and stock-exchange bloodsuckers, or a wholesale profiteer? The victims of chaos are the simple, honest workers. Men's minds are confused; the Marxists are flocking round the greatest exploiters of their own class, while they turn savagely against those who

stand ready to rescue it.

The Nationalists, the members of the Fatherland Party, and of the Right, are aiming at entering the Government, or are co-operating in it with those who deny and destroy their ideal of the State, losing thereby both honor and character. The defense associations are striving to penetrate "into the State" — the State of Severing and Grzesinsky — believing that they can govern the country in association with pacifists, internationalists, and Jews.

Men's minds are confused! The so-called *Rechtskreise** fail to see that there can never be friendship and co-operation between eagles and snakes, wolves and lambs, mankind and the cholera bacillus. With all their might, with their "will to form," they are supporting "order" grown into disorder, political chaos, political effeteness. But they opposed the National Socialists, those "fanatics" repudiated as alleged "Machiavellian politicians," the saviors of their country from political chaos, hating them although feeling themselves akin to them —filled with crazy anxiety lest the National Socialists should deprive them of some of their former posts or privileges — forgetting that they had lost everything through the very people from whom they now demand a share in the political loaves and fishes of the State!

The industrialists, great or small, have but one end in view — profits; only one desire — credits; only one protest — against taxation; they fear and respect only one thing — the banks; they have only a supercilious shrug of the shoulders for the National Socialist demand for the abolition of the thraldom of interest.

They hurl themselves into the depths of interest-slavery, complain of the taxes and rates of interest, and swoon with respect before every banker or stock-exchange pirate. Men's minds are confused. The whole economy of the country is degraded, depersonalized, transformed into joint-stock companies. The producers have surrendered to high finance, their greatest enemy. The employers in factories and offices, deeply in debt, have to be content with the barest pittance, for all the profits of labor go into the pockets of the impersonal money power in the form of interest and dividends.

The people who have control of the national economy are totally unable to stem the chaos. Crushed from above by taxation and interest, menaced from below by the subterranean grumblings of the workers, they have blindly and crazily flung themselves into the arms of capitalistic finance and its "State," and are tolerated by exploiters and profiteers of the existing chaos merely as the slave-drivers set over the laboring masses. Their fury is directed not against the butchers of German economy, not against the lunacy of Marxism, but against the wearers of the Hooked Cross. They forget that we alone foretold it and pointed out a prompt course of action by which Germany, under her own strength, could recover her equilibrium.

Associations, representatives of interests, unions of professional men, officials, clerks, societies of small investors or Reichsbank creditors, defense associations, front fighters' associations, farmers' unions, landowners' unions, trade unions, brotherhoods, clubs, or whatever such curious organizations may call themselves —reasonable enough in their basic ideas but hopeless in the present chaos of public life— are seeking to evoke order. In vain, for they are not in touch with the nation as a great, social whole. All are intent merely on snatching small advantages for their own caste, their own class; barren of any political or economic principle, they apply to each political party in turn. They bow to the existing system and kow-tow to the so-called supreme authority.

They cost the German nation untold sums in payments to numberless organizers, syndics, directors, and wire-pullers, but none of them do any good. Inflation—a criminal, revolutionary measure—robs all classes of their savings —thrifty investors, trade unions, and artisans. A fiscal law, concocted in a Government office, destroys the hopes based on years of work. An advantage gained by the one side after numberless meetings, discussions, and deputations to the Government, is usually annulled by a rise in the cost of living, a rise or a fall of prices.

Chaos and lunacy! Men's minds are confused. How can a farmer live when he is flayed and pestered? How can the worker buy with prices raised by the middleman? What use is it at last to raise the pay of officials and employees when the index of the cost of living continues to rise ever higher? They look in their credulity for help from the State, the State which has impoverished and repressed the people, which is not the "Father of the Nation," but the tyrant and tax-collector of the money despotism.

So they turn once again to the old parties; they say they don't care for politics and belong

* Right-wing groups. [Editor]

to no party, and at the same time they let the wretched party squabbles go on as before.

We see the same frightful picture of chaos in all the other manifestations of public life, whether in art, literature, the theatre, the cinema, radio, the church, the schools; everywhere is the "ferment of decomposition," the great wrecker and destroyer, the Jew and the Freemason, filling the most important posts or working invisibly behind the scenes, pulling the strings of his puppets, who dance on the public stage as a Stresemann, or a Scheidemann, or openly, as Jakob Goldschmidt, Warburg, Wassermann, Levy, etc., bleeding and exploiting the German people through the press and the scourge of interest.

The great task which National Socialism has set before it is a determination to restore form, to dispel the chaos, to set the disjointed world in order again, and to act as the guardian—in the highest Platonic sense—of that order.

It should be stated here that we regard as "order" neither the apparent, external order of a policed State, nor the robbery of finance hallowed by custom and permitted by law, nor the agreements of syndicates, trusts, and other organized measures of national betrayal, however well they "function." Even a band of robbers has "order," and prisons have their "regulations." But in the nation, taken as an organic whole, almost every aspect of our public life shows misery, bondage, suppression, and insincerity and presents a chaotic picture of the struggle of all against all.

We see government *versus* people; party *versus* party, at the same time concluding the most strange and impossible alliances; employer *versus* employee; merchant *versus* producer and consumer; landlord *versus* tenant; laborer *versus* farmer; officials *versus* the public; worker *versus* "bourgeoisie"; Church *versus* State; each blindily hitting out at his particular adversary and thinking only of his own selfish interests, his advancement, and his moneybags. No one reflects that the other man has a right to live or that the pursuit of his own selfish ends means that someone else has to pay. No one thinks of his neighbor's welfare or his higher duties to the community. A breathless chase after personal gain. Elbow your neighbor to get on; trample on his body if you will get anything by it—who cares? That is the spirit of modern business.

So the many shriek and bellow and run hither and thither; so the stronger pulls and pushes the weaker, kicks him, and strikes him to the ground; so the base man serves the worthy, the brutal man the noble; the lust of enjoyment destroys morality, violence triumphs over right, party interests over the general welfare. Rascality, speculation, and fraud triumph over honest work.

So terrible a battle of all the baser instincts was never yet known. One is involuntarily tempted to recall the old prophecy of the Twilight of the Gods: "Then right and seemly conduct perish; the time of the wolf and the axe sets in; the sea rages, fire falls from heaven, and gods and men pass away."

Let us not deceive ourselves. We are in the midst of a great world change, and it is natural that the simple soul, the poor, bewildered spirit, sees no way out of the chaos and seeks relief in suicide or thinks the world is coming to an end, joins in the race after the golden calf, and rushes blindly into the crazy vortex. "Enjoy while you can—after us the deluge."

So terrible a blow to the morale of a nation is possible and explicable only when the whole intellectual foundation of society is false or tottering—and in fact we see that Marxists, capitalists, and the leaders of our public life all worship the same god—*Individualism. Personal interest is the sole incentive*—the advantage of one's own narrow class the sole aim in life.

The current doctrine is: Society is the sum of individuals—the State at its best a convenient aggregation of individuals or associations.

We may compare this doctrine of the construction of society to a *heap of stones.* The only real thing about it is the individual pieces of stone. Its shape is a matter of chance; whether a stone is on top or underneath is indifferent. The result is neither more nor less than a heap of stones.

By the same simile, the State which answers to our National Socialist doctrine of society and philosophy of the State is *the house.* Speaking mechanically, the house also consists of so many individual items—bricks, sand, cement, joists, windows, doors, floors, etc. But anyone can see that a house, a room, is a higher entity, something new and peculiar and complete in itself, something more than a mere sum total of bricks heaped together. Anyone can understand that a house does not come into being by piling a number of single parts in a heap, but only by assembling these parts according to a deliberate plan. Then only do we obtain something new, something greater, the spiritual superstructure, so to speak.

Thus it is with the nation. Not until chaos

has been reduced to deliberate and organic order, not until chaos gives place to definite and planned form, not until the individual components begin to live a real and purposeful life, can *the true State* appear.

We National Socialists have coined the simple phrase, which all can understand:

The Common Interest before Self-Interest

Only in the service of the whole community, only as a useful and active member within the framework of the national community, does the individual awake to the higher life; only so does everyone—each in his own place— become truly of one substance with the higher totality of his nation; only when *thus* understood does the real Socialism—the *sense of community*—take on true life. Only under the governance of this basic idea will the individual enjoy a sense of security and realize that only under this controlling idea can a manifold and organic national economy emerge from the robber economy of the present day, for the benefit of the whole community—and therefore for the benefit of every individual.

Today the individual is a helpless victim of the forces fighting for mastery; his associations are powerless to help him. It is not clearly realized who is the real enemy—the idle profiteer and exploiter.

In spite of the Marxist outcry against capitalism, the pious pronouncements of the Center,* and the complaints of the business world of the burden of taxation and interest, no one realizes who is the world-enemy—the capitalistic finance which overshadows the world, and its representative, the Jew.

All classes of the people have felt the scourge of interest; the tax collector bears heavily on every section of the population—but who dares oppose the supreme power of Bank and Stock Exchange? Capital proclaims its character by growing, contrary to all experience elsewhere on earth, without pains or labor, by means of interest and dividends, waxing greater and more powerful each minute. The devilish principle of falsehood has triumphed over the ordered principle of creative labor.

Break the Thraldom of Interest Is Our War Cry

This thraldom spells ruin for any nation that hands over to the money power, the bankers, its sovereign rights at home, the control of its finances, its railways, and its taxes and tariffs, as Germany has done by accepting the Dawes Plan.

Creative labor is under the same thraldom, if it thinks of money before all else. Today money, the "servant of business," has become the master, and indeed the brutal tyrant of labor.

The thraldom of interest is the true expression for the antitheses: Capital *versus* Labor, Money *versus* Blood, Exploitation *versus* Creative Work.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE PROGRAM IN DETAIL

There are three main obstacles to carrying out this political and economic program of National Socialism: Marxism, the parliamentary system, and finance, which overshadows both.

1. Our anti-Marxist campaign is directed against the disruptive doctrine of the Jew, Karl Marx; against the doctrine of the class war which splits up the nation; against the doctrine of the abolition of private property, which makes business impossible; and against the purely economic and materialistic view of history.

2. Our campaign against parliament is directed against the irresponsibility of the so-called representatives of the people, who—enjoying immunity—can never be actually called to account for the results of their decisions; also against all the evils which arise out of the system (moral corruption, nepotism, venality), and the worst consequence of all—a government which is dependent on such a parliament.

3. Our campaign against Mammon, which ranks above the other two, is directed against the world-embracing power of finance, i.e., the perpetual exploitation of our nation by the great lending houses.

It is also a tremendous struggle against the soul-killing, materialistic spirit of greed and rapacity, with all its disruptive accompaniments, in all sections of our public, commercial, and cultural life.

* Catholic Center Party [Editor]

The main battle is one between two world-philosophies, represented by two essentially different intellectual structures—the active and creative spirit and the labile, acquisitive spirit. The creative spirit, rooted to earth, yet overcoming the world in super-sensual experience, finds its chief representative in the Aryan man; the acquisitive, rootless, commercial, materialistic spirit, aiming solely at worldly success, finds its chief representatives among the Jews.

Anti-Semitism is in a sense the emotional foundation of our movement. Every National Socialist is an anti-Semite, but not every anti-Semite becomes a National Socialist. Anti-Semitism is purely negative; the anti-Semite recognizes the carrier of the national plague germ, but this knowledge is usually transformed into mere hatred of the individual Jew and the success of the Jews in business life. Anti-Semitism demands the expulsion of the Jew from our State and our economic life. The anti-Semite does not worry his head about "How?" and "What next?"

If the spiritual foundations of the present Jewish supremacy, "Individual interest before the common interest," and its material means of power, the economic system of the Jewish bank, with its loans and credits, were still permitted to exist after the expulsion of the Jews, there would be enough mischlings or "normal Germans" of miserable mongrel blood to take the place of the Jews; and they would rage against their own people no less furiously than do the alien Jews today—and we might even see "anti-Semites" flocking to fill the places formerly filled by the Jews.

Now National Socialism, with its main demand, "Break the Thraldom of Interest," is essentially constructive. It bites deeper than mere anti-Semitism, and the consequences are far more comprehensive.

Racial Policy

We demand the exclusion of Jews and all non-Germans from all responsible positions in public life.

Anyone who sees in the Jews merely "German citizens of the Jewish faith"—and not an alien, sharply distinct people, strongly parasitic in character—will fail to appreciate the essential nature of this demand. If a man were to say or think that a cabbage which had grown by chance in the middle of a strawberry bed was a strawberry plant, and that good strawberries could be got from it, he would be as wrong as if he thought that a lion cub which had got in among a flock of sheep had thereby become a sheep. A German would not do well as a judge or magistrate in China or India, and we should not like to have a Hottentot as a treasurer or mayor of a German municipality.

And yet it would be better to have an Enver Pasha or a Chiang Kai-shek reducing Germany to order than to give a Jew free play for his disintegrating racial characteristics. One thing is certain: that the revolution loosened the bonds of order in the State, and that the long-established Jewish bankers, as well as the Jews from the East who have recently immigrated into Germany, have enriched themselves by impoverishing Germany. We have all seen and had experience of this; it has always been going on, this disintegration of the Nordic order. "There is but one way open for this crafty people—so long as *order* is maintained they have nothing to hope for." (Goethe at the fair at Plundersweilen.) Therefore we demand:

That the immigration of Eastern Jews and other parasitic aliens shall be stopped, and that undesirable aliens and Jews shall be deported.

Only perfectly lucid and unbending leaders of the State will deal with this matter, in accordance with their anthropological knowledge. No compromise can be permitted here.

Over and above this purely anti-Semitic application of it, racial hygiene must be fostered, and the lofty aim—*the supreme aim of the Nordicizing of our people* in the spirit of the Nordic ideal—must be promoted.

Economic Policy

It is the task of the national economy to provide the necessities of life and not to secure the highest possible return for loan capital.

To the straightforward mind of the simple man it might seem superfluous to emphasize such an obvious truth in a special and even systematic fashion. The productive worker—the farmer, the manual laborer, the artisan, the manufacturer, or the worker employed in one of the many subsidiary trades concerned in the carriage or distribution of goods—knows, so to speak, by instinct that what he produces is used or consumed: consumed by himself, or used as a means of exchange for other goods.

In his eyes "business" which is not concerned with production or consumption is ridiculous, impossible, nonsensical.

This brings us to one of the great intellectual

difficulties in our recruiting work. We are obliged to tell our fellow-countrymen: Your natural feeling is of course perfectly correct as regards the meaning and purpose of work and the national economy, but unfortunately our so-called economy of today does not in any way respond to this natural demand. If you look closer you will on the contrary discover the most alarming features, which are utterly opposed to the obvious duty of the national economy.

For what are the usurers and profiteers doing? Do these universal plunderers give a thought to providing the necessities of life? No! Are they engaged in creating values; do they produce anything? No! They are robbers and traitors in the economic sense and merely amass wealth for themselves.

Thus money-lenders, profiteers, bankers, financiers, supply no sort of *need,* yet they derive huge profits from the prevailing capitalist system: in fact, they tyrannize over and exploit the anti-social economic system. Today the main function of commerce is to ensure the "rentability" of borrowed capital; that is, under our system of usurious capitalism the workers have at present to surrender a good proportion of their earnings to the great capitalists of the banks and stock exchanges, and to international usurers and speculators. What does the employer do, to give him his usual name — or the "bloodsucker," the "exploiter," as the workers call him? He endeavors, by paying the lowest possible wages, by using inferior material, by mass production or cost accounting on the one hand, and by charging the highest prices on the other hand, to squeeze out the highest possible profits for his own pocket.

He gives no thought to his employees' poverty; it is all one to him if his wares have soon to be thrown away as rubbish — all the better, since this means more work and more profits for him. The people are always foolish enough to buy more cheap rubbish if it is enticingly recommended and displayed. Here we see the cancerous evil of the great stores.

His main concern is his profit, the "rentability" of his capital; the supply of necessities is only a means to an end.

The true employer, he who is conscious of his high task as an economic leader, is a very different person. He must be a man of moral worth—in the economic sense at least. His task is to discover the real economic needs of the people. If he is also an inventor he does this pioneer work himself. He must keep his costs as low as he can, and lay them out to the best advantage; must keep prices as low as possible in order to get his goods on the market; must maintain both the quality and quantity of his output; must pay his employees well, so that they may be able to purchase goods freely; and he must always be thinking of improvements of his plant and his methods of trading. If he puts these things first in his business, he is supplying the necessities of life in the best and highest sense, and his profits will come of themselves without his making them his first object. The finest and most universally known example of this kind of manufacturer is Henry Ford. There are other names in our own heavy industries which stand equally high—Krupp, Kirdorf, Abbe, Mannesmann, Siemens, and many more.

The character of such businesses is altogether different when they are not personally controlled by men of high moral qualities, who look after the interests of their workers, but are handed over to impersonal corporations.

So long as the founder of such a business, as the chief shareholder, can maintain the sterling traditions of his establishment, all may be well; but, as a general thing, soon after the business is converted it is overwhelmed by the shareholders' demands for profits—that is, by the demands of the capitalist moneylenders. The former owners, the managers, now depend on the Board, representing the shareholders, for improvements in business methods and working conditions, and the shareholders have no interest (beyond that of the slave-driver) in the welfare of the workers and the quality of their work, so long as they can draw high dividends on their invested capital. The introduction of bearer stock has had a most devastating influence, for any chance speculator can corner the shares and actually become the owner of large industrial works without knowing anything about them. To the men of the Stock Exchange, stocks and shares are merely so much paper for them to play with. They are not interested in conditions of production and labor; most of them could not say what products or conditions of marketing, labor, wages, and maintenance obtain in the business of which they are the legal (!) owners. And owners they are, just because they happen to have cornered the shares of this or that factory in the market.

It is characteristic of the predatory capitalist that he invariably has an insatiable appetite for more possessions—if possible, moveable property—while the Nordic man, the solid man of

the soil, is absolutely modest in his ideas. He wants no more than he can earn by his work. A workman does not want a fine villa which he could never earn; he wants a nice little house of his own; not a rented one, for which, in the course of his life, he would be paying three or four times as much as the house cost to build. But the predatory Jew, the capitalist, does not want to be tied to any plot of land; his ideal is a big safe stuffed with scrip, mortgage deeds, and promissory notes. Wealth, not in possessions, but in other people's mortgaged property, is his aim. He does not work, but he never rests until he has acquired a sufficient number of debts or mortgages to give him the whip hand over his debtors—who really owe him nothing. The next demand of our program is framed in order to put a stop to this:

The welfare of the nation demands that a limit shall be set to the immoderate amassing of wealth in the hands of individuals.

Wealth and property are not injurious in themselves; on the contrary, a property well administered benefits all who work upon it. Once more, it is the capitalist system of loans which has turned wealth from a blessing into a curse; it is robbery and exploitation. To meet this danger, in the National State:

All Germans shall form a working community for the furtherance of the common welfare and culture.

All work and production must be comprised within the higher ideal of service to the community. This is in no way opposed to personal effort and industry, but it means that individual progress shall not be effected at the expense of one's fellows.

Within the limits of the general duty to work incumbent on every German, and in view of the recognition of the principle of private ownership, every German shall be free to earn his living in whatever manner he chooses and to dispose of the results of his labor.

The foregoing expressly rejects the Marxist "planned economy," as well as the socializing efforts of big capital. The State shall include the greatest possible number of free existences, linked by the social idea of service. It is, of course, out of the question to run mines, blast furnaces, rolling mills, or shipyards on a small scale, but a hundred thousand free and independent master shoemakers are better than five monster shoe factories.

The great landed estates in the North and East of Germany are more productive, being run on a large scale, than if managed by small freehold farmers. Small freeholds do best within easy reach of towns and villages. We demand that:

A healthy combination of small, medium-sized, and large concerns, in all departments of economic life, including farming, shall be maintained and that giant businesses (syndicates, trusts) be nationalized.

This demand is consistent with our general war upon the capitalist idea. The first aim of syndicates and trusts in any particular branch of production is to unite with other similar businesses for the purpose of dictating prices. They are governed by no desire to distribute good wares at a cheap price. Such trusts are specially attracted by new businesses which are doing well. New firms in the same line of business are bought up and put out of the way, often at a very high cost by way of compensation. Supply is regulated by pooling, by which means they are able to regulate prices in accordance with an apparently genuine "supply and demand." This is what interests the shareholders, who have no desire to see prices kept low by competition. New ideas and inventions are viewed with a hostile eye and preferably suppressed if their adoption would endanger the paying capacity of older plants. Such businesses, run as huge trusts from a big central office, are clearly "ripe for socialization," i.e., they have ceased to fulfill any of the services to the community which individual competition performs.

Financial Policy

Our objective is:

Liberation of the State, and so of the nation, from its indebtedness (obligation to pay interest) to the great financial houses.

The State may make no debts—for it has no need to do so. There is no comparison between the State and the private person who every now and then requires a loan and is forced to make debts. The State controls the Mint; it can thus *make money,* which the private person cannot do! It did this in a lunatic fashion during the inflation. It did the same with the Rentenmark, and the same — after resigning its control to the so-called Reichsbank — with the so-called Reichsmark.*

The State could make far better use of this

*"So-called," because after this the Reichsbank and the Reichsmark (i.e., national bank and national mark) were no longer truly "national." [Editor]

right to make money, without incurring the danger of inflation. But only if first:

The Reichsbank and all the issuing banks are nationalized and if funds are provided for all great public objects (waterpower, railroads, etc.), not by means of loans, but by granting non-interest-bearing State bonds, without using ready money.

In other words: The irresponsible printing of bank notes, without creating new values, means inflation. We have all lived through it. But the correct conclusion is that an issue of non-interest-bearing bonds by the State cannot produce inflation if new values are at the same time created.

The fact that today great economic enterprises cannot be set on foot without recourse to loans is sheer lunacy. Here a reasonable exercise of the State's right to create money might produce the most beneficial results.

It must be clear to anyone that—for instance—a great hydroelectric plant might be erected in the following unexceptionable manner:

The Government introduces a bill in the legislature for exploiting the waterpower of Bavaria, Saxony, etc., due regard being given to all economic requirements. The local diet, or other body, decides on the construction and empowers the Finance Minister or the State Bank to issue a series of bank notes, marked specially to show that they are fully covered by the new works under contemplation. These notes are covered by the combined credit of the State and the Reich. No one can make any objection on the score of inflation. Construction is carried out on the additional credit granted by the Council representing the nation, and the notes become legal tender like the rest.

When the work is completed, nitrates or electricity are supplied to customers against this money, and in a few years the issue can be recalled and destroyed. Result: The State, the nation, has instituted a new work, which secures to it a great new source of revenue, and the nation is the richer by it.

To prove the folly of the present system let us compare the foregoing with what occurs now:

A loan is taken up. A few capitalists do what the whole nation, even though their parliament may vote in favor of it, cannot do: they allow the State to borrow money from them. Instead of using its direct authority for the benefit of the nation, the State engages to pay permanent interest for the sum required to complete certain work, thereby hanging a millstone round its neck. And, what is most costly of all, it issues bonds, thus creating "fresh purchasing capacity." On the balance sheet it makes no difference whether the new work is represented by new paper money or by new bonds. But the community suffers injury, because the bonds imply that the new work is mortgaged to capital, which naturally makes itself perfectly secure, dictates prices, and takes the profits. Thus it is really the financiers who are the richer by the development of the nation's waterpower; they are indifferent as to repayment; they like to have such monopolies as permanent milch cows. The people are forced to pay dearly for electric current or nitrates, and once again a part of the national property is converted to the interests of the financiers.

Social Policy

Social policy is apparently the favorite slogan of our present political cure-alls. It sounds so nice, it makes them popular, and it attracts votes for the party which promises to set everything right.

When every party promises the officials, for instance, an increase of pay, this is called "social policy."

It is the same when they promise to grant the wishes of the clerks and workers, or when they do a little to relieve the people with small incomes, or the war sufferers, or young teachers, or Germans abroad.

And the whole nation runs after these political ratcatchers when they play on their "social-policy" flute.

It must first be clearly understood that social policy really means: *The public welfare the highest law;* but that, as now understood, "social policy" is a policy of self-interest, having no regard for the general welfare. All sorts of careless promises are made, and those who make them must know from the outset that it is impossible to fulfill them.

Now that Germany is so powerless politically, economically, and financially—an impotence which has found international expression first in the Dawes Pact, and now in the Young Law, and in the so-called policy of fulfillment, which has laid burdens on our nation that make life almost impossible—it is both false and ridiculous to talk of "social policy." Now that the German people are so cramped for room, when each man is treading on his neighbor and trying to get ahead of him and to push him aside, to play one class against another and to prom-

ise to favor one group at the expense of the rest is not "social policy" for the general good but a policy of inciting class against class. We know very well that a momentary "improvement" is annulled by a higher cost of living and higher taxation.

Social policy means something very different —a determination to solve the social problem.

The disinherited, the people "down on their luck" or deprived of social rights, the exploited working classes, believe that their just wages and their proper position in the social order are being withheld from them — hence the *class war*.

And who can deny that profound injuries, bitter injustice, have bitten deep into our economic life? Yet the conclusions drawn by Marxism, with its "class war" and its social and economic demands of "expropriating the expropriator" and "socialization," are utterly false, for they strike at all the true requirements of a genuine social policy, whose highest law is the general welfare.

Class war as a political principle—this is to preach *hatred* as a guiding principle. "Expropriation of the expropriator" makes *envy* a principle of economics, and "socialization" means striking down personality and leadership and setting up material, the mass, in the place of interest and efficiency.

Today we need no other proof of the breakdown of the Marxist doctrines than the complete bankruptcy of the Communist system of economics and the miserable failure of the German Revolution of 1918.

The ostensibly "anti-capitalistic" social-political theories (Marxism, the class war)—that is, social policies as understood today—are, in fact, necessarily capitalistic, for they are based on the same intellectual principle. They are not inspired by the wish to construct an organic, articulate order, to amalgamate carefully and considerately the various industrial classes under the high conception of national unity; their inspirations are purely selfish, and their wish is to better their own position without regard for others.

Capitalism and Marxism are one! They grow on the same intellectual base. There is a whole world of difference between them and us, their bitterest opponents. Our whole conception of the construction of society differs from theirs. It is neither a class-struggle nor class-selfishness; our supreme law is the general welfare.

WHAT WE DO NOT DESIRE

In order to strengthen the positive side of our program it will be well to state briefly what we *do not* desire.

We do not desire to turn the wheels of history backward, nor to restore to life dynasties which have faded away, leaving hardly a trace of themselves—through their own fault. Nor do we desire to restore to their former privileged positions the classes that have been dethroned. The officer class and the officials are really no higher or better than any other professional classes, in so far as these genuinely serve the nation first and foremost, in the spirit of our ideal.

It is not uniform or gold braid but performance which makes the man.

We do not desire any one-sided preference or artificial elevation for the working class, nor any kind of proletarian dictatorship. Let no man talk himself into believing that any class may, simply because it has been oppressed in the past, assume a claim to be given power. Such aspirations, when translated into realities, infallibly lead to terrible consequences, such as those which accompanied the Stock Exchange Revolt of November, 1918. So far it is not the "oppressed" section of the population which is on top, but a crowd of political swindlers, greedy adventurers, profiteers, jabberers, and fools who have got possession of the political machine and the administration. The promised dictatorship of the proletariat has turned into a *dictatorship of the "Profitariat."*

We do not want ministerial portfolios and posts in the Government for the sake of power or position; we do not want power for the sake of power; but we shall accept any such position only as a step toward our great objective. Between ourselves and the rest there is always the flaming sword of our world philosophy.

On the one side the State, or rather the sham State, of the Liberal-Democratic-Parliamentary stamp, forced by necessity to mask the tyranny of the financiers, and at its feet a seething mob of Jew camp-followers and place-hunters, fighting to make a living out of the system; *on our side, the fight for the liberation and purification of our people, till we achieve the true State of social justice and national liberty.*

CONCLUSION

What should the National Socialist know of our program? To answer this question was the task of this first volume of the National Socialist Library. Over and over again we have seen one truth that runs like a red thread through all our arguments: *National Socialism is a world philosophy which is in sharpest opposition to the modern world of capitalism and its Marxist and bourgeois satellites.*

Our life in the service of this mighty ideal is a battle, a battle for a new Germany, and it would be no true battle if it had not a symbol, a flag.

The Blacks* misuse the sign of the Cross, and the Reds the old and venerable flag of the medieval Empire.

We National Socialists follow the fluttering battle flag. We reach back into the dimly remote Aryan prehistory, and eternally youthful, radiant and luminous, there rises before us, on the circle of the sun, the Hooked Cross, the symbol of reawakening life.

Our battle flags, our eagles, bear this symbol:



Wir sind das Heer vom Hakenkreuz.
Hebt hoch die roten Fahnen;
Der Deutschen Arbeit wollen wir
Den Weg zur Freiheit bahnen.

*"Black" designated the clerical Catholic Center Party, just as "Red" designated the Marxist parties (Social Democrats and Communists). [Editor]

THE BIRTH OF THE MILLENNIUM

by Kurt Eggers

Kurt Eggers was born November 10, 1905, in Berlin. After service in the Freikorps in Silesia, he studied philosophy and theology at Göttingen, Rostock, and Berlin. He obtained a degree in theology, with honors, and served for a while as a Protestant pastor in a Berlin church. His absolutely uncompromising National Socialist outlook, however, soon led him into irreconcilable conflict with church officials, and he left the ministry to join the SS.

He wrote more than thirty books of poetry, fiction, and philosophy, as well as a number of plays. He fell in combat, as an SS officer, in 1944 on the eastern front. The poem presented here is from his book of the same title, written in 1936. The English version of the poem, a free translation, is by Frank Collin, a student at Hiram Scott College, in Nebraska.

DIE GEBURT DES JAHRTAUSENDS

Es gürtet die Idee sich mit dem Schwerte
Und ruft zum Kriegszug in das Reich der Tat.

Der Sturmwind braust,
Es ist die Zeit zu sterben.
Wohl dem, der jetzt
Bei Sieg und Leid
Ein Leben einzusetzen hat.

Weh dem, den graust.
Ihn stösst das Schicksal ins Verderben.

Ruinen ragen aus jahrtausendalten Mauern.
Es flammt der Weltbrand bis zum Sternenzelt.
Und aus dem todeswehen Stöhnen,
Aus ahnungsvollem, schreckerfüllten Trauern
Gebiert sich schon die neue Welt.

Wohl dem,
Der nicht im Tode zagte
Und trotzig seinen Schwertstreich tat.
Wohl dem,
Der nicht beim Untergange klagte
Und nicht das Schicksal um ein Wunder bat.
Wohl dem,
Der stark blieb.
Stärker wird er auferstehen.

Doch wer da bangte,
Fällt in tiefste Nacht.
Weh dem,
Des Herz im Kampfe schwankte,
Es wird zerbrechen in der letzten Schlacht.

THE BIRTH OF THE MILLENNIUM

With the sword girded round is the Belief,
And calls a crusade into the Domain of Deeds.

The storm-wind howls;
It is the time for dying.
Blest be he now
Who by vict'ry and sorrow
Stakes his life on the wager.

Woe to him who flinches;
Fate throws him to oblivion.

The ruins loom from out the primordial walls.
The World-brand flames to the stellate skies,
And from the groaning lament of death,
From grief, full of dread, under terror's pall,
A new world now bears its own rise.

Blest's he
Who before death trembled not,
And swung with heart the havoc of his sword.
Blest's he
Who bewail'd his vanquishment not,
And begg'd of Fortune not a succor'd word.
Blest's he
Who remained strong;
Yet stronger will he rise up.

But he whose fear is rife
Falls into deepest night.
Woe's him
Whose heart weakens in strife:
It shall crack in two in the last fight.

Wenn erst der letzte Stein zerborsten ist,
Erhebt sich aus den rauchgeschwärtzen Trümmern
Lebenden Geistes ungestümes Wehen.
Der letzte Todesschrei
Klingt aus
Im ersten Lebenswimmern
Der neugebornen Ewigkeit
Und jauchzend zieht das Lebenslied
Den Wolken und den Sternen zu,
Vermählt sich mit der Harmonie der Sphären
Und kehrt,
Geheiligt vom Gesetz,
Zurück,
Um, lebensschwanger, das Jahrtausend zu gebären.

When the last stone is burst asunder,
Then from the smoke-smeared rubble shall rise
The violent reproach of living phantoms.
Death's last and final mourn
Echoes off
In the first murmurs of life
Of an eternity newly born.
And the life-song soars as a pæan
Upward to the clouds and the stars,
Fuses its song with the harmony of the spheres,
And rebounds,
Sanctified by the Law;
Returns,
Impregnated with life, to bear forth The Thousand Years.

DOCUMENTS ON THE FIRST WORLD WAR

from the research files of the World Union of National Socialists

Two generations now of students in the English-speaking world have been taught the history of the Great War of 1914-1918. Let us, however, refresh our memories with a brief recapitulation of the history of that awful catastrophe.

The whole business started, so the story goes, when the fanatic Serbian nationalist, Gavrilo Princip, murdered the Austrian archduke, Franz Ferdinand, at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. Austria then angrily issued an ultimatum to the Serbian government, and when its conditions were not met to the satisfaction of Austria she sent troops into the small Balkan kingdom to enforce her demands. Russia, having previously threatened to do so in such an event, immediately mobilized her army against Austria. Germany, Austria's ally, was compelled to respond against Russia, and this immediately involved France, Russia's ally. The German-Austrian alliance and the French-Russian alliance thus both came into play at the same time, dragging these four nations into open conflict.

Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality, as she moved her troops across Belgium to France, was the only excuse England needed. She declared war against Germany on August 4, 1914.

As the conflagration spread across Europe, one country after another joined combat: Montenegro, Japan, Italy, Rumania, Greece, and Portugal on the British-French-Russian side (Allied Powers), and Turkey and Bulgaria on the side of Germany and Austria-Hungary (Central Powers).

After initial, rapid success in which the right flank of the German army pushed through northern France almost to Paris, a strong French counterattack early in September, 1914, drove the Germans from the Marne back to the Aisne. Here the German army dug itself in, and the more-or-less static era of trench warfare began.

In the east, the events followed an opposite sequence. At first the Russian army pushed forward. Then at the battle of Tannenberg, in East Prussia, von Hindenburg decisively defeated the Russians. This battle took place at the end of August, 1914, and although the Russians continued to advance during the next few months, the tide was already beginning to turn in favor of the Germans.

Minor campaigns were launched in other areas—Persia and Greece, for instance—but the principal contest remained that between the opposing lines of trenches in France and Belgium, zig-zagging across Europe from Switzerland to the Channel.

For two years the men in the trenches carried on the mutual slaughter without major changes in the scheme of things. Attacks and counterattacks were launched now and then, usually accompanied by frightful losses.

In the fall of 1916 the state of affairs was this: Germany had forced an effective stalemate in the trench warfare in the west, and her submarine activity against England was becoming increasingly uncomfortable for that country. Furthermore, Russian resistance was crumbling on the eastern front, so that Germany could look forward shortly to concentrating all her efforts on the western front.

England could see no way out of her predicament without enlisting the full-scale aid of the United States, but she had had no success in her efforts in that direction. Public opinion in America was firmly set against involvement in the war. Woodrow Wilson had, in fact, been reelected President of the United States in November, 1916, on his pledge not to involve America in the European war. The campaign slogan of his supporters had been: "He kept us out of war."

With generally favorable prospects Germany then proposed an end to the slaughter in her compromise peace offer to England of December 12, 1916. At just about this time, however —that is, immediately after his reelection— Wilson switched his stand, along with the major portion of the press of the United States, from one of non-intervention to one favoring

war against Germany. Encouraged by the prospect of American intervention, England rejected the German peace offer. The United States declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917.

On the eastern front the war continued to go in Germany's favor, and finally Russia, disrupted by the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, sued for peace with Germany and dropped out of the war in December of that year. The treaty of Brest Litovsk was signed between Russia and the Central Powers on March 3, 1918.

Germany, her armies freed from the war in the east, turned her full attention to the western front. Despite some initial successes in France in the late spring of 1918, however, she was not able to maintain her advantage, for two reasons. One was the rapidly increasing reinforcement of the sagging Allied strength in the west by the United States. The other, and a more serious one, was internal disorder in Germany — strikes and industrial sabotage, mutinies, growing revolutionary agitation — which had been plaguing her ever since Russia's collapse.

Finally, on November 7, Marxists instigated a severe naval mutiny at Kiel, followed on the next day by open Communist revolution in Bavaria. On November 9 the German government collapsed, and Emperor William II fled to Holland. It was all over two days later, with the armistice signed at Compiegne.

More than eight million combatants — the flower of Aryan manhood, the elite of a whole generation — had been butchered in a little over four years. In addition, twenty-one million young men were maimed, crippled, and wounded, many doomed to spend the rest of their lives without arms, or legs, or eyes. Tens of thousands were victims of "shell shock" and would wake up screaming from nightmares night after night, year after year, in veteran's hospitals in Europe and England and America. And large areas of Europe lay in smouldering ruin, the countryside devastated and the crops and livestock destroyed. Revolution was rampant and began taking its bloody toll in Hungary, Germany, the Baltic States, and elsewhere, as well as in Russia, where the millions murdered in 1918 and 1919 were only the beginning of the grisly program to make Russia safe for Marxism and its promoters.

But the immediate and stunning tragedy remained the irrevocable loss of eight million Aryan warriors—the bravest and best of our race, many too young to have yet become fathers. The consequence of this genetic catastrophe will be with us for many generations to come.

Considering the magnitude of this tragedy, we must certainly all agree on the importance of a thorough understanding of just how it came about, with the hope that its history, diligently studied, will teach us something of value. This possibility was eliminated from the beginning, however, by the conscious and deliberate falsification of everything connected with the war which was taught us in our schools, published in our press, and told us by our governments.

Of the accounts of the war given in school history texts and in mass-distribution books for the general public, the only "facts" in which the reader may safely put his confidence are the dates and general locations of the principal battles and the identification of the forces engaged on either side. The really vital information—information which might tell us *why* and *how*—has been thoroughly suppressed, and deliberately misleading lies have been substituted.

Consider only the first "fact" in our little outline above. The "Serbian nationalist," Princip, who shot Franz Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo, supposedly from patriotic motives, was actually a hired assassin. Furthermore, he was not even a Serb, but a Jew. This information came out during his trial and is available in the trial proceedings, but it has been carefully omitted from all books on the war written for the public. A careful investigation of this one item, namely, the background of the Sarajevo murders, leads to information which totally demolishes the fable of exclusive, or even primary, German-Austrian guilt for the war.

To be sure, the revisionist historians have done a good deal of work along this line and others. One of the best and more recent works is that of Captain Grenfell,[1] and the interested reader may also consult excellent studies by Barnes,[2] von Wegerer,[3] and others. But, unfortunately, these efforts have not made a really substantial dent in public opinion, because of what Harry Elmer Barnes has called the "historical blackout." Dr. Barnes describes the situation thus:

[1]Russell Grenfell, *Unconditional Hatred* (New York, 1953).

[2]Harry Elmer Barnes, *The Genesis of the World War* (New York, 1926).

[3]Alfred von Wegerer, *Der Ausbruch des Weltkrieges, 1914* (Hamburg, 1939).

Especially important is the difficulty in having revisionist books published under auspices likely to arouse extensive public interest and in getting them presented to the reading public honestly and effectively. There have only been two publishers, and these relatively small ones, which have consistently published revisionist books. . . .

. . . Revisionist books are virtually boycotted, so far as sales to the general run of public libraries are concerned. . . .

The leading magazines are just as reluctant to publish revisionist articles as the large commercial publishers are to publish any revisionist books. . . .

Incredible as it may seem, not only publishers but even printers have sought to suppress revisionist material. When I presented a restrained brochure, based on extensive research and designed to set forth the basic facts about the military and political career of Marshal Petain, to a printing firm in New York City, the printers refused to put the material into type unless it was approved by the censorship department of one of the most powerful and vehemently anti-revisionist minority groups in the country.[4] . . .

The handicaps imposed on revisionist books are not limited to the difficulties of publication and distribution. When these books are published, they have usually been ignored, obscured, or smeared. They have rarely been given decent notice or honest reviews, even if the opinion of the reviewer might be unfavorable. As one of the leading blackout organizations has advised its agents, it is preferable to ignore a book entirely if one wishes to assure killing its distribution and influence. Even a viciously unfair review will at least call attention to the volume and may arouse some curiosity and interest. To ignore it completely will do more than anything else to consign it to oblivion.[5] . . .

The essence of the situation is that no matter how many revisionist books are produced, how high their quality, or how sensational their revelations, they will have no effect on the American public until this public learns of the existence, nature, and importance of revisionist literature. That they have not been able to do so is obvious, and the obstacles that have thus far proved effective have not been reduced to any noticeable extent.[6]

[4]Hint to the reader: the initials of this group are A.D.L. [Editor]

[5]This is exactly the procedure recommended by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the principal Jewish censorship group in America. One of their circular letters says: ". . . We are interested in stifling the sale of this book. We believe that this can be best accomplished by refusing to be stampeded into giving it publicity. Every review or public criticism of a book of this character brings it to the attention of many who would otherwise know nothing of it. This results in added sales. The less discussion there is concerning it, the more sales resistance will be created. . . ." [Editor]

[6]H. E. Barnes, "Revisionism: A Key to Peace," *Rampart Journal*, II (Spring, 1966), pp. 39-44.

Despite the commendable efforts of Dr. Barnes, Captain Grenfell, and others in certain areas, however, there has been one topic which has been scrupulously avoided by even the most dedicated of historical writers and revisionist scholars, namely, the role played by organized Jewry, not only in World War I, but in the other major calamities of Aryan mankind.

So far as the origins of World War I are concerned, a fact of absolutely fundamental importance, which has truly enormous ramifications, is that international Zionists — a group with power, wealth, and political influence vastly disproportionate to their numbers—as a vital and essential step in their program for gaining Palestine for world Jewry, were eagerly anticipating a world war for many years before its actual outbreak in 1914. The mere facts that world Jewry felt that a world war was an essential step in their Zionist program and that they worked tirelessly to carry out that program, step by step, should be of the utmost concern to any historian investigating the causes of the war. And yet the revisionist historians, just as their less objective colleagues, continue to pretend that not only did Jews play no major role in bringing about either of our world wars, but they do not even challenge the deceptive picture the Jews have painted of themselves as a primarily pacifistic and humanitarian group. The closest that Dr. Barnes, for example, comes to criticizing organized Jewry for anything whatever are his timid and guarded complaints, as in the quotation above, about "powerful and vehemently anti-revisionist minority groups." He never really asks in his writings *why* the Jews are so frantically determined to stifle any genuinely scholarly inquiry into the origins of the world wars. And yet he, as well as all but the very dullest of his colleagues, are certainly not unaware of the devastatingly incriminating evidence which exists in abundance on this question. Our first document below, a photographic reproduction of an article from the *American Jewish News* of September 19, 1919, is only one of many similar revelations of the anticipation of a world war in the Zionist plans for the attainment of their objectives. The Sixth Zionist Congress referred to in the article took place in Basel, Switzerland, from August 22 to 28, 1903, eleven years before the outbreak of war.

A complete documentation of Jewish activities immediately before and during World War I would fill many volumes and is certainly not a task we will attempt here. *We will, however,*

AMERICAN JEWISH NEWS

SEPTEMBER 19, 1919 — Largest Paid Circulation in the World of any English-Jewish Weekly — 10 Cents

WHEN PROPHETS SPEAK

By Litman Rosenthal

The Prophetic Words of Dr. Nordau Grippingly Retold by anIntimate Friend

IT was on a Saturday, the day after the closing of the Sixth Congress, when I received a telephone message from Dr. Herzl asking me to call on him. On entering the lobby of the hotel I met Herzl's mother who welcomed me with her usual gracious friendliness, and asked me whether the feelings of the Russian Zionists were now calmer.

"Why just the Russian Zionists, Frau Herzl?" I asked. "Why do you only inquire about these?"

"Because my son," she explained, "is mostly interested in the Russian Zionists. He considers them the quintessence, the most vital part of the Jewish people. I know he has telephoned to you, and he will probably ask you the very same question I did. Naturally, I tremble lest your answer be one to hut him and to give him pain. Be careful, Herr Rosenthal, my poor child is very sick." And with a deep sigh she added: "At midnight he became suddenly so ill that the doctor had to make him an injection, and after this injection he was ordered to rest in absolute quiet. But what can one do with him? He neither listened to the doctor, nor to me nor to anyone else. He turned the light on and began to write, sitting up in his bed. I pleaded with him; I begged him to have mercy on me and to think a little of himself and his health. But he only answered: 'Mother dear, don't be angry. You know that I must not lose a minute. My time is almost over and my responsibility is so overwhelmingly great. Let me do my duty toward my people.' And so he continued to write."

At this moment the door of Herzl's room opened and Herzl himself came out and joined us. He had seen his mother talking to me and he looked at her with his wonderful, half sad and half wistful smile. "Mother," he said, "complains about me, but don't believe her, Herr Rosenthal. I am a good and obedient child." And he gave his mother such a look of indescribable love as if he were already a freed spirit looking tenderly and compassionately at the loved ones still burdened by mortal sorrows and cares. Then he invited me into his room and began to speak in a weak and feeble voice.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that the right hand of Cavour, his friend and adviser, was his secretary Hartum, a Jew, and in these circles which were in opposition to the government, one spoke fulminantly of Jewish treason. And once at an assembly of Italian patriots one called wildly for Cavour's secretary Hartum, and demanded of him to defend his dangerous and treasonable political actions. And this is what he said: 'Our dream, our fight, our ideal, an ideal for which we have paid already in blood and tears, in sorrow and despair, with the life of our sons and the anguish of our mothers, our one wish and one one aim is a free and united Italy. All means are sacred if they lead to this great and glorious goal. Cavour knows full well that after the fight before Sebastopol sooner or later a peace conference will have to be held, and at this peace conference those powers will participate who have joined in the fight. True, Sardinia has no immediate concern, no direct interest at Sebastopol, but if we will help now with our fleet, we will sit at the future peace conference, enjoying equal rights with the other powers, and at this peace conference Cavour, as the representative of Sardinia, will proclaim the free and independent, united Italy. Thus our dream for which we have suffered and died, will become, at last, a wonderful and happy reality. And if you now ask me again, what has Sardinia to do at Sebastopol, then let me tell you the following words, like the steps of a ladder: Cavour, Sardinia, the siege of Sabastopol, the future European peace conference, the proclamation of a free and united Italy.'"

Nordau's Oratory Intoxicates

The whole assembly was under the spell of Nordau's beautiful, truly poetic and exalted diction, and his exquisite, musical French delighted the hearers with an almost sensual pleasure. For a few seconds the speaker paused, and the public, absolutely intoxicated by his splendid oratory, applauded frantically. But soon Nordau asked for silence and continued:

"Like no one else Herzl felt at all times the tragic isolation of his beloved people,

"My opponents accuse me of having abandoned Palestine"

"Some of my opponents," he said, "accuse me of having abandoned Palestine. How short-sighted they are! Is not my whole heart, my whole soul bound up in the holy land of Israel? What sense would that great revival, that tremendous upheaval have that we witness now in the history of our people, if the final aim, the ultimate achievement were not Zion but Uganda. But there is a difference between the final aim and the ways we have to go to achieve this aim, and believe me, Herr Rosenthal, I am firmly convinced of it, that just this congress has led us a big distance toward the holy land of Israel. It may sound strange and almost paradoxical to you, yet that is my deepest conviction."

Then we talked about different Zionist leaders in Russia, and I strongly advised him to confer with them personally. Suddenly Nordau came into the room. Feeling that my presence, during the conversation that ensued between them, was, perhaps, not wanted, I took leave of Herzl—for the last time on this earth—and went away.

On the evening of that day, when I came to my room, I found there a card left by Herzl with a few lines written on it, expressing his regret at not finding me at home. I have still this card and I shall keep it as a relic for all time to come.

About a month later I went on a business trip to France. On my way to Lyons I stopped in Paris and there I visited, as usual, our Zionists friends. One of them told me that this very same evening Dr. Nordau was scheduled to speak about the Sixth Congress, and I, naturally, interrupted my journey to be present at this meeting and to hear Dr. Nordau's report. When we reached the hall in the evening we found it filled to overflowing, and all were waiting impatiently for the great master, Nordau, who, on entering, received a tremendous ovation. But Nordau, without paying heed to the applause showered upon him, began his speech immediately, and said:

"You all came here with a question burning in your hearts and trembling on your lips, and the question is, indeed, a great one and of vital importance. I am willing to answer it. What you want to ask is: How could I—I who was one of those who formulated the Basel program—how could I dare to speak in favor of the English proposition concerning Uganda, how could Herzl as well as I betray our ideal of Palestine, because you surely think that we have betrayed it and forgotten it. Yet listen to what I have to say to you. I spoke in favor of Uganda after long and careful consideration; deliberately I advised the congress to consider and to accept the proposal of the English government, a proposal made to the Jewish nation through the Zionist Congress, and my reasons—but instead of my reasons let me tell you a political story as a kind of allegory.

"I want to speak of a time which is now almost forgotten, a time when the European powers had decided to send a fleet against the fortress of Sebastopol. At this time Italy, the United Kingdom of Italy, did not exist. Italy was in reality only a little principality of Sardinia, and the great, free and united Italy was but a dream, a fervent wish, a far ideal of all Italian patriots. The leaders of Sardinia, who were fighting for and planning this free and united Italy, were the three great popular heroes: Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour.

An Italian Patriot's Example

"The European powers invited Sardinia to join in the demonstration at Sebastopol and to send also a fleet to help in the siege of this fortress, and this proposal gave rise to a dissension among the leaders of Sardinia. Garibaldi and Mazzini did not want to send a fleet to the help of England and France and they said: 'Our program, the work to which we are pledged, is a free and united Italy. What have we to do with Sebastopol? Sebastopol is nothing to us, and we should concentrate all our energies on our original program so that we may realize our ideal as soon as possible.'

"But Cavour, who even at this time was the most prominent, the most able, and the most far-sighted statesman of Sardinia, insisted that his country should send a fleet and beleaguer with the other powers Sebastopol, and, at last, he carried his point. and he always tried to win for Israel the sympathy and the understanding of the great European powers. He was invited to attend, as an expert, the Royal Parliamentary Immigration Conference in England, and he not only succeeded in interesting English statesmen in the Zionistic idea, but he even arranged that the English government together with the Zionists send an expedition to El-Arish to establish there, near the mountain of Sinai, on the borderline of Palestine, a Jewish colony. Because of certain secret causes this plan did not materialize, but the principal aim of Herzl, the aim to win the sympathy and the interest of England—this aim he achieved.

Now this great progressive world-power, England, has after the pogroms of Kishineff, in token of her sympathy with our poor people, offered through the Zionist Congress the autonomous colony of Uganda to the Jewish nation. Of course, Uganda is in Africa, and Africa is not Zion and never will be Zion, to quote Herzl's own words. But Herzl knows full well that nothing is so valuable to the cause of Zionism as amicable political relations with such a power as England is, and so much more valuable as England's main interest is concentrated in the Orient. Nowhere else is precedent as powerful as in England, and so it is most important to accept a colony out of the hands of England and create thus a precedent in our favor. Sooner or later the oriental question will have to be solved, and the oriental question means, naturally, also the question of Palestine. England, who had addressed a formal, political note to the Zionist Congress—the Zionist Congress which is pledged to the Basle program, England will have the deciding voice in the final solution of the oriental question, and Herzl has considered it his duty to maintain valuable relations with this great and progressive power. Herzl knows that we stand before a tremendous upheaval of the whole world. Soon, perhaps, some kind of a world-congress will have to be called, and England, the great, free and powerful England, will then continue the work it has begun with its generous offer to the Sixth Congress. And if you ask me now what has Israel to do in Uganda, then let me tell you as the answer the words of the statesmen of Sardinia, only applied to our case and given in our version; let me tell you the following words as if I were showing you the rungs of a ladder leading upward and upward: Herzl, the Zionistic Congress, the English Uganda proposition, the future world war, the peace conference where with the help of England a free and Jewish Palestine will be created."

Like a mighty thunder these last words came to us, and we all were trembling and awestruck as if we had seen a vision of old. And in my ears were sounding the words of our great brother Achad Haam, who said of Nordau's address at the First Congress:

"I felt that one of the great old prophets was speaking to us, that his voice came down from the free hills of Judea, and our hearts were burning in us when we heard his words, filled with wonder, wisdom and vision."

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THE AMERICAN JEWISH NEWS.

prove that organized Jewry was directly and solely responsible for the entry of the United States into the war and for the subsequent prolongation of the war by nearly two years, with catastrophic consequences for Europe and its inhabitants.

Returning to that critical autumn of 1916, let us examine in more detail what was happening.

German successes against Russia were being made a great deal easier by the large-scale internal subversion being carried out in that country by the Jews, in preparation for the Bolshevik Revolution which was shortly to break out there.[7] This preparatory work involved revolutionary agitation among the Russian troops in the trenches as well as among the industrial workers in the factories. Leaflets were distributed even among front-line troops, openly preaching revolution and urging them to lay down their weapons and to refuse to obey their officers. Shirkers were encouraged to desert, and the criminal elements in the army were incited against their officers. The Jewish campaign in Russia was similar in many respects to the much more recent one of the "American" Jew, Sanford Gottlieb, and his Viet Nam Day Committee, but was waged on a much larger scale and with far more disastrous consequences.

The Bolsheviks were able to fan the general discontent they had stirred up among the Russian soldiers into wholesale mutiny and desertion in 1917 and, within a few more months, into the complete disintegration of the once-proud Russian army. By the early part of 1918 it had degenerated into a disorganized rabble which butchered its officers *en masse*.[8]

One very significant episode should be recalled here. Many of the Bolshevik leaders were in exile outside Russia during the first part of the war. As soon as news reached them of the first revolutionary successes of their cohorts still in Russia, they began to return. Lenin (Ulyanov) and many of his associates who had been carrying on their propaganda agitation from the safety of Switzerland were provided by the German government with a special, sealed train which carried them across Germany on the first leg[9] of their return trip to Russia, very early in the spring of 1917.

Another Bolshevik group in exile, whose most prominent member was Trotsky (Bronstein), left New York on March 27 by ship. Their trip was interrupted for more than three weeks, however, when British authorities removed them from their ship when it made a stop at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 3. An indignant scream of protest went up from Jews around the world at this "outrage", and the British government ordered the authorities at Halifax to let Trotsky *et alia* continue their journey. They arrived in Russia on May 17, one month after Lenin and his crew, and immediately set to work undermining what was left of law and order in that unfortunate country.

Now, in the light of later developments, the action of the German government in aiding the return of Bolsheviks to Russia may seem to have been unwise. But the Germans were at war against Russia, and they were fighting for their very lives. Anything which would serve to weaken Russian strength could be justified in terms of the current struggle. *On the other hand, however, Britain was an ally of Russia, and her action in letting Trotsky and his kosher comrades leave Nova Scotia constituted a deliberate and completely indefensible act of sabotage against her own war effort.*

As has already been mentioned, public opinion in the United States in the fall of 1916 was strongly non-interventionist, and this attitude was supported by Wilson's public statements and by the press, which was in predominately Jewish hands. Jewish leaders in America, as elsewhere, were primarily interested in the success of the coming Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. An Allied victory before this revolution had succeeded would ruin their plans by giving the Russian government the chance to set its internal affairs in order at leisure.

One of the most powerful leaders of the New York Kehillah,[10] Jacob Schiff, had already poured many millions of dollars into the Bolshevik cause, in particular in connection with the abortive revolution of 1905. He had, in fact, financed the Japanese war effort against Russia in 1904 and 1905 while his brethren inside Russia attempted to overthrow the government. The following photographic reproductions of pages from *The Jewish Communal Register of New York City, 1917-1918* substantiate this quite clearly. Schiff was shortly to provide Trotsky with further large sums of money.

[7]"Documents on the 'Russian' Revolution," *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), pp. 37-81.

[8]*Ibid.*, p. 78.

[9]After crossing Germany, Lenin and company continued their trip via Sweden and Finland.

[10]I.e., the New York Jewish community.

The Jewish Communal Register of New York City

1917-1918

פנקס הקהלה
דניואָרק רבתי
ת ר ע " ח

Second Edition

EDITED AND PUBLISHED
by the
Kehillah (Jewish Community) of New York City
356 SECOND AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

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V

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on a farm of 210 acres. The capacity of the Sanitarium is 225; the average stay of patients is six months.

There are two auxiliary societies connected with the organization, the Ladies' Auxiliary Society, which provides clothing for inmates, assists in the general care of the Home, and works for the welfare of the patients, and the Young Ladies' Welfare League, which furnishes entertainment to the inmates of the home.

The Institution is a member of the Federation for the support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies of N. Y. City. The Budget for 1917 was $390,583.48 of which the Federation provided $169,583.48.

In addition to this the Federation contributed $14,698.00 towards a budget of $15,568.00 of the Montefiore Home Ladies' Auxiliary.

The officers are:—Pres., Jacob H. Schiff, 965 Fifth Avenue; Vice-Presidents, Henry Solomon, 58 East 65th St., and Leopold Stern, 27 West 87th St.; Treas., Fred M. Stein, 15 W. 75th St.; Hon. Sec., Arthur D. Wolf, 137 Madison Ave.; Medical Director, Dr. S. Wachsmann; Supt., M. D. Goodman; Supt., Country Sanitarium, Dr. B. Stivelman; Pres. Ladies' Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Sidney C. Borg.

Schiff, Jacob Henry, was born in 1847, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Germany. He received his education in the schools of Frankfort. In 1865 he came to America, where he settled in New York City. Here, he joined the staff of a banking house. In 1873, he returned to Europe where he made connections with some of the chief German banking houses. Upon returning to the United States, he entered the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, New York, of which he later became the head. His firm became the financial reconstructors of the Union Pacific Railroad, and since then is strongly interested in American railroads. Mr. Schiff's principle of "community of interests" among the chief railway combinations led to the formation of the Northern Securities Company, thus suppressing ruinous competition. The firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., floated the large Japanese War Loans of 1904-5, thus making possible the Japanese victory over Russia. Mr. Schiff is director of numerous financial companies, among them the Central Trust Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, the Wells Fargo Express Company. He has been several times vice-president of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Schiff is widely known for his many philanthropic activities and for his interest in education. Of his numer-

ous philanthropies only a few can be mentioned here. He founded the Chair in Social Economics at Columbia University; he presented the fund and the building for Semitic studies at Harvard, he has been Chairman of the East Asiatic Section of the Museum of Natural History of New York, which has sent out many expeditions for the study of Eastern history and conditions; he has made donations to the various museums of the city, and presented the New York Public Library with a large number of works dealing with Jewish subjects; he has presented to Barnard College the recently erected students' social hall.

Mr. Schiff is the Jewish philanthropist par excellence. His philanthropies embrace every phase of Jewish life. He is intensely interested in hospital work and is the president of the Montefiore Home, and a contributor to Mount Sinai Hospital and all other important Jewish hospitals of the city. He is profoundly interested in Jewish education and took a leading part in the reorganization of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America; he is also the founder of the Bureau of Education. In addition Mr. Schiff is trustee of the Baron de Hirsch Fund and the Woodbine Agricultural School. He has provided the building and funds for the Young Men's Hebrew Association of New York City.

Mr. Schiff has always used his wealth and his influence in the best interests of his people. He financed the enemies of autocratic Russia and used his financial influence to keep Russia from the money market of the United States.

When last year, Mr. Schiff celebrated his seventieth birthday, all the factions of Jewry in the United States and elsewhere united in paying tribute to him.

Beth David Hospital, 1824 Lexington Ave., Pres., Jacob Carlinger, 299 Broadway., Sec., David Trautman, 36 W: 113th St., Supt., Sholem Appel, Lexington Ave., and 113th St. Established 1836. Incorporated 1910. Budget for 1917. $45,000. ACTIVITIES: 1—Gives medical and surgical treatment to the sick poor. 2—Dispensary. 3—Out Door Maternity Department.

Carlinger, Jacob, Pres., Beth David Hospital (Lex. Ave., & 113th St.); since 1913. Term 1 year. Born 1880 in Russia. Came to U. S. 1891. Attended public school. Builder and Decorator, 299 B'way. Res. 106 Second Ave.

Bikur Cholim Kosher Hospital of the Hebrew Ladies of Brooklyn. Established 1904. Incorporated 1911. Pres., Mrs. Mary Arbeitt, 870 Flu-

Jewry was concerned, then, that regardless of other considerations the pressure of the German army must be maintained against Russia until that nation had been completely undermined from within. In Germany, for the same reason, the Jews were in more or less unanimous support of the Kaiser—*so far*.[11]

Jewish organizations helped to keep world Jewish opinion firmly polarized in this direction, not only by broadly hinting that Russia would soon be under Jewish control but by publishing blood-curdling reports of massive retaliation by the still-loyal Russian troops against those Jews who fell into their hands.

The situation was a very delicate one, however, requiring careful timing. Just because it was necessary for Germany to maintain the pressure against Russia for a while yet, it was vital not only that Germany not be immediately defeated by the Allies, but it was also vital that there be no compromise settlement which might end the war too soon. With a stalemate in the west and approaching German success in the east, England might very well be amenable to any reasonable compromise peace offer from Germany. Furthermore, there was very good reason to suspect that the Germans might make such an offer, which, in fact, she did, on December 12, 1916, as mentioned above.

Before this, however, the Jews were ready for their next move. The following document tells its own story. It is a condensed extract from a biography of Sir Mark Sykes, who served as an Undersecretary to the British Foreign Office, written by his son.[12]

The office of the Assistant Secretaries [to the British Cabinet] was in Whitehall Gardens [London]. One day in October of 1916 a certain Mr. James [A.] Malcolm came to visit [Sir] Mark Sykes there. . . . Mr. Malcolm was struck by an unaccustomed look of melancholy in Mark Sykes's expression. He asked him what was wrong. Sykes replied that he could see no end to the war. In France there was a military deadlock. At sea the power of the [German] submarine was growing; on land that of the Russian armies failing. In the [Near] East the revolt of the Arabs was producing nothing. (This was before the [T. E.] Lawrence phase had begun.) A decisive victory, or indeed a victory of any kind seemed impossible without American participation on an enormous scale, and of that he saw little likelihood. He knew nothing of America at first hand, but he saw the reports which reached the Cabinet. They were discouraging. Mr. Malcolm asked if any progress was being made in the winning of American [public] opinion. Sykes shook his head. "Precious little," he answered. . . . At this Mr. Malcolm took occasion to harangue his friend on the principles which should govern British foreign policy regarding the Jewish world. . . . He proceeded to tell him about Zionism . .

After reflection the opinion of Sykes was that the prospect of Zionism . . . had come too late. He told Mr. Malcolm so at their next meeting a few days later. He said arrangements had already been concluded which made it impossible for the British Government to take on any new policy in the East, and he added that this was not merely his personal opinion: he had consulted Lord Milner, he explained, and Lord Milner, like himself, found the idea of Zionism . . . too radical at this late stage. . . . Mr. Malcolm . . . then told Sykes of a very curious and powerful influence which Zionists could exert. One of President [Woodrow] Wilson's closest advisers and friends was [Supreme Court] Justice Louis D. Brandeis, a Jew . . . It was believed . . . that Wilson was attached to Brandeis by ties of peculiar hardness, because, so the story ran, in his earlier days the future President had been saved by this man from appearing in a damaging law suit. It was said that Brandeis was regarded by Wilson as the man to whom he owed his career. These allegations may have been nothing but exaggerations of a known situation, but this situation unadorned was important enough: there could be no doubt that Brandeis was Wilson's intimate adviser, and Brandeis was a Zionist. It followed that . . . a Zionist policy was in truth the way to capture American sympathy [for the Allies].

When Sykes heard this he was again moved to confer with Lord Milner, and the latter told the Cabinet of Malcolm's proposals and ideas. The Cabinet showed cautious interest. Their reply was that no harm could be done if Malcolm were to open talks with representative Zionists, but no promise must be made. But Malcolm was not willing to undertake such a mission. "I cannot go empty-handed," he said to Sykes. "I must be able to tell these people that if the Zionists help the Allied cause, then they will receive the support of the British Government in their claim to rights in Palestine." Mark Sykes explained the chief objection as he saw this at the moment, namely, that such a line of action, especially if supported by a British Government, would be profoundly repugnant to French feelings . . . To these explanations Malcolm replied: "The question is, do you want the help of the Jews in the United States? The only way you can get that help is by offering Palestine to the Zionists." By this time Sykes's conversion had been completed.

He [Sykes] discussed the matter afresh with Lord Milner and George Barnes . . . [who] put the matter to the Cabinet again. The latter again authorised official conversations though only on the same terms.

[11]Dietrich Eckart, "Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin," *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), pp. 32-33.

[12]Christopher Sykes, *Two Studies in Virtue* (London, 1953), pp. 180-188.

This time Malcolm agreed to act the part of go-between. . . . As the go-between Mr. Malcolm now arranged to meet the Zionist leaders through his friend Leopold [Jacob] Greenberg [Editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*] . . .

Greenberg did as he was asked. He took his friend to No. 67 Addison Road, West Kensington [London], the house of Dr. [Chaim] Weizmann. . . . A small company of Dr. Weizmann's fellow-Zionists, mostly members of the movement's political committee in England, were assembled to see and hear the negotiator. . . . The meeting was not immediately dramatic. When Mr. Malcolm had told everything which had passed between him and Sir Mark Sykes; when he had explained how Sykes had consulted Milner and George Barnes and that the Cabinet had given him a two-fold authorisation to open conversations, he was not received with much acclaim.... They watched this new opening in a spirit of incredulity. . . . Was Mr. Malcolm perfectly certain that he was really authorised by the British Cabinet? That he had not misunderstood? Malcolm assured him [Weizmann] of the reality of his mission. Dr. Weizmann then put the following question to him: "Are you really and *personally* convinced that the British Government *seriously* intend to promise Palestine in return for the help of leading American Jews?" Malcolm said that that was his conviction. Dr. Weizmann asked him another question: "Do you advise us to accept the British Government's offer?" "Yes," said Mr. Malcolm, "I do." Dr. Weizmann rose and shook hands with him, a minute ceremony by which he signified the entry of the Jewish leaders into the negotiation. "When can I meet Sir Mark Sykes?" he asked. Malcolm rang Sykes up then and there and arranged for a meeting at the latter's house in Buckingham Gate [No. 9] on the next day.

On the next day Dr. Weizmann was unable to go because of some appointment at the Admiralty where he held an official post [Director of the Admiralty Chemical Laboratories], and so his place as leader of a Zionist delegation was taken by [Nahum] Sokolow. This was to be the usual pattern of events throughout the negotiations. Dr. Weizmann was the directing mind, but taking little active part in day-to-day business, which was handled by this other man. . . When introductions had been made by Mr. Malcolm a memorandum was presented to Sykes for him to convey to the Cabinet. We may suppose that remarks of a formal nature were then exchanged. . . . Before the delegation left, Sokolow made a simple request, namely, that the Zionist Committee should have facilities for communication abroad. He pointed out that since they were an international body this was especially needful to them, and he suggested that they should be granted governmental privileges, since they could thus attain their object while subjecting themselves to the needs of secrecy and censorship. Sykes promised to put this to the authorities. . . .

The next morning he [Sokolow]got what he had asked for: it was agreed that the War Office and the Foreign Office would send Zionist letters and telegrams by way of [British] Embassies, Consulates or Headquarters. . . . The news was given out to Jewish communities all over the world that in return for certain services the British Government would . . . satisfy the Jewish longing for Palestine . . .

It is amusing to note the Jews so masterfully playing the instinctive role of the pawnbroker here: "It's woith nutting; I couldn't use it," he says when presented with a particularly tantalizing tidbit, at the same time mentally computing the profit he will make on the transaction. The feigned incredulity and reluctance on the part of Weizmann and his cohorts, after their long-prepared plans for just such an event, apparently took in not only the British but their self-important go-between, Malcolm.

Next is the same story told by one of the plotters (or assistant plotters) himself. Note particularly his indication that the Zionist leaders had quietly drifted into London in anticipation of the approaching deal. Mr. Landman's credentials are given immediately after the extract from his pamphlet:

New Zionist Publications—No. 1

GREAT BRITAIN THE JEWS AND PALESTINE

by

SAMUEL LANDMAN

◆

Price 6d.

NEW ZIONIST PRESS
47, Finchley Road, London, N.W. 8

The author of this pamphlet is a well-known English Zionist. He was Hon. Secretary of the Joint Zionist Council of the United Kingdom in 1912, *Joint Editor of the "Zionist" in* 1913-14 *and Author of pamphlets on "History of Zionism" and "Zionism, Its Organisation and Institutions" published during the war. From* 1917 *to* 1922 *he was Solicitor and Secretary to the Zionist Organisation. He is now Legal Adviser to the New Zionist Organisation.*

MARCH, 1936

GREAT BRITAIN, THE JEWS AND PALESTINE

AS the Balfour Declaration originated in the War Cabinet, was consummated in the Foreign Office and is being implemented in the Colonial Office, and as some of those responsible for it have passed away or have retired since its migrations from Department to Department, there is necessarily some confusion or misunderstanding as to its *raison d'être* and importance to the parties primarily concerned. It would, therefore, seem opportune to recapitulate briefly the circumstances, the inner history and incidents that eventually led to the British Mandate for Palestine.

Those who assisted at the birth of the Balfour Declaration were few in number. This makes it important to bring into proper relief the services of one who, owing above all to his own modesty, has hitherto remained in the background. His services however should take their proper place in the front rank alongside of those Englishmen of vision whose services are more widely known, including the late Sir Mark Sykes, the Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby Gore, The Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald Graham, General Sir George Macdonagh and Mr. G. H. Fitzmaurice.

In the early years of the War great efforts were made by the Zionist Leaders, Dr. Weizmann and Mr. Sokolow, chiefly through the late Mr. C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*, and Sir Herbert Samuel, to induce the Cabinet to espouse the cause of Zionism.

These efforts were, however, without avail. In fact, Sir Herbert Samuel has publicly stated that he had no share in the initiation of the negotiations which led to the Balfour Declaration.* The actual initiator was Mr. James A. Malcolm and the following is a brief account of the circumstances in which the negotiations took place.

* " England and Palestine," lecture delivered by Sir Herbert Samuel, published by the Jewish Historical Society, London (February, 1936).

During the critical days of 1916 and of the impending defection of Russia, Jewry, as a whole, was against the Czarist regime and had hopes that Germany, if victorious, would in certain circumstances give them Palestine. Several attempts to bring America into the War on the side of the Allies by influencing influential Jewish opinion were made and had failed. Mr. James A. Malcolm, who was already aware of German pre-war efforts to secure a foothold in Palestine through the Zionist Jews and of the abortive Anglo-French démarches at Washington and New York; and knew that Mr. Woodrow Wilson, for good and sufficient reasons, always attached the greatest possible importance to the advice of a very prominent Zionist (Mr. Justice Brandeis, of the U.S. Supreme Court); and was in close touch with Mr. Greenberg, Editor of the *Jewish Chronicle* (London); and knew that several important Zionist Jewish leaders had already gravitated to London from the Continent on the *qui vive* awaiting events; and appreciated and realised the depth and strength of Jewish national aspirations; spontaneously took the initiative, to convince first of all Sir Mark Sykes, Under Secretary to the War Cabinet, and afterwards Monsieur Georges Picot, of the French Embassy in London, and Monsieur Goût of the Quai d'Orsay (Eastern Section), that the best and perhaps the only way (which proved so to be) to induce the American President to come into the War was to secure the co-operation of Zionist Jews by promising them Palestine, and thus enlist and mobilise the hitherto unsuspectedly powerful forces of Zionist Jews in America and elsewhere in favour of the Allies on a *quid pro quo* contract basis. Thus, as will be seen, the Zionists, having carried out their part, and greatly helped to bring America in, the Balfour Declaration of 1917 was but the public confirmation of the necessarily secret " gentleman's " agreement of 1916 made with the previous knowledge, acquiescence and/or approval of the Arabs and of the British, American, French and other Allied Governments, and not merely a voluntary altruistic and romantic gesture on the part of Great Britain as certain people either through pardonable ignorance assume or unpardonable illwill would represent or rather misrepresent.

Sir Mark Sykes was Under-Secretary to the War Cabinet specially concerned with Near Eastern affairs, and, although at the time scarcely acquainted with the Zionist movement, and unaware of the existence of its leaders, he had the flair to respond to the arguments advanced by

Mr. Malcolm as to the strength and importance of this movement in Jewry, in spite of the fact that many wealthy and prominent international or semi-assimilated Jews in Europe and America were openly or tacitly opposed to it (Zionist movement), or timidly indifferent. MM. Picot and Goût were likewise receptive.

An interesting account of the negotiations carried on in London and Paris, and subsequent developments, has already appeared in the Jewish press and need not be repeated here in detail, except to recall that immediately after the "gentleman's" agreement between Sir Mark Sykes, authorised by the War Cabinet, and the Zionist leaders, cable facilities through the War Office, the Foreign Office and British Embassies, Legations, etc., were given to the latter to communicate the glad tidings to their friends and organisations in America and elsewhere, and the change in official and public opinion as reflected in the American press in favour of joining the Allies in the War, was as gratifying as it was surprisingly rapid.

The Balfour Declaration, in the words of Professor H. M. V. Temperley,* was "a definite contract between the British Government and Jewry." The main consideration given by the Jewish people (represented at the time by the leaders of the Zionist Organisation) was their help in bringing President Wilson to the aid of the Allies. Moreover, officially interpreted at the time by Lord Robert Cecil as "Judea for the Jews" in the same sense as "Arabia for the Arabs," the Declaration sent a thrill throughout the world. The prior Sykes-Picot Treaty of 1916, according to which Northern Palestine was to be politically detached and included in Syria (French sphere), was subsequently, at the instance of the Zionist leaders, amended† so that the Jewish National Home should comprise the whole of Palestine in accordance with the promise previously made to them for their services by the British, Allied and American Governments and to give full effect to the Balfour Declaration, the terms of which had been settled and known to all Allied and associated belligerents, including Arabs, before they were made public.

In Germany, the value of the bargain to the Allies, apparently, was duly and carefully noted. In his "Through Thirty Years" Mr. Wickham

* History of the Peace Conference in Paris, 1920, volume 6, page 173.
† Franco-British Convention, December 1920 (Cmd. 1195).

Steed, in a chapter appreciative of the value of Zionist support in America and elsewhere to the Allied cause, says General Ludendorff is alleged to have said after the War, that: "The Balfour Declaration was the cleverest thing done by the Allies in the way of propaganda, and that he wished Germany had thought of it first."* As a matter of fact, this was said by Ludendorff to Sir Alfred Mond (afterwards Lord Melchett), soon after the War. The fact that it was Jewish help that brought U.S.A. into the War on the side of the Allies has rankled ever since in German—especially Nazi—minds, and has contributed in no small measure to the prominence which anti-Semitism occupies in the Nazi programme.

An outstanding consideration, though not forming part of the bargain, was the great potential value of Zionism in future as an instrument of British foreign policy. (In 1917 a Jewish Department was opened in the Ministry of Information and several Zionists were in its service.)

But Zionism in its second stage continued to be under the Foreign Office only till 1921, when the Cairo Conference, under Mr. Winston Churchill, transferred the care of Palestine to the Colonial Office, no doubt because that Office is the only Government Department with experience of controlling overseas Colonies and fostering their development. It is worth noting here that this is the concern of Great Britain only and the views, if any, of foreign countries in regard to such colonial development are of no great moment. The case of Palestine, however, differs entirely from that of any British Colony, or even of other British Mandated territories. Firstly, by its historical associations, Palestine is of interest to all foreign countries. Secondly, its growth is at all times of intense interest to the Jewish inhabitants of the countries of the world. To-day, in view of what is happening to Jews in Central and Eastern Europe, the speeding up of Palestinian development is of poignant necessity in almost all foreign countries, which the Foreign Office would obviously be better able to appreciate. Thirdly, the constitution of Palestine is *sui generis* in that Great Britain is the trustee appointed by the League of Nations to administer Palestine for the benefit, not only of the present population, but of the Jewish people as a whole, who are to "reconstitute their National Home."† There is no precedent in Colonial Office experience for the case of Palestine, and what happens in

* Volume 2, page 392.

† These are the actual words of the Mandate for Palestine—see App. II.

LANDAU, Michael; b. 7th Jan., 1895, Harlau, Rumania. Past: Co-fdr., Zeire-Zion (Rumania); Ch. Friends Hechalutz (Rumania); edr., "Unser Zeit", Kishinef (Basarabia) in Yiddish; Gen. Sec., "Jewish Party" (Rumania); three times M.P. Rumanian Parliam. (1928, 1931, 1933); Ch., Hitachduth Ole Rumania in Israel (1942-49). Now: Mem. Exec., W.J.C. in Israel and Exec. Progressive Party; Lect., Tel-Aviv Univ.; Ch. Nat. Lottery. M.: 1S. Add.: 44, Boulevard Chen, Tel-Aviv, Israel. Tel.: 28931.

LANDAU, Muriel Elsie (Mrs. S. Sacks), M.D., B.S. (Lond.), F.R.C.S (Eng.); Gynaecological Surgeon, Elizabeth Garett Anderson Hospital; Gynaecologist, London Jew. Hospital; Ch., Doctors and Dentists J.P.A Cttee.; Surgeon, Marie Curie Hospital for Radium Treatment. Add.: 37, Mapesbury Road, London, N.W.2. Tel.: Gladstone 6381.

LANDMAN, Samuel, M.A. (Leeds Univ.); b. 24 Sept., 1884; Ed. Univ. Leeds and Sorbonne; Gen. Sec. World Zion. Org. (1917-22); Private Sec. of Dr. Chaim Weizmann and Nahum Sokolow. Publ.: Zionism, its organisation and institutions (1915); History of Zionism (1915); Gt. Brit., Pal. and the Jews (1936); Numerous articles in general and Jew. Press; Contrib. to The Gates of Zion. M.: 1S, 4D. Add.: 73, Staverton Road, London, N.W.2. Tel.: Willesden 0828; Monarch 7618.

LANDY, Harry, A.A.C.C.A., A.A.L.P.A.; b. Llanelly, S. Wales, April 10, 1911; Ch. Miz. Org. of Gt. Brit. & Ireland; Vice-Ch. Miz. Fed.; Vice-Pres. J.P.A.; Mem. B.o.D. and Erez Israel and Finance Cttee.; Ch. H.G.S., J.P.A. Cttee.; Ch., H.G.S. J.N.F. Comm.; Ch., H.G.S. Combined Charities Fund; Finan. Rep., H.G.S. Syn.; Exec. Mem. Un. Syn.; Vice-Ch. The Jewish Instit. for the Blind, Jerusalem; Dir. Palestine-British Bank Ltd. M.: 2S, 1D. Add.: 8, Holne Chase, London, N.2. Tel.: Speedwell 3051.

LANDY, Mrs. Harry (Gertrude); b. London, Dec. 4, 1911; Ch., Mizrachi Women's Org. of Gt. Brit. and Ireland. M.: 2S, 1D. Add.: 8, Holne Chase, London, N.2. Tel.: SPEedwell 3051.

LANG, Samuel; b. Hull, April 13, 1907; Hon. Comm., J.N.F., Hull Branch M.: 1S, 1D. Add.: 14, Shaftesbury Avenue, Hull. Tel.: 14135.

LANGER, Miss Rena; b. Feb. 6, 1924, Cracow, Poland; Ed. Rehavia Gym. and Heb. Univ., Jer.; J. A. Liaison Off., Cyprus (1946-47); later in charge internees, Cyprus; Now: Gen. Sec. Pioneer Women of Gt. Br.; mem. Nat. Exec. Poale Zion; mem. of Exec. Cl. Z.F. Add.: 127, Ivor Court, Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1. Tel.: PADdington 5658.

LANGTON, Councillor Bernard Sydney, M.P.S.; b. Salford, Aug. 1, 1914; V. Pres. Manch. Poale Zion, Nat Exec. P.Z.; Manch. J.P.A. Cttee. and Zionist Central C.; Ch. Manch. Port Health Auth.; Gov. Police Coll. M.: 2D. Add.: 5, Pine Road, Manchester 20. Tel.: Didsbury 1669.

LASK, Israel Meir Cohen; b. 19.1.1906, London; Past: Young Zion. Movt. (1922-27); Zion. Revisionists (1927-30); now with Histadrut Vaad Hapoel, Tel Aviv; trans. from Heb., Yiddish, Ger., editing and writing. Pub.: Ed. Palestine Tribune (1945-46); Israel Yearbook (1952-53). M.: 2D. Add.: 4a, Hamaggid Street, Tel Aviv.

The

ZIONIST YEAR BOOK

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EDITOR:

Rabbi Dr. JOSEPH LITVIN

ASSISTANT EDITOR:

SHAINDY MASON

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Landman has also published similar versions of his story of the Jewish-British agreement in various Jewish periodicals.[13] Next we have the story from James A. Malcolm himself. The following quotation has been excerpted from his typewritten pamphlet in the British Museum, entitled *Origins of the Balfour Declaration: Dr. Weizmann's Contribution* (London, 1944):

During one of my visits to the War Cabinet Office in Whitehall Gardens in the late autumn of 1916, I found Sir Mark Sykes less buoyant than usual. As I had known his family of old and our relations were unrestrained, I enquired what was troubling him. He spoke of military deadlock in France, the growing menace of submarine warfare, the unsatisfactory situation which was developing in Russia and the general bleak outlook. He also told me that the much publicised Arab revolt in the desert, which was intended to deal a mortal blow to the Turks from within, was a dismal and costly failure. The Cabinet was looking anxiously for United States intervention. I asked him what progress was being made in that direction. He shook his head glumly. "Precious little", he replied. He had thought of enlisting the substantial Jewish influence in the United States, but had been unable to do so. Reports from America revealed a very pro-German tendency among the wealthy American Jewish bankers and bond issuing houses . . . and among Jewish journalists who took their cue from them. . . .

I enquired what special argument or consideration had the Allies put forward to win over American Jewry. Sir Mark replied that they had made use of the same argument as used elsewhere, viz. that we shall eventually win and it was better to be on the winning side. I informed him that there was a way to make American Jewry thoroughly pro-Ally, and make them conscious that only an Allied victory could be of permanent benefit to Jewry all over the world. . . . "You can win the sympathy of the Jews everywhere, in one way only, and that way is by offering to try and secure Palestine for them."

Sir Mark was taken aback and confessed that what I had told him was something quite new and most impressive. He would talk to me again about it. A day or two later he reverted to the subject and again said it was most interesting, but there were very great difficulties. I did not know at the time the exact nature of these difficulties (it was only later that I heard of the Sykes-Picot Treaty with France and Russia.*) I suggested that he should discuss it with Lord Milner, a member of the War Cabinet who was known to take a large and imaginative view of the several European nationalist issues raised by the War. He promised to do so and kept his promise. He told me that Lord Milner was greatly interested to learn of the Jewish Nationalist movement, but could not see any possibilities of promising Palestine to the Jews. I replied that it seemed to me the only way to achieve the desired result, and mentioned that one of President Wilson's most intimate friends, for whose humanitarian views he had the greatest respect, was Justice Brandeis, of the Supreme Court, who was a convinced Zionist. Sir Mark was much interested in this new aspect and said he would check up on the matter, but he still saw no possibility of the War Cabinet adopting my idea. I asked him why, and he replied, "We cannot act without our Allies and I am afraid they would never agree". I then suggested that if the object was to secure United States help, surely the Allies would agree. If he could obtain from the War Cabinet an assurance that help would be given towards securing Palestine for the Jews, it was certain that Jews in all neutral countries, especially the United States, would become pro-British and pro-Ally. He promised to put the question again to Lord Milner, with the additional arguments I had suggested.

About a week later he reported that Milner had informally discussed the matter with his colleagues, and they were favourably disposed to the idea. Of course they could not commit themselves, but advised that I should open negotiations with the Zionist leaders. I replied that this was futile as I could not go to them empty handed. I said I thought it would be sufficient if I were personally convinced of the sincerity of the Cabinet's intentions so that I could go to the Zionists and say, "If you help the Allies, you will have the support of the British in securing Palestine for the Jews." . . . Sir Mark undertook to report our conversation to the Cabinet. He thought Lord Milner and George Barnes would understand. A day or two later, he informed me that the Cabinet had agreed to my suggestion and authorised me to open negotiations with the Zionists.

Remembering my conversations with Mr. L. J. Greenberg, the Editor of the "Jewish Chronicle", I wrote at once to him. I told him that from information in my possession I was sure the time had arrived when Jewry should cease "sitting on the fence" and come down definitely on the side of the Allies and use all their influence, especially in the U.S.A., to secure an Allied victory. The Jews wanted Palestine and now was a chance to get it. Such an opportunity would hardly recur and it was the duty of every Zionist to act quickly. I concluded by asking him if he could enable me to meet the leaders of the Zionist Movement. Greenberg replied in an enthusiastic letter, inviting me for a discussion.

After I had told him the position and of the favourable prospects, he offered to arrange a meeting between Dr. Weizmann and the other leaders of the movement, and myself. Greenberg asked me to meet him at Dr. Weizmann's house in Addison Road and

[13]Samuel Landman, "Balfour Declaration: Secret Facts Revealed," *World Jewry* (London), February 22, 1935; "Secret History of the Balfour Declaration," *World Jewry* (London), March 1, 1935; and "The Origin of the Balfour Declaration," *The Jewish Chronicle* (London), February 7, 1936, p. 33.

introduced me to Dr. Weizmann, Mr. Sokolow and some others whose names I do not remember (I am not sure if Dr. Tchlenow was there, but I met him later). . . . I recounted the gist of my several conversations with Sir Mark Sykes and that I had the War Cabinet's authority for my overtures. Dr. Weizmann was most interested and asked his colleagues for their views. All of them, and notably Mr. Sokolow, were sceptical and hesitant. But Dr. Weizmann turned to me again and asked if I was really personally convinced that the Government seriously intended to make a promise of Palestine in consideration of the help required from American Jewry, and if I would advise them to accept, and I replied, "Yes, most certainly." Whereupon Dr. Weizmann shook hands with me saying, "I accept your advice", and asked when he could meet Sir Mark Sykes. I said if I could telephone to Sir Mark I might be able to fix it there and then. Accordingly, I rang him up, said I was speaking from Dr. Weizmann's house and asked when I could bring him along. Sir Mark fixed the appointment for the very next day, which was a Sunday. . . .

Dr. Weizmann was unable, owing to war duties, to accompany me to Buckingham Gate on the next day to meet Sir Mark Sykes, but Mr. Sokolow, Mr. Greenberg and one or two other Zionists attended. The results of the talk were very satisfactory. The first step was to inform Zionist leaders in all parts of the world of the compact and Sir Mark said they would be given immediate facilities for cables to be sent through the Foreign Office and War Office, through the British Embassies and Consulates. A special detailed message was at once sent to Justice Brandeis in cipher through the Foreign Office.

Further talks were held in various Government Departments, at which Dr. Weizmann was present. All these conversations took place with the knowledge and approval of Sir Maurice (now Lord) Hankey, Secretary of the Cabinet. The talks resulted in a general understanding, which I called a "gentleman's agreement", that the Zionists should work for active Jewish sympathy and support for the Allied cause, especially in the United States, so as to bring about a radical pro-Allied tendency in that country and that the British Cabinet would help the Jews to gain Palestine in return for this.

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* This secret Treaty, signed in May 1916, divided Turkish territories in the Near East into three zones of influence, one British, one French and one Russian. Palestine was to have been divided in a haphazard way between France and Britain under some vague form of international control to be defined later. The Jews were not mentioned at all and had clearly not been intended to have anything to do with the future Palestine.

Malcolm tells the same story in briefer form in an article in a Zionist journal[14]:

[14]James A. Malcolm, "Dr. Weizmann and the Balfour Declaration," *The New Judea,* XXI (October-November, 1944), p. 9.

I first met Dr. Weizmann during the last war. In October, 1916, the late Mr. L. J. Greenberg, Editor of *The Jewish Chronicle,* took me to his house in Kensington, where I found a small group of remarkable Jews assembled, totally different from the English and German Jews I had met before. They were the leaders of the Zionist Movement, the men whom the British Government had asked me to find after the War Cabinet had adopted my suggestion to win the support of Jewry by a promise of Palestine.

I had heard of the Zionist Movement and of Dr. Herzl, but had never met its leaders. They were all from Russia and talked Russian among themselves, calling each other by their first names. There were Nahum Sokolow, Yechiel Tschlenow, Yitzchak Goldberg, and Chaim Weizmann. Weizmann was the youngest of them all, but clearly their natural leader, for after the preliminaries, he became their spokesman and remained so throughout.

I gave them a brief account of my discussions with Sir Mark Sykes, Under-Secretary of the War Cabinet, and my own conviction that here was an historic opportunity of uniting Jewish and British interests. They were all rather sceptical in view of their own difficulties in getting a hearing for their cause. . . . But, finally, after further discussion, Dr. Weizmann came forward and shook me by the hand, saying they would follow my advice. The next day I introduced them to Sir Mark Sykes, and the vital messages were flashed by cipher to Washington and other parts of the allied and neutral world, thus beginning the close co-operation which resulted, a year later, in November, 1917, in the issue of the historic Balfour Declaration. . . .

The "gentlemen's agreement" between the Zionist leaders and the War Cabinet, which I was entrusted to bring about, was the basis of co-operation, and within a few months, despite numerous setbacks due to war conditions, solid progress was achieved. The support of President Wilson was, of course, the main achievement, because United States help was vitally needed by the Allies. It was only in the following April that the United States came into the war. . . .

Towards the end of October, 1917, I heard from Sir Mark Sykes that the Declaration was likely to come up before the Cabinet in view of satisfactory military progress in Palestine. . . . I knew then that at last, after many anxious weeks and months, my seed had borne fruit and that the Government had become an ally of Zionism. The Declaration is dated 2nd November, 1917, and is known to history as the Balfour Declaration. The final text, as published, was communicated in a letter from Mr. Balfour to Lord Rothschild, and was as follows:—

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the estabishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

By issuing this declaration the British Govern-

ment duly carried out—as I had all along been convinced they would—its obligation to promise British help for the Jews to obtain Palestine. It is therefore strictly correct for Professor Temperley, the official historian of the Paris Peace Conference, to describe the Balfour Declaration as "a definite contract between Great Britain and Jewry." The consideration for this contract had already been given by the Jews before November 2nd, 1917.

When I look back on that strenuous struggle I feel happy indeed that a kind Providence gave me the opportunity to place all my personal and official connections freely and fully at the disposal of my Zionist friends. Thus I was able to be of some service to the Jewish people at a great historic moment. In so doing I knew I was acting as well in the best interests of Britain as for the good of the world.

Although in a letter to me Dr. Weizmann has recognised my initiative in this work, I think it only fair to state that without his quick and courageous decisions behind the scenes and the important secret and hazardous missions he successfully undertook, we might not have succeeded at all. He took the lead throughout and was regarded by all who came into contact with him as the one man who could decide for the Movement.

It may take a while for the reader to realize fully the enormity of the preceding revelations. ". . . immediately after the 'gentleman's' agreement between Sir Mark Sykes . . . and the Zionist leaders . . . the change in official and public opinion as reflected in the American press in favour of joining the Allies in the War was as gratifying as it was surprisingly rapid." And so now we know why America went to war in 1917! Now we understand why there was no armistice in 1916 or early 1917! Now we see why the war had to go on for another two years and there had to be another three million Aryan soldiers killed!

And what reasons did Wilson give to the world for his rather awkward and sudden change of policy "suggested" by the good Justice Brandeis?

. . . Our object . . . is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world against selfish and autocratic power and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles. . . .

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government [Prussia] could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. . . .

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening [*sic!*] things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? . . .[15]

The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure . . . has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their native majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a league of honor.

One of the things that have served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity and counsel, our peace within and without our industries and our commerce. . . .

We are now about to accept gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience.

The world must be made safe for democracy. . . .

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.[16]

[15]Wilson is referring to the Bolshevik-incited mutinies in the Russian army and navy which took place in March, 1917, with the consequent abdication of Czar Nicholas II. [Editor]

[16]From Woodrow Wilson's address to the Congress of the United States on April 2, 1917—four days before America's declaration of war against Germany.

Even those who have experienced such as Roosevelt or Churchill can hardly suppress the urge to vomit, upon reading such sickeningly brazen hypocrisy.

"The world must be made safe for democracy." It must have been difficult for Brandeis to suppress a grin when he heard Wilson solemnly and piously utter these words.

To be sure, for those reactionaries and other backward types who thought making the world safe for democracy by crushing the Prussian autocracy wasn't really a good enough reason for America to leap into the war, Wilson and the press used other arguments too. German submarine warfare against the British had been a source of irritation in America since early in 1915. When the British ship *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine on May 7, 1915, and one hundred twenty-eight Americans aboard were drowned, there was a good deal of American resentment. After the Zionist-British deal in November, 1916, and the reversal of the stand taken by Wilson and the press toward the war, the *Lusitania* sinking, as well as more minor submarine incidents, was used by the press again and again to help provoke anti-German sentiment among Americans. (The shocking hanky-panky involved in the *Lusitania* affair, such as the *Lusitania's* illicit cargo of munitions and her captain's total disregard for proper procedure in the war zone, has been fully exposed by Tansill[17] and others.)

The way in which Wilson and his associates handled these submarine incidents, even as early as 1915, leads one to suspect that even then there was a seeret anticipation of the changes to come. Instead of striving to avoid friction with the German government, they went out of their way to insure that there would be incidents which could later be used in an anti-German campaign. This ties in with disclosures made ten years after the war by former U.S. Secret Service Chief, William J. Flynn:[18]

> In 1915, two years before this country entered the World War, the United States Secret Service tapped the telephone wires of the German and Austrian embassies in Washington. Thereafter I received each night a stenographic report of every conversation, trivial and important, of the previous twenty-four hours. . . .
>
> Ordinarilly, it is against the law to tap telephone wires and you can be sent to jail for doing it. The Secret Service got government authority to tap the wires in the German and Austrian embassies. The procedure was approved by the State Department and carried out by the best telephone men in America. . . . We rented an apartment and the telephone men led the wires in and hooked them up so that we had a telephone matching every telephone in the two embassies.
>
> When a receiver was taken down in the embassy a light flashed in the Secret Service apartment. When a phone bell rang in the embassy one rang in our apartment.
>
> Four stenographers worked in relays, all of them expert linguists. . . .

Flynn then brazenly goes on to boast that the information he supplied Wilson from his eavesdropping enabled Wilson to sidestep German diplomatic efforts to maintain the most cordial possible relations with America:

> Through the secret information thus obtained, the State Department was able to outwit the German Foreign Office in the bitterly waged diplomatic battle that preceded our declaration of war. Using leads supplied by official wire tappers, the Secret Service was able to keep a close watch on the German government's prewar activities. Some of the information that came over tapped wires contributed as much as any other factor to our ultimate breaks with Germany and Austria . . .

Flynn gives several specific examples of the way in which Wilson used his wiretap information. If the United States were really to play the neutral role that Wilson gave lip service to before the Jewish-British deal, her natural action would be to strive to avoid having unfortunate encounters between United States citizens and German submarines. Senator Gore introduced a Senate resolution with this aim in mind, and when Wilson learned from Flynn how strongly the Germans desired this resolution to pass, Wilson redoubled his efforts to block it and was successful:

> . . . He [one of German Ambassador von Bernstorff's aides] . . . told all he and Bernstorff were doing to avert a break with America. . . . On March 1, 1916, they talked about the threat of Congress to pass a resolution warning Americans to stay off armed passenger vessels, and President Wilson's determination to prevent such an action. . . .
>
> On Friday, March 3, the Senate tabled the Gore resolution warning Americans off armed merchantmen, which was what the President wanted. . . .

Flynn then relates how he discovered, early

[17]Charles Callan Tansill, *America Goes to War*, 2nd ed. (Boston, 1963), pp. 267, 282.

[18]William J. Flynn, "Tapped Wires," *Liberty*, 5, June 2, 1928, p. 19.

in March, 1916, that von Bernstorff was planning to go to New York to meet Wilson's adviser, Colonel E. M. House, upon the latter's return from Europe, in the hope of having discussions with him that might lead to an easing of American-German tensions. Wilson, forewarned, sent House a telegram, ordering him to avoid von Bernstorff:

> Colonel House had arrived from Europe March 5, and Bernstorff had gone to New York in an effort to see him before he came to Washington. House relates in his Intimate Papers that President Wilson had sent him a Marconi message warning him that Bernstorff was "laying for" him and advising him not to see him. Our daily reports of the embassy telephone conversations had informed the President of Bernstorff's trip to New York.
>
> Bernstorff waited in New York several days, but House gave him the slip, and went to Washington.

All this indicates that Brandeis had been whispering into Wilson's ear from the time of Wilson's first election, two years before his about-face on the question of American intervention in the war in Europe. Certainly we know that Jewish financiers, such as Schiff, had been actively backing the Bolshevik faction in Russia as early as 1904 and that the Zionist faction had been developing its plans involving the war since 1903. Apparently there was a careful coordination of the plans of these two factions, and the change from a pro-German to an anti-German stance at the end of 1916 was a move which had been foreseen for at least two years. The critical decision to be made was merely one of timing, of choosing the most advantageous moment.

Eight million young men with their brains blown out, their limbs ripped off, their flesh seared, their entrails spilled on the ground, their rotting corpses strewn over the face of Europe; how their blood cries out for vengeance!

And Sammy Landman, as he gloats over the cleverness of his fellow Jews in securing their objectives without real effort or sacrifice on their own part makes not even a passing reference to those millions who died without knowing it, for the simultaneous triumph of Bolshevism and Zionism. After all, they were only *goyim*!

And when it was all over the Americans and the British still thought that they had fought because "the world must be made safe for democracy." But there was one Man who understood what it had all been for. As he lay wounded in a veteran's hospital in Pomerania and heard the news of the Bolshevik revolutions in Bavaria and in Kiel and in Hamburg and in Berlin and of the collapse of the German government, he thought to himself:

> So, it had all been in vain! In vain all our sacrifices and all the hardships we had endured; in vain hunger and thirst for months without end; in vain the hours in which, facing the terror of death, we had yet done our duty; and in vain the death of two million men![19] Would not the graves of the hundreds of thousands who had gone forth full of faith in the fatherland, never to return, break open and release the dumb heroes covered with mud and blood—release them as revengeful spirits among the people at home, who had treated so disdainfully the highest sacrifice which a man can offer his country? Had they died *for that*, the soldiers of August and September, 1914? Had the regiments of volunteers, in the autumn of the same year, followed *for that* the elder comrades? Had those boys of seventeen sunk *for that* into Flanders' earth? Was *that* the object of the sacrifice that German mothers had brought the fatherland when, with a grieving heart, they had sent the boys to their duty, never to see them again? Had all that happened in order to enable, now, a handful of criminals to set their grip upon the fatherland?[20]

The fact that the "handful of criminals" failed to achieve the same ultimate goal in Germany that they did in Russia was due only to the heroic and desperate postwar efforts of the German people in stamping out the Bolshevik terror before it could consolidate its initial successes. Jewry would have to wait another twenty-six years to wreak their full revenge on Germany for this setback to their scheme.

The question that naturally arises now is: Why have those involved in this heinous affair not kept their mouths shut? In Malcolm's case, the answer is fairly obvious. He was concerned that posterity should recognize his historical importance and give him full credit for what he considered his role in shaping the destiny of nations.

When Weizmann failed even to mention Malcolm's name in his autobiography, Malcolm sent the following indignant letter to the editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*.[21]

[19]The German losses alone were approximately two million dead or missing. [Editor]

[20]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, I, ch. 7.

[21]*The Jewish Chronicle* (London), April 8, 1949, p. 16.

Sir,—Although my services in the Zionist cause have been clearly stated in various books and publications, including the recently published Biography of the late Earl Lloyd George, and some years ago in detail in *The Jewish Chronicle,* of which the Editor, my friend the late Mr. Greenberg, played a considerable part, together with the late Dr. Hertz, the Chief Rabbi, I think you may be interested and amazed that Dr. Weizmann, in spite of the fact that he has himself admitted my services in his letter of March 5, 1941, of which the enclosed is a photostatic copy, has omitted to mention my name in his Autobiography — you may make any use of the enclosed.

You will be interested that several Jewish and non-Jewish friends have rung me up to express to me their amazement and to say that such ingratitude on Dr. Weizmann's part does a great injustice to his race.

James A. Malcolm.

Weizmann's letter, referred to above, reads as follows:

James A. Malcolm, Esq.,
25 Palace Gate, W.8.

My dear Malcolm,—In reply to your inquiry, you will be interested to hear that some time ago I had occasion to write to Mr. Lloyd George about your useful and timely initiative in 1916 to bring about the negotiations between myself and my Zionist colleagues and Sir Mark Sykes and others about Palestine and Zionist support of the Allied cause in America and elsewhere. But naturally I could not very well refer to the fact that in 1922 it had been the intention of Mr. Lloyd George to recognize your valuable services in the war in this regard (and others). Unfortunately the whole matter has been lost sight of, but possibly it can be revived again. I do hope that it will, as appropriate recognition of your services would be well deserved.

Yours ever,
Ch. Weizmann.

Upon the occasion of Malcolm's death, a memorial article in the Johannesburg *Jewish Herald,* after relating essentially the same story told by Sykes, Landman, and Malcolm, had this to say:

Malcolm was fated to remain disregarded in the histories of political Zionism describing the momentous period of the First World War. No mention was made of his services either in the two-volume *History of Zionism* by Sokolow, nor even more astonishingly in Weizmann's *Trial and Error.* . . .

Malcolm was bitterly offended by what he regarded as Weizmann's base ingratitude. The full story of Malcolm's attack on Weizmann's record of the period 1916-1917 as it affected him became public when he wrote to the Press, protested to Weizmann's publishers in London, and aroused a veritable storm in circles interested in the matter.[22]

It probably never dawned on Malcolm that his role had been considerably less crucial than he imagined. Rather than being the innovator of the whole proceedings leading to the Zionist-British deal, he merely served the Jews' purpose of having the issue broached first from the British side rather than their own, thus giving the Jews the more advantageous bargaining position. The idea of approaching the British government was probably deliberately planted in his head by Leopold J. Greenberg, editor of *The Jewish Chronicle.* This, at least, is strongly suggested by Malcolm's remark in his pamphlet, quoted above: "Remembering my conversations with Mr. L. J. Greenberg . . . I wrote at once to him."

And this also explains why Weizmann forgot even to mention his former messenger boy when he wrote his autobiography. Had Malcolm not been available, Weizmann and company would simply have used someone else.

But more difficult to understand is the publication of the story by the Jewish press. To be sure, so far as we are aware no such material has been published in the United States—the deceived party—or in Germany—the injured party. And there is apparently strongly divided opinion among Jews themselves as to the advisability of such public disclosures of Jewish activities. Landman came under very strong attack from some of his more cautious brethren after his initial disclosures. We can only offer the following explanation.

Jewish leaders are faced with the problem of communicating with the Jewish masses, if the Jewish identity and the cohesion of the Jewish community are to be maintained. Considering the unique Jewish mode of existence as an alien minority in every country and among every other people, this problem is especially severe. Jewish spirit and Jewish morale must be maintained by a general Jewish involvement in Jewish problems. They must wail together over Jewish calamities and gloat together over Jewish triumphs. In the days of the ghettos this was no problem. Today, the news can no longer be effectively passed by word of mouth, and the Jewish press has had to take over the job of passing the word around.

[22]A. Abrahams, "The Forgotten Man of Zionism," *The Jewish Herald* (Johannesburg), August 15, 1952, p. 8.

Actually, this is far less dangerous than it may seem. Landman's first revelation occurred more than thirty years ago, and still not a single history text in any American or British university has mentioned it. Rosenthal's disclosure of Zionist war schemes was published nearly half a century ago, and we Aryans—at least in England and America—have yet to hear about it, for the most part. By controlling not only their own press but also the press which generates "news" for gentile consumption and by taking advantage of the truly staggering gentile gullibility and naivete, the Jews are able to carry on their business almost in the open without serious risk of disaster.

More than ever, then, rests the solemn and inescapable obligation on us, because of our knowledge, to awaken our Aryan kinsmen. Only by boldly and insistently and repeatedly speaking out now—in the history lecture or seminar, in the dormitory bull session, at the club or in the factory or on the commuter train, to friends and neighbors and associates and colleagues, to liberals and to conservatives and to the uncommitted as well as to fellow National Socialists—can we hope to begin to correct this inexcusable state of affairs.

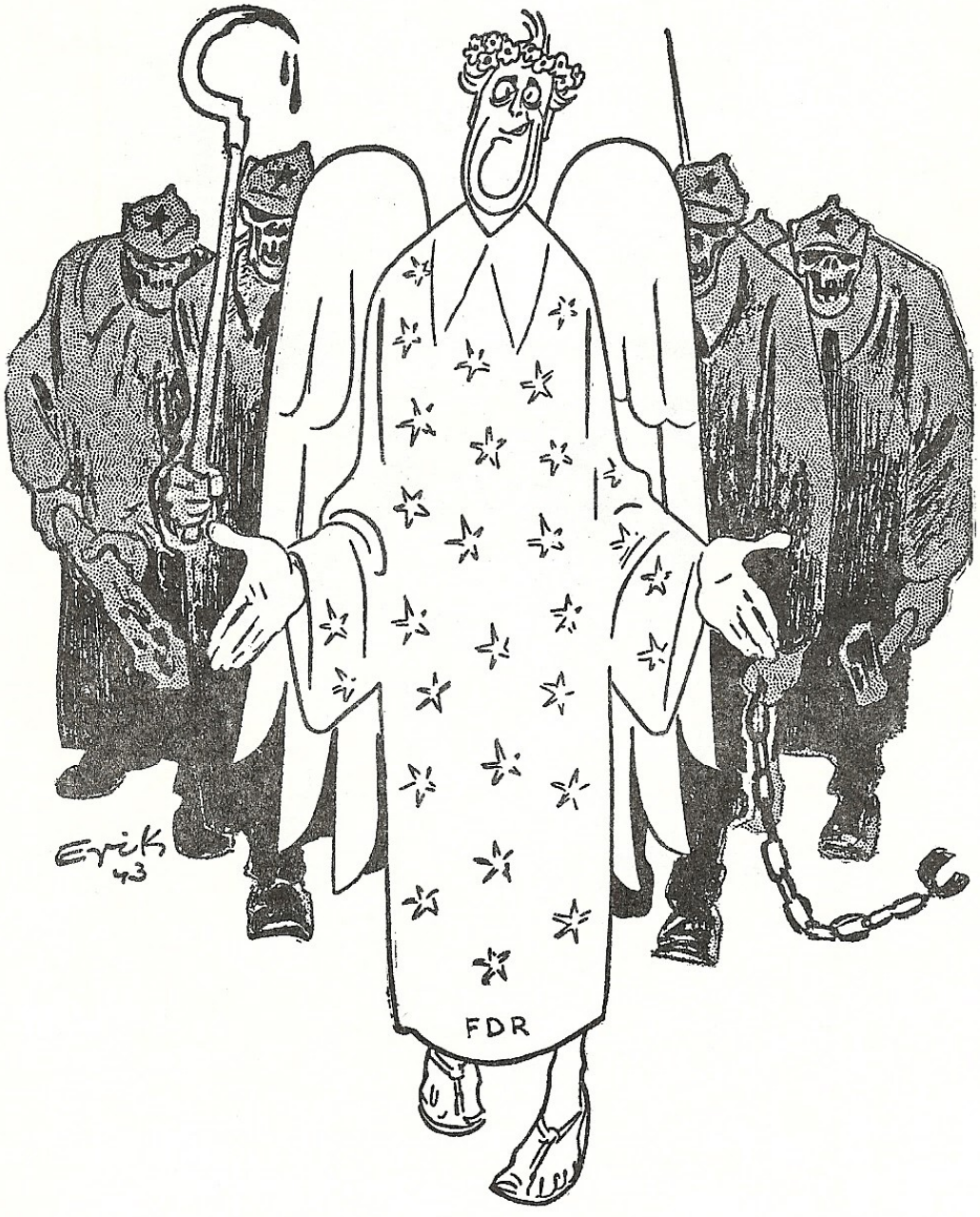
"I COME TO LIBERATE EUROPE"

by Erik and Plauen

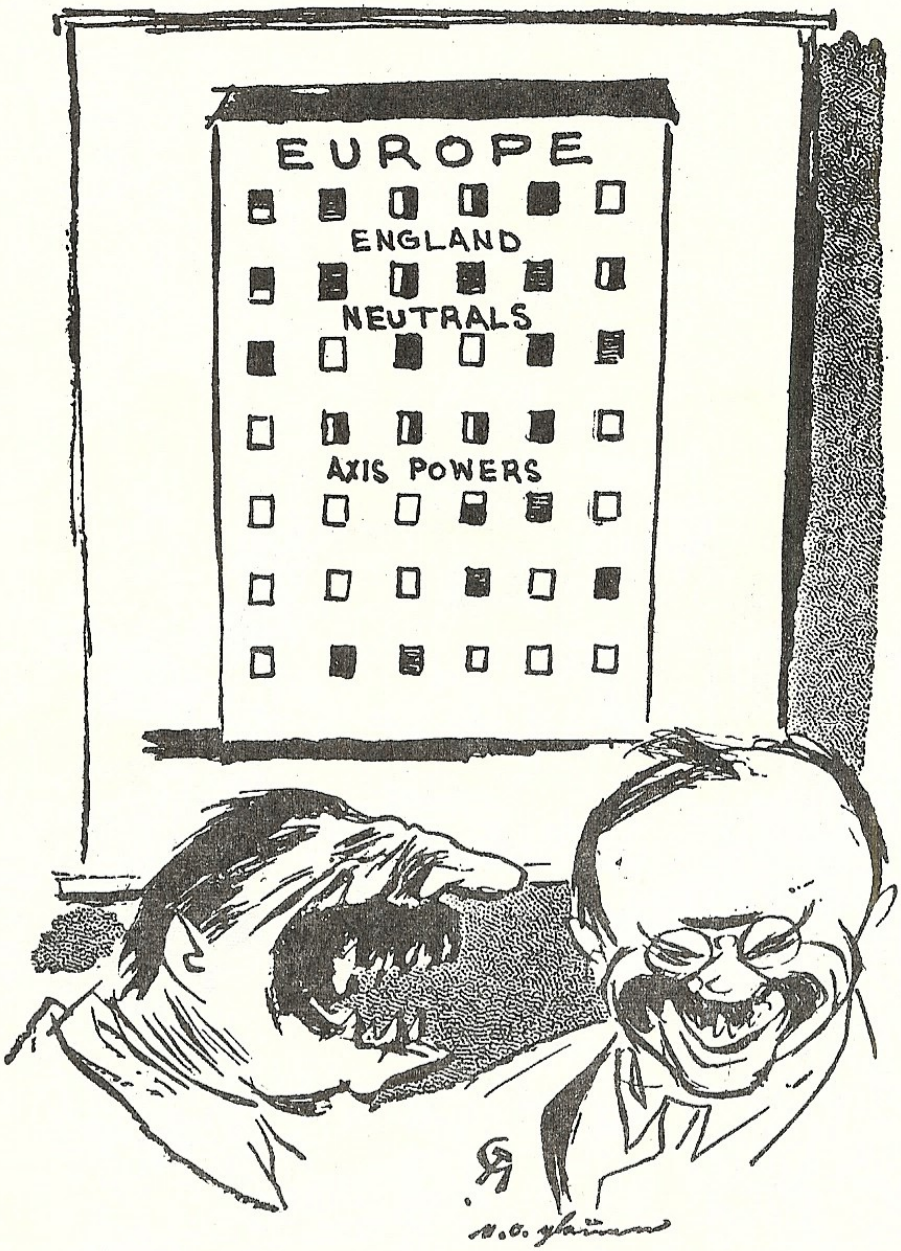
The political cartoon has long been one of the favorite weapons in the journalistic armory of the Marxists and their liberal apologists.

With their press monopoly, they have been giving us a pretty steady diet of cartoons of a single flavor—so much so that many of us may have come to regard this form of psychological warfare as their exclusive domain. Once upon a time there was a place where this was not so. It has since been "liberated," however.

The following "cartoons," by "Erik" and E. O. Plauen, appeared originally in the weekly, *Das Reich*, in the early 1940's. Their humor is, in most cases, a bit grim, because of its unfortunate realism.



"I come to liberate Europe!"

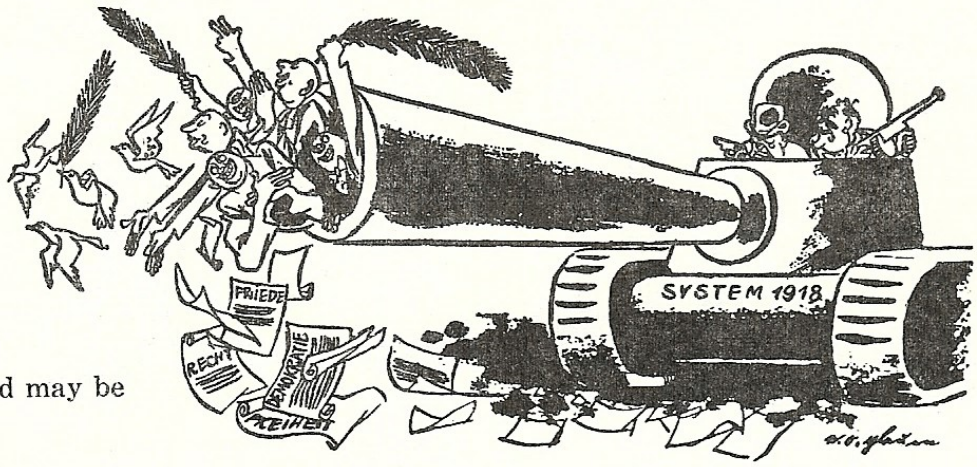


STALIN TO MOLOTOV:

"The British have sent us this plan along with the munitions, with the request that we demolish only the lower stories of the house. *They* live upstairs!"

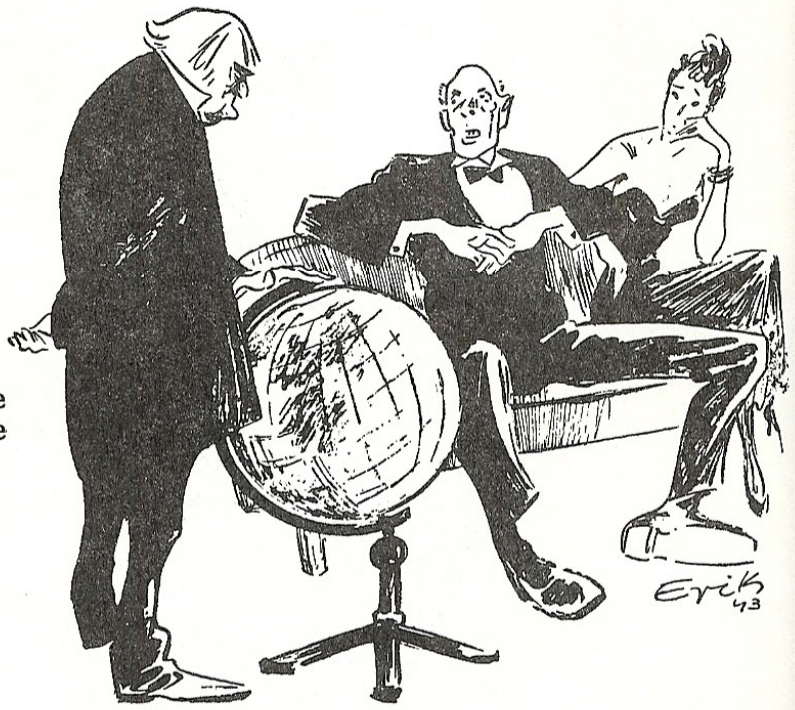


THE DOUBLE ROLE



ROOSEVELT:
"Do you think this method may be too well known?"

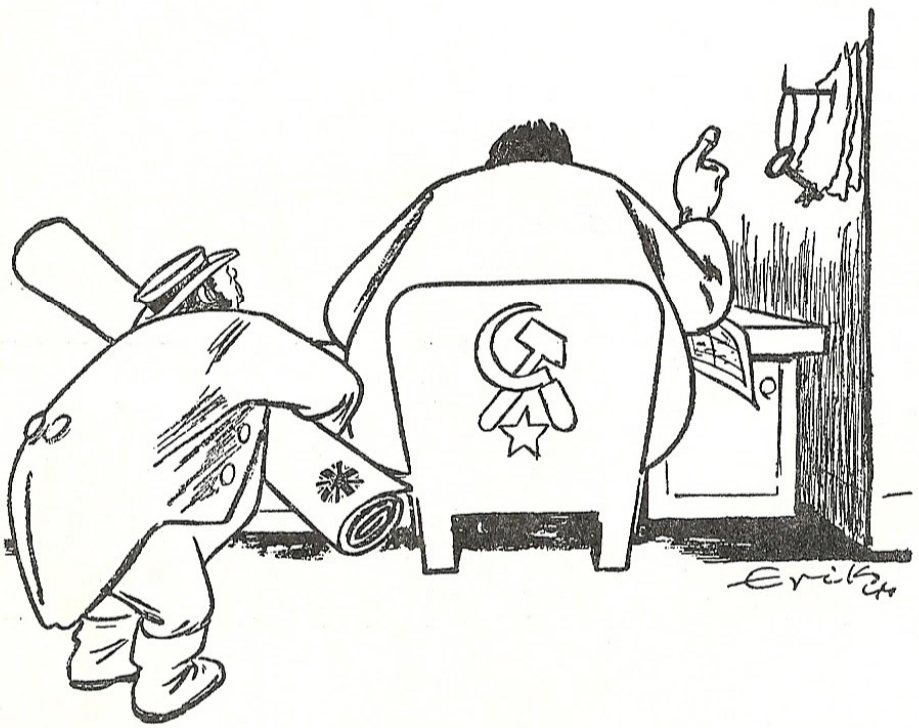
CHURCHILL:
"Maybe so—but I can't think of anything better!"



CONVERSATION IN LONDON, 1943:

"All right, so we give up our empire and we lose Europe to the Soviets—what do we have then, Mr. Brown?"

"Then we have won the war, Mr. Empson!"

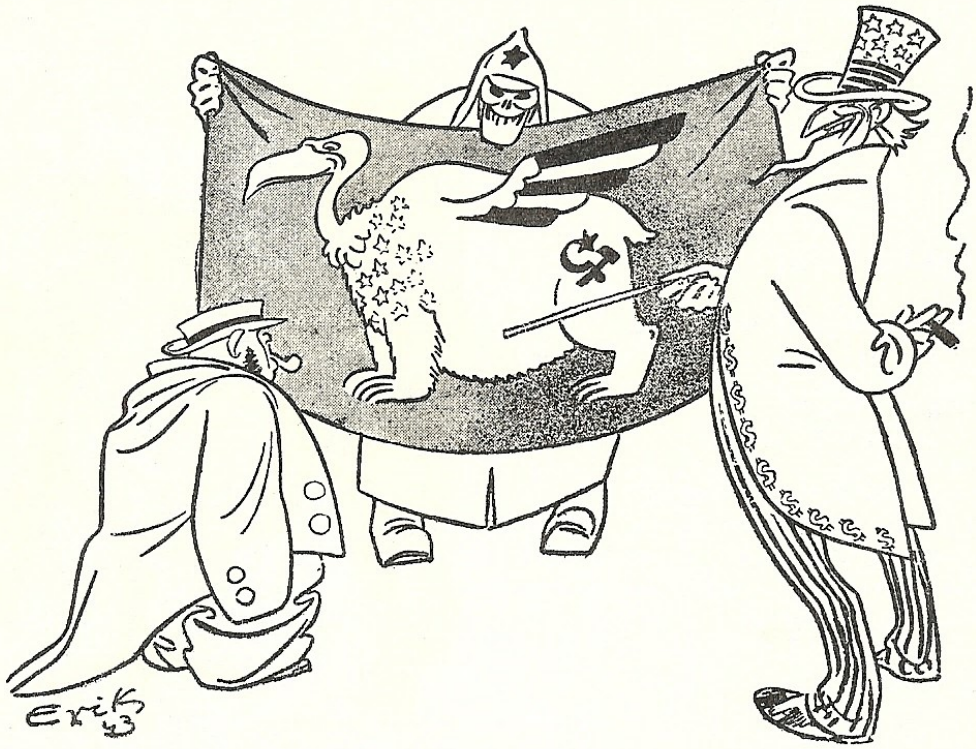


CHURCHILL:

"I have another plan here for postwar Europe."

STALIN:

"Very interesting—just hang it there with the rest . . ."

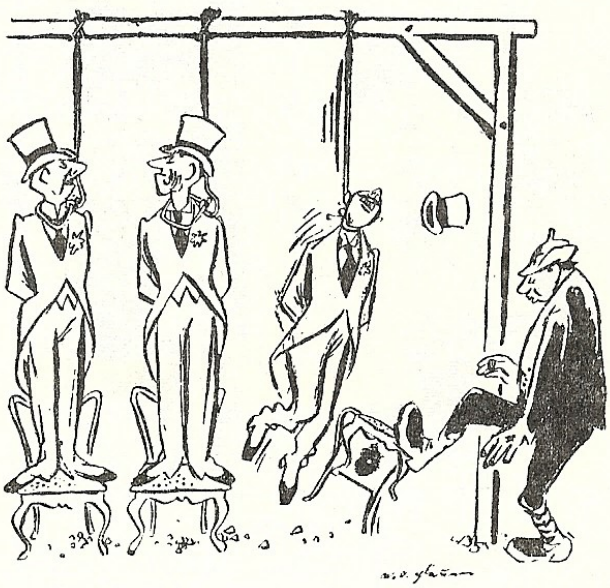


(The *Daily Telegraph* reports that a serious proposal has been made to create a common flag for the Allies.)

"And where is the British lion?"

"Come on now, can't you see him—in there!"

"Yes, Mylord, I'm not one of those who is always changing his mind. Nothing can shake my opinion as to the trustworthy nature of the Soviets!"



"Blazes! It's spreading!
Wonder if it could be something dangerous?"



THE FIRST SYMPTOMS



AND A PREVIEW OF POSTWAR LIFE IN AMERICA . . .

"Your brother has been promoted to Major, Sammy—and my husband is his new orderly. Would you like to come in for a drink?"

GOLD IN THE FURNACE[1]

by Savitri Devi

We received such an enthusiastic response to Savitri Devi's The Lightning and the Sun, *in our first issue, that we decided our readers might enjoy seeing some more of her writings, especially since her books are practically unobtainable to most persons. The material presented here is from the third and fourth chapters of* Gold in the Furnace, *most of which she wrote in her prison cell in Werl, Germany, in 1949.*

I was coming from Sweden and going back to England through Germany and Belgium. The train was rolling on toward the German frontier, which I was to cross at Flensburg on the same day, the 15th of June, 1948, at about 6 P.M. All these years I had lived six thousand miles away, in India. I had never *seen* Germany in the grand days of Hitler's power. Now, the gods had ordained that I should have a glimpse of her ruins. Bitter irony of fate! But there must be a meaning to it, I thought. All that the gods do has a meaning.

I was travelling—officially—as a dresser in a theatrical company. And I marvelled at the network of circumstances that had been preparing for me, of late, a new life. Never, perhaps, had I felt more grateful to the principal of the company for having taken me to Sweden two months before. That trip had been for me the welcome awakening after a long nightmare. I had met in Stockholm an old friend: the sincerest, perhaps, and surely the most intelligent of all the English Nazis I happened to know: a fine character, and the one person to whom I had been able to open my heart in London when I first came there from India in that wretched year, 1946. We had talked again, and he had managed to convince me that things were now a little less awful, from our point of view. And through that friend, I had soon met others, Swedish Nazis, magnificent men and women of the purest Nordic stock, faithful to our eternal ideals, real Pagans according to my heart. And through these — and through the will of the gods—I had had the honor of meeting one of the great men of the New Order, the famous explorer and the Leader's friend: Sven Hedin, aged eighty-three, looking forty-five, and speaking as only everlasting youth can express itself. I had had a four-hour interview with him on that memorable Sunday, June 6th. "Have confidence in the future," he had told me, among other things: "There are millions like you in darkest Europe. Trust them as you would trust yourself." And as I had recalled our irreparable losses, in particular, the death of the martyrs of Nürnberg, he had replied: "Germany has other such men, of whom you never heard."

After three years of despair and disgust, I had felt an inexpressible happiness fill my breast. I had known from that minute that a new life had begun for me; that all was *not* finished—that all was perhaps just beginning. I had then told Sven Hedin what I intended to do during this first journey of mine through Germany. He had not discouraged me, but only told me that "times were not yet ripe" and tried to make me realize how risky my project was. Several young Swedes who had indulged in similar activities had never come back or been heard of again. Still I had said, "I shall try." The pleasure of defying those who have set out to destroy the National Socialist Idea was something too tempting for me to resist.

So I had spent two nights copying on separate papers, five hundred times, in my own handwriting — for I knew nobody in Sweden who could print such literature—the following words in German:

> Men and women of Germany:
>
> In the midst of untold hardships and suffering, hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! Defy our persecutors! Defy the people, defy the forces that are working to "de-nazify" the German nation and the world at large!
>
> Nothing can destroy that which is built in truth. We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day we shall rise and triumph again. Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!

[1]Excerpts from the book.

And now I was sitting in a corner of the railway carriage, with my precious papers in my pockets and in my luggage, waiting to throw them out of the windows of the train at every station we passed through, as soon as we reached Germany. I was sitting and thinking of the glorious past, so recent, and of the wretched present—and of the future, for now I knew we had a future.

The train rolled on. I was not the only one to think of these things. There were in the same compartment as myself three Indian girls — three dancers of the company with which I was travelling—and also two Jewesses. One of the Indians, a Maharashtrian of the warrior caste, started relating how, in Stockholm, she had read in an American magazine an article discussing the question whether Adolf Hitler is alive or dead; and she added: "How I do wish he is alive! For the good of the whole world, such a man should live!" My first impulse was to press the girl in my arms for having said that. My second one was to reply that such men always live, but that this ugly world of knaves and fools is unworthy of them. I refrained from both these forms of self-expression, and merely gave the girl a sympathetic smile. With five hundred leaflets in my pockets, I could not afford to attract further attention to myself. But I thought: "Even a twenty-year-old girl from the other end of the world finds it impossible to feel herself nearing the German frontier without thinking of our Leader." And I recalled in my mind the words heard long ago, in the days of glory: "Adolf Hitler is Germany; Germany is Adolf Hitler." These words still express the truth. They always will. And I thought: "Just as, today, this daughter of the southernmost Aryans, so, for endless centuries to come, the whole world will identify in its consciousness Hitler and Germany and National Socialism—as one cannot help identifying to this day the Islamic civilization, Arabia, and the Prophet of Islam." Once more I marvelled how broad and how eternal National Socialism is.

But the two Israelites present did not allow me for long to think in peace. "How dare you?" exclaimed one of them, turning to the high-caste Hindu, while the other sprang up like a wounded snake from the place where she was reclining and thrust herself at the girl: "Yes, indeed," said she, "how dare you praise such a man?—Hitler, of all people! What do *you* know about him? You should learn before you speak . . ." Her eyes flashed. And she spat out, against the Germans in general, and against the Leader himself, the vilest, the most nauseating tirade I had ever heard since the gloating of one of her racial sisters over the Nürnberg Trial, in a London boarding house in 1946.

The world accuses us of cruelty. *I* am supposed to be "cruel" and — if given power — would surely be more merciless to our enemies than any other National Socialist whom I personally know. And yet even I have never said —never thought—that I would "be delighted to see" any man, any devil, "torn in two." I have not said that of the rascals who conducted the Nürnberg Trial, nor of those who organized the bombing of Germany to the finish. Can a Jewess hate our Leader more than I hate those people? No. But what the world miscalls our "cruelty" is just ruthlessness — earnest and frank use of violence whenever it is necessary. The really cruel ones are the Jews. And that is why the fate of any of us in their hands is incomparably worse than the fate of any Jew in our power.

I shuddered as I heard that young daughter of Zion speak. Nobody yet had ever, in my presence, uttered a word against Adolf Hitler without my replying vehemently. But now, though burning with indignation, I was mute and motionless. I had those precious leaflets with me. I thought of the god-like Man for the sake of whom the German people are so dear to me. Was I to defend him against that tapeworm of a woman and to create a row and get discovered and become useless—or to distribute my message of pride and hope to the people he so loved? I held my peace. But I gave the woman such a glance of hatred that she recoiled—and was never again to address a word to me. And I rose from my place and went and wept in the one place in which, even in a train, one is always sure to be alone.

The train rolled on toward the German border. There were some difficulties awaiting me at Flensburg. I was asked to get out of the train to be questioned on the platform by a man—visibly a Jew—to whom the stage manager of my employer's company, also a Jew, was already talking. I possess a pair of Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas. I had them on and intended to wear them right through German territory, in sheer defiance of all "denazification" schemes. I threw a shawl over my head (there was no time to do anything else) and came out. The man on the platform, I was told, was "a member of the police."

"Are you Mrs. Mukherji?" said he, as he

greeted me.

"Yes, I am."

"Well," he continued, "there are rumors about you. Can you tell me how far they are justified?"

"What rumors?" said I.

"You surely know."

"I do not. I have not the faintest idea. People say so many things."

"Some say you are a Nazi. Are you really?"

"Does it matter what one is, in a land to which you are supposed to have brought 'freedom'—so you say?" I replied ironically.

"It does," said the man. "We don't welcome people likely to make the already difficult task of the Occupying Powers still more difficult."

"I don't see how anyone could display such might from behind the windows of the *Nord Express,*" I answered — wishing all the time I could.

I had hardly finished saying these words when one of the youngsters of the company, who knew I was wearing my lovely and dangerous earrings, pulled the shawl off my head from behind, "for a joke," he later explained. The "joke" could have proved a tragic one. But the boy did not know—nobody knew—what I was carrying with me and what I was intending to do. The hallowed Symbol of the Sun gleamed on each side of my face, in that first German frontier station, now in June, 1948, as it did in the streets of Calcutta in glorious 1940.

"I see it is useless talking to you any longer, Mrs. Mukherji," said the man to me. "You'd better stay off the train. We shall search your luggage."

"You can," I replied with outward calm. But I ran to the principal of the company, who was taking a stroll, and took him aside at the other end of the platform.

"You must help me to get on that train again at once, without their searching my things," said I.

I explained what had happened, and the principal promised he would try to help me.

I could not tell what he said to the official or semi-official "member of the police" who had questioned me. He probably pointed out to him that no person seriously intending to indulge in Nazi underground activities would be such a fool as to advertise herself beforehand by wearing a pair of golden swastikas. And the argument apparently proved convincing. My very stupidity saved me. My luggage was not searched. At last the train moved on. "The gods still love us," thought I, as I rolled triumphantly into German territory.

Right and left the land stretched out, green and smiling, in all the glory of its summer garb —"as beautiful," thought I, "as when *he* ruled over it."

I stood in the corridor, with as many of my leaflets as my pockets and handbag could carry—some concealed in packets of ten or twenty cigarettes or in small parcels of sugar, coffee, cheese, or butter (whatever I could buy in Sweden), others placed in envelopes, others just loose. The railway ran parallel to a road. Walking along the road were a woman and a child. I waved to them and threw a little packet of sugar out of the window—a packet with a leaflet in it, naturally. The woman picked it up and thanked me. I was already far away. By the side of a small station through which we passed without stopping was a cafe. A youngster and a girl were seated at one of the tables, out of doors, drinking beer. I threw them a packet of cigarettes also containing a leaflet. The packet fell a little further from the table than I had thought it would. The young man got up to take it and smiled at me while I leaned out of the window to catch a glimpse of him. He was a fine young man: tall, well-built, blond, with bright eyes. The girl — a graceful and slim maiden with golden locks—had also got up and was standing at his side. She too was smiling, glad to have the cigarettes.

As the train carried me further and further away out of their sight, I imagined them opening the packet, finding the paper, unfolding it. I imagined their eyes sparkling as they saw at the top—once more after three dark years—the unexpected Sign of the Sun, and as they read the words written for them from the depth of my heart: "Hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! . . . One day, we shall rise and triumph again."

They had thought they had got twenty cigarettes, and, lo, they had got *that* along with them: a message of hope. I was happy. The idea did not enter my head that the message was perhaps wasted on them; that, after all, they might not necessarily be Nazis. I took it for granted that they were, at heart. However much this may seem childish, nay, foolish, utterly out of keeping with the seriousness of what I was doing, they struck me as too beautiful to be anything else.

And on I went, through the lovely countryside, my head at the open window. Whenever we passed through a station, or whenever I saw anybody within my reach—workmen on the

side of the railway, people walking along a road or waiting at a level-crossing for our train to pass — I threw out some small parcels and a handful of loose leaflets. The faces of which I caught a glimpse were haggard and tired but dignified faces; faces of men and women who, obviously, had not had enough to eat for a long time, but whom an iron will kept alive and whom an invincible pride kept unsubdued. I admired them.

A little before we reached Hamburg, I thrust from the toilet window over a hundred of my leaflets onto the crowded platform of some station through which we passed and then came back into the corridor. The train was rushing on at full speed. I had no time to see what happened. "But surely," I thought, "some of my papers must have fallen in good hands." Then it struck me that some, also, being so light, might well have flown back into the train. I knew that the Jew, T., the stage manager of the company, was sitting in a railway carriage nearer the end of the train than mine. And I shuddered at the idea of *his* suddenly seeing one fly in from the window and fall upon his lap. "Oh, dear!" said I to myself, "I must be more careful henceforth!"

The sun had already gone down, and we were running through the suburbs of Hamburg. For the first time, I beheld what I was soon to see every day: the ruins of Germany. Black against the pale green and golden sky—the afterglow of the late summer sunset—I saw no end of shattered walls; of heaps of wreckage; of blocks of iron and stone out of the midst of which emerged, now and then, the skeleton of what had once been a boiler, or a wagon, or an oil tank; no end of long dark streets in which no life was left. The whole place looked like an immense excavation field.

Tears came to my eyes, not because these were the ruins of a once prosperous town, the lamentable remnants of happy homes and useful human industries, but because they were the ruins of our New Order; all that was—materially — left of that supercivilization-in-the-making which I so admired. Far in the distance, I noticed the steeple of a church standing, untouched, above the general desolation—like a symbol of the victory of the Cross over the Swastika. And I hated the sight of it.

Once more, as in the last days of the war and in the months that followed, I experienced for a while the feeling of despair. In my mind, I recalled those darkest days: my departure from Calcutta already at the close of 1944—when one knew what the end would be—not to hear, not to read, and, if possible, not to think about the war; not to be told *when* National Socialist Germany would capitulate; and then my wanderings from place to place, from temple to temple, all over central, western, and southern India, without my being able to draw my attention away from the one fact: the impending disaster. I saw myself again in a train on my way to Tiruchchendur, at the extreme south of the Indian peninsula. A man holding a newspaper in English was sitting opposite me. And I could not help reading the headlines in big letters: "Berlin is an inferno." It was in April, 1945, a day or two after the Leader's birthday. The man had looked up at me as he had seen me reading and had said: "Well, we are safe out here, anyhow!" And I had replied, "It is all right for you, but I wish I were not safe. I wish I were there." And before he had had time to overcome his astonishment and to ask me why, I had got up and gone out into the corridor, and there, easily abstracting myself from my tropical surroundings, I had thought of that inferno — as far as one *can* think of such a thing without having seen it. And I had pictured to myself the Man against whom and around whom was then raging the fury of a world possessed by demons; the Man who had striven for peace and on whom three continents were waging war: my beloved Leader—in the midst of the noise of exploding bombs and of crumbling buildings, his stern and beautiful face lighted up now and then by the sudden glow of new fires started in the vicinity. And I had felt all the more tormented in my security far away, because I could not look up to that tragic face in the hour of ruin and tell my betrayed Leader: "The East and West may turn against you now, but I am with you forever!" And I recalled, upon my return to Bengal in July, 1945, the news: Germany divided into four "zones"; and then the three long, gloomy years that had followed, until I had found in Sweden a new ray of hope.

One must have seen with one's own eyes the ruins of Germany to believe the enormity of the hatred that laid that country waste. Surely London was bombed. So were other English and continental towns. War is war. But *this* bombing was something different. What the half-dozen apologetic air raids of the Japanese on Calcutta were to the London air raids, so were the latter, in their turn, compared with the hellish bombing of Germany by the Allied planes, in formations of hundreds at a time,

night after night.

Broad, lurid streaks of phosphorus filled the sky. In their glaring, white light the outlines of a city could be seen for the last time. A few seconds later the whole place was ablaze; a few hours later it was a heap of ruins still on fire. The very earth, soaked in phosphorus, burnt on slowly, for days.

Not one, not ten or twenty, but *all* the German towns were submitted to that systematic destruction by the enemies of the New Order—"Crusaders to Europe," as the American lot called themselves. That was to punish the German people for loving Adolf Hitler, their Leader, their savior, and their friend. That was also to punish Adolf Hitler for loving the German people and the Aryan race at large more than anything in the world; for having dared, for their sake, to challenge the might of the unseen Jew behind the screen of world politics. The rascals who planned and carried out that inhuman bombing knew that the surest way to torture him was to inflict that terror and that suffering upon his helpless people. They smashed Germany so that he might see it smashed. They burnt thousands of Germans alive—stuck in the boiling tar of the streets they had not time to cross, or roasted in the cellars where they flocked for shelter—so that the thought of their horrid death might haunt him day and night. They reduced the whole country to heaps of smoking ruins, so that he, poor great one, might suffer even more than the men and women that the phosphorus bombs affected materially.

The most effective devastators of all times, the Assyrians in Antiquity and the Mongols in the Middle Ages, were pretty thorough in warfare; nearly as thorough, in fact, as the airmen who poured fire and brimstone over unfortunate Germany only yesterday. But even *they* did not display such a fiendish will to exterminate a whole enemy population. The Mongols definitely spared, as potential concubines and slaves, the desirable women, the useful craftsmen, and the children not taller than the wheel of a cart. The airmen of the United Nations spared nobody. The only people who, in olden times, proved to be as enthusiastic mass-murderers as they (to the extent the technique of ancient warfare permitted) are the Jews. One has but to re-read, in the Bible, the monotonous but instructive accounts of the conquest of Canaan by that self-styled "Chosen People"—accounts of unbiased Israelitish source, all of them—in order to understand what I mean.[2]

Today, as one walks through the bombed streets of Hamburg, Cologne, Coblenz, Berlin, or any other German city; or even as one beholds, from the windows of a railway carriage, those miles and miles of ruins in whatever part of the country it be—charred walls of which the torn outlines stick out against the grey or blue sky, or the glow of sunset, as far as the eye can see; impossible piles of twisted iron, disjointed stones, and blocks of cement, heaped over endless waste spaces where life once flourished, where men once were happy; where the Leader held out his hand to little children less than five years ago—as one sees *that*, I say, and as one recalls in one's mind the inferno that preceded and caused such appalling devastation, one does not only think of the glorious pre-war days and feel: "That is what they did to kill new Germany!" One also evokes another, and quite different picture: the muddy beach of Dunkirk and the pitiable survivors of the British Expeditionary Force gathered there in the late spring of 1940, tattered and torn, wounded and hungry, but, above all, scared out of their wits like hunted animals; the roaring sea before them, the German divisions behind them, rain and lightning and the dark night all round them; awaiting in terror the only fate that seemed likely to befall them: death. It would have been easy for the victorious German Army to step forth and kill them all off—and put an end to the war. Oh, so easy! But orders came from above, to the bewildered generals and the soldiers on their onward march; orders from that Man whom England was fighting, but who was not fighting England; from the generous, loving, trusting German Leader, who recognized no enemies in the misled Aryans who composed the bulk of the British Army: "Leave several kilometers between them and the German Army"; in other words,

[2]The entire Book of Joshua is a partial record of the genocidal activities in Canaan of the poor, "persecuted" Jews. The 60th chapter of the Book of Isaiah expresses fairly clearly the Jewish philosophy on such matters. Here Isaiah is speaking to his fellow Jews: "And strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee . . . . Thy gates also shall be open continuously . . . that men may bring unto thee the wealth of the Gentiles, and their kings led with them. *For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.*" [Editor]

"Spare them! Allow them to wait undisturbed for their ships and to reach the coast of England safe and sound." Whatever the German High Command might have felt toward the defeated aggressor, orders were orders. The remnant of the British Expeditionary Force was allowed to live and go home; allowed to recover and fight again.

One remembers, I say, that episode of the Second World War, as one beholds the ruins of all the German cities, the plight of men and women in the overcrowded areas still fit to live in, and all the misery, all the bitterness, consequences of that devilish bombing. Streams of fire, tons of phosphorus, relentlessly poured over the people for five years, these were England's thanks to Adolf Hitler for having shown mercy to her soldiers in his hour of victory. These were the thanks of the United States of America for his orders not to shoot the parachutists captured on German soil. These were the thanks of the unworthy Aryans both of Russia and of the West to the Man who loved them, as a race, and who had dreamd for them an era of glory and prosperity, side by side with his own people.

Under that continuous terror the German people suffered, at first with the hope that the ordeal would soon be over, that victory was at hand; and then, more and more, as months passed and no sign of betterment appeared, with no hope. The traitors became bolder and bolder. And disaffection grew among the ordinary folk who could not understand how anything — including unconditional surrender — could possibly be worse than what they were enduring.

In May, 1945, when Germany did actually acknowledge defeat, very little seemed to remain of the splendid spirit that had lifted the country so high between the two world wars, and in the early part of the war. From East and West hostile armies rushed forth to occupy disarmed Germany. The bulk of the tortured nation looked at them coming, with the tired resignation of those who have reached the limit of what it is possible to suffer.

The eastern gang raped all the women they could catch; stole everything they fancied; drove millions out of house and home in order to replace them by Russians, Poles, or Czechs. The western gang, while behaving with perhaps a little less savagery as regards women, were hardly better in other respects.

They stamped about the streets, loaded with edibles, in front of the starving population. They brought their families over to occupy the best remaining houses and to be fed and fattened at the expense of exhausted Germany. They gave people anything between fifteen minutes and an hour to leave their flats and go wherever they liked—wherever they could—when *they* wanted comfortable lodgings. Usually they would turn the flats into pigstys in a couple of days and carry off whatever objects they found desirable when they moved. They built a shockingly luxurious "victory club" in the midst of the ruins of Hamburg and, like the Russians, tore down all the likenesses of the Leader from public buildings, burnt all the National Socialist literature they could set hands upon, and pursued with systematic hatred all those whom they knew—or believed they knew—to be National Socialists.

Whatever might have been their professional efficiency, none of these were allowed to retain the positions they had formerly held. Most were not permitted to work at all. Thousands were arrested, imprisoned, savagely tortured, sent to concentration camps or to their doom. Among these were Hitler's closest collaborators: the members of the National Socialist Government, the generals of the German Army, the leaders of the SS regiments and of the Youth Organizations—some of them the finest characters of modern times. For weeks and weeks, months and months—in fact, for over a year and a half—the all-too-famous Trial of 1945-46, that most repulsive of all the parodies of justice staged by man since the dawn of history, dragged on. It ended, as everyone knows, by the ignominious hanging, in the slowest and cruelest possible way (each execution lasting about twenty-five minutes), of men whose only crime was to have done their duty without having succeeded in winning the war. And that atrocity took place in what was left of the old, medieval city which, only a few years before, had been witnessing the glory of reborn Germany in the splendid pageantry of the annual Party rallies: Nürnberg.

When, between the two wars, a couple of Italian Communists, Sacco and Vanzetti, were tried and executed in the United States of America, a wave of indignation rose from the four corners of the earth. Placards were posted against walls and public demonstrations were held in all the large towns of Europe to protest against the condemnation of the two martyrs of Marxism. In 1945, 1946, and 1947, no such feelings stirred God-forsaken Europe (or the God-forsaken world, at that) in favor of the

victims of the Nürnberg Trial, or of the thousands of other National Socialists labeled by their persecuters as major or minor "war criminals," and condemned as such by the bogus Allied tribunals in occupied Germany. And either the boisterous glee of triumphant savages over the sufferings inflicted on their captured enemies, or else the still more revolting smugness of self-righteous rogues and fools; the patronizing lectures of self-appointed reformers of mankind, hoping that after such historic "justice" the Germans would at last "learn their lesson," i.e., renounce National Socialism and toe the line with their victors' ideology like good little boys; talks on the wireless about the gradual return of the German people to the "ideals of Christian civilization," now that the Nazi "monsters" were dead.

How I remember that silly, vulgar, cruel, positively nauseating gloating of English-speaking apes of varied breeds over the greatest crime of history, and that hypocrisy in addition to it all! Never, perhaps, could one feel more keenly what a curse the very existence of Christian civilization was. Pagans would not have disgraced themselves to that extent. *We* would certainly not have behaved in any like manner, had we won the war—we whose aim was to resurrect the proud Pagan spirit among the Aryans of the whole world. We might have crushed all opposition out of existence, but we would have neither made a farce of justice in order to condemn our enemies, nor tried to convert them to our philosophy. For we know how to kill, and we know how to die; but we do not know how to lie in order to justify our actions in our own eyes and in other people's. Our only justification is the triumph of National Socialism. We need no other. Our enemies persecute us in the name of "morals" in which they do not believe. We despise them from the bottom of our hearts. We despise them more than we can ever hate them. Maybe we lost this war; but we would prefer to perish forever, even in men's memories, having remained ourselves to the end, rather than to rule the world and resemble our victors. We would prefer to perish, and leave in the dark infinity of time, as a flash in the night, the unrecorded fact of our brief and beautiful passage, rather than to acquire a single one of their democratic "virtues."

In 1945 torn and desolate Germany, overrun by hostile armies, plundered by rapacious occupants, insulted by a whole cowardly world, could do nothing, say nothing, hardly think anything. Like a boxer temporarily "knocked out" in the ring, she was stunned. Cases of mass-suicide, as well as of large-scale deportation to Siberia were reported from the Russian-occupied areas, while hungry, completely destitute, packed like goods in cattle wagons (or worse), the whole German population of East Prussia, Silesia, and Sudetenland—over 18 million people — uprooted by the Russians and by the Czechs, poured into western and southern Germany.[3] All over the country arson and outrage were taking place on a scale unheard of for centuries.

In the winter of that same awful year, 1945 —or was it in the beginning of 1946?; the eyewitnesses who reported the episode to me did not remember—a train passed through Saarbrücken, carrying off to different concentration camps in occupied Germany several thousands of German prisoners of war whose sole crime was to belong to that elite of the National Socialist forces: the SS. The young men, squeezed against one another, had been standing for goodness knows how many hours in the dark, freezing cattle wagons, without food, without water, without the most indispensible human commodities. They were going toward a destiny worse than death; toward the very chambers of hell—and they knew it. And yet, although no one could see them (for the wagons were completely closed save for a narrow slit at the top) one could hear them. They were singing—singing the glorious song of the SS legions in defiance of their horrid present conditions and of the still more horrid future awaiting them. As the train rolled past, well-known words reached the silent and sullen crowd gathered on the platform—an echo of the great days of National Socialism and, in the midst of Germany's martyrdom, the certitude of indestructible might and already the promise of the new rising, never mind when and how: "If all become unfaithful, yet we remain faithful . . ."[4] Every bystander was moved to tears. And so was I, when now—nearly three years later—the fact was brought to my knowledge.

The train passed by and disappeared in the distance. One could no longer hear the song of the SS. But one knew the young warriors were still singing. And one remembered the words that sprang from their lips—the motto of their

[3]Approximately five million expellees did not survive the expulsion. See *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), pp. 82-92. [Editor]

[4]"Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch treu . . . ."

lives tomorrow, for months, perhaps for years, in hunger, fever, and agony; in torture at the hands of the cowardly Jew and of his agents, till the very minute of death: ". . . faithful as the German oak trees, as the moon and as the sunshine."[5]

Where are they now, those fine young National Socialists, real men among apes, followers of a god among men? Dead, probably, by this time, most of them; or back from captivity with a ruined health and apparently no future — crushed by the all-powerful machinery of "de-nazification," that whole organization set up in Germany by the sub-men to grind to dust all that is naturally strong and beautiful, alive, intelligent and proud, and worthy to rule; all that the worms cannot understand and therefore hate.

I was thinking of all this as the train halted in Hamburg station, along the one remaining platform of the twenty-eight the station once possessed.

I soon noticed a gathering before one of the windows of our train—the window of a compartment nearer the end than the one I occupied. People were rushing forward, pushing one another, struggling with one another for something at their feet on the platform. Then, for a minute, all was calm again—all eyes were once more gazing at the window in expectation until, at last, the desired thing fell, and all again rushed to pick it up. The thing was a cigarette —a single one.

I walked down the corridor to the carriage from which it had dropped. It was the one occupied by the stage manager of the company, the Jew whom I mentioned. And there I actually saw Israel T. standing at the window, gloating over the ruins of Hamburg and of all Germany at the top of his voice—saying he was sorry an atom bomb had not been dropped on each town—and throwing onto the platform one cigarette at a time (only one) just to have the pleasure of seeing twenty people rush forward to pick it up. Twenty people who less then ten years—less than five years—ago had acclaimed the Leader at the height of his glory with their right arm outstretched and the cries of "Sieg! Heil!"—twenty people who had fought for the triumph of the Aryan Ideology and for the overlordship of the Aryan race in this world were now, after three years of systematic starvation, oppression, and demoralization, fighting for a cigarette thrown to them—like a dry bone to a pack of hungry dogs—by a fat, ugly, mean, cruel, gloating Jew! My heart ached with shame and indignation. I wanted to get down from the train, to rush to the ones on the platform—to my Leader's people; to *my* people — and tell them: "Don't pick up that thing! It is the gift of mockery. Don't!"

But the train had already started moving on. I turned to Israel T. with cold, contained rage: "If you must see people fight for your damned cigarettes, you could at least throw out a packet of twenty — something worth having." I loathed the spiteful, cowardly creature from the depth of my heart, but I just could not keep silent.

The Jew looked around at me and said; "I keep my cigarettes for Englishmen, and would advise you to do the same, if you have any."

"Mr. T.," I replied, "what have *you* in common with England and Englishmen? As for advice, let me tell you straight away that I take none from my racial inferiors."

It was the first time I ever had shown the creature my National Socialist feelings in all their glaring nakedness! He was taken aback. "What is the matter with you?" he said. He did not know me enough — yet — to understand at once.

"What is the matter with me?" I repeated. "Nothing. We are in Germany. That's all."

The train moved forth between further expanses covered with ruins. Yes, we *were* in Germany.

It was now dark. A bright, starry night and that desolation — those endless charred and blasted walls and those emaciated, stern, and dignified faces — beneath the splendor of the heavens; and I, still standing in the corridor with a new supply of leaflets in my pockets. Why had I not come years before, during our great days? Why had I not stood, I too, along those now devastated streets and cried out "Sieg! Heil!" at the passage of the one Man of my times whom I revered as a god? Why had it been my destiny to spend all those years six thousand miles away from Europe and to come *now*—now that proud Germany lay in the dust?

Tears filled my eyes as I gazed at the deep, sparkling sky and then at the rare lights scattered here and there in what was left of that immense city: Hamburg. The dark infinity above reminded me of one of the many names of the immemorial Mother Goddess, in Sanskrit, the sacred language which the Aryans

[5] ". . . treu wie die deutschen Eichen, wie Mond und Sonnenschein!"

once brought to India: Shyama—the Dark Blue One, goddess of indestructible life, goddess of death and destruction, lover and avenger, energy of the universe. And I recalled the words which the Mother Goddess herself is said to have addressed a Hindu sage: "When all is lost —when thou hast no possessions, no friends, no hope left — then I come, I the Mother of the world." And I remembered that, to the Hindu mind, the universal Mother lives in every woman. In me, also, I thought; I too have come when all is lost, when all is in ruins; when all is dead, save the invincible Nordic soul in Hitler's people. Is that why I have come so late?—to speak to the German soul for fifteen hours from the corridor of the *Nord Express?*

We passed through a station. More leaflets flew out of the window, written by me, thrown by me — written and thrown by the gods *through* me, I felt. We rushed through another station. I repeated the gesture.

I was alone in the corridor save for a young man standing there—a handsome blond with a frank, trustful face. I had sworn to myself not to touch food or drink of any sort and not to sleep as long as I was in Germany—a manner of self-imposed penance for not having come before and a symbolical expression of solidarity with the starving and the homeless among my Leader's people.

I continued to distribute my leaflets. Save for two papers concealed, one in a packet of sugar and the other in a small tin of butter, I had now only loose messages left. Each time we stopped, I expected the police to come, the train to be searched, and me found out and arrested. I knew I was doing something risky and had not for one moment hoped to get away with it. When on the morning before I had seen the Baltic Sea gleam in the sunshine and watched the sea gulls come and go in the bright sky, I had felt convinced that these were my last hours of liberty. I was prepared for the worst. But nothing happened.

The young blond I have mentioned did not seem to be watching me or even to have noticed what I was doing. Yet I thought I had better try to find out who he was and what views he held . . . "in case." I went up to him, and we started talking. He was a Dane, he told me. I had met in Iceland, over a year before, a couple of Danes who were convinced Nazis. But I knew, of course, that a very great number were not. I put to this one the testing question which, generally, no European whose country was recently under National Socialist rule can answer without revealing his tendencies: "How did you fare with the Germans during the war? Badly?"

He smiled and replied: "Better than since they left." I thought for a minute that he had guessed his answer would please me. But no. That could not have been. It was not written on my face that I am a National Socialist. And also, I was then dressed in the Indian style, in a sari, as I always had been, for years, before I came to live in occupied Germany. And few people knew what a response Hitler's message had found in the hearts of some of the "southernmost Aryans." The young man was probably sincere. And I felt I could talk a little freely to him. I told him how the sight of the ruins shattered me to the depth and how I was in sympathy with Germany in her martyrdom.

"Yes," he said, "I see you throw cigarettes and food to these people."

"And better than that," I suddenly replied, as though something had prompted me to betray myself — or as though I were sure the young Northerner would not betray me.

"What do you mean by 'better than that'? What is better than food for the starving?" said he.

"Hope," I replied; "the certitude of a future. But don't ask me for further explanations."

"I shall not. I think I understand you now," he said. "And you have all my sympathy," he added in a voice that seemed sincere. "But may I ask you only one question: you are not yourself a German, are you?"

"I am not."

"Then what is your nationality?"

"Indo-European," I replied. And I felt my face brighten. In a flash, I imagined on the map of the world the immense stretch of land from Norway to India on which, from time immemorial, the different nations of my race created cultures. And as the young Dane seemed puzzled, I explained. "Yes," said I, "I have no other nationality. Half Greek and half English, brought up in France, and wedded to a Brahmin from far-away Bengal, what country can I claim as mine? None. But I can claim a race—a race that stands above conventional boundaries. Fifteen years ago, to someone who asked me whether I gave my allegiance to Greece or to India, I answered: 'To neither—or to both along with many other lands. I feel myself an Aryan, first and last. And I am proud to be one.' "

I did not add: "And I love this land, Germany, as the hallowed cradle of National Socialism; the country that staked its all so that

the whole of the Aryan race might stand together in its regained ancestral pride; Hitler's country." But the young man understood; "I know," he told me; "and I repeat: you have all my sympathy. I shall not betray you."

I was now sure he would not. He talked a little longer to me and then withdrew into his compartment. I soon was alone, awake in the sleeping train rushing on at full speed in the night through Germany. We halted at Bremen and at other stations. But, in order to avoid getting found out, I threw out my leaflets, as much as possible, at small stations through which we passed without stopping, whenever I saw people on the platforms. Every time the train stopped I thought I might have been detected; I expected to be asked to get down and follow some man in uniform to the nearest police station. But nothing happened. Of all those who had picked up my message dropped from the windows of the *Nord Express*, none had yet been willing to betray me.

The train halted at Duisburg, and although it must have been about 3:30 A.M. there were plenty of people on the platform. To throw out a handful of leaflets was out of the question. The train was stopping. I would have been seen and arrested at once, without any profit to anybody. But I had an idea: I stuffed the pockets of one of my coats with leaflets, folded the coat in four carefully, and, as soon as the train began to move once more, threw the bundle out of the window. Someone, I thought, would be glad to wear it the following winter. (It was a good coat, given to me in Iceland.) In the meantime, whoever picked it up would find in the pockets enough Nazi propaganda for himself and all his friends.

The train moved on . . . but stopped again. Had I been discovered this time? I experienced that same uneasy feeling of danger which I had known so often since my narrow escape at the frontier station. Then I noticed two men in railway uniform get into the train by one of the doors that opened into the corridor where I was standing. One of them was carrying my coat. The uneasy feeling left me all of a sudden, as by a miracle, and was replaced by absolute calm. I now was sure I was going to be caught. I watched the two men walk toward me as the train started once more.

They greeted me and asked me whether I spoke German. "A little," said I.

"You come from India?" the same man asked again, noticing the white cotton sari in which I was draped.

"Yes."

"And you threw that coat out of the window?"

"Yes. It is my coat. I hoped someone among the people would pick it up."

"But there are papers in the pockets of that coat—very dangerous papers. Did you know of them?"

"Yes," I said calmly, nearly casually — my fear had completely vanished—"I wrote them myself."

"So you know what you are doing, then?"

"Certainly."

"In that case, why do you do it?"

"Because, for the last twenty years, I have loved and admired Adolf Hitler and the German people."

I was happy—oh, so happy!—thus to express my faith in the superman whom the world has misunderstood and hated and rejected. I was not sorry to lose my freedom for the pleasure of bearing witness to his glory now, in 1948. "You can go and report me, if you like," I added almost triumphantly, looking straight into the faces of the two bewildered men.

But neither of them showed the slightest desire to report me. On the contrary, the one who had spoken to me now gazed at me for a second or two, visibly moved. He then held out his hand to me and said: "We thank you, in the name of all Germany." The other man shook hands with me too. I repeated to them the words I had written in my leaflets: "We shall rise and conquer once more!" And, lifting my right arm, I saluted them as one would have in the glorious years: "Heil Hitler!"

They dared not repeat the now-forbidden words. But they returned the gesture. The man holding my coat gave it back to me: "Throw it out in some small station in which the train does not stop," he whispered. "It is no use taking unnecessary risks." I followed his advice. The coat—and the papers it contained—must have been found at daybreak, lying on the lonely platform of some station of which I do not know the name, between Duisburg and Düsseldorf. The two men had long since got down from the train.

The name of Düsseldorf reminded me of the early days of the National Socialist struggle, of the days when the French occupied the Ruhr after the First World War. It also reminded me of one of the Leader's speeches there, on the 15th of June, 1926, and I recalled a sentence from that speech: "God, in His mercy, has made us a marvelous gift: the hatred of our enemies

whom we hate in return with all our hearts." Yes, I thought, whoever cannot thus hate is also incapable of loving ardently. I loved. And I also hated. And for the thousandth time I realized all that I had lost for never having seen the Leader with my own eyes. Oh, why had I come so late, to behold nothing but ruins? I did not know that in less than a year's time I should have the honor of being tried before a Control Commission Court in that same town — Düsseldorf — for having indulged in "Nazi propaganda."

In the meantime, the words of the unknown railway employee filled my consciousness: "We thank you, in the name of all Germany." Was it to hear these words addressed to me that I had come from so far? And was it to deserve the love of my Leader's faithful ones—now in the days of trial, when only the faithful ones remained—that I had come so late?

The train rolled on. I was still there in the corridor, standing in the same place. I was neither tired nor sleepy, although this was the third night I was spending awake. The thrill of danger and my devotion to our Leader sustained me. And the memory of those glorious, unexpected words addressed to me by one of the thousands who still love Him—and the first German in the country who had spoken to me —filled me with joy and pride. I would soon be out of Germany now. But I longed to come back —although I could not imagine how—to come back and begin again.

We reached Cologne — another ruined city. In the bright morning sunshine this time I saw once more those same endless rows of burnt and shattered houses, those deserted streets. The sight was perhaps even more heartrending than in the subdued light of evening. The wounds of the martyred town gaped in all their horror, calling for vengeance.

I saw people pass in the streets below the level of the railway—those same worn and dignified faces I had noticed all over Germany. When we came to a bridge built above a street, I threw out my last leaflets and my last parcel — some sugar (and, naturally, a leaflet) wrapped in green paper. The train halted on the bridge, and I watched people pick up my message. They had a look at the papers, saw the swastika at the top, and quickly put them in their pockets; such literature was not to be read in public. For a long time the green parcel lay in the middle of the street. Then a young man on a bicycle stopped and picked it up. He felt the parcel. Lumps of sugar—or perhaps sweets —something fit to eat, anyhow. He put it in the basket fixed to his bicycle and disappeared.

I imagined him reaching his home—some cellar or some narrow rooms in a half-destroyed house—and opening it; seeing the old, sacred Sign of the Sun, which is also the sign of National Socialism, at the top of the paper; reading the writing. He would show it to his friends. And when his friends would ask him where he had got it, he would say: "From nowhere. It dropped from heaven into the street. The gods sent it." Yes, the gods. And the words of hope would travel from one end of the country to the other.

The train moved backward. Had someone at last betrayed me, and was I going to be asked to get down? No. I was not to be arrested till several months later, in this very station of Cologne, but through my own abysmal stupidity, not through the betrayal of any German. The train was only changing lines. As we passed before a ruined house of which the ground floor alone was inhabited, I saw before the door a plate out of which a stray cat was eating something—some black bread soaked in water, probably; all that the poor people could spare for it. And I was deeply moved by that kind of attention to dumb animals on the part of starving people, in the midst of a town in ruins.

The train started to move again, slowly. For a while I went back to my carriage, where I found two of the Indian girls alone. The Jewesses were not there—thank goodness! I stood at the window, gazing at what was left of Cologne. Then, turning to the girl from the warrior caste—the one who had said, the evening before, that she would like to feel that Hitler were alive—I said to her, in Bengali: "Look! Look what they did to beautiful Germany—to my Leader's land!" And I burst into tears. Then I remembered the splendid, starry sky I had seen all night from the windows of the corridor. And I remembered the Dark Blue Goddess, the mother of destruction, whose presence I had felt that night. In far-away India, during the war, I had visited her temples and offered her wreaths of blood-red *jaba* flowers for Hitler's victory. The implacable Force had not answered my prayer. But I knew that the ways of the gods are inscrutable. I now turned my face to the sky, as though the Dark Blue One had been there, invisible but all-pervading—but irresistible— standing above the ruins: "*Kali Ma,*" I cried, again in Bengali, "*pratishod kara!*" — "Mother Kali, avenge!"

The Hindu girl saw how moved I was, and heard my appeal to heaven. She looked up to me from her corner and said: "Savitri, believe me, I understand you. The way these people treated Germany is disgraceful."

Aachen, another city in ruins. Our train stopped again. It must have been, by now, nine o'clock in the morning. A woman came to sweep the train, a woman with a kind, sympathetic face. Seeing me alone and willing to talk, she talked to me. She showed me the ruins one could see from the train and told me the whole country was in the same state. *"Alles kaputt,"* she said.

"Jawohl, alles kaputt," I repeated—all lies in the dust. "But that is not the end. The great days will come back, believe me," I said, with the accent of sincerity. I had no leaflets left to give her. But I knew their contents by heart. I told her what I had written: "We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day we shall rise and triumph again. Hope and wait."

She looked at me, bewildered, hardly daring to believe that she really heard my words. "Who are you?" she asked me.

"An Aryan from the other end of the world," I answered. "One day, the whole race will look up to the German people as I do today." And I added in a whisper, as she pressed my hands in hers: "Heil Hitler!"

She looked at me once more. Her tired face now shone. "Yes," she said, "he loved us — the poor, the working people, the real German nation. Nobody ever loved us as *he* did. Do you believe he is still alive?" she added.

I said: "He can never die." Some people were coming. We parted.

The two Jewesses were walking up the corridor with the stage manager. The female who had spoken like a devil from hell on the evening before did not address a word to me—the gods be praised! But the other one burst out at me in anger. She felt she could say what she pleased to the dresser.

"Where were you all night?" she asked me.

"Standing in the corridor."

"Why weren't you in your place in the compartment?"

"I wanted fresh air. And whose business is it, anyhow, whether I care to sit or stand?"

"Fresh air, my foot!" she exclaimed. "You were feeding your bloody Germans all night. Don't we know?"

"*Feeding* them, only," thought I. So they did not know the whole truth after all. "Can't I feed whom I please with my own money?" I replied. "Again, what business have you to pry into my affairs?"

But the stage manager stepped into the row. "The Germans!" said he. "You should go and live with them, if you find them so wonderful —live on boiled potatoes in some cellar, like they do, and see how you like it!"

My eyes flashed, and my heart beat in anticipation of the beautiful life that I so wanted to be mine. Without understanding what he had said, the Jew had expressed my most ardent, my dearest desire. "Gods in heaven," I thought with a longing smile, "help me to come back and live among my Leader's people." But the Jew was not shutting his mouth. My silence, and possibly the happy expression on my face, irritated him. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he continued. "You should think of the British soldiers who lost their lives in this country before you go giving butter and cigarettes to these people."

"Mr. Israel T.," I replied, stressing that word *Israel* that used to precede all Jews' names officially under the National Socialist regime — "Mr. Israel T., I happen to be half British. And my other half is at least European. You are neither British (save by a misuse of the word) nor European."

"A bloody Nazi, that's what *you* are!" the Jewess now shouted at me as loudly as she could, so that all the English-speaking people in the carriage could hear.

My face beamed. "The highest praise given me in public since I left India," I wanted to say. But I held my peace. We were still in Germany. There was no purpose in further irritating those angry dogs and calling for unnecessary trouble. I needed my freedom to come back—and begin again.

The row subsided, as rows always do. I was once more standing at the window alone, my head against the wind. My task was done—for the time being. I looked back to those fifteen intense hours across Germany. I thought of those famishing people, living among ruins. Five hundred of them had got my message. Any of these could easily have taken the paper to the police and said that it dropped from the *Nord Express*, and with the reward given him bought enough black-market food to stuff himself for a month. The *Nord Express* would have been stopped and searched, and I arrested. But no; of five hundred Germans taken at random along a route of four hundred miles or more.

not one had wished to betray the holy sign of the Swastika—not for money, not for food, not for milk for their children. I admired these people, even more than I had in 1940. My Leader's people, I thought. I'll come back to you somehow. I wish to share your martyrdom, and fight at your side in these dark days. And wait with you for the second dawn of National Socialism.

I crossed the Belgian frontier without difficulty. The train now carried me on toward Ostend, toward the sea.

Still standing in the corridor, I was singing an Indian hymn to Shiva, the Creator and Destroyer—the very hymn I had sung over a year before in Iceland, on the slopes of burning Hekla, when I had faced in the night the majesty of the volcano in full eruption. At regular intervals mighty subterranean roarings then answered my song. Now I felt as though the noise of the redeeming war—the voice of that irresistible coming Vengeance that I had invoked—were answering me. Out of further ruins—the ruins of the whole world this time—the people who had not betrayed me, Hitler's beloved people, would one day rise again, the Voice said.

On the evening of that day, June 16th, 1948, I was back in London. A few weeks later, the gods had granted me my wish. I was again in Germany, having entered the French Zone with over six thousand more leaflets—printed ones, and larger ones too—also written by me. My new life, or rather the period which stands as the culmination of my whole life, had begun.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GERMAN REVOLUTION, by H.Powys Greenwood. George Routledge & Sons. London, 1934.
Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

"After many years spent in the postwar Germany of the 'Weimar System,' of Marxists, Pacifists, and Jews, it was with trepidation that I approached the Third Reich shortly after the Revolution. Terror, I had read, stalked in the streets. Life and property, even of foreigners, were unsafe. The traffic police . . . were even rumoured to use firearms against refractory motorists." Thus begins Mr. Greenwood's book. He is describing his feelings upon his return to Germany in 1933, shortly after the momentous beginning of the Third Reich on January 30th of that year.

Well might he have had misgivings. The international press campaign of vilification of Germany was already in full swing. Jews and Gentile liberals outdid one another in concocting wildly sensational stories of atrocities, mass murder, brutality, and wholesale depravity on the part of the new German regime, and these stories were then printed as factual reports by a substantial portion of the world's press. A horrified public in New York, London, and Paris read daily of Stormtroopers kicking little old Jewish women in the face with hobnailed boots and bashing out the brains of infants by swinging them against light poles.

The "Marxists, Pacifists, and Jews" who had flourished so unwholesomely under the "Weimar System" and were now being firmly booted out of German public life by an awakening Germany were scurrying abroad and directing their venomous hatred on every aspect of the new Germany by wielding with vigor their customary weapon, the poison pen. Their vicious but cunningly conducted campaign of calumny would grow to far greater proportions in the years to come, but it had already so muddied the waters that even Greenwood, with his years of experience in Germany, admitted his doubts and fears as he returned to gather some firsthand information on the revolutionary new changes taking place in that country.

He goes on to say that he was pleasantly relieved to find that his immediate fears for his personal safety were groundless. Instead of shooting at him, the Berlin traffic policemen were as courteous and friendly as ever. Then in the next 318 pages he gives us a thoroughly detailed report of his observations of nearly every phase of private and public life in the Germany of 1933 and 1934, and he examines with considerable insight the mighty phenomenon, National Socialism, which was so profoundly influencing that life.

Other English writers have given honest, firsthand reports of various aspects of the German Revolution of 1933, but Greenwood's book stands head and shoulders above all the others with which this reviewer is familiar. Despite a few flaws in his analysis and his inability to overcome certain conspicuously British prejudices and to comprehend fully certain National Socialist ideas he has given us a book of great value for understanding what was probably the most vital historical episode of modern times. *The German Revolution* is an analytical report of exceptional depth which presents an unusually clear picture of a complex and cataclysmic event: the impact of a new and great ideology upon the world of man.

Greenwood bases much of the book on conversations he had with hundreds of different persons in Germany at that time—conversations both with Germans and with Jews, with National Socialists and with Bolsheviks, with top Party leaders and with the rank and file of the SA and the SS, with wealthy industrialists and with humble factory workers, with conservatives and with liberals, with city dwellers and with peasants, with German patriots and with traitors—men and women from all walks of life and with every shade of political opinion. Thus the reader is able to make intimate contact with the subject and still share the peculiar detachment which Greenwood, writing as an Englishman and a foreigner, displays.

Over and over is emphasized the idea of change, the dynamic nature of the process taking place in Germany:

> The interest of the whole German people is focussed on political, economic, and religious matters. There is, a publisher told me, practically no sale for books on other subjects. Every conversation, however started, gets round within a few minutes to the Revolution and its attendant problems. The whole country is vibrating with life, with vitality, with enthusiasm, with horror. Probably a traveller in Ger-

many at the time of the Reformation, a visitor to London in 1648 or to Paris in 1793, must have gained a similar impression, have felt that he was assisting at the travail of a nation. History is in the making and all Germany is intensely conscious of the process.

On the first two pages Greenwood reports on conversations with two German friends, neither of them a Jew or a Marxist, whom he describes as "really liberal-minded." The first friend was completely despondent and was considering emigrating because he felt that humanitarianism and liberalism had died in Germany and that the concept of the race had overshadowed that of the individual and his freedom of choice. Furthermore, the Nazis had even abandoned the "elementary axiom" that the first aim of government should be to raise the standard of living and were instead putting the government into the service of their racial ideas. He did not feel that he could face life in the Third Reich under such conditions. The second friend, after carefully locking the door, begged Greenwood to go back to England and preach a preventive war against Germany!

Not only these two cases, but many others throughout the book recall with a shock the depth of the gulf that yawns between liberalism, in its modern sense, and National Socialism—between all world views based on equalitarian humanitarianism and National Socialism, based on the idea of natural order and the importance of the race.

Greenwood makes various attempts to define National Socialism or to get at its essence, but he does not succeed very well in most cases. But he at least makes some good nibbles at the edges of the problem:

> Of all the ideologies which have been responsible for the great revolutions of the past, National Socialism is perhaps the most difficult to define in coherent and logical form. . . . It is instinctive rather than rational. And it is above all emotional. It is spiritual, mythic, religious, inspired with a fanaticism which challenges comparison with that of any [other] great movement in the history of mankind. It is universal, totalitarian. It means something not only in politics and economics but in art, ethics, law, metaphysics, science, family life, and religion.

He comes a bit closer when he discusses the racial aspects of the Revolution:

> The races of mankind may be mixed in origin, but, whatever a certain type of scientist would have us believe, the most powerful forces of instinct and tradition, not to mention everyday experience with the animal world, cry out against a philosophy which denies the value of heredity and race. When the Nazis speak of the nation as a great tree, deeply rooted in the soil, the sap running fresh to every growing branch and twig, they are expressing one of the most fundamental instincts of humanity.
>
> The Aryan racial doctrine, though it is perhaps the firmest dogma of National Socialism, is above all symbolic. Its "heroic ideal" is derived from Spartan and British as well as from Germanic inspiration. There is the impulse toward an intenser and freer physical life and the same glorification of physical hardness and bodily effort which have found expression in the English novel. There is a new understanding of the importance of games in training character . . . . This goes hand in hand with a great reaction against the over-glorification of the intellect, particularly when divorced from the "factors of blood and race," and with a new respect for the simple ideas, habits, and lore of the soil-conscious peasant. This new respect for the physical is of course behind the biological and eugenic theories which no other political movement has taken so seriously. To improve and develop the race is, according to Hitler, the ultimate aim of the Third Reich, an aim to which human happiness, the standard of living, the interests of the individual, must always be subordinated.
>
> This doctrine of individual sacrifice, of service, is the finest aspect of the new Germany, the essence of its Socialism.

He brings out most forcefully this idea of service when he relates his conversations on the subject with two Germans. A young Stormtrooper told him that National Socialists regarded "the peasant behind his plough or the workman at his bench, provided that each gives of his best, in the same light as the soldier who falls on the battlefield." An ex-officer, who was also a leading Protestant minister, told him that "the very essence of National Socialism was to bring the military ideal of heroism . . . into daily life. All those who serve, whether as workmen, peasants, mothers of families, soldiers, or leaders of the people, putting the common good before self," are doing their duty and are the true heroes of National Socialism.

Probably the book's greatest shortcoming is due to Greenwood's British provincialism, his insistence on looking at National Socialism as a strictly German (in the narrow sense of the word) phenomenon and on making repeated contrasts between Englishmen or the English nature on one hand and Germans or German characteristics on the other. He seems to find nothing contradictory in contrasting the "Anglo-Saxon" nature with the "Teutonic" nature in explaining why National Socialism rose in

Germany and not in England. He is far more impressed by the divergences among the Northern European peoples than he is by their essential racial unity. More than once the reader can sense Greenwood unconsciously making excuses for the Germans on the grounds that "after all, my dear fellow, they're really not quite British, you know!" And yet, in other places, he comes frustratingly close to grasping the correct idea.

An ambiguity of a similar kind appears when the inevitable Jewish question is discussed. He begins thus:

> I suppose that the intense anti-Semitism of National Socialism has done more than anything else to amaze and shock the civilised world, and to prevent an understanding of the real nature of the German Revolution. I myself have a profound distaste for racial persecution, and many Jewish friends . . . . I do not wish anything I may say to be understood as justifying the methods used in the anti-Semitic campaign.

And then he proceeds to explain so well *why* National Socialists in Germany were anti-Semitic that only an incurable liberal—or a Jew—could come to any other conclusion except that the anti-Semitic campaign in Germany *was* completely justified and was, if anything, too mild. He first points out that:

> . . . the Jewish view of culture really is different from the German; the one is intellectual, analytic, individualist; the other spiritual, mythical, religious. A German friend of mine, of Jewish origin, always maintains that this is one of the chief reasons for anti-Semitism.[1] Somehow the great difference in mentality has made it extraordinarily difficult for the Jews in Germany to become genuinely assimilated. The Jews brought an extraneous element into German culture against which the Germanic soul has always been in latent revolt.

Then he gets down to cases:

> . . . no unprejudiced observer can deny that after the War the Jews in Germany gained in wealth (relatively to the rest of the population) and influence generally. . . . Even before the War leading posts in finance, and to a lesser extent in commerce, were largely in Jewish hands; the best known newspapers such as the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, and above all the *Frankfurter Zeitung* were entirely Jewish, and Jews occupied many of the key positions in the professions. In art, literature, and the theater their influence was growing, and the same was true of the academic profession. . . .
>
> After the War it so happened that the fields where the Jews were most strongly entrenched became the principal avenues to power, influence, and wealth. . . .
>
> The Jews had a natural tendency to extend their influence wherever they obtained a foothold. . . .
>
> After the War, moreover, conditions in Germany were chaotic. Political instability, fluctuating exchanges, wild inflation, stern deflation, created a general muddle . . . . The steady, conservative business man failed, while the quick-witted speculator made a fortune. The qualities required were precisely those of the Jews so that their success was not surprising. . . . What wealthy "society" existed was largely Jewish. There were very few Germans who could afford to entertain on anything but an extremely modest scale. Jews filled the fashionable hotels and restaurants; they made up about 50 per cent of the membership of the only golf club in Berlin; and much the same was true of the leading tennis clubs and many other fashionable and expensive resorts. . . .
>
> There was . . . the undoubted ostentation, amounting to vulgarity, of certain sections of the successful Jewish population at a time when most of the people were impoverished. . . .
>
> It so happened that . . . Jews became involved in a number of the most unsavoury public scandals of the Republic.

Greenwood points out that many of the worst offenders were immigrant Jews from the east. Their behavior was so Jewish that even some of the "German" Jews were embarrassed. In particular, Walther Rathenau, the Jewish war profiteer who was later executed by German patriots, was moved to complain bitterly that these eastern Jews were endangering the position of the more-settled Jews. Greenwood continually makes apologies for these Jewish activities by saying that they involved only a section of the Jewish population. "But," he adds, the more nearly respectable Jews "were powerless to interfere. The tortuous-minded lawyer politicians, subversive intellectuals, and agile speculators who flourished in the soil of the Weimar Republic were quite beyond control."

When he gets around to politics, he points out that Jews were "particularly strongly entrenched in the parties of the Left." After the

[1] This basic idea has been discussed by many Jewish authors. See, for example, Maurice Samuel, *You Gentiles* (New York, 1924), which is almost entirely devoted to this topic. See also Harry Waton, *A Program for the Jews and an Answer to All Anti-Semites* (New York, 1939), pp. 199-200; and Marcus Eli Ravage, *The Century Magazine*, January, 1928, pp. 346-350.

Non-Jewish authors have also drawn the same conclusions. The most notable is probably Brooks Adams, who develops his ideas in *The Law of Civilization and Decay* (New York, 1896) without explicitly mentioning Jews. [Editor]

war, there were so many Jews in high government posts that the Jews became associated in the public mind with the abhorred "Weimar System":

> This association dates back to the earliest days of the November [1918] Revolution, which threw up a certain type of Jewish intellectual in considerable numbers. Rosa Luxemburg, the great extremist leader in Berlin, was a Jewess, and the ancestry of her colleague, Liebknecht, is doubtful. There were a number of Jews in the early Provisional Governments. But in Munich, which, be it remembered, was the home of National Socialism, the Jewish character of the revolution was even more marked. Kurt Eisner and some of his colleagues, and practically all the leaders of the short-lived Red Republic which succeeded him, such as Levine, Levien, Muehsam and Ernst Toller, belonged to that rootless intellectual Semitic flotsam which is to be found in the cities of Central Europe.[2]

Finally he describes the Jewish influence on German culture:

> The idea of a Jewish connection with the politics of the Left, and with the omnibus conception of Marxism in particular, was to some extent substantiated by the activities of the Jews in the world of art, literature, and the Press. They were behind most of the clever-clever art and jazz culture that went by the name of "Kulturbolshevismus." . . . Almost all the leading Republican newspapers were Jewish-owned. The Jewish spirit became associated with modernism, with the return to liberalism, not to say anarchy of thought, which characterised . . . much of postwar Germany, with the decline of religion, with the loosening of moral bonds, indeed with the whole reaction against the past.

The loosening of moral bonds went to extreme lengths before it was finally checked by National Socialism in 1933. Sexual immorality reached new depths while venereal disease and illegitimacy climbed to dangerous heights. Berlin replaced Paris as the sin capital of Europe.[3] "Homosexualism was made into a show at resorts famous throughout Europe . . . and pornography was displayed in thousands of copies in the windows even of respectable booksellers."

Not only did the Jews promote every sort of vice, perversion, and decadence, but they whittled away industriously at the foundations of everything the Germans held sacred. "They ridiculed bourgeois morality, bourgeois prejudices, bourgeois culture. . . . Parodies on patriotic and religious songs were freely published in the Press." As an example, Greenwood presents a disgusting parody of the beloved German song, *Der gute Kamerad*, which was published in a Jewish newspaper on a Day of Remembrance for War Dead.

"A Social Democratic Young Men's association staged in 1932 a public play in which God was represented as a naked Chinese coolie, and Evangelical and Roman Catholic clergymen were shown attempting to commit acts of indecency on school-children." He gives other examples of this same general process: the replacement of German music by Negro jazz and atonal "music"; the drowning of traditional German morality under a flood of public corruption, sex-reformers, cheap abortions, and pornography; the crowding out of German artists by dadaists and modernistic daubers; the decline of family life; and the overall promotion of Jewish materialism at the expense of the German spiritual heritage.

Throughout this section of the book the reader is forcibly struck by the amazingly close parallel between what was happening in Germany just before 1933 and what is happening in England and America today.

In pointing out that the National Socialist opposition to Marxism was far more than the greedy response of bourgeois reactionaries whose property rights were threatened (as liberals are fond of pretending), he says:

> The new movement goes much deeper. It is rooted in the instinctive dislike of the rationalism upon which Marx based his creed, a dislike which shows in all German thought. It is rooted in all the great

[2]The activities of the Red terrorists in their attempt to bolshevize Germany are dealt with far too briefly by Greenwood. He fails to point out, for instance, that Rosa Luxemburg's group alone butchered 1200 hostages at Lichtenberg, a Berlin suburb, in March, 1919. And in Bavaria the Reds committed thousands of atrocities before they were squelched. The Jews were so confident of their success that they made no attempt to hide the Jewish nature of the Red terror. [Editor]

[3]Greenwood's report in this respect is completely confirmed by other observers in Germany at about that time. Wyndham Lewis, another British writer, for example, in his book, *Hitler* (London, 1932), relates in detail the widescale commercial exploitation of homosexuality by Berlin nightclubs as an attraction for curiosity seekers. Lewis also describes the same general atmosphere of material and spiritual corruption, the prevalence of Negro jazz bands, the reign of sexual license, and so on, all of which was eagerly exploited by Jewish entrepreneurs.

traditional and moral forces of family life and religion. And it is rooted in the great reaction against the economic and political thought of the nineteenth century which seems to be one of the major forces in the world today. That is what the new Germany means when it classes Liberalism and Marxism together and rejects them both. It fundamentally distrusts thought based on the standard of living. It would rather see healthy peasants and sun-bronzed boys in labour camps than cinema-going factory workers in Ford cars.

Particularly interesting is Greenwood's description of various Party personnel, organizations, and activities, based to a large extent on his personal experiences. He spends only a few pages, however, sketching the early history of the NSDAP and of the man who forged it into the instrument of the Revolution. He very briefly and inadequately discusses Adolf Hitler thus:

What manner of man is this great popular leader, for that he is in any case? From *My Struggle* we can only learn that he is inspired with a burning idealism and a profound conviction of his mission to save Germany and the German race. This, indeed, is beyond all question, for not even his most bitter opponents have ever dared to assert that he is pursuing private ends. Hitler lives a life of extreme abstinence. He is a vegetarian and neither drinks nor smokes. His relations with women are purely platonic, and it is said that he will not marry lest domestic life should distract him from his great purpose. The Leader of Germany is an utterly sincere ascetic and visionary. Is he also a practical man? . . .

A common criticism advanced against him is that his brain is exhausted and infertile, that he goes on saying the same thing. This last is certainly true. He has explained over and over again his vision of a new world and is now setting to work to build it. He is, I think, like most men who have made history, at bottom a simple-minded man with a few leading ideas which he is determined to put into practice. Clever people who point out this or that drawback make little or no impression upon him. He really does think historically, in decades and centuries.

More informative is his story of Party activities in Berlin. He begins with the arrival in November, 1926, of Joseph Paul Goebbels, who had been assigned by Adolf Hitler the job of conquering "perhaps, the most materialist, unemotional, cynical city in the world, a stronghold of Socialism and Communism to boot, for a movement whose essential appeal was emotional, anti-materialist, and anti-Marxist."

I heard the story of Goebbels' arrival from a Nazi friend who, though young in years, was of the old guard. At that time the total party membership in Berlin amounted to five hundred people, who agreed upon practically nothing and wasted all their time on futilities. Goebbels laid down the party principles as admitting of no argument, explained that the movement was revolutionary, that its basis was personal sacrifice for the attainment of the goal, and called on any malcontents to resign. Two hundred did so. It is significant of the mentality of the remainder that, although mostly poor men, they each agreed to contribute a minimum of a tenth of their respective incomes annually to the depleted party funds.

Goebbels was a fanatical revolutionary, an orator second only to Hitler, a splendid advertiser, and possessed of that rare quality in a Nazi, a cynical sense of humor. He saw at once that Berlin could only be conquered by stressing the socialist and revolutionary side of the movement and winning the masses from their Red allegiance. This, incidentally, would provide sufficient advertisement to attract the dispossessed middle classes as well. And to win the masses, the streets had to be conquered."The street," he writes in his book, *The Fight for Berlin,* "is for good or evil the main characteristic of modern politics. He who can conquer the street can also conquer the masses, and he who conquers the masses conquers the State." This was, of course, Hitler's thesis, and Goebbels set about putting it into practice against the active resistance of the Communists and the steady pressure of the Social Democrats, aided by the police they controlled. No wonder he said the movement stood or fell with the Storm Troops!

Hitler's selection of Goebbels for Berlin is a tribute to his remarkable instinct for putting the right man in the right place. At this time everything depended upon personality and little or nothing upon programmes. The organisation had to be perfected and its members trained, so that when the time for action came everything should be ready. It was even useless to attract votes; the need was for men prepared to obey orders without question and work hard for the cause. . . .

My own introduction to the astounding machine created during these years of struggle and adversity took place through the friend who described Goebbels' arrival in Berlin. This man, not yet thirty, may serve as an example of a novel but excellent type produced by the party. He was a district leader, a deputy in the Reichstag, head of the Nazi cell in the great firm in which he worked, and withal a most efficient commercial traveller earning, say, 5 pounds a week. His enthusiasm was amazing, his energy unflagging, and his integrity beyond question. For years his wife can scarcely have seen him, for practically all his spare time was taken up by agitation and organisation.

The district in Berlin of which my friend was the chief may be regarded as typical. The 20,000 odd party members were divided into about fifteen "local groups," each local group into between ten and fifteen "cells" and each cell into a varying number of "blocks." The block as the smallest unit comprised between ten and twenty members. Each block, cell,

and local group had a leader with absolute authority. The leader consulted with his subordinates but was solely responsible for any decisions made. The rank and file of the party were expected to do a certain amount of work each week, block leaders being responsible for seeing that they did it, that they turned up at party functions, and generally took part in what was going on. . . .

The Storm Troops, consisting of the brown-shirted SA . . . and the black-shirted SS . . ., a specially chosen elite, really deserve a chapter to themselves. They were the revolutionary army. They conquered the streets and showed the party flag at considerable cost in life. They formed a great reservoir for the unemployed youth of the country in which it was trained in Nazi principles in discipline and in the fighting spirit. . . .

I have spent a good deal of time with the Storm Troops one way and another. With the rank and file, as distinct from the leadership, I was on the whole favourably impressed. Indeed, I learnt much more from them than from eminent persons in the Wilhelmstrasse. Here was the "Young Germany" which made the German Revolution . . . . Its spirit is not easy to define. . . . There was the sense of comradeship, discipline, and service . . . . There was something of the free-booting, soldier-of-fortune attitude . . . . There was the reaction against post-war license . . . . And there was a fanatical adoration of the Leader and a determination to build a new Germany . . .

The common allegation that many "toughs" were in the Storm Troops for what they could get, may be true to some extent. But they could not get much. It should not be forgotten that neither SA nor SS received regular pay. They had to buy their own uniforms and pay half the normal party subscription. Those who were unemployed were assisted as far as funds would permit, and there were often "perks" in the form of free or very cheap meals. But in return for these scanty advantages there was a great deal of hard work to be done and risk to be undertaken. The Stormtroopers were revolutionaries, often indeed too much so for the taste of the leaders; they were ruthless and fanatical; it was and still is a problem to know how to control and what to do with them, but they do not deserve to be described — as they often are — as mere "hired bravos." . . .

In any case the fighting spirit of the Nazi Party has from the first been strong enough to command considerable sacrifices from its members. From Storm Troops to local cells and blocks, it was essentially a fighting organisation. By the courtesy of my Nazi friends, and particularly the district leader mentioned, I have seen a good deal of its inner workings. It may be mentioned in passing that no interested foreigners will find any difficulty in doing so. An expression of sympathy with the movement is an open sesame to most Party functions. The Nazis love to show off their machine and to propagand any stranger. Thus I was able to visit many private and public Party meetings, to take actual part in processions, and to see the various local headquarters at work. The fanatical enthusiasm, the spirit of sacrifice, the sense of working for a great cause cannot but impress any impartial observer. Impressive is also the discipline, combined with genuine democracy in the sense that within the party there are absolutely no class distinctions whatever. The party hierarchy is the only thing that counts; colonels, senior civil servants, employers, factory managers, may as likely as not find themselves under the orders of a workman or a clerk. . . .

The publicity and propaganda work might well put the greatest American experts to shame. I must confess that it was not until the electoral campaign of 1930 that I attended a Nazi mass meeting. Hitler spoke in the Sportpalast in Berlin to about 7,000 people. There were bands, flags, a march of the Storm Troops, community singing of patriotic songs as well as hymns of hate against Communists and Jews, and a tense, almost religious hush as the Leader entered in procession. The excitement at the end was beyond belief. From that moment I was convinced of the ultimate victory of the Party. . . .

Greenwood describes not only what went on inside the Movement, but also the political and social environment in which it operated. His discussion of the National Socialist Movement's rise to power—of its taking over the functions of government from the Republicans—strikingly illustrates the inability of the Establishment to come to grips with the *real* political problems of the day. Not only the Social Democrats, but every other non-revolutionary faction—including the Nationalists and other conservatives—failed to understand, or refused to admit, the drastic and fundamental changes needed to cure drastic and fundamental ills. German conservatives then suffered from the same congenital and incurable shortsightedness that non-German conservatives suffer from today. They never stopped thinking that there must be some "easy" solution—some solution requiring a minimum of self-sacrifice, a minimum of upset to the established order of things, in which they held a stake. Delaying actions, compromises, and evasions were their only stock in trade, then as now. Greenwood epitomizes this attitude with the observation that ". . . everybody with power or place to lose felt instinctively that to give Hitler the powers he claimed meant revolution, and made feverish efforts to avoid it. The history of the crisis consists of vain attempts to solve the German problem without descending into the pit of revolution; to rally the nation without the complete metamorphosis which it demanded."

In dealing with the inevitable violence that accompanied the National Socialist Revolution, Greenwood takes pains to remind the reader

of the gross and blatant misrepresentations of this subject in the world press:

> It is difficult to say how many lives were lost; probably a few hundred, at most a thousand. It is still more difficult to estimate the numbers of those who were "beaten up" or otherwise ill-treated, but they must have run into tens of thousands. Many reported cases were undoubtedly exaggerated in the foreign Press; some were demonstrably untrue. . . .
>
> The Nazis were probably justified in claiming that history shows no [other] example of so fundamental an upheaval as the German Revolution with so little loss of life. . . .
>
> Whatever justification those who practise what they preach in the matter of humanitarian principles may have to condemn the German Revolution as an outrage on humanity, there is one section of political opinion which should hold its peace. The friends of Soviet Russia, the advocates of the proletarian revolution, implicitly condone a process which has admittedly cost some two million lives, not to mention the physical and mental torture inflicted on millions more.[4] Yet no section of opinion has been more vocal in its condemnation of Nazi terrorism. Recently some Socialist friends of mine protested at my preferring the German Revolution on humanitarian grounds. They admitted the colossal loss of life in Russia, but urged that that was all "clean shooting"; people were not beaten up by bullies in Brown Houses and concentration camps. Was the Red Terror confined to "clean shooting"? Is it today confined to it? I think that any Russian exile or indeed any observer of the Soviets could enlighten my friends on the subject. And in any case most people would probably prefer being beaten to being shot, however clean the bullets. The bullying aspect of some Nazi terrorism had its advantages.

Greenwood points out that considerable efforts on the part of the Party leadership were expended in order to restrain the rank and file from wreaking a just and well-deserved revenge on the Jews and Marxists after the Party came to power:

> One evening some Stormtrooper acquaintances of mine were moved by conviviality to speak out more openly than usual. They assured me that, had they been given a little rope, not a Marxist nor a Jew nor any other traitor would have remained alive in the city. But every day they received urgent orders to hold their hands, particularly as regards the Jews. They were maddened by the restraint. If here and there they had "beaten up" some "subhuman enemy of society," should he not consider himself lucky to escape the execution he deserved?
>
> Such was the temper of men who, in this case at any rate, were excellent types of enthusiastic youth filled with a genuine longing to build a better world.

In retrospect, we can only regret that the Stormtroops were not given their head. All their restraint had no moderating effect on the Jews, who continued to step up their virulent anti-Nazi propaganda campaign from abroad. Greenwood quotes a statement by H. G. Wells, who said that the prevailing impression that the terror was directed primarily against the Jews was due to the "incessant propaganda of the world's most charming [!] but incurably nationalistic race." There was, of course, a thorough cleansing of the cultural, commercial, and educational life of the country by a general purging of the well-entrenched Jews from all positions of public influence. But the great majority of them, contrary to the interests of justice, were neither shot nor thrown into concentration camps, but were allowed either to leave the country or to remain in peace, provided they did not again attempt to interfere in public life.

By far the most important chapter of the book is entitled "Social Synthesis." Here, more than in any other place, Greenwood gives us a picture which begins to show the real meaning of National Socialism — a picture of National Socialism in action. Here he concentrates on the application of National Socialist principles to the life of the nation and of the people, as opposed to the previous struggle of National Socialism against the Jewish and Marxist enemies of the people during its rise to power:

> It is hoped that the new Germany will evolve "organically," to use a word beloved by the Nazis, out of the struggle of a revolutionary movement to permeate and convert a whole people. That struggle is the essence of the whole situation. The Nazis have no cut-and-dried logical programme such as that of Marxian Socialism. Yet they have a vision of a completely reconstructed and revitalised national life, political, social, economic, intellectual, and even in a sense spiritual and moral. National Socialism is an all-embracing *Weltanschauung*, a philosophy, an attitude to life. . . .
>
> In National Socialism the mystical mind of Hitler conceived a synthesis which is moreover an attempt to reconcile the future with the past, to preserve what is valuable in ancient traditions while creating the new world of the future. . . .
>
> One of the most striking features of National So-

[4]Greenwood shows a remarkable naivete here (and in other places) when dealing with the Soviet terror. The number of victims "liquidated" by order of Jewish commissars in Russia was approximately *thirty* million by 1934, not two million. [Editor]

cialism is its whole-hearted refusal to segregate problems into watertight compartments—political, economic, social, moral, religious, and so on. . . . There can be no understanding of the German Revolution unless it is realised that its manifold problems are intimately connected. The Nazis are aiming at a complete regeneration and reconstruction of the social life of the nation on the basis of new ideals, of a new view of existence. Upon their success in this field, success in others, such as that of economics, will largely depend. . . .

Of particular interest is Greenwood's distinction between the Marxist and the National Socialist attitudes toward social and economic classes. He correctly points out that the one is essentially divisive, with the aim of promoting the interests of the proletariat at the expense of all other classes, while the other is essentially consolidative or synthetic, with the aim of promoting the interests of the race rather than those of any particular class:

Communism is a movement of the class-conscious industrial proletariat of the towns, and it is one of the great ironies of history that it should have been tried first in a country where that section of the population was less numerous and less efficient than in any [other] civilised part of the globe. It aims at cohesion and unity by turning everybody, even the peasantry, as far as possible into "proletarians." It knows no compromise; proletarian ideas and ideals, the proletarian view of existence, must triumph universally, and those who refuse to conform be "liquidated." Once a dead level of uniformity has been obtained, the problems arising out of class animosity will obviously no longer exist.

National Socialism, on the other hand, originated among the peasantry and the middle classes, which have a deep-rooted horror of becoming proletarian, of sinking back into the uniform mass out of which they or their ancestors have raised themselves by their individual exertions. . . . But the proletariat is there; it cannot be done away with. And it is conscious of itself, unwilling to remain in a permanent state of inferiority. Any attempt to create a new social structure must take account of it. How can a bridge be built between middle and working class? How indeed can all classes be brought together in a great social synthesis? Only by getting rid of class feeling itself, of the superiority as well as the inferiority complex, by making workers, craftsmen, peasants, shopkeepers, technicians, professional men, landowners, equally contented with and proud of their place in the scheme of things. Only by returning to the precept of the catechism that each should do his duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him. Every section of society which fulfills a useful function should be preserved, and its pride, self-respect, and individuality encouraged. Something of that calmer spirit which we believe to have characterised the social life of earlier ages should be recaptured.

In a sense it is the ideal of the Middle Ages to which in some respects National Socialism returns, notably in its conception of an "organic" society divided into *Stände* or estates of the realm. But there is one fundamental difference. In the past such estates were regarded as being wholly unequal, with workers and peasants as unquestioned inferiors. National Socialism stresses their essential equality. It demands the greatest possible measure of equality of opportunity for all. It is making unprecedented effort towards social reconciliation, to bring the classes together, always on a footing of equality. That is the meaning of the constantly reiterated slogan, "Estates but no classes." The goal is the classless State, but with a certain measure of private property and inequality of income, and without the "liquidation" of the bourgeoisie.

In the Storm Troops, in the Party organisation, in the labour camps, a new social life is developing in which distinctions of class and, perhaps above all, of income play remarkably little part. That is to some extent what is meant by the much advertised reaction against materialism. A great attempt is being made to put an end to the grading of human beings according to their worldly goods, that most distressing phenomenon of modern capitalism. ...

In the Nazi view remuneration should be partly proportionate to achievement and partly to social need. . . .

. . . it is the aim of National Socialism to give to each individual activity the character of service to the State, or rather to the race. That is to be the source of a new pride in labour. Racial nationalism is the cement of the social structure in the Third Reich, the ideal driving-force behind all effort. ... If it is possible to inspire all classes of men and women, from the great employer and landowner down to the humblest clerk or labourer or household drudge, men working with their brains or with their hands, women struggling to bring up families on restricted means, all with the sense of working for a great cause, that may well go a long way towards solving the social problem.

After presenting the theory, Greenwood proceeds to describe these ideas in practice. As an illustration he chooses "one of the most typical institutions of the Third Reich — compulsory labour service":

Why, asked Hitler in his speech on May Day, 1933, did the Marxists protest so loudly against the scheme? Because they knew that it was not an attack on Labour or the worker, but only against the apalling prejudice that there could be something disgraceful about manual labour . . . . "We want," he went on, "to teach this German people by means of compulsory labour service that manual labour neither disgraces nor dishonours, but like every other human activity honours him who does it truly and honestly. And it is therefore our unalterable decision that every individual German, whoever he

may be, whether he be rich and of high estate or poor, whether the son of a professor or of a factory labourer, shall once in his life do manual labour in order that he may know what it is, in order that he may be better able to command because he has already learnt how to obey."

Greenwood goes on to describe the Labor Service in detail — its organization, the attitudes of its members, their daily activities, and so on. He points out that the primary purpose of the Labor Service was neither the accomplishment of public works nor the providing of artificial employment for the unemployed, although both these were important by-products:

The Nazis look above all to the psychological and educative effects of the scheme on the youth of the country. Above all, the Service is intended to be a period of discipline, of physical training, and of instruction in the duties of citizens in the Third Reich. . . . Trained exponents of Nazi principles, ethics, and general ideals tour the camps and give lectures. The idea of the "dignity of labour" is particularly stressed. In two camps visited the password for the day was "work honours the good workman." . . .

What struck me most forcibly at all the camps was the cheerfulness, enthusiasm, and physical fitness of the men. They may not have been as efficient as skilled labourers, but they certainly appeared keener on their job. They went about their work with much of the eagerness which so impresses observers of the Stormtroopers. The leaders are certainly a fine body of men. For the most part they are young Nazis who have been through the camps as ordinary labourers and then undergone an intensive course of instruction in the School of Labour Service Leadership. They look to the Service as a permanent profession, though an ill-paid one. The general tone seemed to be much the same as that in the Storm Troops—discipline combined with democracy.

The same ideals that governed the Labor Service were applied to employment elsewhere:

. . . One of the main reasons for the Nazi objection to modern anonymous forms of capitalism is that they reduce personal contact between employer and worker. The old type of employer who lived and worked among his men and took a personal interest in them is their ideal. But as this is difficult to achieve under modern conditions, employers and employed must be brought together by other methods.

The importance of the Storm Troops in this connection deserves emphasis. . . . Nothing is better calculated to inculcate the new spirit than for the middle and upper classes to come under the orders of their social "inferiors." Moreover, the whole spirit of the Storm Troop rank and file is infectious and, I must frankly confess, to me very attractive. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm with which an eminent official of the Government Statistical Office spoke of his work in the Storm Troop Reserve and of the genuine inter-class comradeship which prevailed. His troop contained for the most part working- and lower-middle-class men, but there were a number of others, including a retired General aged 70, all under the orders of the Troop Leader, a working man. He described how in order to attend a lecture on an erudite statistical subject, which happened to be on his Troop Evening, he had to obtain leave from his Troop Leader. He also gave a delightful description of the *Sturm* sports and of the pride with which the elderly General achieved a time of 26 seconds in the hundred-metre race.

Lest the reader begin to suspect from some of the foregoing excerpts that the National Socialist ideas, as interpreted by Greenwood, were equalitarian in the Marxist or liberal sense, we hasten to point out that this most definitely was not the case. The National Socialist goal was, and remains, the eradication of *artificial* inequalities — of class inequalities based on standards of living in a capitalistic society— for the very purpose of protecting *genuine,* i.e., racial inequalities. The consolidation of society by the removal of class prejudices and strife, which had been fostered by the Marxists, was for the purpose of strengthening the nation so that it could more effectively carry out its ordained role: the higher breeding of the race.

. . . The new rulers of Germany take eugenics seriously. Indeed, the improvement of the race through the encouragement of breeding from its best stocks is according to Hitler one of the primary aims of the Racial State. The whole people is being taught to think eugenically. The young Nazis are encouraged to choose their wives rather because they come of good, healthy stock than because of personal or financial considerations. In the SS, for example, permission to marry is only granted after exhaustive inquiries into the health and ancestry of the intended bride. The SS are the nobility of the Third Reich and must not make a *mesalliance.* Their brides must come of sound stock as well as being Aryan. The children of the marriage should be the primary consideration.

Furthermore, the various welfare and relief measures, far from being intended to assure the drones of society a continued existence, had as their justification the same racial goals:

In a speech to the newly constituted Expert Council for Questions of Population and Race, the Minister of the Interior outlined a whole series of meas-

ures which the Nazis intended to take with the object of improving the quality of the race. These included compulsory sterilization of the unfit . . . and a scheme for grading the whole population of the country according to its hereditary racial value. *The Minister declared that the humanitarian principle of concentrating public assistance on the unfit and weaker elements was utterly wrong.* . . . He demanded a complete revolution of thought in this respect. *It was upon the healthy and not the unhealthy elements that public effort should be concentrated.* [Editor's italics]

Thus, welfare assistance in the National Socialist state should have exactly the opposite effect on racial quality as it does in the liberal-democratic states.

The reversal of the modern trend toward increasingly urbanized life, with its consequent drain on both the quantity and the quality of the rural population, was one of the National Socialist objectives behind the new land laws of the Third Reich:

. . . The Nazis have drawn considerable inspiration from country life and much of their social ideology centres round the land and its inhabitants. The social aspects of Dr. Darre's novel scheme of agricultural reform are significant of the new spirit. This measure, entitled the "Reich Hereditary Farmsteads Law," places the great bulk of Germany's agricultural land under permanent entail. It may not be sold, mortgaged, or distrained upon, except with the permission of special "inheritance courts." It will no longer be reckoned as a commodity but as property with "spiritual significance." All holdings large enough to support a family and not of more than 309 acres will be subject to the law. They must pass undivided to the heir under the right of primogeniture.

This same policy, in addition to eliminating land speculation, aimed at improving the social status of the small farmers:

This is expressed by making the designation peasant, or *Bauer*, an honorary title. In future only the owner of a hereditary farmstead will have the right to call himself *Bauer* . . .

Greenwood adds that the owners of estates exceeding the dimensions specified by law may, under certain circumstances, be granted the status of *Bauer* by the Minister of Agriculture, which fact has certain humorous implications:

This conjures up a vision of proud barons and princes suing for the title of "peasant," which carries economic as well as social privileges. It has already been granted to certain leading families including, I understand, one of the Bismarck lines.

He concludes his chapter on "Social Synthesis" with a discussion of the National Socialist attitudes toward women, the family, and sexual morality:

In no sphere of social life are the new racial ideals exerting greater influence than in all that concerns the family, the position of women, and the upbringing of the young. The family is the basic unit of the Racial State. The Communist tendency towards free sexual relations and institutional upbringing, whose apotheosis was so brilliantly described by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*, is wholeheartedly rejected. "Back to the Home" is the slogan for women.

The Nazi campaign disclosed that most women would rather have husbands and children than freedom and equal rights. There was no question of forcing the women back to the homes; they were only too ready to go. The new ideals had no stauncher or more fanatical supporters than the women of Germany. . . .

If the women's organisations in the party are teaching German girls that wifehood and motherhood are woman's truest and noblest profession, in the Storm Troops and labour camps the young men are being trained to a new respect for womanhood and for the family. Having had some experience of the young German in the postwar era, I was interested, not to say impressed, to receive one evening a long lecture about sex morality and the ideals of family life from a Storm Trooper aged about 19. There was to be an end to the rather nauseating promiscuity I described in an earlier chapter, which my friend attributed to the evil influence of the Jews, indeed to their express desire to demoralise Aryans. The new Germany was to be clean; prostitution was to be done away with; and all good Nazis would marry and produce plenty of healthy Aryan children. . . . But since they were, after all, healthy young human beings, the trial or "companionate" marriage which has been the rule in Germany for years would, of course, continue, and those couples who got on well would get married.

Another young Nazi in the SS spent some time explaining to me how the new Germany rejected the old bourgeois view of morality as well as the Marxist doctrine of unrestrained enjoyment. It would evolve a new but by no means prudish view of sex relations based essentially upon the family. . . .

Shortly afterwards I had a talk with the leader of one of the Nazi women's organisations. She was rather more cautious than my Storm Trooper friend and I could not get her to commit herself on the subject of trial marriage. But she was by no means conventional. . . . The purpose of women's education should, and would, be to fit them for the home [she said]. Domestic service was the best training. The Nazis were doing everything to encourage young girls to take it up and induce housewives to engage them. She was convinced that the new generation of women would show a new attitude to life. There would be far less pleasure-seeking, less indulgence. Very few of the next generation of girls would smoke. . . . Nor do German girls look to Hollywood

for their models. My acquaintance was bitter about the evil influence of American films. . . .

It all sounds rather like a return to "Kinder, Küche, und Kirche." But that is not quite the whole story. Nobody could be more enthusiastic than the Nazis about women's games and sports. They are not opposed to women's education. . . . In their *Frauenschaften* and Association of German Girls, women are evolving an independent social existence which caused one English observer to maintain that Hitler had brought them a stage nearer to emancipation. If the new movement is a return to an ideal of the past, it is perhaps to that of the legendary ancient Germans, whose vigorous women, accompanying their men on the march and in the camps, so impressed Tacitus.[5]

The Nazi attitude towards women in business and the professions is governed by two principles. In the first place, women should not compete with men. In the second place, married women whose husbands can support them should stay at home. The Association of Nazi Woman Students laid their principles down as follows: "We reject 'equal rights' for women on the model of 1919. Woman has today the greatest interest in putting an end to the tragic struggle between man and woman, since racial life is based on the mutual popularity of the sexes. We want a percentage share for women in the professions, including the academic profession. But the married woman has no place in the professions or in business. Woman should be the best and truest comrade and co-worker of man." . . .

. . . The Nazi theory is that women should be proud of their sex and of the responsibilities which it entails, just as men should be proud of their professions. The home is woman's primary profession; outside it she should engage in those occupations for which she is specially fitted and to which she can bring particular experience and capabilities. Here again the Liberal dogma of "equality without distinction of race, religion, sex," and so on, is for the Nazi utterly meaningless. . . .

In short, there can be no doubt that the Nazis take their racial and moral theories seriously enough to make them the foundation of their social policy. Here as elsewhere, however, they rely to a large extent on a vast campaign of education and moral, not to say physical, pressure. The neo-Puritanism of the Party often takes extreme forms. . . . Nevertheless, it is difficult for the unprejudiced observer of postwar Germany to deny that a clean-up was needed. If the Nazis have done it pretty thoroughly; if the once-famous night-life of Berlin is today little brighter than that of Birmingham; if overpainted women eternally smoking cigarettes are frowned on . . . . ; if male prostitutes have been beaten and *souteneurs* imprisoned without trial, it is well to remember that the reaction was not carried out by middle-aged Grundys but by the disgusted youth of the country.

[5]Cornelius Tacitus, *Germania* (ca. A.D. 100). Tacitus, in describing the German fighting habits, says: "And what most stimulates their courage is that their squadrons or battalions, instead of being formed by chance or by a fortuitous gathering, are composed of families and clans. Close by them, too, are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. *They* are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery; *they* are his most generous applauders. The soldier brings his wounds to mother and wife, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them, and who administer both food and encouragement to the combatants. . . ." [Editor]

In other parts of the book, Greenwood deals with the National Socialist program for the economic reconstruction of Germany, with the interaction between the Christian churches and the National Socialist Movement, with the internal political reorganization of Germany, with the influence of National Socialism on art and philosophy, with German foreign policy in the Third Reich, with the SA purge of June 30, 1934, and with many other topics.

For the most part, his treatment is excellent, showing a grasp of the essential National Socialist ideas as well as detailed examples of these ideas at work. He continually reminds the reader, even in the midst of the complexities of economic or foreign policy, of the fundamental principles underlying these policies. In the chapter entitled "Economic Reconstruction," for example, he says:

. . . The material well-being of the people, the raising of the standard of living, is not the principal aim of the Racial State. The social and moral well-being, and above all the assuring of the future of the race by counteracting tendencies towards decadence, is even more important. And if the development of industrial civilisation conflicts with this aim, so much the worse for industrial civilisation. Whether it is uneconomic or not, valuable sections of the community, such as, for example, peasantry or small shopkeepers, must be protected.

Nearly all the excerpts so far quoted from the book have shown a generally favorable attitude on Greenwood's part toward National Socialism. It would be misleading, however, not to point out that he also expressed many criticisms of the German Revolution, some of which are valid. Many of these complaints are about various of the less-idealistic National Socialist leaders. He quotes an alleged telegram sent to Adolf Hitler by Mussolini: "Do not forget that a revolutionary leader must find a place for all his followers. And do not forget that the place for some of these will be in jail." He then points out that:

All revolutionary movements attract unsavoury elements as well as genuine idealists—business or professional failures, hysterical orators, opportunist careerists, soldier-adventurers, and sadists.

Another great weakness of the Nazi Party is that its membership is so largely derived from the lower-middle class, from the Babbitts of Germany. The lower-middle class in every country is probably the most prejudiced and the least susceptible to intelligent political education. . . . The closing of the Party ranks in May, 1933, was inevitable; otherwise they would have been submerged in the rush of careerists. But the Party sadly needs ability. On the other hand, if the mass character, the inherent dynamism of the Nazi movement is to be preserved, it is essential to avoid the wholesale replacement of old stalwarts beloved of the rank and file by able but unpopular intellectuals.

One of the old stalwarts about whom Greenwood has some specific complaints was Ernst Röhm, Chief of Staff of the SA:

Röhm and his colleagues were mostly typical soldier-adventurers, the type of man thrown up by every great war, who finds it impossible to settle down into civil life. Many of them were known to be homosexualists and evil-livers, utilising their position for luxury and license at the expense of Party and public. Their display, notably their predilection for driving about in expensive, high-powered cars, had become notorious. . . . In January, 1934, I visited the ill-fated Chief of Staff in his palatial Munich residence. Somewhat astonished by the contrast between such ostentation and the declared ideals of the Nazi Party I enquired of the *aide de camp* who paid for it. It was the *Dienstwohnung*, he replied, official quarters kept up by the Party. Röhm was, he added, a lover of the arts and a great patron.

The purge of 1934, with Röhm's execution, took care of most of the high living and homosexuality in the Party, but left unsolved, of course, the problem of the Babbitts and the opportunists.

On the whole, Greenwood's criticisms are about as well founded as his praise, although there are a few instances—such as the Jewish question—where they are based on his failure to appreciate fully the situation.

One question which may bother the reader—as it did the reviewer—is the following: How could Greenwood, after his intimate acquaintance with the National Socialist Movement in all its manifestations, remain merely a detached observer, an interested but uninvolved outsider? Were British intellectuals in the 'thirties really as devoid of racial feeling—as smugly insular—as Greenwood's case would indicate? How could an Englishman of Greenwood's obvious intelligence fail to see the relevance of the National Socialist Revolution to England and the English? It is probably too much to ask that he should have responded to National Socialism as did William Joyce, for example. But it is distressing that his response should have been as provincial as it was.

All in all, *The German Revolution* is highly recommended to all National Socialists who are interested in a quite objective picture-in-depth of National Socialism at work in Germany in the critical period of the early 'thirties. Unfortunately the book is quite scarce today. Most copies seem to have been purged from libraries during World War II. The reward of finding a copy, however, will be well worth a diligent search through library shelves and second-hand bookshops.

QUISLING: PROPHET WITHOUT HONOUR,
by Ralph Hewins. The John Day Co. New York, 1965 ($6.95).
Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

The recent appearance of Ralph Hewins' controversial biography of Vidkun Quisling has provided the world with the first detailed record of the life of one of the most oustanding men of modern times. The account of Quisling's life in the next few pages is based on the material in Hewins' 384-page book.

Vidkun Quisling was born on July 18, 1887, at Fyresdal, a mountain village in southern Norway. His father, Jon Quisling, was the Lutheran pastor in Fyresdal, as well as a scholar, an author, and an amateur scientist. The Quisling family traced its ancestors in this part of Norway back some six hundred years, and these included many notable and respected men — priests, poets, farmers, and warriors. Directly related to the Quisling family, either by blood or by marriage, were such men as the writers, Henrik Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson (who wrote the Norwegian national anthem), the composer Rikard Nordraak (who set the Norwegian national anthem to music), and the great twelfth-century warrior and statesman, Archbishop Axel of Lund, the founder of Copenhagen.

Vidkun was the eldest of the four children in his family. He was tall, athletic, fair haired, and blue eyed, and his intellectual abilities were so extraordinary, even as a boy, that every-

one who knew him closely was profoundly impressed by his genius. He was serious, quiet, and retiring in manner, and during his school days he was a voracious scholar, with interests ranging over Christian theology, Norse history and mythology, higher mathematics (to which he made at least one original contribution while still a schoolboy), philosophy, and languages. At the same time he was an avid and sturdy outdoorsman, who spent a great deal of time hiking, skiing, and bear hunting in the mountains.

From his earliest days he showed marked spiritual qualities and a strong sense of idealism, which governed him throughout his life, often to his great disadvantage in practical affairs, such as politics. He felt a strong, almost mystical bond between himself and his countrymen. In his own words: "I grew up among Viking graves, between Bible history and old saga tales. I belong to an ancient family, and I was always injected with the ideas of family pride and family saga as well as with the sense of responsibility toward our people. Björnson and Ibsen were of the same family as I . . . . The name Quisling . . . is an ancient Nordic name and indicates one who is a side branch of the royal family. . . . I have grown up under these conditions and imbibed a most intense love for my country."

After graduating from high school at the head of his class, Quisling entered the Norwegian *Krigskole,* or War College, in 1905, having decided on a military career. In 1908 he finished there with "the best average grade ever obtained by anyone in the more than one hundred years' existence of that school." Quisling's performance at the *Krigskole* was so outstanding that the young graduate was awarded the unique honor of a special audience with the King. At the *Krigskole,* just as in his earlier high school days, he combined prodigious mental accomplishments with an active outdoor life. One of his fellow officers has reported that he astonished his classmates by carrying out a solitary reconnaissance mission one winter night across forty miles of mountainous terrain. The same officer also said: "He was hardy and could stand all extremes of climate. His physique was splendid, and he had iron willpower."

In 1911 Lieutenant Quisling joined the Norwegian General Staff, where he soon became the leading ballistics expert in Norway. He became one of only two officers ever to win the Royal Norwegian Gold Medal for Ballistics.

In 1918, at the age of thirty, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, became Adjutant to the General Staff, and was appointed Military Attache at Petrograd. When he arrived in Petrograd in April, 1918, the Bolshevik Terror was in full swing. There, until 1920, when he was transferred to Helsinki, he first observed Judaism in action, in all its gruesome detail.

He later described in his book, *Russia and Ourselves,* the devastating effect the new Jewish rulers were having on Russia: "To some extent Bolshevist policy even tried to bring about the physical destruction of the classes where the most intelligent human material was to be found. . . Anybody can see how different the racial type is now, for example in Moscow, from what it was before the Revolution. The predominance of Asiatic and Oriental blood is particularly noticeable. . . . The extermination of highly developed hereditary material involves an irretrievable loss and, as a policy, amounts to national suicide. . . .

"Nevertheless, one often sees really fine types in the Russian villages—men who remind one of the best type of peasant in the Norwegian highlands and who sometimes have quite a Viking air about them. What I have seen of the Russian peasants has given me a great liking for them and belief in them. Their influence and the contribution they may make as a vital source of racial renewal will decide the future of the Russian people. It is all the more sad, therefore, to see how the Bolsheviks are doing their level best to stamp out the best peasant stock."

Quisling returned to Norway from his post as Secretary to the Norwegian Legation in Helsinki in mid-1921. Shortly after his return he met the renowned explorer, scientist, and author, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who recruited him for relief work in famine- and plague-stricken Russia. According to Nansen: "It was a ravaged and ruined land which Quisling reached on February 12, 1922, with the job of organizing and setting in motion all possible help, which would span great areas with millions of sick and starving people, in a country where communications were destroyed and all means of help were lacking." For the next eight years —that is, until the end of 1929—Quisling devoted all his energies and talents to a heroic attempt to alleviate some of the consequences of the holocaust that the Bolsheviks had unleashed in Russia. He saw at first hand the "proletarianization" of the Ukraine through Kaganovich's artificial famines and mass executions. Again Nansen describes the conditions

which Quisling faced: "From home to home the same apalling sight of death. . . . Dried grass, leaves, crushed bones, and horses' hooves instead of bread. No warmth, so that the pitiful bodies froze to the floor before life expired. . . . Dead bodies were dug up to be eaten. Distracted parents killed their children to satisfy their own hunger. Upwards of thirty million people were starving. . . . The railways were disorganized, and the few trains, packed to overflowing with refugees, remained stuck in sidings where people died in the carriages. Horror was all around." This experience, together with what he had observed earlier in Petrograd, was a primary factor in the formation of one of Quisling's lifelong goals: preventing the spread of Marxism.

During this eight-year period Quisling served in various capacities as a representative of the League of Nations in the stricken areas and as Secretary of the Norwegian Legation in Moscow. For his efforts in this latter post on behalf of British interests in Russia, during the time when normal British-Russian diplomatic connections were interrupted, he was later made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. While in Moscow he also met a young Russian girl, Maria Vasiljevna Pasak, whom he married in 1923.

When he returned to Norway at Christmastime, 1929, Vidkun Quisling found a turbulent and dangerous political climate. Marxist elements, acting through the Labor Party and the Communist Party, were hell-bent on establishing a Soviet Norway. An underground Red Guard had been armed and was being trained in revolutionary terror tactics. The Labor Party had, in fact, actually attained control of the Norwegian government at the beginning of 1928, but its extremist programs had so alarmed the populace that it fell from power almost immediately. Rather than acting wisely and patriotically to meet the Red threat, conservative elements in Norway continued their suicidal policies of self-interest. The Norwegain *Storting*, or parliament, in the usual manner of parliaments under such conditions, was reduced to a squabbling and ineffective pack of representatives of the various parties — but with no one to represent the vital interests of the Norwegian people.

Quisling immediately saw the urgent need not only to straighten out the sorry political situation in Norway but to secure the future of the Aryan peoples of the world against the terrible menace of Jewish imperialism, in the guise of Marxism. In his book, *Russia and Ourselves*, written in the summer of 1930, he said: "A Nordic Federation between Scandinavia and Great Britain, plus Finland and Holland, and in which Germany and eventually the British Dominions and America could be included — such a federation could break the frontal onslaught of the Bolshevik combination and save European civilization and peace for a long time to come. . . .

"The Norwegian people in particular must learn to understand itself and its distinctive characteristics. . . . The Nordic race has been and is the most important creator of the world's civilization, and to it both Greece and Rome as well as Europe and America owe their greatness. . . .

"A national renaissance in the Nordic spirit, a peaceful and just solution of the social problem, and a world-embracing co-operation between various peoples and people of Nordic sympathies to promote the world's reorganization and peaceful development — this is not merely an anti-Bolshevist but primarily a positive policy founded upon realities and with a strong and noble aim in view, something really worth living and dying for."

In order to put his ideas into operation, Quisling formed a new political group, under his leadership, called *Den Nordiske Folkereisning* (Nordic Folk-awakening). The formal organization of the new group was accomplished at a meeting of its central committee, consisting of thirteen members, on March 25, 1931. Nordic Folk-awakening absorbed another patriotic group which had been formed earlier—the Fatherland League, together with its semi-military, anti-Bolshevik defense arm, the Community Guard (*Samfundsvernet*).

Less than two months later, however, Quisling was drafted by the government, under the leadership of the Farmer's Party now, to fill the vital national post of Minister of Defense. With his distinguished career, both at the *Krigskole* and abroad, he was clearly the ideal man for the position. Immediately upon his appointment to the defense ministry he turned over the leadership of Nordic Folk-awakening to his friend, Frederick Prytz, who had been his co-worker in Russia. At the meeting of Nordic Folk-awakening at which he was installed as the new leader, Prytz said: "What we have now set in motion is the first effort in the North, so far as I know, to build up a political doctrine consciously begotten of our people's distinctions . . . as part of the great Northern folk-family."

Quisling, at the same meeting, added: "The main object is to destroy the imported and corrupting communist insurrectionary movement. . . . First of all it is necessary to form a new society, a new political system. The parliamentary system, with its fruitless party politics, cannot solve Norway's national problems."

As soon as Quisling's new post was announced, the Left began a characteristicly vicious smear campaign against him which was to grow in intensity and virulence for the next fourteen years — until they finally murdered him in 1945.

The Norwegian communists looked upon the Norwegian army with particular hatred, since they considered it the main obstacle to their plans for bolshevizing the country. A leading communist, Einar Gerhardsen, who was Norwegian Prime Minister most of the time from 1945 until September, 1965, said in 1931: "The army is a political weapon, and if one assembles at training camps it means the same as having joined the enemy forces. However, the training obtained in the use of weapons and in shooting can be of use to the workers in their struggles with the upper class. It is necessary to be active and start energetic communist agitation in the military camps." Thus, Quisling was considered a primary threat to the Left, and they not only attacked him personally in the press of the Labor Party and of the Communist Party but they made every effort to sabotage his attempts to strengthen Norway's inadequate system of national defense.

Many Marxists and pacifists had already infiltrated the small Norwegian armed forces, as suggested by Gerhardsen. As an example, in 1931, one of them, Olaf Kullmann, a Norwegian naval captain, addressed a pacifist meeting in Holland, at which he announced: "So long as the Soviet invitation to disarmament is not accepted by imperialism, it is the duty of officers to be on guard against criminal governments which do not recoil from war. Should those criminals dare to go to war, officers must go on strike." Quisling instantly demanded that Kullmann be prosecuted for treason, and the press of the Left foamed with rage and hatred against Quisling as it hysterically defended Kullmann.

Marxist disorders and subversive activities continued to threaten the country, and in April, 1932, Defense Minister Quisling presented to the *Storting* 190 documents detailing the nature and extent of these activities. These documents revealed, among other things, that prominent members of the Norwegian Labor and Communist Parties were receiving money and instructions directly from the Jewish government in Moscow; that arms were being smuggled into the country and secreted in various places for use by Red terrorists; and that the Norwegian Labor Party had already entered into a formal agreement with Moscow ceding northern Norway to the Soviet Union as soon as the planned revolution had taken place. A committee of the *Storting* examined the documents and issued a report substantiating Quisling's stand. A vote of confidence was then taken, and the *Storting* supported Quisling and the committee report by a vote of 108 to 42. Then the *Storting* adjourned for the annual, four-month summer vacation! Not one of the Marxist traitors was even arrested.

In disgust, Quisling finally indicated his complete lack of confidence in the government and urged the prime minister to resign. The government fell early the following year, and Quisling then devoted his full efforts to his own movement. He had seen clearly the complete inability of the parliamentary system and the party politicians to cope with the dangers facing the Norwegian people.

The Nordic Folk-awakening movement was renamed *Nasjonal Samling* (National Unification), and plans were made for winning popular support. The general ideas behind the Quisling movement, in addition to the thorough uprooting of Marxism in Norway, were the establishment of a corporative type of national state based on a social synthesis, or national unification of the various social classes, and the replacement of the irresponsible and ineffective parliamentary "leadership," which was leading the country toward disaster, by a system based on individual responsibility and authority—i.e., the *führerprinzip*. In these fundamental elements the ideology of Quisling's movement was very similar to National Socialism, and the Left immediately pinned the label "Nazi" on him.

The official program of *Nasjonal Samling* contained thirty points and was divided into sections dealing with:

1. The State
2. Labor
3. Race and National Health
4. Education and Culture
5. National Defense and Foreign Policy

It gives the overall impression of a rather bland or watered-down version of the NSDAP program, although there is not a par-

ticularly strong correlation between the various points of the two programs and no reason to suspect that Quisling based his program on that of the NSDAP. It was a very mild and "reasonable" sort of program, perhaps somewhat more conservative economically than the German program, and with less emphasis on foreign policy and race. But, then, Norway is not Germany. Certainly, there was nothing very revolutionary or provocative about the program. Perhaps this was one of its flaws, or perhaps not. In any event, it did not seem particularly to stir the imaginations of Quisling's countrymen, because it failed to attract any but a handful of voters for him. In the 1933 elections he won only 28,000 votes out of some 1.2 million cast—not enough to win a single seat in the *Storting*. In the next general election, in 1936, he did even worse.

The Labor Party had the government and the electorate firmly in its grasp and continued to entrench itself ever more securely, to the great detriment of the nation. As politicians, the Labor Party leaders had absolutely no qualms about using their control over the national treasury to buy the votes needed to keep them in office, and, as Marxists, they had none about undermining the security of Norway in order to advance international communism. They were ruthless and hardened Bolsheviks, as deceitful and cunning as their Jewish masters in the Kremlin. They included such men as the aforementioned Einar Gerhardsen—later to be Prime Minister — who, in 1935, when the dangerous trend of European politics resulting from the democratic policy of encirclement of National Socialist Germany could clearly be seen, continued to undermine Norwegian national defense with statements like the following: "The Norwegian Labor Party considers one of its most important tasks to be opposition to the defense system and to unmask its class character. By influencing youth on and off duty, the defense system must be rendered unfit as an instrument of the ruling class in its struggle against the workers' advancement and for settling international disputes." Another such was Trygve Lie, a paid agent of the Soviet Union, as proved in the military intelligence documents presented to the *Storting* in 1932. Lie was the Labor Party's Minister of Justice from 1935 to 1939, Minister of Shipping and Supply from 1939 to 1941, and Minister of Foreign Affairs (in exile) from 1941 to 1946. As Secretary General of the United Nations (1946-1953) he was the darling of international liberals around the world. This benefactor of mankind announced to the International Labor Congress of 1930: "The working class will never rely on a random majority in its struggle. It will take possession of power by force the moment it considers itself strong enough, irrespective of a majority." Earlier he had declared: "The workers' sports movement must train cadres from which it can obtain its storm columns for the revolutionary combat which is imminent. They must be imbued with implacable hatred for the bourgeois class and the bourgeois sports movement."

Johan Nygaardsvold, head of the Labor Party and Prime Minister from 1935 to 1945, announced: "In the first place we are against militarism in principle. As a party we have always stood for complete demilitarization . . . . The main reason for military preparedness, in sum, is primarily the interests of the capitalists, that is, the making of equipment for the military and the usual speculation in that connection . . . . It is in the interests of the officers and the capitalists that we keep up this so-called defense system—as a delusion of the people in order to entice the workers and the peasants, off and on, to go out and kill each other." In line with this reasoning he appointed as his first Minister of Defense Oscar Torp (later to be Prime Minister), who had previously been sentenced to five months imprisonment for inciting troops against their officers. Torp was succeeded by Alfred Monsen, who announced: "It has always been our program to render the defense of the bourgeois parties unfit for use." Monsen had also urged the Norwegian naval yard workers to rebel against their officers and superiors.

Presiding over this parliamentary insanity was one Carl Joachim Hambro, President of the *Storting*, of whom we shall hear more later.

The Norwegian people, fortunately, were not the ideal medium for the cultivation of the Marxist disease. Although they had let themselves be lulled into a sort of political stupor by years of pacifist propaganda from the Marxist-dominated press and had let the Labor Party convince them that they could get something for nothing, there was still too much stubborn individuality—too much of the Viking spirit—in them for them to submit passively to bolshevization. When the Labor Party had tried to introduce a Moscow-style regime in 1928, the people had quickly slapped it down. Thereafter, the Left was more cautious and contented itself with continuing its program of subtly foment-

ing class hatred and undermining the morale of the country. But the same Norwegian hardheadedness which frustrated the communists also kept the people from heeding Quisling's repeated warnings of impending disaster.

Quisling started the newspaper *Fritt Folk* (*Free People*) in 1936 and spent the next four years trying to awaken his countrymen. He warned over and over again that Europe was headed for war and that Norway's only reasonable course was armed neutrality. On June 29, 1936, *Fritt Folk* declared that war between England and Germany was a "catastrophic possibility" and said: "Norway can and will not march unless our freedom and frontiers are endangered. We therefore demand strong and unequivocal support for Norwegian neutrality . . . that the neutrality and freedom of the country be insured by the strengthening of our defense quickly and effectively." This message was reiterated dozens of times, right up to the invasion of Norway in April, 1940.

On March 26, 1938, *Fritt Folk* announced: "Norway is heading for war. She has had four years to set her defense in order since it became clear which way Europe was going. . . . But our country and our people are still wholly unprepared materially and morally. . . . If Norway is not to be driven into war and chaos, party politics must be stopped."

And on April 2: "We demand neutrality — an honorable and strong neutrality."

And on August 27: "Norway must leave the League of Nations and strengthen her own defense of the country's neutrality and national interests."

And on October 1: "Norway is being drawn into war . . . . Europe stands on the edge of the greatest tragedy in human history. A new war could defeat our whole civilization. . . . Our country's neutrality has been abandoned. We are bound by the League of Nations to the united front on which the Soviet Union stands . . . . Our defense is undermined and totally unprepared militarily, civilly, and morally to meet the demands of modern war."

But the Norwegians had already let the Left lead them too far down the easy but dangerous path of irresponsibility; they continued to ignore Quisling.

After Britain's declaration of war on Germany, Quisling tried desperately to avert disaster. The British government was indebted to him for looking after its interests in Russia in the 'twenties, and so he attempted to use his influence to restore peace; he sent telegrams and proposed peace pacts to the British government. The democratic politicians, however, were already fully committed to the destruction of Germany; again Quisling was ignored.

Finally, the inevitable happened. British and German invasion forces converged simultaneously upon neutral but defenseless Norway. The Germans arrived first. Quisling had spent years trying to tell the Norwegian people that the only kind of neutrality which made sense was *armed* neutrality; unarmed neutrality was simply a form of suicide. Neither England nor Germany could afford *not* to invade a Norway that was incapable of maintaining its own neutrality.

Having botched things so far, the only responsible course remaining now to the Norwegian government was to remain at its post, maintain order in the country, and represent the interests of the people as best it could in the face of the German occupation. But at this crucial point the sinister figure of Carl Joachim Hambro entered the story. Early on the morning of April 9, 1940, as the German invasion fleet moved up the Norwegian fjords and confusion reigned in Oslo, Hambro convinced the King and the government to flee from the capital and abandon the country to its own devices. As president of the *Storting*, Hambro was second in rank only to the King and exercised considerable influence over him.

King Haakon VII, unfortunately, was not much of a monarch. Not only was he irresponsible and emotionally unstable, but there is considerable evidence that he was mentally defective. Hewins, who interviewed King Haakon on several occasions, reports that: "He was a simple man of narrow views, and he had little bent for statesmanship or personal initiative. . . . He was addicted to silly jokes and extravagant gestures . . ." In one of these interviews, and in the presence of other journalists, King Haakon three times called King Gustaf of Sweden a "shit." At another interview, when asked about Quisling, Haakon excitedly replied: "We shall hang him, yes, we shall hang him *three times!* You see, the first time the trap door will fail to open. Then we shall say, 'We are very sorry, Major Quisling; we shall have to try again later.' Then he will be taken back to his cell. The next time, you see, the rope will break! Once more we shall apologize and say, 'We are very sorry, Major Quisling, this has happened again. We shall see if we can do better next time.' Then he will be taken back to his cell. The third time will be lucky! You see?"

In view of Haakon's rather childish nature, it is not hard to understand the control which Hambro exercised over him. Furthermore, although Hambro was a member of the Conservative Party, he is described as being "hand in glove with Johan Nygaardsvold's Labor Government." This may very well be a clue which could lead to an understanding of the fact that the Conservatives could never seem to provide any effective opposition to the disastrous and treasonous policies of the Labor Party. In any event, acting quickly, before the King or government could have a chance to assess the situation and perhaps decide to fulfill their long-neglected responsibilities of providing leadership for the Norwegian people, Hambro hustled them away.

No warning, no instructions, had been left for the people by their fleeing "leaders." They suddenly found their country occupied by foreign troops and no one to tell them what to do. It is not surprising, then, that panic broke out in Oslo the next day and that confusion reigned throughout Norway.

Desperate to try to salvage the situation, Quisling stepped into the vacuum of leadership that had been left in Oslo. At 7:32 in the evening of April 9, he made a brief broadcast over the Oslo radio. After explaining the military and political situation, he said: "Under these circumstances, it is the duty and right of the *Nasjonal Samling* movement to assume the powers of government, in order to vindicate the vital interests of the Norwegian people and the safety and independence of Norway. . . .

"The Nygaardsvold government has withdrawn. The national government has assumed power, with Vidkun Quisling as its head . . .

"All Norwegians are hereby called upon to keep the peace of the realm and to preserve their presence of mind in this difficult situation. By united exertions and the goodwill of all, we shall bring Norway free and safe through this serious crisis."

He then enjoined his countrymen not to bring reprisals on themselves by senseless attacks on the German occupation army.

By taking this step—by shouldering the responsibilities that should have been borne by the King and the Labor government, had they not been shamefully derelict in their duty—Quisling not only earned their bitterest hatred, but he also provided them with a scapegoat onto whom they could heap the blame for Norway's disgrace.

But a few Norwegians also had been shaken awake by these events and began to see the truth in the message that Quisling had so often repeated. The *Nasjonal Samling* movement began gaining many new followers. In 1942 its strength was estimated at 100,000. In addition, 8,000 SS volunteers were recruited in Norway, and they fought with distinction throughout the war, winning an impressive number of German decorations for gallantry.

Then came the catastrophe of 1945. The democratic-bolshevik forces drowned Europe in a sea of fire and blood, and the remnants of the once-proud Third Reich were handed over to the Jews and their hordes of submen for revenge. In Norway, as the German forces were preparing themselves for unconditional surrender, Quisling had one last chance to purge his country of Marxist and other criminal elements, but he could not bring himself to use the bloody methods of his democratic opponents. He not only refused to liquidate his enemies — and the enemies of Norway — but he made no effort to escape their vengeance. He remained at his post till the end.

As soon as it became safe for the Marxists to creep out of their holes and begin strutting about in public again, the great witch-hunt began. Members of *Nasjonal Samling* — or any anti-communist patriots, for that matter—were murdered in the streets by the dozens. Looting, lynching, public drunkenness, and general debauchery became the order of the day as "democracy" was restored to Norway. As the more than 7,000 surviving members of the Norwegian SS legions returned from the eastern front —the best and bravest soldiers Norway has produced in modern times—they were seized by the Red mobs and thrown into prisons, where they were forced to linger for years.

Quisling was arrested, locked in a stone tower, put on a starvation diet of 800 calories a day, and savagely tortured by having wires forced into his skull — ostensibly to test his sanity!

An elaborate show-trial, on the model of the Moscow purge trials and the Nürnberg trial, was staged in the Freemason's Hall in Oslo, and then on October 24, 1945, at the age of fifty-eight, Vidkun Quisling was shot in front of a gloating crowd of enemies. His corpse was then put on public display, so that it could be defiled by the mob.

Thus died the greatest of the Norwegians.

* * *

Ralph Hewins has certainly done a commendable job in bringing at least part of the truth

about Vidkun Quisling to the general public. In view of the nearly unprecedented torrent of hatred and lies which have been directed at Quisling for the last twenty-seven years, Hewins' accomplishment in getting his book into general circulation is a substantial achievement. Nevertheless, National Socialists can only view his work with mixed feelings. For while Hewins has very effectively demolished the Jewish-democratic "big lie" about Quisling being the betrayer of Norway to rapacious Germany, he has continued to follow their "party line" in other areas. In particular, his statements about Adolf Hitler and National Socialism display the same vulgar and mendacious malevolence as those of his fellow journalists. And his treatment of the Jewish question borders on the absurd.

Consider just a few examples: On page 87, Hewins implies that the German National Socialist movement was backed exclusively by reactionary elements—in his words, "the officer caste, the Junkers, and big business"—which is the standard lie. Then, just five pages later, he lumps National Socialism together with communism by referring to the "conspiratorial techniques of the Russian and German Revolutions" and to "the Stalin and Hitler dictatorships." On page 99 he refers to the phenomenon of Nazi Germany as "a ghastly incident." On page 160 he talks about "the Munich surrender" and on page 163 about the "Nazi Gangster Empire."

This antipathy seems to extend to the Germans as a people, for on page 33 he labels them as "Huns," and on page 145 he refers to the Berlin Olympic Games of 1936 as a piece of trickery "meant to fool the world into imagining that Germans were 'sporting,' peaceful, and manly Aryans." And there are many other passages of the same flavor. We have become all too accustomed to statements of this sort from publicists, journalists, and officials who, as a class, have collaborated either consciously or unconsciously in the Jewish program of hatred and falsification of every aspect of National Socialist Germany. But it is startling to hear such venom mouthed by a man who has so dramatically exposed this very sort of criminal deceit in the Quisling case.

Hewins' apparent hatred of Germany and National Socialism certainly cannot be explained as a simple case of knee-jerk liberalism—even if we ignore the fact of his quite manifest admiration for Quisling. For he does a devastatingly good job of demolishing several other favorite liberal fables—for instance, his exposure of that great "humanitarian" and "champion of freedom and democracy," Trygve Lie.

The pattern becomes clearer when we examine Hewins' treatment of the Jewish question. Every instance in which he touches on this subject is marked by an almost nauseating, fawningly pro-Jewish attitude. One notices this even in his distinctly sympathetic treatment of the bloodthirsty Jewish Bolshevik leader, Leon Trotsky (Lev Bronstein). His discussions of Quisling's racial policy are strictly kosher. On pages 155-6 he says: "The most foolish thing he [Quisling] ever did was to have any truck with Rosenberg, the arch-priest of racialism, or later to propagate the absurd and brutal 'Aryan myth' in any shape or form. This caused him incalculable harm and has never been forgiven—rightly.

"There are many explanations and extenuations for his acquiescence in Nazi racialism, but but there is no justification. . . .

"This is the main indictment of Vidkun Quisling. The rest of his theories and actions were logical, often enlightened, and always aimed, rightly or wrongly, at the salvation of his country. He should have relegated the time-honored Norwegian version of the 'Nordic cult' to its proper, innocuous place—nostalgia. Instead he attempted to make the dream walk roughshod over common sense and humanity and to become an instrument of high policy. This was madness."

Hewins seems to have no understanding at all of the deep and vital role that race played in Quisling's ideas—just as it plays in National Socialism.

Time after time he refers in indignant tones to the "final solution," German "pogroms," and the disappearance of some 700 "Norwegian" Jews. In fact, he spends more than a page bewailing the fate of these 700 Jews, whereas he dismisses in a single, casual sentence the 1600 Germans who went down with the cruiser *Blücher* during the Norwegian invasion. More than once he attempts to dissociate Quisling's solution to the Jewish problem from that which he imagines to be the German solution by pointing out that Quisling never advocated outright extermination of the Jews. As proof, he quotes Quisling: "There are many who say that a Jew cannot be expelled simply because he is a Jew. In my opinion, no such reasoning could be more superficial . . . . A Jew is not Norwegian, not European, he is an Oriental. Jews have no place

in Europe. They are an internationally destructive element. The Jews create the Jewish problem and cause active anti-Semitism, and it is not difficult to understand why. . . .

"When the eastern ghettos were opened, Germany was overrun by Russian and Polish Jews in an incredibly short time, and they clamped down like grasshoppers. . . . It was the same in France, Hungary, and Bulgaria. So one sees the depth of this problem, which stems from a world problem. The only possible solution is for the Jews to leave Europe and to have some area or another as far away as possible, preferably an island. For us in *Nasjonal Samling* there can be no compromise in this struggle. Those who are not for us are against us."

Much more revealing than that which Hewins says is something that he does not say. C. J. Hambro is a name which keeps appearing throughout the book. Hambro, remember, was President of the *Storting* during those critical years before the war, when Norway's chances of meeting the challenges to come were crippled by the criminal irresponsibility of this parliamentary body—not to mention the out-and-out treason of many of its leading members. And it was his sinister influence on the King which led to the abandonment of Norway by its government on April 9, 1940. Carl Joachim Hambro, the power behind the throne in Norway, was a Jew. Apparently nowhere in the proud land of the Vikings was there a suitable Norwegian to be found to preside over the government, and so the job had to go to a Jew — a member of a family of international Jewish financiers. But, so far as Hewins is concerned, this fact is irrelevant! It is indeed striking that this bizarre state of affairs in Norway elicits no comment at all from him. In fact, it is not until page 326 that Hambro's race is casually referred to in passing. Unless the reader has a sharp eye he may very well get through the entire book without realizing that Hambro is not a Norwegian.

Is Hewins' peculiar attitude toward the Jewish question a clue to something? One might be tempted to guess that it is just a bit of camouflage which was necessary to get such a book into general distribution. Certainly had Hewins indicated his wholehearted approval of Quisling's racial policy, stressed the destructive influence of Jews such as Hambro in Norway, and thrown in a few admiring remarks about Adolf Hitler and National Socialist Germany, his book would have had as little chance of appearing on the shelves of bookstores in England and America as, say, *National Socialist World*. The fact that the book, even with its concessions to Jewish interests, has managed to slip past the Jewish blackout barrier and is now available to the general public is no small miracle in itself. Probably we should be thankful that even a part of the truth has been smuggled out into the light of day, even if we have to grit our teeth and put up with another big serving of the same old anti-Nazi propaganda garbage in order to see it done.

For each new revelation of this sort, even though it casts light on only one or two small areas in a large and complex scheme of things, helps to undermine the whole structure of lies on which the Jewish-liberal-Marxist control over the minds of men depends. A man who finds out that his newspapers and his "leaders" and his history teachers have lied to him about one thing will from that time begin to look with suspicion on everything else they have told him. From this viewpoint, Hewins' exposure of the falseness of the "official" story of the events surrounding the German occupation of Norway is particularly valuable:

> The popular legend has taken hold that an altruistic Anglo-French force rushed to rescue innocent little Norway from brutal and unprovoked Nazi aggression. Quisling, the alleged conspirator in this atrocity, saboteur and puppet-elect, has of course come in for his full share of abuse and become the major figure in the legend, because a traitor is rightly considered to be exceptionally vile.
>
> The legend is false, however; Quisling had no part in the invasion at any stage; and as to unprovoked aggression, the Norwegian government had already proved incapable of honouring the foundation of its foreign policy, its duty to the belligerents, and the first interest of the Norwegian people—namely, the maintenance of strict neutrality. That omission alone gave Britain and Germany the right in international law to take the necessary measures to protect their vital interests, namely, to use force, if necessary. . . .
>
> What exactly the Allies were up to is even today not entirely clear. The official records, the memoirs, and histories are confusing, and much has been written to sustain the legend of injured innocence. It is attractive to portray the self-styled idealism of the victors in contrast to the alleged crimes of the losers, but in truth the issues were not so black and white. . . .
>
> It was agreed [by the British and French governments] to lay mines in Norwegian territorial waters and obstruct ore exports from Lulea to Germany. It was also agreed, in Churchill's words, that "a British brigade and a French contingent should be sent to Narvik to clear the port and advance to the Swedish frontier. Other forces should be dispatched to Stavanger, Bergen, and Trondheim, in order to

deny these bases to the enemy."

In plain language, Britain and France decided to occupy Norway before the German invasion sailed and were only prevented from doing so because the Germans won the race.

When a German squadron was sighted steering in the direction of Trondheim on the forenoon of April 8, Allied troops were already embarked themselves for Trondheim, as also for Bergen and Stavanger. . . .

The whole myth of unprovoked aggression by Germany should be abandoned. It is incredible and does grievous injustice to the "quislings" who are quite wrongly alleged to have engineered the German occupation. There is no truth in this sinister legend.

This falsification of history has served also to excuse the Chamberlain government from monumental political and military blunders in the North in 1939-40 and at the same time to divert part of the blame from the Norwegian government, which provoked both Allied and German invasions by their own incompetence, if not by their actual abandonment of neutrality and their connivance at the prepared Allied intervention.

Churchill's sanctimonious justification of the planned Allied invasion of Norway bears his usual stamp of arrogant hypocrisy:

The final tribunal is our conscience. We are fighting to re-establish the reign of law and to protect the liberties of small countries. Our defeat would mean an age of barbaric violence . . . We have a right, and indeed are bound in duty, to abrogate for a space some of the conventions of the very laws we seek to consolidate . . . The letter of the law must not in supreme emergency obstruct those who are charged with its protection and enforcement. . . . Humanity, rather than legality, must be our guide.

Among the interesting facts that Hewins brings out to confute the democratic myth that *Nasjonal Samling* and its leader connived with the German government in planning the German occupation are the following: The Norwegian government was given a warning on April 5, through its Berlin legation, of the coming invasion. The man who had uncovered this hot tip was Ulrich Stang, First Secretary in the legation—and a member of *Nasjonal Samling*. Then, during the initial phase of the invasion, by far the most serious setback which the Germans suffered was the sinking of their heavy cruiser *Blücher*, the flagship of the invasion fleet. The man who actually fired the shells which sank the *Blücher* was Lieutenant August Bonsak, acting commander of the Oscarsborg fortress, overlooking the Oslo fjord — and a member of *Nasjonal Samling*. And, of course, it was Quisling himself who had proposed over and over — for years — the one policy which could have averted the whole business, namely, a policy of preparedness and armed neutrality.

The reaction of the Labor government of Norway to the invasion threat displayed almost unbelievable incompetence. After a comedy of errors, including the government's failure to heed the "politically unreliable" Stang's tip, the leaders of the nation finally decided "to put up all possible resistance," when the invasion fleet was only a couple of hours away from Oslo. The first step was to be a general mobilization of the army, and so preparations were made for calling up the troops—by mail!

This bungling is reminiscent of Roosevelt and Pearl Harbor—except that the Labor government of Norway could hardly be suspected of wanting a German invasion.

Also interesting are Hewins' comments on the Norwegian "underground," or "Home Front":

The "Home Front" achieved very little in practice. Some 20,000 tons of German shipping were sunk and another 20,000 tons damaged, there were a few ineffectual attacks on arms dumps and factories, some oil tanks were exploded, and there was sniping at a few soldiers. Much of the "Home Front" activity was devoted to murdering "quislings" or to acts of sabotage which were not strictly relevant to the war effort but which justified German reprisals.

In Norway, just as in France and elsewhere, the primary aim of the Marxist-dominated "underground" movement was political rather than military. Its primary victims were the native anti-communists rather than the German soldiers, and its efforts were deliberately aimed at provoking German reprisals against their own countrymen, so that friendly feelings could not develop between the occupiers and the occupied and so that the democrat-bolshevik alliance could gain some popular support for its "liberation" of the occupied areas.

There are several flaws in the book, in addition to its pro-Jewish stance. One of the most serious of these is its very scanty documentation. Quotations by various persons are given, with no reference to a source. As an experienced journalist, the author should have been more careful in this respect. There are also several minor errors and inconsistencies; for example, the date given for the execution of two communist saboteurs on page 304 differs from that given on page 317. And Hewins blunders again on a date on page 107, where he says:

"By 1932 . . . Hitler had smashed organized Communism in Germany."

Finally, we can all gain some comfort from Hewins' confession of his own past sins. He admits on the first page that, as a reporter for the London *Daily Mail* in 1940, he did as was expected of all good, liberal journalists and helped to create the deceptive image of Norway betrayed by a "quisling." And on page 365, at Quisling's "trial" in 1945, he admits that he was still yelping with the rest of the pack. Sometime between 1945 and 1965 his conscience got the better of him. So let us not yet give up all hope for the new generation of liberals, leftists, beatniks, and other products of a Judaized educational system and a mongrelized culture.

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