

WOMAN AGAINST TIME

SAVITRI DEVI

WOMAN AGAINST TIME

**BIOGRAPHY AND COLLECTION OF
LETTERS AND ARTICLES**

SAVITRI DEVI



Wewelsburg Archives

publication

- 2017 -

"Hitler or hell."

— Savitri Devi, *Gold in the Furnace*

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ABOUT THIS COLLECTION

The need for this collection arose from the simple reason of having all, or at least most, of the material that's not included in Savitri Devi's main body of work compiled in one volume.

The collection is split in three parts:

- **PART ONE** is dedicated to Savitri Devi's life, with most of the articles written by other authors about her.
- **PART TWO** has correspondences with other important figures, such as George Lincoln Rockwell and Miguel Serrano.
- **PART THREE** contains articles Savitri Devi wrote about a various number of topics. Also included are parts of her unpublished books.

PART ONE

SAVITRI DEVI'S LIFE

CHRONICLE OF THE LIFE OF SAVITRI DEVI

by *R.G. Fowler*



1904

13 May: Asit Krishna Mukherji born in Medinipur, Bengal

1905

Night of 13-14 March: Maximine Julia Portaz (Savitri Devi) conceived in Lyons, France

30 September: Born in Lyons at 8:45 am

1907

* Has first pet cat

1910 or 1911

* At the age of five, becomes vegetarian and opponent of all forms of exploitation of animals

1911

October: Begins school, Catholic school, rue Suchet, Lyons

1912

After 12 April: Sees first film, *Quo Vadis*, in Lyons; the newsreel dealt with the sinking of the Titanic.

1913

* Discovers Musée Guimet in Lyons: Most impressed with a statue of Kali with the inscription “She does not forgive.” Remarked that she was “Fed up with a God who always forgives.”

1914

* Refuses to pray to the Virgin Mary in school for the defeat of Germany

1915

* Incensed by Allied treatment of Greece during the First World War, takes the German side in World War I. Writes in chalk in meter high letters on a wall of the Gare des Brotteaux in Lyons, “A bas les Alliés! Vive l’Allemagne!”—“Down with the Allies! Long live Germany!”

1915 or 1916

* At the age of 10, discovers poetry of Leconte de Lisle

1917

* Receives Certificat d’études (end of primary school)

* Enters Lycée Anatole France, studied classical languages (Greek and Latin) (government school)

* Refuses to honor the ideology of the French Revolution in the government school

1918

* Changes to Lycée moderne, because parents cannot afford Lycée classique

* Meets first German, a prisoner of war in Lyons

1920 or 1921

* Wins bicycle in regional essay contest; essays were to be based on an expurgated biography of Louis Pasteur; returns bicycle when learns of Pasteur’s experimentation on animals

1921

* Receives Diploma (High School Diploma)

1922

February or March: Visits asylum in Laforce, SW France; feels revulsion towards the insane and mentally retarded inmates

1923

* Receives Superior Diploma (which allowed her to go directly into a MA or MS program)

* Visits Italy for the first time; on this or a later trip to Italy, Savitri visited the volcanoes Vesuvius, near the Bay of Naples, and Stromboli, on Sicily

9 August: Lands in Greece for first time

* Later recalled lying on the deck of the “Andros” and “Patris” reading Nietzsche’s *The Will to Power* and Palamas’s “Legend of the One-Who-Never-Wept”

9 November, afternoon: Visits the Acropolis of Athens while in Munich Hitler attempts his “Beer Hall” *Putsch*

5 December: Leaves Greece for Lyons

1924

January: Begins studies at University of Lyons, towards MA in philosophy

25 June: Passes first examination for MA, on psychology, Lyons

1925

2 March: Passes second examination for MA, on general philosophy and logic, Lyons

25 June: Passes third examination for MA, in ethics and sociology, questioning the idea of progress, Lyons

October: Goes back to the lycée with 16 year old students to earn Baccalaureate (Savitri had gone directly into a MA program, but wanted a BA as well.)

25 November: Receives “Diplome d’études supérieures de philosophie,” Lyons. Topic: belief; text: William James, “The Will to Believe”

1926

- * Second visit to Italy; admires Mussolini's regime
- * Goes to Greece; travels the Peloponnesus on foot and horseback

29 November: Returns from Greece to Lyons

1927

- * Finishes second part of Baccalaureate in philosophy. Topic: the concept of the object

1928

28 February: Last exam for MA, on general history of philosophy, Lyons

- * Begins working toward Ph.D. in philosophy.
- * Decides to write complimentary doctoral thesis on Theophilos Kairis
- * Goes to Greece, supporting herself as French tutor and working on Kairis thesis
- * Applies for position of professor of French in Greek lycée; passes test in Greek on French literature and language; receives response in 1939 and learns that there had been 11,000 candidates on the list before her

28 May: Rejects French citizenship for Greek citizenship

5 July: MA in philosophy approved by Ministry of Public Instruction in Paris

13 August: MA diploma presented in Lyons (It is not known if Savitri was there to receive it.)

1929

23 April: Departs Athens for Greek Orthodox Easter pilgrimage to Palestine; visited Rhodes on the way to Palestine and Cyprus on the way back; may have visited Egypt as well (In one source the pilgrimage is described as a fortnight, in another, forty days. Of course the pilgrimage itself could have lasted a fortnight and the total journey could have taken forty days.)

April or May: Realizes in Palestine that she is a National Socialist

- * Completes first draft of Kairis thesis in Greece

November: Returns from Greece to Lyons

- * Decides to get an MS in chemistry in preparation for principal Ph.D. thesis in philosophy of science

1930

* A.K.Mukherji goes from England to the USSR for two years (according to Savitri Devi).

5 July: Passes exam in physical chemistry, Lyons

August: In Athens (*Defiance*, 337)

10 November: Passes exam in general chemistry, Lyons

* Receives “Honorable Mention” in contest for prize in general chemistry

1931

* A.K. Mukherji returns to India from England (according to nephew Subrata Banerjee).

8 July: Passes exam in biochemistry

11 July: Passes exam in theoretical and applied mineralogy, Lyons

Summer: Rewrites Kairis thesis in Athens

October 1: Writes acknowledgements to Kairis thesis, thanking Marika Kaloyerikou

1932

* A.K. Mukherji returns to England from two years in USSR and then goes back to India (according to Savitri Devi).

24 February: Father dies in Lyons of “paralysis” (probably a stroke)

28 April: MS approved by Ministry of Public Instruction in Paris

14 May: MS diploma presented in Lyons (It is not known if Savitri was there to receive it.)

1934

17 March: Writes Preface to Kairis thesis, Lyons

13 June: Both doctoral theses approved, Lyons

* Photographs indicate that Savitri and a Greek friend visited Egypt

1935

1 April: Defends doctoral theses in Lyons, receives Ph.D. in philosophy

2 April: Applies for India Visa

Spring 1935: Sails for India via Ceylon

13 May: Arrives from Marseilles in Ceylon

* Visits Kandi, Ceylon, and worships at Buddhist shrines

* Travels to Talaimannar, northern Ceylon, jumping off point to India

17 May: Departs Talaimannar, arrives in Dhanushkodi, India

17 May: Attends Vaishaka Purnima festival at Rameshwaram

* Travels to Pondicherry; lectures on Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa

28 May: Leaves Pondicherry for Madras

30 May: Leaves Madras for Calcutta, third class

12 June: Leaves Calcutta for Dacca

20 June: Returns to Calcutta, staying at YWCA

Third week of July: Departed Calcutta for Rabindranath Tagore's Viswa Bharati University, Shantiniketan, to study Hindi and improve Bengali

July: Meets Rabindranath Tagore, Amiya Chakravarty, Margaret Spiegel at Shantiniketan

* While at Shantiniketan, receives nickname "Savitri" (solar energy) from young women in dormitory; Savitri herself probably added the title "Devi" ("goddess"), a title all Aryan women in India are entitled to bear

September: In Lucknow at Haldar's (perhaps at Asit Kumar Haldar's Government School of Arts and Crafts)

15 September: In Calcutta when the Nuremburg laws are promulgated

October or November: A.K. Mukherji begins publishing *The New Mercury*, Calcutta

1936

Winter: Teaches English and Indian history in Jallundhar College near New Delhi

Winter: While living in Jallundhar, begins Hatha Yoga studies with South Indian Brahmin who was curator of the museum in Lahore; makes rapid progress, but told to abandon practice due to pains in her optic nerves; henceforth focuses on karma yoga (detached action) and bhakti yoga (religious devotion)

18 March: Ph.D. in philosophy approved by Ministry of Public Instruction in Paris

31 March: Ph.D. diploma delivered in Lyons (Savitri probably was not present to receive it)

* Quits job at Jallundhar (probably at end of academic year) and goes on foot pilgrimage from Hardiwar to Gangotri (15 days each way) (The pilgrimage season begins in April.)

* Visits Kashmir and makes pilgrimage to Ice Lingam of Amarnath (Pilgrimages generally take place in July and August.)

August-September: Stays several weeks in Mathura, the holy city of Krishna on the Jamuna near Delhi, during the Janmashtami festival honoring the birth of Krishna (This probably took place in 1936, but could have taken place in 1937.)

October-November: Visits Khyber Pass in Afghanistan

* Catches elephantiasis sometime during 1936

1936 or 1937

* Takes a trip from India to the Middle East by train and ship, visiting Baghdad, the ruins of Babylon, and Syria, returning to India via the Persian Gulf, departing from Basra (may have visited Egypt). (It is more likely that this took place in 1937.)

* Meets Swami Satyananda of the Hindu Mission (It is more likely that this took place in 1937.)

* Goes to work for the Hindu Mission (It is more likely that this took place in 1937.)

* Meets Subhas Chandra Bose through Hindu Mission (It is more likely that this took place in 1937.)

9 April: Robbed at knife point in her apartment by two intruders, Calcutta (It is more likely that this event occurred in 1937.)

1937

* Writes *L'Etang aux Lotus* [*The Lotus Pond*], Calcutta

* British close down *The New Mercury*

1 December: Photographed in Calcutta in Indian finery

1938

9 January: Claims to have met A.K. Mukherji in Calcutta

16 May: Apartment in Calcutta robbed of sixty saris

* Begins writing *A Warning to the Hindus*, Calcutta

1939

May: Completes *A Warning to the Hindus*, Calcutta

* *A Warning to the Hindus* published, Calcutta

29 September: Marries A.K. Mukherji in civil ceremony, Calcutta

15 November: Writes Preface to *L'Etang aux Lotus*, Calcutta

1940

* *L'Etang aux Lotus* published (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1940)

30 April: British passport issued in Calcutta

16 May: Receives Italy visa from Italian Consulate, Calcutta

9 June: Marries A.K. Mukherji in religious ceremony, Calcutta

15 June: Receives visa to visit Pondicherry for 15 days, expiring 31 July 1940, from French Consulate, Calcutta

July: Visits the tomb of Sultan Tipu in Srirangapatnam

September: Completes *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity*, Calcutta

* *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity* published (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1940)

December: Completes and publishes *Akhnaton's Eternal Message: A Scientific Religion 3,300 Years Old* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1940)

1941

September: Visits Mohandas K. Gandhi at his Sevagram ashram near Wardha; he grants Savitri a thirty-minute interview

1941-42

* (Perhaps) writes and publishes *A Perfect Man: Akhnaton, King of Egypt*, Calcutta

* (Perhaps) begins writing *Joy of the Sun: The Beautiful Life of Akhnaton, King of Egypt, Told to Young People*, Calcutta

1942

14 February: Writes Preface of *Joy of the Sun*, Calcutta

* *Joy of the Sun* published (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink and Co., 1942)

May: Begins *A Son of God : The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt (Son of the Sun)* in Calcutta

1943

7 November: Her single quarrel with Mr. Mukherji because of her indiscreet mention of his former editorship of *The New Mercury*

1944

* Savitri's translation (as Maximine Portaz) of Denis Diderot's *La Religieuse (The Nun)* published as *Confessions of a Nun* (Calcutta: Susil Gupta, 1944) (Susil Gupta was an imprint owned by A.K. Mukherji.)

17 April: Receives departure visa to the United Kingdom valid for thirty days, Calcutta

October: Begins traveling around India to avoid news of WWII

Before 27 November: Writes to Aldous Huxley regarding Akhnaton (he replies on this date)

1945

January: Completes *A Son of God (Son of the Sun)* in New Delhi

April: Savitri's translation (as Maximine Portaz) of Voltaire's *Candide* published (Calcutta: Susil Gupta, 1945)

* Spends three weeks in Goa

June: Attempts to commit suicide at the beach at Varkala on the Malabar Coast

July: Returns to Calcutta

5 July: Writes to Aldous Huxley, Calcutta

July: Begins *Impeachment of Man* in Calcutta

August: A.K. Mukherji's *A History of Japan: Cultural and Political* (Calcutta: Susil Gupta, 1945) published

3 October: Renews passport until 30 April 1950; receives visa to depart for the United Kingdom within 30 days, Calcutta

October: Durga and Kali festivals, Calcutta. Savitri consecrates herself to Kali

2 November: Departs India for London, Bombay

15 November: Disembarks in Southampton and takes boat train to London (In *Long-Whiskers*, page 59, she mentions that she had visited London “several times long before.”)

10 December: Receives permit to visit Jersey, departing between 11 December 1945 and 30 December 1945, and returning by 31 December 1945

14 December: Passport stamped in Southampton on Jersey permit page

1946

5 January: Receives visa to visit France for two months, expiring 30 April 1946, from French Consulate, London; motive of the voyage: “compassion”

19 January: Passport stamped “embarked” in Southampton on page facing France permit

29 January: Passport stamped “embarked” in New Haven; adjacent is a stamp from January 1946 but with an illegible day (probably also the 29th) indicating debarkation in Dieppe

3 February: Huxley writes to Savitri

February: Leaves London for Lyons

13 March: Writes Preface to *A Son of God*, Lyons

29 March: Completes *Impeachment of Man*, Lyons

16 August: Luggage stolen in Gare Saint-Lazare, Paris en route to London

* *A Son of God* published (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1946)

* Lectures on Akhnaton in London

* Meets Veronica Vassar and Muriel Gantry in London

* Meets Count Potocki of Montalk in London (this could have happened in 1947)

15-16 October: Prophetic Dream/Astral Projection (?) regarding the death of Herrmann Göring, London

29 October: Receives visa from Icelandic Legation in London to visit Iceland, valid until 29 January 1947

9 November: Sails from Hull to Iceland (passport stamped “embarked” in Hull on 9 November, 8 November according to ATRO)

14 November: Arrives in Reykjavik (passport stamped in Reykjavik on 14 November, 15 November according to ATRO)

1947

4 April: Visits the volcano Mount Hekla, which is erupting

5 April: Spends night on the slopes of the erupting volcano

16 April: Completes *Akhnaton: A Play* in Reykjavik, Iceland

9 June: Visits Godafoss, the "Waterfall of the Gods"

8 July: Passport stamped in Reykjavik before embarking for England

* Lands job with Ram Gopal dance company as dresser, London

November: In London (mentions losing gold swastika pendant there at that time)

1948

Akhnaton: A Play published (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1948)

7 February: Receives visa to visit France for one month from French Consulate, London

9 April: Writes first chapter of *The Lightning and the Sun* in Edinburgh

Early May: Goes to Scandinavia for six weeks with Ram Gopal

21 May: Side trip to Norway with Ram Gopal

30 May: Returns to Sweden from Norway with Ram Gopal

May or June: Meets Elwyn Wright and other National Socialists, Stockholm

6 June: Meets Sven Hedin, Stockholm

15-16 June: Train ride through occupied Germany distributing propaganda leaflets, cigarettes, and food packets

*Returns to London

*Hires Count Potocki of Montalk to print propaganda posters and leaflets

8 August: Receives visa from French Embassy in London

20 August: Arrives in France

* Travels to Paris; calls an old school friend, Georgette Soustelle, wife of Jacques Soustelle, a henchman of De Gaulle, and asks her aid in obtaining a French military permit to enter occupied Germany; receives permit

31 August: Receives French military permit to visit French-occupied Germany

7 or 11 September: Re-enters Germany at Saarbrücken

3 October: Writes Introduction to *Gold in the Furnace*, Alfeld an der Leine, Germany

5 December: Photographed at Alfeld an der Leine, near railroad tracks, probably on her departure

6 December: Completes chapter 3 of *The Lightning and the Sun* in Karlsruhe railway station, Germany

* Leaves Germany and travels back to London for Christmas holidays

7 December: Passes through Luxembourg customs en route to Paris

9 December: Embarks for England at Dieppe

1949

14 January: Receives visa from French Embassy in London

* Travels from London to Germany

12 February: Finishes chapter 3 of *Gold* in Bonn café

13/14 February: Meets Gerhard Wassner, Cologne

13/14 February: Departs Cologne for Hanover

* Begins chapter 4 of *Gold* in Hanover café

20 February: Arrested in Cologne; three chapters of *Gold* finished.

22 February: Transferred to Düsseldorf

22 February (21 in *Defiance*): Taken to Werl

23 February: Meets Hertha Ehlert

March 1949: Preliminary hearing in Essen

5 April: Trial in Düsseldorf

8 April: Resumes work on chapter 4 of *The Lightning and the Sun*, Werl prison, Germany

By 30 May: Part of chapter 5 of *Lightning*, Werl

30 May: Cell searched and manuscripts confiscated

10 June: Colonel Vickers, Commandant of Werl, calls her the most objectionable Nazi he had ever met

17 June: Manuscripts returned

16 July: Completes *Gold in the Furnace* in Werl (8 more chapters written after trial)

After 16 July: Continues chapter 5 of *Lightning*, Werl

Before 18 August: Finishes chapter 5, Werl

18 August: Released from Werl, returns to Lyons

* Begins writing *Defiance*, Lyons

1950

29 August: Writes Preface to *Defiance*, Lyons

Autumn: Savitri and Muriel Gantry visit Savitri's mother in Lyons

Autumn: Travels to Rome

* A.K. Mukherji publishes pamphlet *Pakistan Puts the Clock Back* (Calcutta: Uttarayan Limited, 1950)

1951

* Works on chapters 6 and 7 of *The Lightning and the Sun* in Lyons

September: Photographed for frontispiece of *Defiance* in Lyons

September or later: *Defiance* published (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1951)

1952

Early part of year: Finishes work on chapters 6 and 7 *The Lightning and the Sun*, Lyons

* Continues writing Part II of *Lightning* in Lyons

21 August: Writes Preface to *Gold in the Furnace*, Lyons

* *Gold* published (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952)

1953

January or February: Savitri and Muriel Gantry visit Greece, departing from Marseilles, deck passage on steamer "Ionia"

26 March: Writes "1953" in Athens

Early to mid-April: flies from Phaleron to Campini, then travels to Rome; meets Camillo Giuriati, former Italian consul in Calcutta; takes train north to Austria through Brenner Pass

18 April: Visits Linz

20 April: Visits Braunau in the Inn

21 April: Visits Berchtesgaden

23 April: Visits Munich

24 April: Visits Landsberg am Lech

25-26 April: Visits Nuremberg

* Visits Hertha Ehlert's husband in Homberg von der Höhe

Early May: Reunion with Fräulein B., Koblenz

- * Visits widow and grave of Otto Ohlendorf, Hoheneggelsen
- * Reunion with Hertha Ehlert, Fischerhof convalescent home near Uelzen; meets Katja U.

May: Begins living with Katja U. in Emsdetten in Westphalia

October: Visits Teutoburger Wald and Herrmann monument

23 October: Visits Externsteine

28 October: Visits Holzminden

30 October: Revisits Externsteine

1954

6 February: Completes *Pilgrimage* in Emsdetten

4 May: Completes chapter 13 of *The Lightning and the Sun*, Emsdetten

After 4 May: Begins work on chapters 14 and 15, Emsdetten and other locations as Savitri was on the move

5 June: Second visit to Obersalzberg; sees Hitler's "Eagle's Nest"

16 December: Savitri's room in Emsdetten searched by police; manuscript of *Pilgrimage* confiscated; Savitri interrogated for ten hours

26 December: Second search

1955

4 May: Completes chapter 13 of *The Lightning and the Sun*, Emsdetten

* Has to vacate room in Emsdetten

* Unable to find landlord who will take her cat Black Velvet, Savitri travels to Chomélix, central France and leaves him in the care of Simone Bacqué

* Settles in cottage in Oberricklingen near Hanover

* Begins teaching in language school in Hanover

* Adopts a cat named Miu

* Manuscript of *Pilgrimage* returned about one year after it was seized

1956

* Meets Gerda Strasdadt, Hanover

15 February: Completes chapter 15 of *The Lightning and the Sun*, probably at Oberricklingen near Hanover

21 March: Completes *The Lightning and the Sun* in Hanover

1957

May: Leaves Germany to return to India

* Leaves Miu in care of Simone Bacqué, Chomélix

* Visits Athens

* Sails to Alexandria

* From Alexandria to Cairo

May-June: Meets Johannes von Leers and Mahmoud Saleh in El Maadhi, near Cairo

June: Visits ruins of Akhetaten at Tel-el-Amarna; gets sick from contaminated water; elephantiasis attack

18 June: Writes *Paul de Tarse* in El Maadhi

End of June: Sails on Greek steamer "Lydia" from Alexandria to Beirut

1-2 July (circa): Stays two days in Beirut

3 July (circa): Travels from Beirut to Damascus by car

4-5 July (circa): Stays two days in Damascus

6 July: Travels from Damascus to Baghdad by bus

7 July: Arrives in Baghdad; decides not to re-visit ruins of Babylon; departs later that day

7-9 July: Travels from Baghdad to Teheran by bus

9 July: Arrives in Teheran and stays three weeks in Iran

10 July: Incident in Teheran with dying kitten related in *Long-Whiskers*, chapter 14; Black Velvet killed by truck in Chomélix

* Visits Pahlevi on Caspian sea

* Travels by bus from Teheran to Mashhad to Zahedan on Iranian-Pakistan border (stays one week in Zahedan)

* Travels from Zahedan to Quetta to Lahore by train across Baluchistan desert

30 July: Boards train in Lahore to New Delhi

30 July: Assaulted and robbed on train after stop in Mathura

1 August: Arrives in Calcutta

August: Goes to work as translator for East German engineers in Joda, near Baramjamda, Orissa

September: Begins writing *Long-Whiskers* in Joda

1958

* Returns to Calcutta

21 July: Writes Preface to *The Lightning and the Sun*, Calcutta

September: Gets job as teacher in French school in Calcutta

* *The Lightning and the Sun* published (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958)

* *Paul de Tarse* published (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958)

* *Pilgrimage* published (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958)

1959

22 June: Writes Preface to *Impeachment of Man*, Calcutta

* *Impeachment of Man* published (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1959)

1960

25 March: Savitri's mother dies in Lyons

August-September 1960: Returns to Europe, sailing to Marseilles via Ceylon

Fall: Spends six weeks with Otto Skorzeny in Spain; meets Leon Degrelle

1961

January: Returns to France, finds teaching job in Montbrison near Lyons

May: Attends British National Party camp in Narford; meets Beryl Cheetham

Early summer: Savitri and Muriel Gantry meet in Athens and travel around Peloponnesus together

* Savitri leaves Athens alone bound for Germany

10 July: Finishes *Long-Whiskers* in Hanover

24 July: Writes to George Lincoln Rockwell from Einar Åberg's house in Norvikken, Sweden

Autumn: Begins writing *Hart wie Kruppstahl (Hard as Krupp Steel)*

9 October: Completes Foreword of *Hart wie Kruppstahl* in Montbrison

1962

* Continues teaching in Montbrison

Early in year: Meets Françoise Dior

20 April: Writes to George Lincoln Rockwell from Braunau on the Inn, Austria

26 July: Visits Muriel Gantry in London en route to National Socialist Movement camp in the Cotswolds

31 July: Savitri and Muriel Gantry visit Stonehenge

3 August: Goes to National Socialist Movement HQ to receive instructions on camp rendezvous then heads for camp

4 August: Cotswolds camp begins; meets George Lincoln Rockwell

7 August: Savitri goes to London to collect camp-goers; camp broken up in her absence

8 August: Savitri returns to camp for luggage and is stopped by Special Branch officers; stamp inserted in her passport banning her from England; returns to London to stay with Muriel Gantry

10 August: Raid on NSM headquarters in London

20 August: Savitri attends court where Colin Jordan and other National Socialist Movement people are sent to jail for two weeks for petty offenses

1963

* Continues teaching in Montbrison

August: Finishes *Hart wie Kruppstahl*

11 August: Refused entry into England

Fall: Montbrison job ends; begins teaching in Saint Etienne

1963 or 1964

* Begins writing an historical novel, *Tyrtée l'Athenien* [*Tyrtaios the Athenian*], Montbrison

1964

Spring: Teaches in Saint-Etienne

Spring: Persecuted by LICA (Ligue internationale Contre l'Antisémitisme—a French equivalent of the Anti-Defamation League)

Summer: Visits Muriel Gantry in England (somehow manages to sneak in, in spite of the ban)

Fall: Begins teaching in Firminy (academic years 1964-65, 1965-66)

27 December: Refused entry into England

1965

* Teaches in Firminy

* *Long-Whiskers* printed in England (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, no date)

1966

February: Further persecution from LICA

October: No longer allowed to teach; given correspondence course papers to correct

27 December 1966: Savitri refused entry into England (Channel Islands)

1966: Publication of condensed *The Lightning and the Sun* in *National Socialist World*, no. 1

1967

* Continues to correct correspondence course papers

Spring: Excerpts from *Gold in the Furnace* published in *National Socialist World*, no. 3

1968

* Continues to correct correspondence course papers

* Begins writing *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une Aryenne* [*Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman*]

Last week in September: Reunion with friends (Hans-Ulrich Rudel, John Tyndall, Beryl Cheetham, and others) in Munich and Salzburg

Winter: Excerpts from *Defiance* published in *National Socialist World*, no. 6

1969

Spring: Job correcting correspondence course papers ends

20 April: Montbrison: Begins *Souvenirs et réflexions* over after the loss of the first 80 pages of the manuscript

July: Staying with Françoise Dior on the coast of France (Courcelles)

Summer (probably): Offered work in Dublin, Ireland but refused entry

September: Goes to Athens, lives on private French lessons, continues work on *Souvenirs et réflexions*

1970

August: Departs Athens for Germany, continues work on *Souvenirs et réflexions*

August-October: Travels in Germany

October: Works on *Souvenirs et réflexions* at Françoise Dior's house in Ducey, Normandy

1971

May: Leaves Ducey

6 June: Writes to Cornelius Castoriadis from Zürich

23 June: Flies from Paris to Bombay

June-August: Lives in Poona, working on *Souvenirs et réflexions*

11 August: Arrives in New Delhi, lives in Hindu Mahasabha guest room where she completes *Souvenirs et réflexions*

12 September: Finishes *Souvenirs et réflexions*, New Delhi

Fall: Moves into sublet room at B-29 South Extension, Part I, New Delhi

1973

* Moves to C-23, South Extension, Part II, New Delhi

September: AK Mukherji visits Savitri in New Delhi

1974

1 March: Assaulted and robbed of most jewelry and left for dead, New Delhi

June: Ill with dysentery for weeks, New Delhi

1975

6 March: Savitri writes friend and mentions that Mr. Mukherji will soon be in New Delhi for some time

1976

28 July: Writes Preface to *Souvenirs et réflexions*, New Delhi

* Mid-September: Ill with malaria and dysentery, New Delhi

9 October: Operation for glaucoma, New Delhi

December-January 1977: final printing and binding of *Souvenirs et réflexions* (New Delhi: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1976)

1977

21 March: A.K. Mukherji dies at Savitri's apartment in New Delhi, of heat stroke; he was fasting to death

August 1977: Loses job at Alliance Française, New Delhi

1978

November: Records interviews that become the basis for *And Time Rolls On*, New Delhi

1979

15 November: One and a half chapters of *Ironies et paradoxes* written, New Delhi

1980

13 May: Cataract operation, New Delhi

June: Dismissed from teaching French to UN personnel, New Delhi

September: 27th attack of elephantiasis, New Delhi

1981

March: New operation for cataracts, New Delhi

30 March: Stroke causes partial paralysis on right side, New Delhi

* Visits Sister in Law, Mrs. Bannerjee in New Delhi, asks to live with her; not possible

* Spends some time in Jaipur with Crystal Rogers recuperating

* Spends some time with Myriam Hirn in New Delhi

4 October: Flies from New Delhi to Germany

October-November: Stays at a Bavarian home for the elderly near Munich

December: Stays with Elisabeth Ettmayr in Kaltenbach near Traunstein

December: Visited by police at Frau Ettmayr's

December: Told to leave Germany before 3 January 1982

1982

Early January: Leaves Germany for Lyons via Lausanne, Switzerland; may have gone to Paris and stayed with Saint-Loup and family and R. Family

14 January: Picked up by police while waiting outside a friend’s house in Lyons for her return; taken to the “Grange Blanche” (Hôpital Edouard Herriot) in Lyons

25 January: Transferred to a “hospice çivil” in Genas-Vurey, near Lyons

20 February: Records seven hours of interviews in French

14 April: Moved to a geriatric hospital at Alix, near Lyons

21 June: Departs hospital at Alix for Germany at the invitation of Georg and Magdlen Schrader

22 June-late July: Stays with Georg and Magdlen Schrader in Steinen near Lörach

Late July-August: Stays with Frau Ettmayr in Kaltenbach near Traunstein

August: With Schraders and Frau Ettmayr visits Hans-Ulrich Rüdell in Kufstein, Austria,

August-September: Stays with Lotte Asmus in Prien

September: Stays with Elsa Ederer in Munich

20 September: Beryl Cheetham visits Savitri at Frau Ederer's in Munich

27 September: Beryl Cheetham visits Savitri at Frau Ederer's in Munich

30 September: Celebrates 77th birthday

30 September or 1 October: Departs Munich for Lausanne, Switzerland; stays with G.A. Amaudruz

1 or 2 October: Departs Lausanne for Paris

1 or 2-3 October: Stays in Paris with R family

3 October: Visits Françoise Dior in Paris

3-4 October: Stays in Paris with Cornelius Castoriadis and family

4 October: Leaves Paris for Nantes; stays with Yves Jeanne and family; receives word from Matt Koehl that visa and funds were available for US speaking tour; ticket from London to Washington, D.C. purchased for 6 November

16 October: Departs Nantes for England

17 October: Arrives by taxi at Muriel Gantry’s, in Sible Hedingham, Essex, England en route to US

22 October: Dies shortly after midnight in Sible Hedingham

7 December: Cremation at Colchester Crematorium

1983

20 February: Memorial service for Savitri Devi at the headquarters of the New Order, the successor organization to George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party; Savitri's ashes placed alongside Rockwell's in New Order Valhalla

WOMAN AGAINST TIME:

REMEMBERING SAVITRI DEVI'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

by R.G. Fowler



Savitri Devi was a philosopher, a religious thinker, and a tireless activist on behalf of National Socialism, Indo-European paganism, vegetarianism, animal welfare, and deep ecology. She also dabbled in fiction-writing and espionage. In 1958, with the publication of her magnum opus, *The Lightning and the Sun*, she emerged as one of the most original and influential National Socialist thinkers of the post-World War II era.

Savitri Devi was born Maximine Portaz on 30 September 1905 in Lyons, France at 8:45 a.m. She died shortly after midnight on 22 October 1982 in Sible Hedingham, Essex, England. Of English, Greek, and Italian ancestry, she described her nationality as “Indo-European.”

The circumstances of Savitri Devi's birth were not auspicious. She was born two and a half months premature, having been conceived on the night of 13-14 March 1905. The delivery was difficult, and she weighed only 930 grams. The doctor told her parents that she would not live. She was to be an only child. Her mother Julia Portaz (née Nash) was forty, her father Maxim Portaz forty-four. Fearful of another difficult pregnancy, they never made love again. They named the baby Maximine Julia Portaz, then waited for her to die.

But the Life Force was strong in her. It had something great in store.

Savitri Devi had remarkable intellectual gifts, which she manifested at an early age. As a young child she learned French and English from her parents, then taught herself Modern Greek and some Ancient Greek. In time she became fluent in eight languages (English, French, Modern Greek, Italian, German, Icelandic, Hindi, and Bengali) and had knowledge of some twenty others (e.g., Ancient Greek, Urdu, and other Indian languages).

Savitri Devi also earned two Masters Degrees, in philosophy and chemistry, and a Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of Lyons. Her first two books were her doctoral dissertations: *Essai-critique sur Théophile Kairis* (*Critical Essay on Theophilus Kairis*) (Lyons: Maximine Portaz, 1935) and *La simplicité mathématique* (*Mathematical Simplicity*) (Lyons: Maximine Portaz, 1935).

Savitri Devi also had a vast knowledge of religion and history, particularly ancient history, as well as an amazing memory, particularly for dates and names. She was also a brilliant and mesmerizing teacher who could lecture at length on countless topics without reference to notes.

A self-described “nationalist of every nation” and an Indo-European pagan revivalist, Savitri Devi embraced National Socialism in 1929 while in Palestine. In 1935, she traveled to India to experience in Hinduism the last living remnants of the Indo-European pagan religious tradition. Settling eventually in Calcutta, she worked for the Hindu nationalist movement, which defended Hindu tradition from all universalistic and egalitarian ideologies, such as Christianity, Islam, Communism, and liberal democracy. In 1939, Savitri Devi married a Bengali Brahmin, the pro-Axis publisher Asit Krishna Mukherji (1904-1977). During World War II, she and her husband spied for the Japanese.

In 1935, while studying at Rabindranath Tagore’s Shantiniketan Ashram in Bengal, Maximine Portaz, at the suggestion of some fellow students, took the pen name Savitri Devi. “Savitri” is one of the Sanskrit names of the sun, and “Devi” means goddess. It was a perfect name, since Savitri was a devotee of what she considered the primordial Aryan religion: the worship of Life and Light. (“Devi,” by the way, is not a surname, but a title that all Aryan women in India are entitled to take. Thus Savitri Devi should not be referred to simply as “Devi” for short, but as “Savitri” -- just as Saint Paul is referred to as “Paul” not as “Saint.” By themselves, titles such as Saint, Mister, Doctor, or Devi do not refer to any particular person.)

While in India, Savitri authored several books: In 1937 she completed *L’Etang aux lotus* (*The Lotus Pond*) (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1940), recording her first impressions of India. *The Lotus Pond* combines vivid travelogues with philosophical reflections on Indian culture and tradition. Her

next book, *A Warning to the Hindus* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1939), is her manifesto of Hindu Nationalism. Hinduism is a radically pluralistic and tolerant religion, and this often blinds Hindus to the dangers posed by the intolerant Biblical religions and their secular offshoots: liberal democracy and communism. Savitri seeks to awaken Hindus to this danger and demonstrate the necessity of cultivating a unified Hindu national consciousness that cuts across yet respects and preserves India's myriad communal and caste distinctions. Savitri also clearly thought that such a Hindu national consciousness was a necessary condition for Indian independence. *A Warning to the Hindus* was translated into six Indian languages and remains in print today. A third book, *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1940), deals with the question of the integration of non-Hindu minorities into a Hindu nation, both in the struggle for Indian independence and in an independent India. Savitri's plea is for Indian Muslims, Christians, and other non-Hindus to recognize that they are Indians first, i.e., products of a Hindu culture, even though they do not profess the Hindu religion.

Another focus of Savitri's interest while in India was a fellow sun-worshipper, the Ancient Egyptian "Heretic Pharaoh" Akhnaton (14th century BC), who was surely one of the most remarkable and enigmatic personalities in history. Akhnaton sought to replace Egyptian polytheism with a monotheistic religion that honored the Life Force under the image of the solar disc pouring forth its life-giving rays. Although Akhnaton's monotheism was as intolerant as the Biblical monotheism that Savitri despised, she was fascinated with Akhnaton's life and character and strongly attracted to his religion on philosophical, spiritual, and aesthetic grounds. Indeed, she believed that Akhnaton's religion was essentially identical to the primordial Aryan religion of Life and Light, and she even suggested that Akhnaton's reforms might have been influenced by the Mitanni, an Aryan people who had settled in upper Mesopotamia. Akhnaton himself was part Mitannian, through his paternal grandmother Mutemwiya and perhaps also through his maternal grandfather Yuya, and there were other Mitanni present at the Egyptian court as well.

Savitri's first publication on Akhnaton is a pamphlet entitled *Akhnaton's Eternal Message: A Scientific Religion 3,300 Years Old* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1940). This was followed by a children's novel, *Joy of the Sun: The Beautiful*

Life of Akhnaton, King of Egypt, Told to Young People (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink and Co. Ltd., 1942), illustrated with Savitri's own drawings and paintings, which are crude and child-like, but appropriately so.

Savitri's major work on Akhnaton is *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1946). Originally published by the Theosophical Society, the book was republished by the Rosicrucian Order as *Son of the Sun: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (San Jose, California: Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC, 1956). (Savitri regarded both organizations as subversive but was surely pleased that they published her book.) *Son of the Sun* has only recently gone out of print in English, and it has been translated into French, Dutch, and Portuguese.

Nearly 60 years later, *Son of the Sun* is still one of the best books on Akhnaton. It is beautifully written, with a novelist's eye for concrete and colorful details. It is rigorously researched, drawing on all the relevant literature of the time. But most importantly, it is philosophical. Savitri draws upon Akhnaton's Hymns to the Sun and other writings, the iconography associated with his cult, and contemporary documents such as the Amarna letters, to produce the most comprehensive and plausible reconstruction of Akhnaton's world view ever offered.

In 1948, Savitri published *Akhnaton: A Play* (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1948), which deals with the destruction of Akhnaton's cult and the persecution of his followers after his death. It is a thinly disguised allegory for what was happening in occupied Germany at that very moment.

Savitri was devastated by the defeat of Germany in World War II. In June of 1945, near Varkala on the Malabar Coast, she resolved to kill herself by walking into the ocean. But when the water was up to her shoulders, suddenly the Life Force stirred within her. A thought flashed through her mind like lightning. It was a command: live! Live to bear witness to the truth. Live to see the day of vengeance, when the victors of 1945 are hurled into pits. Live to say, "I told you so!" As Savitri put it in a letter to George Lincoln Rockwell dated 28 August 1965, "I walked out of the sea for the sake of that future possible enjoyment, and for that alone, and started living without hope, only for hatred's sake."

From that point on, Savitri embarked upon an itinerant, ascetic life. Her two chief activities were tireless witness on behalf of National Socialism and caring for homeless and abused animals, primarily cats.

Savitri revered National Socialist Germany as a Holy Land for all Aryans. But she never saw it during its glory days. Her first glimpse of it was in 1948, in ruins. *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952) is Savitri's dark and powerful account of her experiences in occupied Germany in 1948 and 1949. But Savitri did not regard the destruction of the Third Reich as the end of National Socialism, but as a purification -- as a trial by fire that would separate the base metal from the gold -- as the prelude to a new beginning. Thus *Gold* also contains chapters on the philosophical foundations and positive political program of National Socialism. In 1949, Savitri was arrested, tried, and imprisoned by the British Occupation authorities for distributing National Socialist propaganda leaflets. She describes her experience in *Defiance* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1951). In 1953, Savitri made a pilgrimage to sacred National Socialist sites in Austria and Germany, describing it in her book *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958).

Savitri's greatest work is *The Lightning and the Sun* (1958), which synthesizes National Socialism and the Aryan cyclical theory of history and advances the stunning claim that Adolf Hitler was an avatar -- a human incarnation -- of the Hindu god Vishnu, the sustainer of order. According to Aryan tradition, history moves in cycles, beginning with a Golden Age or Age of Truth and declining from that point until one reaches the nadir, the fourth age, the Dark Age or Kali Yuga, in which evil and falsehood reign. At that point, the forces of decay expire from their own corruption and a new Golden Age dawns. According to Hindu tradition, the present Kali Yuga will be ended and the next Golden Age inaugurated by the tenth avatar of Vishnu, Kalki, the avenger, who is portrayed as a warrior on a white horse. When Hitler's star was rising, Savitri Devi and many Indians thought that he was Kalki. When he was defeated, she concluded that Hitler was not the tenth avatar, but only his forerunner, and that Kalki has yet to come.

In *The Lightning and the Sun*, Savitri distinguishes between three kinds of men in terms of their relationships to the downward trajectory of history: Men in Time, Men above Time, and Men against Time. Men in Time are those who

go with the downward flow of time and contribute to its disintegrating tendencies. Men above Time try to rise above history's downward trajectory and insulate themselves from the sordidness of the world. Men against Time fight against degeneration and seek to restore the Golden Age. Their goal, of course, is impossible. One cannot turn back the clock. But Men against Time are born fighters. Resisting decadence is their duty, their destiny. It does not matter that they cannot win. But even if they fail to turn back the clock, they might speed it up, i.e., they might hasten the destruction of the Dark Age and help usher in a new Golden Age. The bulk of *The Lightning and the Sun* is devoted to illustrating these three types of men through three mini-biographies: Genghis Khan is the paradigmatic Man in Time, Akhnaton the Man above Time, and Adolf Hitler the Man against Time.

One of the many ways in which *The Lightning and the Sun* is an extraordinary book is that it is absolutely unbelievable and absolutely compelling at the same time. Probably no one who has read it has taken it literally. Savitri Devi herself probably did not take it literally. But her vision has poetic beauty and explanatory power. *The Lightning and the Sun* moves in the realm of myth. I believe that Savitri's goal was to create the founding myth of a new religion. Savitri was fascinated with Paul of Tarsus, who founded a religion by taking a failed political revolutionary and transforming him into an incarnation of God who had come to save the world. And in less than three centuries, the religion Paul created triumphed over the Roman Empire. Savitri too took a failed political revolutionary and transformed him into an incarnation of God who had come to save the world. She hoped thereby to found a religion that would serve as the vehicle for the ultimate triumph of her ideals.

Savitri Devi was also a passionate crusader for vegetarianism, animal welfare, and deep ecology. She summarized her views on these matters in *Impeachment of Man* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji: 1959). In the 1970s, long before PETA and the Animal Liberation Front, an elderly and crotchety Savitri Devi and her Indian servant broke the law to liberate cats and dogs destined for medical experiments at the All India Institute for Medical Sciences in New Delhi. Savitri's other book on animals is *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, or the true story of a "most objectionable Nazi" and ... half-*

a-dozen cats (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1965). A fictionalized autobiography focusing on her relationships with her favorite cats, this is Savitri's best written and most eccentric book.

Savitri's other writings include *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une Aryenne (Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman)* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1976), her most comprehensive presentation of her philosophy; and *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews* (Atlanta: Black Sun Publications, 2005), the edited transcripts of ten hours of interviews given in New Delhi in 1978, which is an ideal introduction to Savitri's life and thought.

Savitri Devi's 100th Birthday will be honored today. But it will be a quiet affair. A few of her surviving friends will call one another and reminisce. Those whose lives she has touched are scattered over the globe. They cannot not gather together to raise a toast, so they will raise their toasts alone. In Germany, Regin-Verlag is publishing a special issue of the magazine *Junges Forum* in Savitri's honor. They are also publishing *The Lotus Pond* and *Impeachment of Man* in German translation. In England, Historical Review Press has published a new edition of *Gold in the Furnace*. In the United States, Black Sun Publications is bringing out *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*. In cyberspace, I flatter myself to think that people all over the globe are reading these words. I had also hoped that my Web site, the Savitri Devi Archive would appear today, but it has been delayed. When it is up, you can buy copies of *And Time Rolls On* there.

How can you honor Savitri today, if you are so inclined? In a letter to a young American comrade dated 13 April 1975, Savitri discussed how she would celebrate Adolf Hitler's approaching birthday:

This is just a short note to tell you how I shall think of you (and of all our comrades and superiors far and near) on the great Birthday a week ahead. It happens to be a Sunday this year, so -- thank goodness I shall not have to go to my dreary work and shall be able to be entirely alone and just ... think. I am thinking our Führer would be now -- in a week's time -- 86, were he alive. And I wonder whether we, the few of His disciples in whose lives He actually has the first place, are as numerous and fervent as were the early Christians in 86 A.D., that is to say, under Emperor Domitian. There had been a spectacular persecution of Christians in 64 AD (under

Nero), but none since. But surely one would have burst out laughing on hearing that “one day” the despised and now and then persecuted sect would dictate its dogmas to the whole West and even force them into yet undiscovered continents and islands. Who could have imagined the personality and power of Philip II of Spain in those far gone days? And who can tell now, whether there is or not, in 1500 years to come, to rise some equally powerful Aryan racist, a worshipper of our Führer, our equivalent of Philip II the Catholic? In one way it is a good thing that the future -- although it exists already, as well as does the past -- is totally unpredictable to finite minds.

It is good that we cannot predict the future because that allows us to *hope*. So honor Savitri Devi’s 100th birthday by thinking, and hoping.

Savitri Devi’s 100th Birthday will not be celebrated like those of two other philosophers who were also born in 1905: Jean-Paul Sartre and Ayn Rand. There will be no international scholarly symposia, no newspaper articles, no souvenir t-shirts and coffee mugs. But this is to be expected. After all, both Sartre and Rand -- one a Communist, the other a libertarian individualist -- are united in their opposition to all racial nationalism, except Jewish supremacism. (Rand was born a Jew, and Sartre wished he had been.) In short, both Sartre and Rand were very much “in Time.” Their philosophies are celebrated precisely because they do not challenge the forces of decay but actually defend and promote them.

Savitri Devi, by contrast, was a Woman against Time. She will not find fame in this Dark Age, but in the Golden Age to come.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LETTER

Translated by *R.G. Fowler*



This is a very interesting and informative autobiographical letter written by Savitri Devi to a German female comrade who will remain anonymous. The letter was hand-written by Savitri in German and then transcribed into a typescript. Ellipses indicate passages where Savitri's words were illegible to the transcriptionist. The fate of the original manuscript is unknown. Special thanks to Georg and Magdlen Schrader for sending me a copy of this letter. Thanks also to Bastian Thoemmes for his help with the translation.

—*R. G. Fowler*

New Delhi

1 October 1980

Much Beloved and Admired [Female] Comrade,

Hopefully you have received my long letter, which I sent to you some days ago, and in which I explained in detail the practical—I should say “the technical” reasons—for which I cannot leave India, without running the risk of having to leave it permanently. Surely you will have communicated all this also to Mrs. Asmus, since I would not like to be forced to write such a long—and boring!—letter twice.

But now different thoughts. Your—and Frau Lotte’s—quite royal birthday gift of 285 DM 65 (two hundred eighty-five German Marks and sixty-five Pfennig), that you sent together, moved me deeply. I am not worthy of so

much money—and so much love—as I never was able to give for those great things, which are dear to my heart, such great sums since I never earned too much money—and that’s my own fault (if you would call something like that a “fault,” that is). I condemned myself, on 28 May 1928 (I would become conscious only about one year later—1929—of my NS faith) to poverty and a life of financial difficulties, when I rejected my French citizenship in Athens and accepted Greek citizenship.

(Although I do *not* regret it, I would not do so now, for the simple reason that in today’s world *every* citizenship is just as bad as the others—precisely because so few correspond to the *true* soul of a people. The official Greece is no better than the official France or each official “state,” which are all only the colonies of the international financial power, the policies of which are imposed upon the great and the small. But in 1928, I was 23 years old . . . and not 22—and I am now 75. It would be something to despair, if I had remained so naive.)

There was a competition in Athens in June 1928 for a position as a teacher of the French language in a Greek High School. I participated in it, and told my good, beloved French friend Viviane (whom Mrs. Asmus knows) that *that* was the reason why I, on 28 May 1928, assumed Greek citizenship. I did not lie. But I had—from love for my young friend, who is so good from any point of view—also not told the whole truth.

Family wise, I had much more to do with Lombardy than with Greece. My father’s mother, born Clotilda Porza, was from the vicinity of Turin. My grandfather’s mother *as well*—all blond, blue-eyed, Nordic types. From Greece—or rather from the Greek upper-class of Constantinople came, I was told, my *great*-grandfather, Pavlos Portassi, born in 1770, who came to Italy around 1790 to study. He would by marriage join a well-to-do north Italian family and become established. His son Karl—thus my grandfather—was “precepteur” (as it means in German: the position that oversees the collection of tax money). When Savoyards were to choose to become Italian or French, he chose France, and his children were thus born “French” according to French law. My father, the fifth of six, was born 14 February 1861. He knew Italian and French but very *little* Greek. (Already as a child, by my own choice, I

systematically learned modern [and a little ancient] Greek. And I grew up among many Greeks our acquaintance.)

My rejection of France and the Allies began in 1915, when I was not yet 10 years old. In the Catholic school, where I first went, they told us in 1914—thus at the beginning of the war—that the Germans were “terrible barbarians” because they had attacked “poor little Belgium.” I did not have much interest at that time in the war between the great powers, but remembered quite well the second Balkan War—1912 and 1913—Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria against Turkey, and then Serbia and Greece against Bulgaria. I still remember an anti-Bulgarian Greek . . . of the time. Nothing disturbed me until 1915. (If not the 1909 story of the treatment of the poor dogs of Constantinople by the “Young Turks.” I did not know, naturally, that the three leaders of the Young Turks, Estad Pasha, Talal Pasha, and Enver Pasha were *all Jews*.) In 1915 the French army (under general Sarrail) landed in Thessaloniki (Salonika), and, with the agreement with the Prime Minister of Greece, Venizelos (I did not know that he was a Freemason!), did in Greece what they wanted. The British fleet blocked the small country, which cannot live without imports—for 10 months. On 1 December 1916 the French also landed in Athens—all because Greece did not wish to fight with the Allies in the war. I was indignant. I thought, “The liars!” The Germans are barbarians, because they marched into “poor little Belgium.” And this pack! Why doesn’t one call them barbarians because they force their tyranny upon “poor little Greece”?

I asked my father. He explained: the Allies fight “for democracy.” Then I said, “I shit on democracy.” I hated the Allies! I went—not far from where my parents lived—behind the newly-built station (Gare des Brotteaux), and as it became pitch dark, wrote on the wall in meter-high letters, with chalk stolen from the school: “A bas les Alliés, vive l’Allemagne!” i.e., “DOWN WITH THE ALLIES, LONG LIVE GERMANY!” Germany was at that time for me only a patch of color in the geography book. But my hate for the liars was genuine. I said to my mother: “When I am 21 years old, I will reject my French nationality and take that of ‘poor little Greece.’”

My mother, who was not at all upset, did not ask, “Why not choose England?” even though she was an Englishwoman. For I hated England just as much because of the blockade of Greece.

After 1918, I was still disgusted by the French hate-demonstrations with the chant: “*L’Allemagne paiera!*” (Germany will pay!), and by what I heard of the conditions of occupation in Germany: occupation by Black Senegalese troops in a land of the White race. *That was the end!* (But please do not say that to all the good Frenchmen who are on our side today, and whom I would like never to upset.)

Then came the Greek-Turkish war of 1920 to 1922, and the dirty role of the policy of the great powers (France among them). In March 1921 Mr. Franklin-Bouillon in the name of France formed an alliance with the Turks.

In 1928 I completed my *Licence ès Lettres* [Master of Arts degree] and began to write my doctoral dissertations (there are at least 2 books that one must write for the title of doctor). I stayed in a completely modest room in Athens, lived by giving lessons, and worked in the library. One should remain three years in Greece, in order to be able to get citizenship. I—because I had Greek relatives—got it in a week. But, in the Interior Ministry, where I was interviewed, a man said to me: “With a doctorate and all the education that you have, you can have a marvelous position in France. Here you would have to begin with piece-work, or, if you cannot wait, live by giving lessons, like every half-educated foreigner. Why do you reject French nationality? Very well-educated Greeks have intentionally taken it in order to obtain important positions.” Probably it meant nothing to them to be compatriots of general Sarrail, of Jonnard, of Dartige du Foumet, and all the others who exerted criminal military coercion on Greece—and compatriots also of Franklin Bouillon! *To me it meant something.* I would rather live by giving lessons: poor, but without compromise.

The government official said to me: “Well then, congratulations and condolences.”

I also received in France (where I ended my study in my parents’ house) a *Licence ès Sciences* [Master of Sciences degree] (in Chemistry) and came back from the East in 1935 for a few days to get my Doctoral diploma.

In Greece my longing for the pre-Christian world had met with little response. Many things infuriated me, among other things the indifference of the people to trees and animals. For one (long) moment, I thought of going to Germany, but despite your opposition to Jewry, the propaganda at this time

(the *public* at least, but I knew no other) was for me much too tolerant of Christianity. But I felt that true N.S. [National Socialism] *is incompatible* with Christianity.

I went to India, where the Aryan tradition remains in its *essence* (too bad that at *that* time I knew no Initiates of the Thule Society).

In India also I lived on “lessons” and little jobs. I was employed only 9 years in France as a teacher (1960 to 69), for which I get the small pension on which I live—for which, however, I had to be recognized again as “French” by the authorities.

One day—of you are interested—I will tell you of the first, the very first German, a prisoner of war whom I saw a half hour in a camp, whose commander was an acquaintance of my father—a certain Monsieur Lagrillon. Well, I will tell it *now*, since I cannot send my letter on its way: Today is Mahatma Gandhi’s birthday, and all businesses and the post office are closed.

I was 13 years old when Monsieur Lagrillon invited my father to visit his camp with my mother and me. The camp stood on the site in Lyons—or rather in a suburb of Lyons—where today stands the enormous hospital called the “Grange blanche” [White Barn]. At that time, the whole place was a building site where prisoners of war worked.

We saw the bedrooms, and I was afraid of the large, half-wild dogs the guards held so that no prisoners could escape at night. Then we saw the foundation walls, which rose slowly from the earth. Then Monsieur Lagrillon said to my father: “We have here a prisoner who is very educated and among other things knows English well. Would you like to meet him?” My father said that he did not know English, which was true. “However,” he added, “my wife is an Englishwoman. If *she* would like to speak to him . . .”

They brought to us a red-blond, tall youth with gold-rimmed eyeglasses, *with beautiful manners*, the type of the natural aristocrat.

My mother—the pacifist—expressed to him the desire that soon no traces of the war should ever be seen, and “that never again would there be war between brother peoples.”

I looked the youth with admiration, until my father spoke and said: “You may say also some words in English to the young man.”

I jumped on the opportunity, like a cat on the wall. “Please know,” I said to the young German, “that all these long war years I was never against you and your people. The hypocritical Allies led a disgusting propaganda campaign against you, which ran over me like water on a duck, without affecting me. I have hated the Allies from day they abused Greece so cruelly and forced it into the war on their side. My warmest wish is that ‘next time’ you smash them. I would be glad to see you as the lords of Europe! And hope to see it as soon as possible!”

The young man merely smiled. (What else could he do as a prisoner of war?) He was named Mr. Geißlin or Geißler or something like that. I do not remember exactly. If he is still alive, he must be over 80 years old. I wonder if he ever thought of that 13 year old blonde girl (I was also blonde as a child, but with brown eyes, dark-blonde as an adult, now more *white* than grey), if he ever thought of the girl who said to him after the end of the First World War in the prisoner of war camp, “I would be *glad* to see the Germans as the Lords of Europe.”

He must have remembered during the *Kampfzeit* [i.e., Hitler’s struggle for power]—and in June of 1940.

When we returned home, my mother the English pacifist asked me what I had said to him. She said nothing, except that I had “the right, even when so young, to have my own opinions and my own ‘likes and dislikes.’” She never tried to impose her pacifism on me—and she *never* understood when I said that if I went to the trouble of having children, I would make it my mission that they accept all my basic ideas and, that if not, I would regard them as enemies.

Then she said that I should have nothing to do with what one calls “love” and motherhood. (I did it, but not to obey her words!)

My father died (of paralysis) to 24 February 1932 (12 years after the establishment of the NSDAP).

During the war, my mother—although 75 years old in 1940, 80 in 1945—joined the resistance movement in France. I did not know it naturally. There was no communication between Calcutta and Europe. She told me 1946, when I visited her, and said also that if I had been present in France in 1944 and had actively worked against the resistance (as I then *surely* would have),

she would have handed me over to the resistance. She died on 25 March 1960. Forgive this long, badly written letter.

With love and with the greeting of the faithful. Give my greetings to your nine beautiful children. How old are the eldest? And what are their names?

. . . my eyes and handwriting are so . . . good that you write with a typewriter!

Your devoted,
Savitri Devi Mukherji

Today, 2 October, Gandhi's birthday. But (much better!), Alexander's great victory on 2 October 331 BC in Arbulus. 8 October 1897, Himmler's birthday. I will write Mrs. B—.

DON'T CALL ME "MRS. DEVI"

From a letter to *Martin Kerr*



It is a common mistake to refer to Savitri Devi as "Devi" for short, as if this were her surname, just as we refer to Friedrich Nietzsche as "Nietzsche" for short. Savitri explains why this is a mistake in the following excerpt from a letter. Since "Devi" is not a surname, but a title, and since her husband's name Mukherji was no part of her pen name, it is not appropriate to use either one alone to refer to her. Her chosen pen name is Savitri Devi, and although it would be comical and pretentious to call Nietzsche "Friedrich" for short, it is appropriate to call Savitri Devi "Savitri," much as we call Saint Paul "Paul," since there is no other candidate for a "short" name.

—R. G. Fowler

[New Delhi
13 May 1979]
[. . .]

By the way: don't call me "Mrs. Devi." It means nothing. Devi (feminine of Deva, i.e., Goddess) is just a *title* that any Hindu woman of an alleged *Aryan caste*—a Brahmin or a Kshatriya—is, according to tradition, allowed to put after her individual name. Nowadays, with the propaganda of Democracy (a gift of the Christian missionaries and of the British education system) there are many Indian women and girls who call themselves So-and-so "Devi"

without having any right to do so—already when *I* first came to India, but not so *much* so.

Regularly, a woman of any *non-Aryan* caste—i.e., the overwhelming *majority* of Indian women—should call herself So-and-so *Dasi*—the word “*Dasi*,” feminine of “*das*” (slave or servant). The old, honest, clean and efficient maid we had when Mr. Mukherji and I lived under the same roof in Calcutta, was of the Maheshya caste (a peasant caste from West Bengal). She was Sindhubala *Dasi*—never would have dreamed of calling herself “*Devi*”!

The name Savitri (Solar Energy—the feminine of Savita, one of the names of Surya, the Sun) was *given to me* by the girls at the Shantiniketan University where I spent six months in 1935 brushing up my Bengali (that I had learnt alone) and reading Hindi. I then wrote a book in French, *L’Etang aux Lotus* (*The Lotus Pond*, impressions about India) and took “Savitri Devi” as an appropriate pen name. Then (1937 and 1939) I wrote two other books in English, *A Warning to the Hindus* and *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity*, and signed them “Savitri Devi.”

Mr. Mukherji I then did not *know* (till 9 January 1938). He gave me his name—we were *co-fighters*—at the outbreak of the war (September 1939) so that I should not be interned by the British as an undesirable foreigner (I had Greek nationality) *well-known to be against the British war effort*, i.e., on the German side, just as Mukherji himself was, but he was cleverer than I.¹ They kept him two days, and he slipped out of their clutches . . . while continuing his activities on the sly.

So I am not “Mrs. Devi” but *Mrs. Mukherji*—or if you like, Savitri Devi Mukherji—or Savitri Devi—but not “*Devi*” alone. I did not add Mukherji to my pen name when I married (September 1939) as three books were already circulating under the name of Savitri Devi. . . .

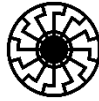
With a hearty *Heil Hitler!*

Savitri Devi Mukherji

¹ Savitri’s comparison here is unclear, but she is probably comparing an otherwise unknown arrest of A.K. Mukherji by the British authorities in India to her later arrest in Cologne, Germany, on 20 February 1949, for distributing National Socialist propaganda.

PRIESTESS OF HITLERISM: SAVITRI DEVI

by Kerry Bolton



Savitri Devi might be considered the mother of “Esoteric Hitlerism”; the myth of the Immortal Hitler arising from the ruins and death of the Reich to redeem a fallen Aryandom. Savitri Devi has been described by Chilean author and diplomat Miguel Serrano as “the greatest fighter after Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess and Joseph Goebbels.” Moreover she was the first to discover the secret and spiritual power behind Hitlerism.

She was born Maximiani Portas, 30 Sept. 1905 in Lyons, France, of Greek and English parents. There she studied chemistry and gained a doctorate in Letters. Traveling widely in Europe and Asia, mastering 7 languages, including Bengali, her desire to uncover the lost knowledge of the Aryans led her to India in 1932. She took the name Savitri Devi in honor of the Indo-Aryan Sun goddess, and married a brahmin Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji, who was editor of a pro-Axis Magazine, *The New Mercury*.

Regarding NS as the practical manifestation of Aryan cosmology as it continued in Hinduism, she worked with pro-Axis and independence movements in India during the war.

In a 1980 article “Hitlerism & the Hindu World,” published in *The National Socialist*, Savitri explained the basis of Esoteric Hitlerism and related some of her experiences with the Hindus during the war. Quoting Ramana Maharshi, “one of the greatest spiritual personalities of modern India,” the sage’s reply to a question on Hitler was that “He is a gnani”. This Devi explains is a sage, one who is fully conscious through personal experience “of the eternal truths that express the Essence of the Universe.”

Included in this ancient Aryan cosmic law as the Hindus had maintained it was a belief in the inequality of creatures including races.

Savitri Devi (like Julius Evola) traces the ancient Aryan cosmology to the Arctic, to Hyperborea of Thule in a line of descent from the Thule Society to National Socialism.

“Well did von Sebottendorff, founder of the famous Thule Society owe a lot to his visits to India and his contacts with the Hindus conscious of their Hyperborean traditions.” Savitri Devi naturally saw great significance in Hitler’s choice of the swastika as the symbol of NS, “the visible link between Hitler and orthodox Hinduism.”

TO GERMANY

In 1948 she traveled to war ravaged Europe, to Germany on her way from Sweden and England. This was the first time she visited the birthplace of Hitlerism.

“Now the gods had ordained that I should have a glimpse of ruins. Bitter, irony of fate,” she wrote in her *Gold in the Furnace*.

In Sweden she met various Swedish NS, including the famous explorer Sven Hedin. Her mission, she explained to Hedin and the younger comrades, was to deliver a message of hope to the Germans. Not knowing any reliable printers, she had handwritten hundreds of leaflets depicting the swastika and declaring:

Men and women of Germany! In the midst of untold hardships and suffering, hold fast to your glorious NS and resist! Defy our persecutors!... Nothing can destroy that which is built on truth. We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing destroy us. One day we shall rise. And triumph again! Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!

Working with a troupe of dancers and a Jewish manager, dressed in a sari and adorned with swastika earrings, she threw these leaflets from the trains as she crossed ravaged Germany, the leaflets wrapped in with little gifts of coffee, sugar or butter.

To Savitri Devi the scattering of those leaflets across Germany took on the significance of cosmic proportions, “written and thrown by the gods

through me.” About to cross the border into Belgium she began to sing a Hindu hymn to Shiva, “the Creator and Destroyer.”

In London Savitri Devi had 6,000 of the leaflets professionally printed and returned to Germany. Over the course of a year she was arrested several times and detained in France. She wrote *Gold in the Furnace* in a cell in Germany in 1949.

PILGRIMAGE

In 1953 Savitri Devi returned to Germany on a pilgrimage to the holy places of NS and German Heathenism. This pilgrimage resulted in a book of that name the following year but apparently not actually published until 1958. The journey had taken place despite a decree of expulsion by the Occupation Authorities.

However, for Savitri Devi the Hitler Faith was a practical one, “an essentially earthly one that has nothing to do with those metaphysical problems that worry people for whom our living world is not sufficient.” Savitri was not concerned with a personal god or with questions of an afterlife, but with the worship of things that can be seen and felt in daily life, and the godhead which she believed existed within the Aryan, impelling it towards higher evolution.

This is the “Order and Rhythm” inherent in Life, part of the Cosmic Dance with a cyclic interaction of birth, death, creation, destruction, love, hate; polarities engaged in a cosmic “impersonal struggle” reflected in the laws of nature. All forms of life were to be esteemed in their right place, faith with the Aryan at the apex. Those opposing the cosmic order were to be fought with “detached violence,” the Hindu conception of which is contained in the Hindu scripture Bhagavad Gita.

Savitri Devi had plenty of close calls on her German pilgrimage, stopped by customs with large quantities of her book *Gold in the Furnace and Defiance*. The culminating point of the Journey was to stand amidst the row of 100 feet high rocks that formed the sanctuary of the primal Germanic sun cult, *Externsteine*, “the Rocks of the Sun,” where the solstices had been again celebrated under Hitler and where the Hitler Youth had been initiated; a

monument more splendid than the sun monuments she had seen at Greece, Egypt and India.

In the central chamber, aligned to catch the rising sun, she stood with her arm outstretched in salute towards the sun. Then she recited a prayer to the impersonal cosmic god she believed had incarnated Hitler as a modern Avatar: “Lord of the unseen forces, whom I do not know and cannot grasp, whose majesty I adore in the eternal order of nature and in the heroic beauty of my comrades’ lives — they manifestations — help us, National Socialists, to keep thy truth within our hearts, and to bring into being, one day, our Führer’s real New Order, earthly reflection of merciless cosmic harmony!...”

After an oath, she consecrated the books she had already published, and the MS to her magnum opus, *The Lightning & the Sun*.

IN TIME, ABOVE TIME, AGAINST TIME

The Lightning & the Sun was begun in Scotland in 1948, written at intervals in Germany, and completed in 1956. The book was written to present a conception of history — ancient AND modern — unassailable from the standpoint of ETERNAL Truth. The principal figures used to illustrate the cyclic conception of history are Akhenaton, Genghis and Hitler. They are placed in the context of a succession of “Ages.” Within Kali Yuga (Age of Darkness) Akhenaton was the “Man Above Time,” symbolized as the sun, the pharaoh who wished to return man to a long-lost Golden Age, a visionary pushing against the tide of his own Age but without the practicality to realize his vision.

The “Man in Time” exemplified by Genghis is a destructive force devoid of idealism, symbolized by — the lightning, acting in accord with the nature of his Age.

In Hitler Savitri Devi found the “Man Against Time” combining idealism with force, both lightning and sun, waging war against the forces of the Age on a practical level; the Avatar of Kalki the Avenger who comes at the end of every Age. However, because Hitler was fighting against the cyclic tides of this Age his battle was foredoomed. Savitri Devi therefore believed it was the dharmic duty of Hitlerites to keep alive the flame of NS through the Kali Yuga as the basis for a New Order which Hitler had himself prophesied in 1928,

seeing himself as but a herald: "I am not he; but while nobody comes forward to prepare the way for him, I do so."

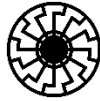
The companions at arms of the future Avatar would be the "last NS" of iron will, tested through persecution, "avenging comrades."

Savitri spent much of her life in India teaching English at a French school for young women. During the last years of her life she lived, blind, amidst poverty, with several dozen cats. She was always a champion of animal welfare, as explicated in her last book *Impeachment of Man*, seeing in the animal welfare legislation enacted in NS Germany the embodiment of cosmic law.

Savitri died suddenly on a visit to England on 22 October 1982. She was cremated and her ashes sent to the HQ of the NS movement "New Order," deposited at a shrine in Arlington, Virginia. Presumably they now rest at the organization's subsequent HQ at Milwaukee.

SAVITRI DEVI: LIFE AND WORK

by *Irmin*



Savitri Devi, priestess of esoteric national socialism, was born Maximiani Portas on September 30, 1905, in Lyons, France, of a Greek father and an English mother.

The passionate iconoclasm that would mark so much of her life began early: At age eleven, during the First World War, she chalked anti-Entente slogans on the Lyons railway station (“Down with the Allies, Long Live Germany”) as a protest against the illegal Allied invasion of neutral Greece.

A true polymath, Portas earned degrees in chemistry and philosophy, wrote her doctoral thesis on the philosophy of science, and would eventually master at least seven languages, including Bengali and Hindi.

Her earliest political convictions were pan-Hellenic, and in 1928 Portas renounced her French citizenship and became a Greek national. While studying in Athens her political nationalism, along with a fascination with Greco-Roman antiquity and a mistrust of Christianity, evolved into a broader pagan racialism, and a visit to Palestine in 1929 convinced her that Judeo-Christianity, whose outward observances in the Holy Land repelled her, was an alien intrusion into the West, distorting its natural spiritual evolution and imposing upon it a sterile monotheism and a servile philo-Semitism. It was in Palestine, she later said, that she first realized she was a National Socialist.

In 1932 she traveled to India, in search of the Aryan paganism that Judeo-Christianity had supplanted. On the subcontinent she sought “gods and rites akin to those of ancient Greece, of ancient Rome, of ancient Britain and ancient Germany, that people of our race carried there, with the cult of the Sun, six thousand years ago.” Her exemplar was Julian the Apostate, the

fourth-century emperor who briefly restored paganism and the cult of the Sun to the Roman Empire.

Portas took up residence in Calcutta and quickly immersed herself in the Hindu nationalist movements, lineal ancestors of the modern BJP, that were then waging a two-front political campaign against Islam and British colonialism. She worked as a traveling lecturer for the Hindu Mission, a nationalist organization with NS sympathies, and adopted the Hindu name Savitri Devi, after the Indo-Aryan sun-god (cf. *Rig Veda* 3.62.10). Her new racist Hinduism was a reflection of her NS beliefs: In the swastika, the Aryan sun-wheel, she saw “the visible link between Hitler and orthodox Hinduism.”

Aryandom

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

-Savitri Devi, *Pilgrimage*

In 1940, largely to avoid deportation for her pro-Axis activities, Savitri married the Brahmin Asit Krishna Mukherji, pan-Aryan editor of the openly NS journal *New Mercury*. During the war the couple gathered intelligence on behalf of the Axis, and Mukherji put militant Hindu nationalist Subhas Chandra Bose in contact with the Japanese, who would later support his Indian National Army in its abortive campaign against the British.

Savitri was overwhelmed by Germany’s defeat and post-war dismemberment. She returned to Europe in 1945 determined to propagandize on behalf of her now reviled NS beliefs, staying briefly in London (where she published *Son of God*, her study of Akhnaton’s solar religion), France, Iceland, Scotland (where she began her most influential work, *Lightning and the Sun*) and Sweden (where she met Sven Hedin, the famous explorer and committed national socialist).

In 1948 and 1949, at the height of de-nazification, she conducted a series of clandestine propaganda missions into a prostrate Germany still devastated by mass starvation and the Allied terror bombing, distributing leaflets and posting handbills urging resistance to the often brutal occupation:

“Men and women of Germany! In the midst of untold hardships and suffering, hold fast to your glorious National Socialist faith and resist! Defy our persecutors ... Nothing can destroy that which is built on 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 rebel and triumph again. Hope and wait. Heil Hitler!”

Savitri was eventually arrested along with a comrade in February 1949, convicted of promoting national socialist ideas, and sentenced to six years imprisonment, of which she served only seven months, returning to Lyons in the summer of 1949. There she wrote *Defiance* and completed *Gold in the Furnace*, both based on her experiences in occupied Germany.

In 1953 Savitri returned illegally to Germany on a self-styled pilgrimage, lasting four years, to the holy sites of National Socialism and Germanic paganism, visiting Braunau am In, Linz (where she met Hitler’s tutor), Berchtesgarden, the Berghof, the Feldherrnhalle, and Nuremberg. She lived for two years at Emsdetten in Westphalia at the home of an NS sympathizer, where she wrote *Pilgrimage*, completed *Lightning and the Sun*, and added to the stations of her pilgrimage the Hermannsdenkmal and the Externsteine, the former a monument honoring Hermann’s defeat of the Romans in A.D. 9, the latter a reputed pagan solar temple, where she experienced a mystical revelation of eventual Aryan victory.

Savitri returned to India in 1957, but was back in Europe three years later. The friendships she had made during her imprisonment provided entrée into murky world of post-war national socialism — she was already on friendly terms with such luminaries as Hans Rudel, Otto Skorzeny, and Leon Degrelle — and while living in London she became involved with the politics of the British Racial Right, attending, along with George Lincoln Rockwell, the international WUNS conference in the Cotswolds in 1962, site of the famous Cotswold Declaration.

In 1971 Savitri returned again to India, where she spent most of the 1970s corresponding with her comrades abroad and influencing a number of young racialists who visited her in Delhi. She died in the United Kingdom in 1982, while preparing for a speaking tour of the United States.

SAVITRI DEVI'S COMMUNIST NEPHEWS

by R.G. Fowler



In my biographical research on Savitri Devi, some of the most interesting reminiscences of her that I have encountered are those of two Communist nephews, Sumanta and Subrata Banerjee, who are the sons of one of the sisters of Savitri's husband Asit Krishna Mukherji. Their reminiscences not only add details — some of them quite important, others merely interesting and amusing — to the biographies of Savitri Devi and her husband, but also, because of their diametrically opposed philosophical and political convictions, they cast an interesting light on her personality.

SUMANTA BANERJEE

I first learned of Sumanta Banerjee when his article on Savitri Devi, "Memories of my Nazi Maami [Aunt]," appeared in the *Times of India* on 19 April 1999. The article had been prompted by a review in the same paper on 19 March 1999 of Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's biography of Savitri, *Hitler's Priestess*.

Sumanta Banerjee, who had been brought up in a Communist household, knew A.K. Mukherji as a "dark, enigmatic uncle with the rather dubious reputation of being a kingpin in some international anti-Bolshevik conspiracy! I don't know the truth." The truth is that Mukherji was a valued collaborator and agent of Fascist Italy, National Socialist Germany, and Imperial Japan, the three main signatories of the Anti-Comintern Pact. Savitri Devi even hinted that her husband was such a trusted collaborator of the Axis powers that, in the event of their victory over the Allies, A.K. Mukherji could have emerged the master of South Asia.

Sumanta Banerjee recalls that Savitri was a frequent visitor to his family home. She was respected for her “erudition in Greek, Egyptian, and other ancient cultures.” She openly spoke of her Nazi convictions, but they were classed as mere eccentricities, along with her giant swastika earrings, her belief in the Aryan invasion of India, her extravagant love of cats, and her commitment to the Hindu Nationalist movement, for which she worked in the 1930s and 40s.

When Savitri returned to India in 1971 and took up residence in Delhi, she appeared at Sumanta Banerjee’s office dressed as before in her sari and swastika earrings. When he took her home to meet his wife, “the first things she did was to bring out a plastic ruler from her bag and begin measuring my wife’s facial features. After finishing this exercise, she nodded approvingly to me, saying in Bengali, ‘You’ve done a good job. She’s more Aryan than you.’”

Sumanta Banerjee also recounts a conversation with Savitri regarding her mother: “She once told me about her mother, who lived in France, and who, when she was in her eighties during the Nazi occupation, joined the Resistance movement. By then she had disowned her daughter. I asked Savitri-maami how she would have received her mother, without batting an eyelid, she said: ‘I would have shot her dead.’”

This story requires some comment. Savitri learned of her mother’s support of the French Resistance only after the end of the war. She learned it from her mother herself. It was a terrible blow to Savitri and a severe strain on her relationship with her mother.¹ But Savitri never severed ties with her mother, much less shot her dead, and they stayed in contact until her mother’s death in 1960. Savitri’s mother probably did not formally “disown” her, because after her mother’s death, Savitri returned to Europe, presumably to deal with her mother’s estate.²

Of course Savitri probably meant that she would have shot her mother dead *during the war*. But it should also be noted that, according to Savitri, her

¹ Savitri Devi, *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews* (henceforth ATRO), ed. R.G. Fowler (Atlanta: Black Sun Publications, 2005), 40-41.

² ATRO, 93.

mother said that during the war, she would have turned Savitri over to the French Resistance if she had had the opportunity.³

Sumanta Banerjee closed his brief article by expressing dismay that the beliefs that he had dismissed as eccentricities continue to inspire Hindu nationalists in India and racial nationalists around the globe. He questioned the human tendency to indulge or overlook the potentially dangerous consequences of ideas held by eccentrics, especially eccentric intellectuals.

SUBRATA BANERJEE

After I read Sumanta Banerjee's article in the *Times of India*, I contacted him in September of 2001 through one of his publishers, Seagull, and asked him if he could share more recollections of Savitri Devi and A.K. Mukherji. He replied on 8 September 2001 and put me in touch with his brother Subrata Banerjee, who is also a Marxist. Subrata Banerjee responded to my request for information in late September 2001 with an enormously helpful three page document entitled "Note on Asit Krishna Mukherji," which also contains his recollections of Savitri Devi. I also met and interviewed Subrata Banerjee in Calcutta on 14 January 2004.

Subrata Banerjee knew nothing of his uncle's early life. He recalled, however, that A.K. Mukherji studied in England, probably departing India for there in the late 1920s. (According to Savitri Devi, A.K. Mukherji received a Ph.D. in history from the University of London.⁴) Banerjee adds that:

I do remember that he came back in 1931, at the same time as my father returned from Edinburgh. This is because he had sent some of his books in my father's luggage. He was a political suspect and was afraid that his luggage would be searched on arrival in India and his books confiscated. Among his books was the first edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, autographed by him.

If A.K. Mukherji was a political suspect, just what were his politics? According to Subrata Banerjee:

³ Letter to H.J., 1 October 1980, author's collection.

⁴ ATRO, 26.

Later, I came to know from [A.K. Mukherji] that he had been associated with Left circles in Britain. He had even visited the Soviet Union and showed me press clippings of statements he had made there. These carried his photograph. Rajani Mukherjee, a trade union leader and follower of M. N. Roy, was one of my uncle's associates. This would seem to suggest that he too belonged to the same group at that time. By that time Roy had parted with the Comintern and had become a critic of the Soviet Union.

(According to Savitri Devi, Mukherji spent two years in the USSR, traveling first class. When he was about to return to India, the Soviets tried to recruit him as an agent, but he refused.⁵) Banerjee continues: "My uncle told me that *The Statesman*, a British-owned English daily, had asked him to write a series of anti-Soviet articles and he had refused. He felt that this would have damaged his reputation politically." (Savitri Devi confirms this incident, although she does not mention the name of *The Statesman*, saying only that Mukherji refused the offer because he did not wish to advance the capitalist political agenda of his would-be employers by attacking Communism.⁶) Banerjee adds, "Although [Mukherji] maintained contact with anti-Soviet Left leaders in Calcutta, he himself stayed away from active politics, except for a brief spell of trade union work, as he told me. I have no idea what his source of income was. He led a modest life all along."

Subrata Banerjee gives particularly valuable information on Mukherji's publishing career, revealing the existence of two hitherto unknown periodicals in Bengali:

Soon after his return to India my uncle emerged suddenly as a publisher and editor. He brought out two publications in Bengali. One was for children, *Dhruba*, and the other for general readership, *Bishan*. The names were not without some significance. *Dhruba* was the name of a little boy from Indian (Hindu) mythology. He was an ardent devotee of the Hindu deity Vishnu. He had to suffer much for his devotion. The word is also the name of the Pole star. *Bishan* is a trumpet. In the name of inspiring children to heroic deeds and ardent nationalism, *Dhruba* carried many such stories, including about Garibaldi and Mussolini. Of course there were other

⁵ ATRO, 28.

⁶ ATRO, 29.

articles and stories of interest to children. I remember taking a great deal of interest in the pages on philately. Bishan too carried serious articles on Italy under Mussolini. I do not remember if there were articles on Hitler and Nazi Germany. Such articles were very popular with the Bengali middle class, who admired these countries as they were supposed to be anti-British. This journal was the first to carry a short story with a situation which was considered somewhat risqué in middle class society in Bengal, in those days. Shades of Joyce?

He also adds two important pieces of information about the origin of Mukherji's first English-language publication the *New Mercury*:

In 1935, after Italy invaded Abyssinia (Ethiopia), he brought out an English journal, *New Mercury*. All it contained were press statements and other publicity material issued by the Italian Embassy in India, justifying the invasion and occupation of Abyssinia.

Since Italy invaded Abyssinia early in October of 1935, we know that the *New Mercury* began publishing shortly thereafter. Savitri Devi, furthermore, made no mention of the fact that the *New Mercury* was first published in collaboration with the Italians. According to her, the *New Mercury* was a National Socialist periodical, published in collaboration with the Germans.⁷ It is possible that she discovered the publication only after it had changed its emphasis. The *New Mercury* was closed by the British in late 1937 or early 1938, and all copies were confiscated. In 1938, Mukherji launched his fourth publication, *The Eastern Economist*, an English-language periodical published in collaboration with the Japanese.⁸ The *Eastern Economist* was closed by the British in 1941, when Japan entered the Second World War.⁹

⁷ ATRO, 25-27.

⁸ ATRO, 27.

⁹ I found the following entry in the *General Index to Proceedings of the Home Department, 1941*, page 36: "*Eastern Economist*: Question of taking action against the monthly journal [*The Eastern Economist*] (organ of the Japanese Chamber) on account of its being medium for pro-Japanese propaganda. Suspension of publication of the journal until the war crisis is over." Unfortunately, the file on *The Eastern Economist*, designated F 44/19/41 — Poli. (I), was not transferred to the

In January 2004, I traveled to India to do research on Savitri Devi and A.K. Mukherji. I searched without success in the National Archives in New Delhi and the National Library in Calcutta for copies of *Bishan*, *Dhruba*, the *New Mercury*, and *The Eastern Economist*. Copies of the *New Mercury* may still exist, however, in archives in England, Italy, and Germany. And copies of *The Eastern Economist* may still come to light in Japan. Any information about surviving copies of these periodicals would be greatly appreciated.

Subrata Banerjee did not recall when Savitri Devi married his uncle, but remembered her during the Second World War when she was already his aunt. Like his brother, he characterizes her primarily as an eccentric:

She was very fond of our family, particularly my mother, and used to visit us often. She used to wear much jewelry and very thick vermilion powder in the parting of her hair as the sign of a Hindu wife. She claimed that she was an Aryan and had become a Hindu, and as a Brahmin her husband too was an Aryan. She claimed that she recognized him as an Aryan the moment she set eyes on him. As far as I can recall she met him in India. We felt that she was quite eccentric. She was so serious about adopting Hinduism that she even wanted to address my uncle as Aryaputra, the very ancient Hindu was of addressing one's husband. The world literally means the son of an Aryan. She complained to my mother that my uncle had objected to being thus addressed.

As further evidence of her eccentricity, he cites her remarkable love of animals:

She loved cats and dogs. She brought many of them home. Others she would feed in the streets of Calcutta and later of Delhi, when she went to live there in the latter part of her life in India. I remember her telling me once that animals were better than human beings. That was when we were both houseguests of a relative in Delhi. She used to sleep next to the pet Alsatian dog.

He also mentions another well-known characteristic of Savitri, her intolerance for noise:

Indian National Archives, and the archivists could not determine whether the file is still extant somewhere in the archives of the Indian Home Office.

She could not stand loud noise. The flat she used to live in, in Calcutta, was on a busy street and noisy. She used to plug her ears with the pillow and sometimes even sought refuge from the noise in the bathroom.

As a Marxist, Subrata Banerjee was totally opposed to Savitri's Nazi convictions, and they used to have "heated arguments." He even "joined the Indian armed forces to take an active part in the anti-fascist war." But nonetheless, "My aunt was somehow very fond of me." It should be noted, however, that this fondness did not prevent Savitri and his uncle from passing strategic information to the Japanese in Burma where their nephew was fighting alongside the British and Americans. Their espionage could very well have cost him his life.

At the time, however, Subrata Banerjee thought that his aunt's subversive activities were far less dangerous:

On my way to the front in Burma, I passed through Calcutta. My aunt told me very proudly that she was translating French pornographic literature into English for the consumption of the British and American troops. I was shocked that a person of her intellectual level should sink so low. She explained that she was doing this to reduce the morale of the troops. Sexually aroused by such pornography they would frequent prostitutes, acquire venereal diseases and thus be prevented from taking part in operations. She told me that my uncle fully supported her in this.

This extraordinary story requires some comment. It could, of course, be completely true. If Savitri had translated pornography, however, it is very unlikely that such works have survived, and even if they had, she almost certainly did not translate such literature under her own name, so it would be impossible to connect it to her. We do know, however, that Savitri translated at least two books from English to French during the Second World War under her birth name Maximine Portaz. These are Denis Diderot's *La Religieuse* (*The Nun*), which she translated as *Confessions of a Nun* (Calcutta: Susil Gupta, 1944), and Voltaire's *Candide* (Calcutta: Susil Gupta, 1945). (Susil Gupta was A.K. Mukherji's own imprint, published out of his and Savitri's flat at 1

Wellesley Street in Calcutta.¹⁰) Diderot's *La Religieuse* is certainly not pornographic in the strict sense, although its heady blend of religion, madness, sadism, and repressed sexuality definitely aroused prurient interest in the eighteenth century. But if Savitri and her husband thought such a book a worthwhile contribution to the Axis war effort, then they certainly seem to have been hare-brained cranks.

But perhaps that was their intention. Perhaps it was merely a cover for their far more effective and dangerous work on behalf of the Japanese. Banerjee continues: "It surprised me those days that the British did not arrest either my uncle or my aunt as enemy agents. After all, that my uncle had worked for the Italians was no secret." According to Savitri Devi, Mukherji had in fact been arrested by the British during the war on suspicion of espionage but had been released. Perhaps he was released in part because he and Savitri had cultivated the reputation of harmless eccentrics whose efforts on behalf of the Axis were pathetically ineffectual. Perhaps the British were not sufficiently intimidated by impending translations of Diderot and Voltaire.

Subrata Banerjee thought that his uncle escaped arrest because he was really working for the Allies:

I had a feeling that he was a double agent. I sued to call him an international spy. He was never angry with me for saying so, but dismissed by accusation with a hearty laugh. I could never be sure, but had a strong feeling I was right. My suspicions have now been confirmed, as I find from my aunt's writings of later years according to press reports.

Banerjee is mistaken here. There is nothing in Savitri's writings or interviews that supports the claim that Mr. Mukherji was a double agent. Savitri did, however, claim that he had contacts with nationalistic Indians in the British intelligence service, but she does not claim that he passed information to them, merely that he got information from them. (As far as I know, however, this fact, which I gleaned from Savitri's 1978 interviews, has not been published until now.¹¹)

¹⁰ In August 1945 Susil Gupta published A.K. Mukherji's major work: Asit Mukerji, Ph.D. (Lond.), *A History of Japan: Cultural and Political* (Calcutta: Susil Gupta, 1945).

¹¹ ATRO, 32.

Mukherji's political alliances did shift over the years. He traveled for two years in the USSR. Then he associated with the anti-Soviet Left, then the Italians, then the Germans, then the Japanese. After World War II, he again courted the Communists — while simultaneously publishing Savitri's National Socialist books *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance*.¹² This certainly gives the impression of shifting allegiances. But it could just as well be evidence of shifting *alliances*, while his *allegiance* remained unchanged. I would suggest that Mukherji is very much like his sometime associate Subhas Chandra Bose. Like Bose, Mukherji's one allegiance was to a free and independent India. To achieve this aim, however, Mukherji, like Bose, was willing to ally himself with the enemies of the British Empire — any enemies, first the Soviets, then the Axis powers — and he was willing to shift his alliances whenever it served his overriding goal.¹³

¹² In February 1950 A.K. Mukherji published a pamphlet as Asit Mukerji, Ph.D. (Lond.) entitled *Pakistan Puts the Clock Back* (Calcutta: Uttarayan Limited, 1950). The pamphlet deals with India-Pakistan relations, and to all appearances seems to be written by a Communist. For instance, on page 3, Mukherji refers to Lenin as “the greatest revolutionary leader of this century,” and on page 11, he writes, “The termination of World War II has heralded a new era in the Balkans. The post-war people's democratic Governments have removed the last traces of British duplicity and cunning from the Balkan soil.” Yet at the same time as he was posing as a Communist, Mukherji was preparing to publish Savitri's first two openly National Socialist books: *Defiance* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1951) and *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952).

¹³ It should be noted that Savitri herself believed that her husband's primary loyalty was to National Socialist Germany, and that he would have accepted continued English domination of India if England had been an ally of National Socialist Germany:

But in the event of an understanding between National Socialist Germany and England, Sri A.K. Mukherji would himself have been indirectly — the ally of England. Friends of our friends, and *a fortiori* of those whom we hold to be our brothers in faith, are our friends. Sri A.K. Mukherji wanted, certainly, the autonomy of India, but not just any “autonomy,” and not at any price. He did not want an “independent” India dominated by Marxist influences, nor that of parliamentarism such as the English had preached it: “One man, one vote,” any mammal with two legs, from the purest Aryan to the Koukis of the mountains of Assam, being regarded as a “man” (*Souvenirs et réflexions d'une Aryenne* [Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1976], 42, trans. R.G. Fowler).

Subrata Banerjee lost touch with Savitri after World War II. He met her again only in 1980 or 1981, when she was living in New Delhi. She told her of her arrest, trial, and imprisonment in Germany in 1949 for distributing National Socialist propaganda: “My uncle, obviously with the help of his ‘intelligence contacts,’ got her released. This she told me herself.” According to Savitri, Mr. Mukherji had sufficient pull to get Prime Minister Nehru himself to ask for her release.¹⁴ *The Home Political Index* of the Indian government for 1949 records that the government did take up the “question of the deportation to India of [Mr. Savitri Devi Mukherji], German-born [sic] wife of Mr. Asit Krishan [sic] Mukherje [sic].”¹⁵

Subrata Banerjee also relates some details about Savitri’s life in Delhi, all of which are confirmed by her surviving correspondence and the recollections of friends who visited her there:

In Delhi she used to live in a small room above a garage, obviously a servant’s quarter, which had been rented out. Here she lived alone with the dogs and cats. She was known in the locality as the memsahib [White lady] who fed cats and dogs in the streets. That is how I located her residence. The place reeked with foul animal smells.¹⁶ At a later period, my uncle fell ill and came from

¹⁴ In *Defiance*, Savitri writes: “In a letter, an old Indian friend of mine had told me that a telegram had been sent to Pandit Nehru, asking the Indian Government to intervene in my favour” (*Defiance*, 561).

¹⁵ Unfortunately, the file on this action (F. No. 96-F-II) was not transferred to the Indian National Archives, so I could not examine it there. Whether the file is even extant could not be determined by the archivists.

¹⁶ Although it seems silly to devote a note to Savitri Devi’s housekeeping habits, I should add that two other visitors to Savitri’s home in New Delhi have reported similar smells. (One prefers to remain anonymous. The other is Christian Bouchet. See “An Interview with Christian Bouchet,” *The Nexus*, no. 6 [November 1996], page 5.) Savitri shared her apartment with three to five cats. Although in normal circumstances, her cats went outside to “do their business,” sometimes they had “accidents,” and the smell of cat urine is hard to banish. In Savitri’s defense, however, I must mention several facts. First, one female visitor whom I interviewed, and who also prefers to remain anonymous, described Savitri’s apartment as Spartan in simplicity and cleanliness. So her apartment was not always messy. Second, Savitri mentioned in one of her letters that it had been her habit, under normal circumstances, to wash the floor of her apartment every day (Letter to Beryl Cheetham, 6 September 1982, author’s collection). However, in another letter, she mentioned that she no longer had the strength to clean her apartment “properly,”

Calcutta to live with my aunt. There I met him again after a long time. It was there that he died some time later. I do not remember the exact date. I was the only person that my aunt informed immediately after his death and my younger brother did the funeral rites.

Mr. Mukherji died in 1977 on the vernal equinox (21 March 1977).

Subrata Banerjee's recollections of Savitri's last years are also consistent with other accounts, and add a rather sad episode.

My aunt stayed on for some time in Dehli. She was ill with arthritis. She found it difficult to move around. She did come and visit us once along with a European lady, who helped her. My aunt hinted that she would like to live with us, with my mother, who was living with us. Unfortunately, I could not take the responsibility, not merely because of limitations of space in our flat, but also because my mother herself was ill and needed attention. This European lady took her away to Europe soon after. My mother received a letter from her once. I do not know what happened to it. Then one day we heard that she had passed away.

In addition to arthritis, Savitri also suffered from cataracts, glaucoma, and degeneration of her optic nerves. Moreover, on 30 March 1981, she suffered

and could not hire someone to do so, specifically because they did not want to deal with cat messes (Letter to OL, 17 December 1976, author's collection). Third, in another letter, she mentioned that she had been sick for several weeks and that her apartment was a "pig sty" because she did not have the strength to clean it (Letter to SD, 21 June 1974, author's collection). Thus it is possible that Subrata Banerjee, Christian Bouchet, and others happened to visit Savitri when she was, or had recently been, sick and had fallen behind in her housekeeping. Finally, a close female friend of Savitri, who visited her almost daily during her last years in New Delhi (and who also prefers to remain anonymous), confirmed that from time to time her apartment smelled of cat urine, but explained that Savitri had a very poor senses of taste and smell, so even in the best of circumstances, when she could immediately clean up a cat mess, her defective sense of smell told her that her task was complete, even though those with sharper senses of smell knew otherwise. It is also the case that people with perfectly normal senses of smell cease to notice odors when exposed to them constantly. The important point is that in her later years, Savitri Devi was not a disgusting person who was indifferent to cleanliness, or a mentally-ill person who hoarded pets, but an old woman who sometimes failed to clean up after her cats immediately because of illness or lack of strength, and who often did not clean thoroughly enough because of an inadequate sense of smell.

a stroke which left her with partial paralysis on her right side, making it impossible for her to live on her own. It was probably after her stroke that she asked to live with Sumanta Banerjee and his mother. After her stroke, Savitri lived for some time in Delhi with her French friend Myriam Hirn. She also lived in Jaipur with an elderly English friend, Crystal Rogers, who ran a shelter for homeless cats and dogs. Eventually, Savitri's German admirer Lotte Asmus persuaded her to fly to Germany on 4 October 1981. Savitri spent the next year living with friends and comrades in Germany, France, and England, as well as a couple of unhappy stints in convalescent homes. Savitri Devi died in England on 22 October 1982 at the home of her old friend Muriel Gantry.

Subrata Banerjee's closing reflections on Savitri are also interesting:

Savitri Devi was a highly educated person, having studied at the Sorbonne. She was the author of two books, copies of which she had given us. I cannot find them among my books. As far as I can remember they were about some ancient Egyptian rulers. As I look back I can understand now that these books too were coloured by her Nazi philosophy. As she told me herself, her mother did not approve of her Nazi affiliation and had herself worked with the resistance movement against the Nazis.

I could never accept her fundamentalist Hindu and Nazi views, but I remember my aunt as a very warm and loving person and even a lovable one, possibly because of her eccentricities.

First, the claim that Savitri studied at the Sorbonne is probably false. Savitri received her two Master's degrees as well as her Ph.D. from the University of Lyons. Of course Savitri may have taken classes at the Sorbonne. Furthermore, Savitri's dissertation director Étienne Souriau was a Professor at the Sorbonne.¹⁷ So perhaps she had occasion to meet him there. Or perhaps Subrata Banerjee erroneously inferred from this fact that Savitri had studied there. Second, Savitri was the author of more than two books, but at least two of her books were on the Pharaoh Akhnaton, and these may be the ones Savitri gave to the Banerjees. Third, Subrata Banerjee, like his brother, classifies Savitri as an eccentric, but emphasizes that she was both warm and

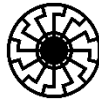
¹⁷ ATRO, 10-11. From the way Savitri speaks about Professor Souriau on the tapes, one could easily infer that she herself studied at the Sorbonne.

loving and also loveable. It was probably this loving and loveable character that inclined both brothers to tolerate Savitri's Nazi and Hindu convictions as mere eccentricities.

THE LAST DAYS OF SAVITRI DEVI

by *Muriel Gantry*

A Selection from her Correspondence



Below are recollections of Savitri Devi drawn from Muriel Gantry's letters to Beryl Cheetham. These letters are, for the most part, very sad reading, since they focus on Savitri's last days: her infirmities, her final illness, her death, and the aftermath. The letters do, however, also contain a number of interesting and amusing anecdotes about Savitri and her friends in happier times. Ellipses in brackets indicate deletions. I deleted material that did not directly deal with Savitri Devi, although I frequently succumbed to the temptation to leave in extraneous bits (and a long account of Muriel's visit to Egypt) that are amusing and colorful. I broke up Muriel's long paragraphs for greater readability and inserted explanatory notes in square brackets. The title, of course, is my own invention.

Special thanks to Beryl Cheetham for preserving these letters, presenting them to the archive, and permitting us to publish them here.

— R.G. Fowler

1

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
26 October 1982

Dear Miss Cheetham:

[. . .]

I have very sad news for you. Savitri did arrive here—I will tell you about it in a moment—but she died in the early moments of Friday last, about twelve-thirty a.m. She is now in Braintree Mortuary awaiting a post-mortem. I have written at length to Joseph Jones and now do so to you.

I always thought that it was inadvisable for her to attempt all this travelling, but she was obviously so determined to do it, and it would have been too cruel to say flatly that she could not come, even if for her own possible good.

She wrote to me telling me when she would arrive, but posted it far too late, and I only got it on the Tuesday when she had been here for two days

On Sunday the 17th of October I was awakened by the police at quarter to three a.m. to tell me that she was at Victoria Coach Station, London, and was expecting me to come and fetch her. This at that time on Sunday morning, when it is impossible to get there from here unless one has a car or taxi. I said—having ascertained that she was all right in herself—that she would have to wait till I could do something about it, and thought to call Joseph Jones when I was able to. I thought she would probably manage to contact him herself, and waited till the neighbours [who had a phone] had come back from church before I called him. Just as I was about to do so she arrived in a minicab, which cost £50 from London on a Sunday (double fares, I believe).

The driver (who was by coincidence an Indian, so they had talked Hindustani on the way) and myself helped her up my drive, with the great difficulty you can imagine; she was dressed in a shabby loose coat and only her skimpy sari and top under it with a light cardigan—in October in England! She was of course delighted to see me, and I to see her save for the pity of seeing her in such a state. But as you know she had such pluck. She seemed as

if she was determined not to be comfortable—"Do not bother, I am all right," to every suggestion for her comfort. (Forgive me, I am very tired and trying to get all these letters done.)

We settled in pretty well and began to go over old times. She said she had come in without question and with no problems, and I was very glad. She would not try the folding bed I had intended for her but said she would sleep in my big chair, with her feet on that dratted chair with wheels—so high and uncomfortable looking, but I let her have her way. It would have been impossible for her to climb my stairs, and I would have been afraid for her upstairs on her own, so we had to be both in my sitting room where I sleep on a divan. I said long ago that it would present problems, but I tried to do my best for her.

Well, she did not have much sleep, but she was up and down all the time trying to pee, as she said; you know it always took her ages. I had to help her to stand as she did it, and it was very awkward. But we got by somehow and she wrote letters all day next day in the intervals of talking and seemed pretty well. Next night I tried her on a garden lounge as she wanted her feet high, but it was no good and she still would not bother about the bed, so went again on the chair. It was a big Parker-Knoll, and I have myself slept in it for hours many times, but she had such problems in moving at all, as you know. It was really awful to see her at times, but I did try to make her easier. She would not bother to undress or put on a nightdress, and I thought till I had to search her bags after she died that she did not have one and tried to give her one of mine. This awful Spartan martyrdom business made it so hard to help her.

On Tuesday things were very pleasant indeed! The builder came to put in my new kitchen window, and between him and her I had a busy time for a while. Then when I could relax a bit she became astonishingly jolly—you know she was not really a natural laugher, as she was so damned intense and obsessed by all her ideas, but I could always make her laugh, and I think it was good for her. She told me a story about her first arrival at Piraeus and what happened, and we were really hysterical with laughter. I told stories of my own about Greece and then she wanted to hear my own novel I have been so long in writing and made me feel it was better than I thought. It was like old

times save for her problems, and I thought that if she continued this way she would indeed be all right to make the trip to America on the 6th of November.

We went to bed, and she had embarked on one of her almost intoxicated tirades about all this NS business; I thought, “Well, it’s her turn now,” and let her go on. She got on to the Nuremberg trials, and it was like a runaway train. I did not know half she was talking about nor whom she was speaking of, and took refuge in crossword puzzle and said “Yes, yes.” Then I said I did want to read for a little, and she said “It is two o’clock a.m.,” so I put out my bedlight (she did not like the light on at all really) and went to sleep as she did in the chairs with her feet this time on a “camel-stool”; much better if she had let me get her into a more easy position, but she would not.

At quarter to four I awoke and found she was ill, vomiting and diarrhea and really a dreadful mess. From then on I had no rest at all till Friday afternoon save when I went out for a while, to get her eye drops and post a letter (to Myriam Hirn) she had written at great length. I was cleaning up and holding her up while she tried—or managed—to have a motion or to “pee” and she was retching dreadfully all the time. I dressed and simply gave myself up to trying to clean up messes and hold the bucket for her and all the rest; I was out in the garden at six a.m. in the dark hanging out her sari and trying to clean her filthy skirt, poor creature; how did it I don’t know. I am no nurse as I said before, but I did my best. She lay down on my bed after a time—I covered it with towels and a plastic sack and hoped for the best, and it went on and on.

I said that I could not take responsibility for her in this state, and I was going to get the doctor as soon as it was time to call him, and I did. He came about midday—just after Joseph Jones, who should have come the day before, but he could not find me, despite my drawing a map and giving him full instructions. They could not say much, of course. The doctor said it was gastro-enteritis—travellers’ tummy—and she would probably be all right in 24 hours, but she must starve on boiled water. As you know she could starve any time. It took me ages to make her take a sip. So she stayed on my bed with a warm woolen cover over her and warm old sheets and a hot bottle to her feet, and I just tried to rest a moment on the chair and just went on and on. In the morning I called the doctor again and the receptionist said to let her have

some fruit juice and dry toast or crispbread (she said she felt a little better). I got a little stewed apple down her but nothing else.

Then in the afternoon I had to go to the village, and left her warm and with a big fire while I did so. When I came back she had managed to use her bucket and was on the bed again, and said she “had more fever” and had I a thermometer? This of course, after I had just been to the chemists. She never could be practical. I had not got one—I am not a taker of my own temperature or a pill-swallower and she knew it. I did not care for the look of her and said I was going to get the doctor again. I did; he was another one as Thursday was an emergency-only day. He said she had a viral infection and possibly some ‘flu; to go back to boiled water only and see how things went. She was exhausted with wretching, and I begged her to get some water down her, but she would scarcely have a sip. She said over and over she wanted to die, but I said no one ever died of a bilious attack and I was going to get her better.

But I was so weary—I had scarcely slept since the awaking on Sunday, and now it was Thursday evening. I had an important letter to write and also had promised to let J. Jones know how she was, and she could not bear the light on, and as for TV for a *little* while the day before, oh dear. “Aieeeee Aieeeee, turn that off, you do not know what it does to me . . .” How glad I am that I don’t notice transistors and so on; they are the voice of today, and one has to get used to them, though I never have the radio on myself. But I do like TV in reason, selectively, not on and on. So I had to flounder round in fire-light or semi-gloom and could see to do nothing. I said I was going upstairs to do letters, and she could have the darkness, and I would listen and come and see how she was. She seemed glad, and I did so.

I did my urgent letter and then came down to see her; she was peacefully asleep, and I was glad. I went back to write to Jones but fell asleep myself for a short time, about twenty to twelve p.m. I went at once when I woke to see how she was—I planned to go to bed anyway—and found her as I thought snoring. I made sure she was not choking with vomit, and the cat asked for her food, so I went to the kitchen to get it for her. I hoped Savitri would move of her own accord and so stop snoring.

I was only out of the room a few seconds, and when I came through the passage I could not hear the snoring. I found her lying in the same attitude but

silent. I spoke to her, lifted her hands which fell straight down, felt for her pulse as well as I could, her heart, lifted her feet which also fell down like stones, and then spoke firmly to her and raised her head and shoulders; they too fell back. I was pretty sure she was dead—she probably died as I came back to the room; but I went and awoke the neighbours over the way and called the doctor and told him. He came at once and said “Oh, yes—the poor dear lady’s gone.” I was so relieved that she was not just unconscious, and so nobody could start anything about life-support machines or resuscitation; she would have hated it so. I think her sight was going fast, and she wanted to die first as we all know, and she did, bless her.

So I had to give her names and so on and await the police as is the custom on these occasions. I had to make a statement all about who she was and where and when she was married and all that had happened since she arrived, every detail. That did not trouble me at all and I gave it all clearly and satisfactorily. *Don’t worry*, I did NOT say anything to get anyone into trouble. I think now it is a blessing she died on me and not, say, in the ‘plane. I have had to go through her things and she had brought sheaves of letters with her, and god knows what would have been made of some of them. I have to do all this to discover her relatives; I think she has a few in-laws, of which more anon. I read French fairly well, but I only know a little German; but I can see what things are about, and I think, as have said to Jones, that as soon as I have got matters clear the best thing I can do is to burn the lot.

I am, thanks be, *not* a denouncer nor an informer; I don’t tell tales and get people into trouble. If they are nice with me, I am to them. I cannot bear sneaks. I cannot understand the attraction of all this business you all love so much, but *chacun a son goût*. In all these years I have never given Savitri away, but she did take risks. So I do hope no one will get worried about my telling tales. I don’t know the half you are all driving at anyway. I have very different interests. Savitri and I became friends when she was lecturing on Akhnaton, and for ages I knew nothing about her other self so to speak. When I did I said I don’t drop friends. She was a very unusual person and could be very kind and a good friend; she was so to me, but this business did make for problems, god knows.

I gather from the letters that you covet that lovely Aton brooch she gave to Mme. R—, whom I have not encountered. I too always loved it, as it was part of everything I liked when I first met her, and I would have loved to possess it. I was glad the rickshaw thieves did not get it, as they could not have known its significance, and it would have made the theft worse still.

She had almost nothing save a few shabby clothes, not worth sending to anyone unless they insisted, and were willing to pay duty and postage on them; a fair lot of heavy books which I will have to find out what to do with. They are of no interest to me save her two volumes of Leconte de Lisle, which I have taken as a remembrance. She used to read him to me when we first met, and I tried out my French on them, and they have sentimental recollections associated with them. She would not mind. I know.

After I had done the statement and waited for the undertaker to remove her, and cleaned up and stripped the bed, I managed at last to have a rest, and I have just after a meal I slept till nine at night, and did so almost all weekend. I have just about recovered now, and I have had to read through all those letters in French, at least to skim them, in case there was something which needed seeing to.

At last I found a very battered, ill-written envelope in her first struggling hand after she was paralysed, with the stamp torn away, but the name legible as Amrit Krishna—Mukherji I suppose, as I also found among her many receipts for registered letters one to Krishna Mukherji. This was her husband's name, I know, so I expect the Amrit Krishna is his brother who fired the pyre? [Actually, Mr. Mukherji was cremated in New Dehli, and one of his nephews presided at the cremation.] The letter inside is in Indian script, all but the name Miss Crystal Rogers, who I believe is a cat and animal worker. So she would know if they are her relatives. Krishna Mukherji, I know, is a very common name in India. I hope you or Myriam Hirn will know. I will write to M.H. who wrote to me some time ago.

My neighbour with the telephone advises me to tell her relatives not to bother about having her things sent unless they are very anxious to have them, as the duty will be dreadful. He has had experience of it, and we know the postage will be fearsome. No use to write till I am certain who they are, and do they understand English? I know Asit Mukherji did, but he was a well-

educated man. I would have liked to meet him. I decipher the address as Shivpur, Howrah, West Bengal [address omitted].

Now it is after midnight and I must go to bed—I have to go to Braintree tomorrow—nothing to do with the post-mortem, though; I suppose that will be settled any day now. I shall probably have to see to her funeral, I suppose; she would want cremation, I am sure, and no Christian service of course. It will work out, I expect. How odd; she was when I met her a part of my fate—my *moira* as the Greeks called it; this cottage was called Moira Cottage because it was my fate to live here, and Savitri came to Moira Cottage to die. Well, so be it. She is safe now from blindness and free of that awful disability. I want to die before anything like that happens to me. Animals are allowed to die with dignity, and so should humans. I am glad she did not suffer too long.

I am sorry to have to write such a sad letter.

Yours sincerely
y

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Savitri', written over a horizontal line.

2

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
17 November 1982

Dear Miss Cheetham:

Many thanks for your enlightening letter dated November 4th, which I received some days ago, but am only now answering. [. . .]

I have had two letters from Colin Jordan—I thought he would surface. I met him twice in the early sixties when all the uproar was on—I witnessed the famous scene in Trafalgar Square, as perhaps you did. He does not lack courage. Actually he has been a great help. He sent a friend from Colchester,

named Bill Knight, who is a great fan of Savitri's—he is quite young, in his thirties I would say—and I was able to say a few things I thought were better not put in a letter.

I have been careful of what I said to you in case you were having any kind of trouble; I hope not. Now will tell you plainly that I *burnt* a lot of the—apparently—most obvious letters I found in Savitri's luggage, and would most likely have got shut of the lot had the Coroner's Officer not come, after which I could do no more. It was, as I said, a great strain to go through all those screeds in French and German, and the latter I don't read at all really, unless it is something very simple. But I judged from the important words, so to speak. I told the Officer—and his deputy who called while he was away—that I had burnt a lot of newspapers and some things such as shopping lists, which was strictly true; but no more. I do so detest duplicity, but I tried to be discreet. I am simply not a liar.

The Deputy told me I could go ahead with the funeral arrangements, and so I did. When some days after I had a message that it could not go on, and then the Chief Officer came back from Majorca—when I was expecting the undertaker—and told me rather crossly that I had had no right to go ahead with it all after he had told me not too. I said I had had permission from his deputy, and he said he ought not to have given it. Now the undertaker I had arranged with has also been messed about and has wasted his time. The Officer was also not very pleased about my having arranged with another undertaker than the one who took away the body. Bill Knight thinks—I am sure correctly—that the police have an understanding with the first one to their mutual advantage. However, all I want is for the poor dear to get out of that fridge in the mortuary, where she is still—a grisly thought. She should have been cremated yesterday if my arrangement had gone as intended.

I had the good idea—at least I thought so—of asking Myriam Hirn, who has been writing to me and seems a sensible (and interesting) person, if she would accept her ashes and see them strewn in the Jumna. I am still awaiting her reply; I have had a letter from her which has crossed with my own, and there ought to be another any day.

BUT now Colin Jordan tells me that the Americans are going to have a shrine in Arlington, which will, when possible, contain the ashes of fighters for

their cause, and they would like to have hers for this. Now whatever I may think, or not bother about, myself, this seems to me to be so eminently fitting, and so much that she would wish for herself, that I do think it ought to be done if possible. It cannot hurt anyone and is far more apt than having them strewn in a Garden of Remembrance she did not know or care about, at Colchester or wherever. I shall reply to him and say so, and also tell Mlle. Hirn, who I should think would be all for it, as she is full of reincarnation and mystical ideas, of a kind I quite like myself, though I keep my feet firmly on the ground nowadays.

It is quite simply *right* for Savitri. I have been re-reading *Defiance*, which is really very interesting—it had all just happened when I first went with her to France in 1950—and she speaks there—as she has done to me and others—of how she would love to be an “honorary citizen of the Reich.” Disposing of her ashes as suggested almost makes her one, and who is harmed by the act? She earned a bit of what she wanted after all that output of energy. Solar Energy, indeed; she was aptly re-named.

The Officer was very eager to know if I had had any more letters, and indeed asked me twice; letters to her, he meant. I said No, and that thought the grape-vine had got around, and so it appears. I did not speak of letters addressed to myself, for those are my business. But I had been pretty much afraid for about 24 hours that I might be myself called in for questioning, and in that time I received two for her, one from a Frau Ederer you mention but whom I do not know, in German, and also a very noticeable one from her friends in Arlington, very flashy paper and the kind of envelope a postman might remember. I simply had no idea that it was all so “out in the open” in America—I am astonished, after all they say about un-American activities and so on. I pictured Savitri talking to a handful of people in some discreet room or cellar, or some such scenes and thought that at least it would please her and be the last thing—most probably—she would be able to do for her all-important Cause, which was really all she cared about except cats.

I was anxious at all costs to stem the tide of letters so that I need tell no lies, and threw away the anti-Jewish leaflets—which I *don't* like—and put the letter, practically unread, into another ordinary envelope and enclosed a very short note saying that she had died on the 22nd of a coronary thrombosis, that

I was not and never had been and never would be a member of her Party, that I did not like making trouble for anyone, so please, no further communications to my address. I also put exactly the same thing in Frau Ederer's letter which also I returned and posted them at once without any after thoughts.

What really bothered me was the bit I did read of the letter from Matt Koehl (of whom I never heard before in my life); he was asking her to postpone her visit for some months—well, you do understand, as I see from your last letters what a situation I was in even with those few days, and the thought of what it would have been for months— frankly I just had had enough, and that is why I acted in a way I later realised was quite needlessly rude. I am not in the habit of doing that kind of things and I now understand that the Americans were prepared to finance her and obviously think a great deal about her.

As for Frau Ederer, if you know her, perhaps you will explain why I wrote so abruptly and tell her I am sorry to have given such news so bluntly. She may not read English so it would be a waste of time to write again myself.

However, nobody seems to blame me for anything, but the police are waiting for the French to release the body and that is why the funeral cannot go ahead. What a load of red tape—at least I trust that is all it is. I am very tired of it all and quite bewildered with all the letters I have written. There is a dossier here fit for James Bond.

I told Bill Knight about the note to M.K. [Matt Koehl] and also Colin Jordan, and I suppose I ought to write to him myself and explain briefly what it was all about. My name must be all over Europe, and I have never participated in all this business in my life. I told Bill Knight that was so ignorant of it all when I first met Savitri that I thought Horst Wessel was not a person, but a sausage—and a propos of Savitri's sense of humour or her lack of it, when she got over the shock of hearing that—I did not tell her till 1950—I can still hear her laughing aboard the *Ionia* on our way to Greece. "A sausage! That glorious young hero—Oh, I should be so-o ANGRY with you but I cannot—it is too funny! A sausage—a sausage!" She got used to it over the years, and we were laughing about it before she died. I think I thought a Horst was a sort of *Wurst*, and after all, there are songs about beer and steins and so on, so why not about a sausage? I was entirely satisfied in my mind that I was right, as far as I thought about it at all, which was very little.

I am glad to say that there have been no more letters, and I should not think there will be. I have been most grateful for yours, and I will be very pleased to meet you when you come to England. It will be good to talk about Savitri with someone who has had experience of her. She was pretty weird really, but everyone liked her—as *Defiance* shows. I suppose she had charisma, or something—?

Now to reply to what you say about her. I can see that you have a down-to-earth attitude to all her quirks, as I have. She told me about Frau Asmus—who wrote a very nice note to me ending “Have a good time with our venerated friend!”—little did we know what was coming—and her ideas about foods, and I got a bit of the fried potato business myself. I go to the village every week and on that day have what I call my Bit of Naughty; I have to watch my weight and before my hip replacement eighteen months back weighed fifty pounds more than I do now—I am now just over 13 stone and was 16½, and I am determined not to let that happen again, but I have a huge appetite and a cast-iron digestion, and the energy of a woman of thirty. (I am in my later sixties, which annoys me very much.) My Bit of Naughty is a big plate of fish and chips which I look forward to.

I told her about it and she said “*Fried Potatoes?*” in great excitement, and wanted me to make some. I have never done so as I am afraid of them getting on fire, and why do that when they can be bought, and anyway she would eat about six and all that fuss would be all for that. She was such a one for a tiny bit of something very perfectly cooked with all the oil and sauce and whatever; I suppose because she was French in that way. I cut out all the extras like sauces and so on and concentrate on having a LOT of anything low-calorie, and try to leave calories for extra bread which I adore—unlike many English people, who never eat it save to mess it about on a side-plate.

I told her I would bring her some chips from the village; but by then she was too ill for that. She was also on about Welsh rarebit (which surprised me), and I expect we would have had that eventually. What she did go to town on were “*choux de Bruxelles*”—Brussels Sprouts, and she ate two good helpings of them, flooded of course with olive oil, which fortunately I had by me. She went through a bottle in two meals, and I got two bottles more but took them

back after she died as I never touch the stuff in England. Olives, yes, as many as you like, but oil, *no*.

She got it all down her sari, and I said she looked as if somebody had blown their nose on her and for god's sake take it off and I would wash it. I did not know what other washing was in store for me. She took it off, but would not bother to put her other one on, and there she was, almost naked, in her skimpy petticoat turned wrong way round with the placket full-frontal, and a light cardigan, and nothing else whatever. I wanted to give her some warm vests I had saved for her, but she said she did not want any extra weight in her bags because of the plane; so I let it go for the moment.

She was perfectly warm in my sitting room as I keep good fires, and she was in a big wing chair. The sprouts and oil did not help the diarrhea, as you can imagine, but the doctor said I had not done any harm. I told him all she had had. I cannot think just now what else she had, but we had the same things more or less. You are so right about her under-nourishment, I am certain, but she was always the same about food, and forever fast, fast in honour of someone or something, and what use is *that*? The times she has told me, "I do not know what it EES to be hungry; I am *never* hungry."

We went to Stonehenge once, and she could not understand my wanting to sit down and picnic when we got there—she said she would fast, rather; and the same when I used to save my best eats to enjoy on the Acropolis, or at Knossos, or some such goal attained. As a child she would not eat anything save one or two things and must have driven her mother daft. I cannot imagine being like that; I gloried in eating whatever was put before me, except cream, which I loathe to this day.

Yet when we used to go sometimes in London to Indian restaurants she would have quite a tuck-in. I think Indian food suited her. I can well imagine the bowl of gruel, whatever it was. And I have seen her eat a fair amount in Greece.

But she was prepared to go all the way to Piraeus from Marseilles on a cup of coffee and a "miche" in 1953—nearly four days deck passage, rough but enjoyable. But I was well prepared as far as I could afford in those days, and we had plenty of bread and cheese at least. I also managed to arrange hot water bottles, and when I brought her one she was overjoyed. She was

shivering in her canvas bunk and never even thinking of improving matters. She asked me in London once not to tell Colin Jordan that she had a hot bottle. As if I would. Can you imagine me doing so?

I certainly do *not* think that the Spartan nonsense is anything to do with your belief; as I was going to say to her but did not have time, if Hitler had wanted everyone to be so uncomfortable, would he have built himself a beautiful place like Eagle's Nest? I was reading only yesterday how the top Nazis had their homes in the best part of Austria.

No: it was practice for possible martyrdom mostly, and the rest of it was often just sheer inefficiency in all practical matters.

After all her trips in the world, all her staying in different places and different hotels and rooms, she did not know how to find the electric light in a new room, but fumbled and swore in Greek and fell about. I tried to impress on her that when in a new room, always feel or look on the wall next to the door, where it almost always is. Of course, the next place we stayed, in Greece, it proved to be the other side of the room. But my idea is usually right.

As for her get up and general arrangements during her trip across Europe, words fail me. She arrived wearing that skimpy sari, the cardi, a tiny little cotton bodice with her midriff bare, that enormous and once very smart coat, far too big for her, falling off her in folds, and a huge pair of mens' corduroy semi-boots, with her small swollen feet rattling about in them and them falling off at every step, as if she walked in two buckets, and that extraordinary CHAIR, the most ugly piece of furniture I have seen in years, as if it had come out of some hospital, and very dangerous, sticking on every projection, while she went "Aieeee, Aieeee, Sto' Diavolo, I cannot move it—!" The taxi man and I got her up my path by inches, and I fairly groaned inside for all was glad to see her and would have been very much so under different circumstances. If she had been cared for in some proper place I would have gone to see her and done all could to help her get comforts. She looked like a poor little wet pigeon mixed up in a bit of old black material and a creased handkerchief.

I am afraid I got rather cross on the Wednesday evening when after that tiring day, I put the TV on for a short time to watch my usual soap-operas. But had to stop it as she got so upset. I said that if Hitler had decreed that all good Nazis should watch TV she would have had a 19" colour set and been glued to

it all day! I watched with the ear-piece on for a while and then gave up. She said years ago that she would ban all radio and TV save for half an hour a day of propaganda. What an awful thought.

When she first went to Europe I thought she was going to have treatment for her eyes in Germany and was all for it. I am surprised she got back there after being told to leave the first time. I cannot understand how she got through Europe in that get-up under those circumstances; everyone must have noticed her. She was indeed a case for intensive care, but the gods forbid that I should ever end that way. I saw enough of old ladies in hospital, though I did have a private room. (I could not have endured it otherwise, with the silly chatter of the average woman in hospital—they *enjoy* it!) May I never lie like an old mummy, being lifted up and fed and lying on my own bedsores, thanking God, as so many of them do—for WHAT? I am very glad poor old Arthur Askey has died at last, after being carved up needlessly since last June. That was just plain wicked; a poor old frail man of over 80 to go through that, instead of being gently eased into whatever might await him. He was a *dreadful* comic, but from all accounts a very nice man.

Among Savitri's papers were some sheets of what seems to me to be a very cranky diet, and I should not wonder if it was to do with Frau Asmus. I do agree really that we ought to be vegetarians, but I am just too hungry and not strong-willed enough. I cannot go in for all these movements which commit one to eating only certain things and wearing bedclothes.

I said to Savitri that it was a pity she did not take up with the Krishna people who are pretty uncomfortable one way and another, but nobody minds them. Their temple is near where I lived in London and I found them pleasant people enough, and, went to their Jaganath Festival and enjoyed it, but just for the fun of it.

The police say they have not been able to find anyone related to Savitri, but I really did think that address in Bengal might be something. I had the Srimati Kamala Sharma among the possibles, which I gave to the officer. *She* is not a He, by the way; Srimati is the equivalent of Mrs. or Madame—I used to address Savitri's letters to Srimati S.D. Mukherji; and Kamala is a very popular Indian female name. A man's title is Sri.

I found the papers relating to her giving Myriam Hirn permission to reprint her books and have sent them to her. When I go to London I will send her Savitri's proof-sheets, which I have safe here. [Muriel is referring not to proof sheets *per se*, but to photocopies of *Long-Whiskers*, *Impeachment of Man*, and perhaps *Joy of the Sun* made by Beryl Cheetham for Savitri, who wished to have copies of the books for possible reprinting in the United States. The copy of *Long-Whiskers* contained handwrittten corrections by Savitri where the ends of lines were cut off, which made it look like a set of page proofs.] I think it best to send them from there as a parcel to India will be conspicuous in the small sub-post-office here, and one never knows. I want to go to London as soon as I can get all this off my chest; I have wanted to go for weeks. So those are all right. Fortunately Savitri had time to tell me about that. [. . .] I expect to hear from her any day now.

I have had Bill Knight again here tonight, which has held up this letter. People do drop in!

I too come from the North, and was born in Prestwich, near Manchester, but when I was 18 months old came to Cheadle Hulme in Cheshire, which you probably know, and when I was about seventeen we moved to New Mills in Derbyshire, and then to Melior two miles away, from where I went to London in 1937. I wanted to do theatrical designing, and it was useless to try in Manchester. I worked in the theatre till I gradually retired about ten years ago, mostly making headdresses and hats. So I am a real Northerner, and rather proud of it. In London I lived in Covent Garden, in Drury Lane, and I loved it. I had to get out of my nice cheap place when they got going on the new Covent Garden, though I did manage to hang on for six years. I like it here but I do wish I could get to London more quickly.

I won't fight you about the brooch, unless you are much younger than I and will have a long time to wear it. It is probably very expensive anyway. I do have a few things of hers which I will always keep.

I will let you know the moment I know anything about the cremation. I am absolutely tired of the delay and fidget and hope it will soon be over.

Yours sincerely,
Muriel Gantry

18th (Thursday) I have now received a letter from Frau Asmus to whom I wrote briefly telling of the death. I will reply to her. She is in Italy as you may know [address omitted].

3

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
14 December 1982

Dear Miss Cheetham:

I was glad to receive your letter this morning, as I was about to write to you. [. . .]

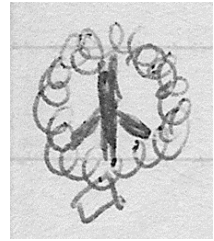
I am sorry you had trouble—as I feared you might. I did get rid of a great deal of Savitri's correspondence, but I did so at night—it would have looked odd had anyone come in while I was burning all that paper; and got so weary that I could do no more, and before I could resume and have a second weed-out—and, if I could, perhaps destroy the lot save for things to help with the discovery of her relations, or perhaps a will—I did find the paper for Myriam Hirn, which was the only thing resembling such a thing, and I *might* have missed that—before I could do more, as I say, the Coroner's Officer arrived and took charge of her stuff. I most certainly *did* get shut of much which was best away and also grab her MSS at once, and it is now on its way to New Delhi. [The manuscripts Muriel refers to are the photocopies she described as proof-sheets in the previous letter.] I posted it from London last Friday registered.

It was so wearying to go through all that stuff nearly all in French or German, and if I had not kept carbons of all I have written in these last weeks I could not recall what I *have* said. Truth whenever possible, but I did try to be discreet.

Well she was really cremated at last on the 7th of December—at Colchester at two p.m. or 14.00, if you like to call it that. I asked Bill K. [Knight] to be discreet about any tribute—no a Chrysanthemum swastikas or whatever!—and suggested something involving the Aton symbol, which upsets nobody. Then when I was writing to Jordan I thought about the Irmisul,

which ditto, ditto and would make a fairly attractive showing in flowers—if one likes those wired-up things; I detest them and always send a spray, as un-funereal and bright as possible—and I *never* wear mourning. Fancy having a special dress to be sorry in. (Savitri appears to have rushed to the photographers as soon as she looked like a Hindu widow—which was just like her.) I know all about those nudes and hoped to find them in her stuff. She was quite good-looking when she was young, but one had to search for it under that exterior of the archetypal schoolmarm. She liked to look learned in the old-style way; as a child she liked wearing specs because no other child in her class did!)

Jordan liked the Irminsul idea, but what turned up was a wreath of off-white chrysanthemums with a red ribbon affair in the middle like this [see illustration]. I would have taken it for the CND at glance, and perhaps that was best. I had a red and yellow spray of chrysanthemums and carnations and a bit of greenery, with “With affection and gratitude—and the memory of days in Greece. *Nuairsto kai kalos efkharisto,*” which I trust is correct for “Greetings and many thanks.” The last in Greek letters.



Nobody came to my house, though I thought J. Jones might; nor did he appear at the crematorium. Just Bill Knight and three men friends whose names I did not ask. I had a very posh car to myself all the way—I had her brought to the house so that I could follow her, and she would not resent that picture of a lonely coffin going through the country to a place where nobody ever dreamed she might end—though Colchester is nice and has lots of historical associations, mostly Boudicca and twitching Claudius of TV fame.

I thought as we went along of the last time we had a long walk through country—in the Peloponnesus. She got far ahead of me with the man who was guiding us—we were following the route of the Spartans—wouldn’t you know it?—when they besieged the Messenians at Eira. OK by me as it was a lovely trip anyway; but I was fatter than I am now and very out of breath, and I got rather cross because she would not, or did not think to, hang back to give me a chance to catch up. She did not mind the heat, but I was almost expiring.

All went well and the ceremony, if it can be called such, was over in about fifteen minutes. I read a short tribute I had written—our friendship from my point of view and no funny stuff. I brought some pictures of her with me and put them on the front pew so that the men could see what she looked like—1946, 1951, 1977 [pictures are below]—and when they had seen them we went out. THEN what happened really annoyed and vexed me.



As I met Bill K. he drew my attention to some people with cameras on the other side of the entrance, but I thought they were other friends of his and did not bother. I was too absorbed

in finding out what exactly was to happen, since it was not the usual Christian ceremony with a vicar and the rest. As I say, it all went off very quickly; I wish it could have been more impressive, but most people lack any theatrical sense, and anyway it was best kept quiet. Speaking theatrically, I wished she could have disappeared to a well-timed salute from the men, while I stood by having done my thing! Nobody would have known as we were in the chapel alone—unless there were watchers unseen.

[Crossed out:] I asked about when the ashes would be ready and got into the car—then a re [breaks off].

Sorry—I have resumed after an interruption. As we emerged there was a burst of camera-flashing from over the way, and it was the Press, not just private people. Then as I got into the car a reporter surfaced and spoke to me. Well, I am pretty used to that kind of thing and have no camera, TV, or press-interview nerves at all, and generally love it, but I *could* have done without it then. I felt awful and have done so on and off ever since. He said he understood the lady who had just been cremated was a National Socialist. I am a bad liar but usually a fair actress, but I was taken very much by surprise indeed. I asked haughtily, “Who gave you that information?” (Of course it would be the police; reporters go around to the police and hospitals and undertakers and so on as a matter of course. Had I been one, as I once thought I might be, I would do the same.)

I felt like a rabbit in a snare and simply said very clearly that I had no connection whatever with the National Socialist party and was merely the old friend in whose house she died. I saw him switch his mind to a different story and seized on it, eagerly that I had known her since 1946 and had not seen her for twenty years, that she had been a very good friend to me in the past and that we met when she was lecturing on Egypt and the Pharaoh Akhnaton, in whom I too was interested, and in the contemporary civilisation of Crete, and through my friendship with her I wrote what was a pretty successful novel, and I was very grateful to her for her encouragement. All this went well as he apparently writes also for archaeological magazines and papers, and he asked if he could come and talk to me about antiquity sometime. I said Gladly; I would be delighted to talk to him any time about that sort of thing. I tried by talking about myself to draw him off Savitri.

But then he said that he understood that her ashes were to go to America; I said as airily as I could that her friends there wanted to make a little place to her memory. "You know what Americans are about funerals, what a fuss they make," I said. "Did I know where?" Well, I could feel the men having kittens outside, I was having them myself, and my voice saying very shaky and unrecognisably "V . . . Virginia" and then I stopped myself.

It was as if I was hypnotised for a moment, but I *cannot* think quickly without preparing as I have never been in any sort of trouble, thanks be, and never wish to be. No ideology is worth constant worry, and I am not a person to go in for such things.

However, I recovered and said in reply to his question that I did not know who the American friends were and did not know till now that she knew anyone in America (true again for she always seemed to hate the place so, as being the home of what she *thought* was jazz—all modern music was jazz to her as it is to so many oldies). It all passed off, and I expect he will turn up one day when he is stuck for a copy and talk about antiquity, which is all he will get, now I am prepared for him. I know I could have said "No Comment!" but I was so anxious not to be tarred by any brush. These things come up at awkward times later and spoil one's chances. I think I did not do badly but for that one slip. Maybe it won't matter.

I was miserable all the way home and next day my neighbour asked me if I was tired because I looked so awful. I seem to have carried the mark ever since. I drove away without any word to the men, who sort of crept away. What troubles me is what is in the Colchester papers with a picture of me? I said the first time you wrote to me that Savitri could well die here and what a business that would be and how right I was.

This information came from the police, I suppose. After the coroner's officer had been the second time, about which I told you, I heard nothing more. The cremation I had arranged with the undertaker was stopped, and I just went on with no information. So I bearded the Officer in his Braintree den, and got out of him that the French would not release the body till they had assured themselves that she had no relations in France (since then Myriam Hirn tells me that they were rooting about in Greece also. As she had a Greek passport as well. I told the police at once ages ago that she had not!).

It seems they found her Indian in-laws at the address I mentioned to you, and they said they knew her but did not want anything to do with it (so they have done themselves out of the residue of her estate, if you can call it that. She had money to take to America, and that has gone for the cremation.)

The police did not have the courtesy to keep me informed, though they were kind enough at first. They could have sent word by the panda car which passes every day. However, the officer said that the French had now said they saw no reason why the cremation should not take place, and the police fixed it themselves for the 7th—he checked it on the telephone while I was there. But it was with their own approved undertaker—I suppose they have an “understanding”—the same who took her body away. Not that I care who it was.

The French said that the money she had would pay for it but they would not pay for anything to be done with the ashes (this is when I thought that they might go to Delhi). I said that all that was sorted out, and her friends she was to go to were having them. He seemed delighted and agreed that it was nothing to do with anyone any more. I had already said that I could not abide to have them in my house, for I think it is creepy and morbid. I have my cats cremated and put in the animal cemetery in Woodbridge some miles away.

All right, I could have said less—but I am not James Bond or some double agent and I have had all this on my back for about six weeks, and it has upset all my plans for before Christmas, and I now have a dreadful task to catch up with cards and so on. So please forgive me for any omissions or mishandling of things here and there.

I did not leave it to Bill Knight to possibly garble what happened to Jordan on the telephone, but wrote to Jordan and told him exactly what had happened. I know that very few people can give good evidence, or give it well. They invent where they don't know. I tell the truth whenever possible. If I were more clever about all this deceit I could probably have told a tale which showed me in a better light, but I think I have done well on the whole.

I was always expecting this kind of thing in the Sixties in London, what with the police around every time Savitri had been with me, and I thought it was all over. She *did* drop people into things! You know what she was like in *Pilgrimage*, and when you read *Defiance* you will see it again. Always walking the tightrope for love of danger and the hope of martyrdom. She really was slightly crazy, certainly at the end.

However, I shall be very pleased to see you on the 29th and here again is how to find me and to get here. [. . .] It is quite possible you might get a driver who knows me; they used to call me “the lady with the cat” when I used to come up and down from London with my cat in a basket on a shopping trolley like a child in a pushchair. [. . .] Try to come fairly early so as to arrive around midday and then we can relax and talk about it all. I could do with somebody with a sense of humour! I certainly have, and I can tell you some funny things about our old times together.

I am now realising what a state she was in. Myriam Hirn has told me a lot which has surprised me, and how Savitri got away with it all recently is a mystery. As you say—that CHAIR—I gave it to the café proprietor in the village as the coroner's officer did not want it—I cannot say why I could not have had some other things back, but no, they wouldn't. The café man thought a friend of his would like it, but it is now in his own house and he is welcome to it—it was hideous, and I could not abide it here. As for the huge coal-boat shoes which effectively stopped her from walking at all, they came in nicely for a

man down the road who has trouble with his feet, and his wife's feet are as big as his, so they probably share.

One really cannot help laughing despite the nuisance it has been. Poor dear, she was so nice and meant so well—and what a genius she was in her way. She ought to have had a chair (!) in some university and a comfortable existence, but that would never have satisfied her. She would have filled the chambers with undoctored cats anyway. Nobody loves animals more than I do, but I keep things in proportion. I have a beautiful cat which I adore, but once she had had the kittens she came to me with she was spayed, and is much safer for it and much less trouble.

I must stop. I am really hypnotised with all the writing and feel I have to go on and on.

[. . .]

See you soon. I trust. Have a good Christmas, or Winter Solstice or whatever.

From,
Muriel Gantry

4

Moir Cottage
Sible Hedingham
9 March 1983

Dear Beryl:

I received your excellent photographs some days ago, but as you will understand, I am now trying hard to catch up with all the things I have had to leave undone since the adventure with Savitri. [. . .]

[. . .]

Now I can say at last that Savitri got to Arlington quite safely in all my careful packing (never have I had the task of handing an old friend over the P.O. counter as a parcel before, and it was weird), and I have had a very appreciative letter from M.K. [Matt Koehl] thanking me. They had a service for her on February 20th, and he says "she would have been ecstatic." I am sure

she would be. I hope she *did* know about it, for it is just what she might have dreamed of and really such a fitting end for a life which was like a novel. I hope to hear more details. I had hoped somebody might have taken her over personally, but in the end it had to devolve on me, and I am so damned glad she got there safely. I also took photographs of the urn (in my garden) and when I have finished the film I will send one if they came out all right.

I also found excuse (a personal query) to beard the French Embassy in its den (February 16th last) and ask about her things and if I could have them. I said I wished for one thing to return the things she had borrowed. The lady who had handled her affairs was, of course, away, but I left a note with all explanation. I received no reply for almost two weeks, and wrote again enclosing a s.a.e. It crossed with a reply saying that the things would be kept for five years, in case any heirs turned up to claim them (!) and after that they would be sold if of value and if not destroyed. Any profit will go to the usual place, the French authorities. It was a very cool letter, with "Put that in your pipe and smoke it" all over it. (I wonder how that sounds in French; I must work it out. "*Fumez-vous ça dans votre pipe,*" or something like that.)

They did not *appear* to know anything about her, but they must if they have been ferreting around to discover her relations and so on. I told everybody repeatedly ages ago that she hasn't any, as you know. I suppose it is red tape and bloodymindedness. As if those poor rags of hers could matter to anybody; but the books must have spoken all.

I thought it over, and it seemed so unfair that they should keep what belonged to others and which many people would value, as if there is a question of who, if anyone, received the Death Grant it provided an excuse to make inquiries. It looks to me as if nobody got it. So I am afraid I can do no more about her things.

Myriam Hirn said that they ought to return the things, and as Frau Asmus, who seems to have really adored Savitri, keeps asking questions (she has a genius for thinking them up!) and she lent two or three of the books and is very sorry to lose them, I thought I would try to get them back. But I will have to make her see that it is impossible. This is the law when a person dies intestate and with no relatives, and that is that. I cannot help imagining some distant cousin turning up and asking, "But where are her *knickers*?"

I am glad you enjoyed your short visit; sorry also not to have had more space for visitors, but this is such a small house as you saw. It was very interesting to listen to somebody who knew Savitri and had been in contact with her during the years since I last saw her. And so good to talk to someone with a sense of humour. Poor dear, she was daft as a brush sometimes, but so nice with it.

[. . .]

Poor old Arthur Askey; as you know he lost both legs before he died, and I read that he begged for euthanasia before the second operation, and they would not give it to him. That law should be changed as soon as possible; it is appalling that people cannot die with dignity when they wish. I am more and more thankful that Savitri got her wish and died before she went blind. I was so relieved when I realised she was gone. I do so pray to die quickly when my time comes, if possible fully dressed and in a chair, or in the garden as happened to somebody here not long ago. He just keeled over when he was mowing, and that was that,

Keep in touch. I will let you know any other details of interest.

From,

Muriel (& Fetfet!) [Fetfet was Muriel Gantry's cat.]

5

Moir Cottage
Sible Hedingham
11 May 1983

Dear Beryl:

[. . .]

The garden looks beautiful now [. . .] I have never had such lovely flowers for ages as this year. Savitri would have adored them. [. . .]

Rejoice, rejoice—the parcel of Savitri's MSS turned up at long last. I had a letter from Myriam some days ago telling me so. All was well; think it was only the inefficiency of the Indian P.O. again; but if I had not put a rocket under them with a very firm letter god knows if they would have bothered. One tries

to be practical and then it doesn't work, and one has to take all that extra trouble. Some years ago Savitri and I could not get letters to each other safely unless they were registered, and *my* letters could not be of interest to anybody! But that passed off unexplained.

[. . .]

I am glad you got a copy of the Service and—presumably—a copy of the report in their newsletter. I think they did it very well indeed and in excellent taste, and it was a fitting last scene in a life which was like a play or a novel anyway. She was a bit unbelievable when one thinks about her. It cannot hurt anyone and she would as we say, have been delighted, I do hope she knew something about it. I haven't got the photograph they used—I wish I had; but I saw it years ago.

I will put in a copy of the tribute. Did I give you a photostat of the 1931 photograph her friend (and mine) Marika sent me from Athens? [See illustration.] I got it re-photostatted and sent one or two around—to C.J. [Colin Jordan], M.K. [Matt Koehl] and so on; but I am not sure if you had one, and I haven't time to rummage through all this folder of letters just now. Will get some more done when I go to Halstead; I thought the copier I was using was a bit dingy and want to try in the printers' office, which is better; but the Library one is more private. Just the photograph is nothing to attract notice. It is very good; I also have one of her taken in 1939 which I want to get copied so I can have a negative. The photos you took are really good, and I want to get copies of them now I can find a bit more time. I have almost finished the spool with the urn picture in and I hope it turns out well. Oh, that was an odd business; when saw the picture of it I thought—goodness, but for me that might not have been there.



(Resumed Friday, the menacing 13th)

[. . .]

I have to get something off my chest which I am glad to have got settled—at least I hope so. You ask about Savitri's money; to recap, she had 900 dollars which of course I had to hand over. The French paid for the cremation out of

it but pinched the residue and told me very flatly that was what happened in these cases, as of course I knew. It happens here. The Death Grant goes to whoever pays for a funeral, and I am rather pleased that the French did not seem to know about it and did not pinch that. I will go to the Social Service place when I get to Braintree (I have not had time as yet) and ascertain just what the situation is; I might still get it, but it does not really matter.

The Americans paid me over and above what I paid out for the postage of poor old Savitri, and I have thanked them. They have treated me very well, but I *did* take trouble.

What I did do and till now said nothing about was to take her Air Ticket when I went through her things and hang on to it—with the idea at the time that it would go with anything else to any in-laws she might have, whom I quite expected to grab, as people do. I also thought: what if I mention it, and several different people wrote to say they had paid for it, and I could not ascertain who, if anyone, was speaking the truth! You know that one cannot trust people where money is concerned, and when a person dies intestate there is always a sordid argument about something.

Till now I was communicating with people about whom I knew nothing or next to nothing, though one can usually form a good idea of what they are like after a while. I took the ticket to the agency in Braintree at once and explained the situation. The manager there said they could not give it to me without authorization, and it was most unlikely that British Airways would give back any money; he could not see them parting with any! He obviously thought, of course, that I was after it for myself and I had to be very firm. So I waited and did not mention it to the police, and thanks be they did not think of it.

That was a day or so after Savitri died, and nothing was heard for ages; then not long ago I had a letter saying that they had decided to refund it to me, but I must sign a promise to repay it to anybody who claimed it during the next six months. This I did, of course, and after several weeks more I received it: £220.

I had decided to speak of it to you and to Myriam Hirn once I actually got it—all this time no one who was writing to me said a word about it. I half expected that it would come out that the Americans had paid it, but they have not said anything. You will understand that I was in a rather odd position, and

it is usually best to keep quiet and wait and see. I thought best to wait the whole six months and see what did happen. But just before I had the news Frau Asmus wrote me one of her long and emotional letters, and at the very end asked me had I claimed her Air Ticket, and if not I should do so—a M. Yves Jeanne has reminded her.

Now I know nothing about M. Yves Jeanne *at all* save that he is a friend of Savitri's and that she stayed with him when she was wandering around. It appears he is a great friend of Frau A. She said that "if anybody had the money it should be me," but it would be kind of me if I could spare something at least for M. Jeanne, about whom Savitri would have told me, about how poor he is and what a beautiful family he has, etc.—she did *not*, but might well have done had she had time. This was in a second letter. I told her that it repaid and would bear what she said in mind. I did not know what to say really, and wanted to stall a little.

Frankly I was rather amused when I had another *long* letter from her, in her fine spiky writing—thanks be she knows English well and is obviously a very well educated lady, and oh so devoted to Savitri whom she called her "spiritual mother." I had asked Myriam, with whom I get on very well, if she knew her, and it seems she does, and says she is nice, "but a bit narrow minded, especially about food"—this of course we know from Savitri, and I do now from what she wrote to me.

Anyway, this was after she had had mine saying I actually had recovered the money—and now it was if anybody has a claim to the money it is SHE, with a lot about how she could prove everything she said, and telling me what I did not know, that she not only paid Savitri's air fare from India to Munich but also was giving her a monthly allowance for some time—she told me how much she had laid out in DM, but I don't know the currency, and anyway, I believe her as she says she can furnish all these proofs. I also think that if she has done all that she jolly well deserves to be repaid. I was amused also by her last page, saying that "In a word" she does claim it and goes on for a whole page more!

She says she does not want it for herself but only or friends like Jeanne and to help to publish the books. Well, as Myriam is going to do something about that and knows her, that is fine. I wrote at once and said that I quite agreed, and there was no reason to contact British Airways as I would send

her the money at once, and she could do what she wished about it. If anybody mentioned it I would put them straight in touch with her, and they must sort it out together; I was glad to have it out of my hands, which is *very much* the truth; it was embarrassing.

I thought that if nobody wanted it I would add it to a bequest I have in my will to an animal welfare lady, and just leave it in the bank till I died. This, of course after the six months had gone by. But I am so bloody glad to have it off my hands. I never thought of it as belonging to me. I wrote to Colin Jordan and told him the whole thing; he knows everybody (but not Frau Asmus, it appears) and also has good knowledge of the law and by now something more about me; he is a catalyst in this matter by reason of knowing so many people. He assured me that nobody will think anything amiss of me.

So if anybody, yourself or anybody, feels that they have any claim on it (now £217 after the bank deduction) they must write to Frau Asmus and she can do the worrying. I thought that if anybody produced any difficulty it might be she, for she is obviously a fusser, though I am sure well-intentioned and most intensely devoted to Savitri. She was very anxious to hear what the story was which Savitri told me before she died, which made us laugh so much (she is amazed that Savitri *could* laugh—as you were, and one or two others as well; I see now why Savitri was so fond of me—I was good for her, though she might not have realised it, because I gave her a window on another world now and then!)

I think I told it to you—about the Arab ship emptying its chamber-pot into the Greek tender at Piraeus, and the man in charge of the tender—after the row subsided—turning the cushions over so that the shit was underneath, and nobody could know what they sat in; this happened when Savitri and her mother were coming into Piraeus on her first visit to Greece. What amused me was the picture I had of the Greek row which would follow, and we recalled other Greek rows we had heard. I told Frau A. that it was vulgar and scatological but here it was anyway, and wrote it, and I shall be interested to see when she replies to me, which she presumably will any moment, what she thinks of it! She was anxious to know if Savitri said “anything significant” before she died. She certainly told that story very well and I wish had a recording of her telling it, and us laughing.

[. . .]

—You ask why I have a sticker inside my last envelope with my old address on it. It is just that I save and recycle good old envelopes as it is not easy here to get big ones, and anyway they are so dear now that I don't see why I should waste usable ones. This is a trick I learned from Savitri's mother—who used to do the job so well that it was indistinguishable from new till one looked inside—and an old friend of theirs in Lyons who used also to do it. It is one of those frugal French ways—and nuns also do it, or used to, in their tradition of "holy poverty." I get lots of mail-order bump and make use of their enclosures this way too.

My goodness, the DIARIES [referring to the forged Hitler diaries]. What a sensation, and what a business with the *Sunday Times* and *Stern* and so on. The cartoonists have had a field day, of course, and in one of the *Times* offices somebody put flying Hitlers on the wall like plaster ducks! What has absolutely amazed me lately is the way it is all out in the open—souvenir shops with memorabilia *in Germany* and all the rest of it, all suddenly assimilated into history. But when one is my age forty years ago seems like yesterday. When I realise that I was almost an Edwardian it is weird, for even to me the early years of the century seem far in the past. I remember two ladies in Cheadle Hulme where I grew up, who used to dress in the style of the early 1900's—they looked so odd (circa 1920) and seemed to me like ghosts from what I thought of as olden days, having seen their likes in books and magazines which were then really only a few years old.

What I was interested in seeing reproduced was what was supposed to be among the finds with the diaries—the pictures AH submitted to try to get into art-school; but it would still be interesting to see what a faker made of *them*. There was a small reproduction in the *Sunday Times* of one of his paintings—of a very attractive church, in his usual sombre colouring, but to my mind a pretty good picture—and he *did* know perspective. One of these days there will probably be a huge expensive coffee-table book of them all.

One of my memories of Savitri is of her on the floor in France, drawing and painting dozens of replicas of the cover of *Defiance*, with endless patience. She could draw her own back-view, which takes some doing.

Another one is of her on the ferry across the Gulf of Itea, going to Delphi—at about six a.m. on a sunny midsummer Greek morning, with the light dancing on blue water and the lovely world of Greece all around—and she had borrowed a paper from somebody and was immersed in it with that enormous concentration of hers—and she suddenly remarked on some bomb she was reading about, and how many megatons went to it. Good god, I said, here we are going to Delphi on a lovely Mediterranean morning, with the glory all around us, and you read about *bombs*!

But we both had a grand time in Delphi, save that she wanted to leave the nice little place we found to stay in, because the landlady said she hated cats and beat them when they came around. I don't agree with beating animals either, but I said that we were very comfortable there and tired, and we could just feed the cats while we were there and do our bit towards making them happier, which we did. Wherever one goes in Greece there are poor sad pussies, afraid of everybody.

The other day I came across her *Paul de Tarse* which I haven't seen for ages, and slogged through the French. I was amused with her remark about his vision on the Damascus road, which I had forgotten: as he hadn't ever seen Jesus, how was he so sure that the vision *was* of him?

[. . .] I want Mrs. Thatcher to get in again; I am not political, as you know, but I don't want Labour in. I always remember that they wanted, some years ago, to phase out amenity beds in hospitals and make us all alike in that way too, and had I not had an amenity bed I could have been driven daft two years ago—two weeks with those chattering biddies in the main ward, never free of them night or day, and in the morning, “Neurse, Neurse, the Bed-Pan, Ow, Neurse . . .” I think general wards are an indignity, and yet so many *prefer* them.

[. . .]

Anyway, I don't want Labour in for other reasons; we are too much dominated by the unions as it is, strikes and strikes and grabbing; and I like being ruled by women!

If you like a laugh: here is a joke which has been around lately which I love. Two people talking: “Have you seen *Gandhi*?” “Yes.” “Have you seen *ET*?” “Yes.” (*Sotto voce*) “Same bloke.”

I am putting in two copies of the tribute as you will know someone who will like to have one. I must get some more done.

[. . .]

Well, I now have three problems solved, I trust; the ashes, the MSS, and the air ticket. Always glad to hear from you.

All the best from,
Muriel

Monday—I have had a long and very nice letter from Frau A.—she has the money safely. *Gott sei dank!*

[An enclosure:]

This poem came to me while I was working in the garden some days ago; I rather like it and wonder if my agent can flog it to some magazine. There is not much market for poetry, nor do I write it often—though I used to do lots of parodies. One has only to misquote this one for it to have a very different meaning and sound like Patience Strong's Quiet Corner, if you remember that from the women's mags. That I do NOT intend. Muriel Gantry's Noisy Nook is more like!

April 1983

Now, when the glass can please no more,
And working days at long last end,
What years are left beyond threescore
Find me with blessed time to spend;

My castles built from more than air,
I pass my hours in chosen ways—
Strange trick of fate, to make most fair
This transient ending of my days.

Muriel Gantry

6

Moira Cottage
 Sible Hedingham
 3 June 1983

Dear Beryl,

[. . .]

I too have never heard of this Yates person, but I have heard about these cassettes and would quite like to hear one. I had the idea of recording her while she was with me, but it was out of the question, of course. *Thank you* for not landing me with him on top of all the other people!—but I expect the things he wants to know would not be the kind I am qualified to answer.

I am writing to Myriam and will tell her to expect your letter. She is a *very* discreet person and as you know works at the French Embassy; she is interested in the sort of things I am, and about which I used to talk to Savitri (mythology, ancient religion, reincarnation and so on; she sent me some lovely pictures of Indian gods, and I want to comment on them), and she is devoted to cats. Otherwise I use my own sense and don't ask questions. She knows Frau Asmus quite well and of course you know she wants to re-publish the books, so I hope they will be able to arrange something mutually satisfactory with that money—which I was so *glad* to get off my mind. I had a very nice letter from Frau A. thanking me for the money and the cassettes. She told me about Myriam (whom she calls by her other name of Viviane) visiting her and how they went to the Obersalzburg together—and so on! [. . .]

She has told me some horrifying things about how poor Savitri was living in the most awful squalor and cat dirt and smell—very much as I thought but rather worse.

[. . .]

Savitri had a friend called Peter Greenslade who was the most pleasant and courteous young man to meet one could imagine, but so weird: he had a thing about Nimrod (the Mighty Hunter)—god knows why; we used to refer to him as Nimrod when we spoke of him. I think I told you about him daubing

on the walls near where I lived—as if that did anything to anybody for any cause, for god’s sake, only make a mess. And to tell me he did it!

[. . .]

All we get just now is Election, Election. I shall vote before I go away on Thursday, and I hope Maggie gets in again.

The photographs of the urn came out well and I am getting copied of them so you shall have one next time. I am also getting copies of a nice picture of Savitri taken I should think about 1940, and you can have one of those also. [See illustration.] I have had several copies made of the ones you took of me they are very good. A pity Fetfet wriggled in the big one; her face would have looked lovely.



[. . .]

All the best from,
Muriel

7

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
14 September 1983

Dear Beryl,

[. . .]

Who should come to England and to visit me some weeks ago but Frau Asmus!—she was quite different from what I imagined her. I pictured a plump elderly *Hausfrau*, but she is slim and elegant and tall. She is a nice person and we spent a very interesting afternoon. She brought me a bottle of *Liebfraumilch* (it will be useful at Christmas) some nice marzipan chocs and a book about her island of Sylt; which looks a beautiful place indeed. She too

agrees that Savitri became very dominating in her last days! I think we all had rather a dose of it one way and another, but I am glad I could help her at the end. Frau A. translated my tribute into German; the first time I have had anything of mine done into another language.

[. . .]

I will also deal with the interesting Mr. Yates when I return and tell him a few things such as they all like to hear. My god, she had a fan-club all right.

[. . .] We have a new series on *The Winds of War*. [. . .] *Not* a very good Hitler impersonation this time. I think there have been so many that there could be an exhibition! It is the Duke of Bedford who has the pictures, I think. Odd that he did not get accepted for art school; and odd to think that if he had history would have been written differently. Very Probably.

Mind you, I saw some years ago a reproduction of a flower painting of his about which the less said the better—but it looked like a juvenile effort and probably was, so it does not really count. The architectural ones are pretty good to my mind.

[. . .]

I will write again in fuller style.

All the best from,
Muriel Gantry

8

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
11 October 1983

Dear Beryl:

[. . .]

I will attend to the photographs and so on the first moment I can. I found two small (Photomaton) ones of Savitri I had forgotten about. [See illustration.] I should say circa 1928-30 and have sent them to have negatives done, so you can have one. She is doing her Earnest Student thing in them, very serious and in one intensely frowning, with the hair scraped back in the approved fashion for intellectuals—as Father wanted me to wear mine, but no thanks, not with my fat face. Frau Asmus was a bit taken aback by the blonde-haired one with the jewellery—she said she “seemed like an actress in some of her pictures.” I wish I had the nude one. [See 2nd illustration]



Frau Asmus claimed the air ticket money as I believe I told you. [. . .] I have all the letters from this year of happenings in one big tidy basket and am going to sort them out and classify them with all my carbon copies of my own. Then it will be easy to check what I have written. It is all most interesting really, but I am glad the hard work is over. Quite an adventure, and I am glad could do it for her at the last, after the help she was to me years ago. The Americans were very courteous and appreciative and if they did pay the ticket never said, but I have asked someone to make sure they don't think I have got it. I took it to save it from being pinched by the Authorities, who have enough of hers anyway. I thought her relatives would have it eventually. They missed something, maybe, with not being interested.

[. . .]

All the best from,
Muriel

I find I have just one 1939 photograph left. [. . .] I have a negative.

9

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
19 February 1984

Dear Beryl:

I have just made the discovery that I seem not to have replied to your last and very interesting letter [. . .], dated 11th December. [. . .]

I loved the article about Tiddles of Paddington; he has been in the papers before, and I wonder how long he will last with that weight to carry round, poor sweet. Savitri would have adored him. [Tiddles was a famously fat cat (32 pounds) who lived in the ladies' bathroom at Paddington Station, London.]

I have found a quite nice photograph of her sitting on the ground writing, and when I find the negative I will get some done, and you can all have one. I cannot recall what she was writing or where it was, but when I find the negs I may have it noted there. —As usual, oblivious of discomfort!

I had a very pretty card from the Arlington people and a nice letter. They seem to have a project of republishing *Gold in the Furnace* in English; I should quite like to have a copy as it is one of hers I don't have, and it would be interesting to re-read it after so many years. I don't recall a word of it. Frau Asmus borrowed my copy of *Pilgrimage* but swears she will return it; I think she will do so all right, as she did return *my* book, with a most interesting letter I also must reply to properly. She loved it; I thought she might be horrified by my "decadent" anti-hero, but if so she does not say so. Savitri thought he was awful for years, and in the end had to like him, for he *is* such a dear little man! She has done *Gold* in German (with the photographs) and I must say I should like to see it if I cannot really read it.

[. . .] I really know nothing about [a recent political event]! Any more than I ever did about the Spanish War when I was young and people used to march

about London shouting “Arms for Spain mean Arms for Peace”—in rather shabby coats for the most part; the drabber you looked, then the more intellectual you were supposed to be, and thanks be that has died the death more or less.

[. . .]

Always glad to hear from you. I did make a few interesting new friends with the Savitri business. Fetfet is fine.

From,

Muriel G.

10

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
13 April 1984

Dear Beryl:

[. . .]

Frau Asmus sent me a copy of *Gold in the Furnace*—very nicely turned out and the photograph most successfully reproduced as you know. I wish I could read it—I can make out some conversations, because they are so familiar—but I gather from elsewhere that there is to be an English edition, and I should like to have one. It is years since I read it, and I can’t recall it as so much water has flowed under the bridges since then—odd that Savitri’s stuff now ranks as historical documents. Frau Asmus has still got my copy of *Pilgrimage*, but I think she will send it back all right, for she returned *The Distance* very promptly. She liked it very much.

[. . .]

How does Boy George go down in Germany? He seems a nice person, but I wish he would dress attractively in drag, not all that muddle.

All the best for now. Always glad to hear from you [. . .]

[. . .]

From,

Muriel and Fetfet

11

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
24 October 1984

Dear Beryl:

Thanks for your letter—yes, I have been very remiss in matters of correspondence lately, but you will understand when I say that I have been on a trip to Egypt, to my own surprise really, for I seldom decide on things so quickly.

I had planned a nice summer doing all the jobs round here that have been neglected so long, and enjoying the lovely weather; but then I saw in our little local free paper that the travel firm with whom I have enjoyed several good holidays were doing a ten days trip to Egypt with a Nile cruise of four days included, and I said from force of habit, "I always meant to go to Egypt before I died," and then realised that there was nothing whatever to stop me, and I had better do it before it got too late! So I was about six weeks getting ready—I had no new summer things that had not been seen last trip, and nothing much fits me ready made (and as you know I won't wear old ladies' outsizes)—I made about six new dresses and bought three of the Greek crinkle cotton ones which do fit me and which don't look old because they aren't meant to, and an Egyptian headdress and collar to adapt my old Greek chiton to, as there was to be a fancy dress party on the cruise, and I know that no hired stuff ever fits me!

I had to get a new passport as I have not had one for years, and a visa, and have vaccinations (not compulsory, but I wanted to be safe) so that all took time.

We set off on September 4th. It was also my first time flying, for I used to be afraid to do so; but I realised that everybody I know flies and never worries, so I thought—here goes. It was absolutely delightful (once one gets aboard, as you know, and all the hanging about is done with); I was ecstatic, and when one takes off it is like the feeling one has when one is writing and the story takes over. As for flying above the clouds, in another world, it is so lovely that

I could not take my eyes from the window. And as Savitri always said, one sees the map spread out below one—weird.

It was so hot in Cairo, and hotter still in Luxor, but it was all worthwhile. I saw so much, but also missed so much, as I realise more and more now I am home and re-reading all my books. They hurried us round so, but it could not be helped, and we were called at half past five a.m. and times like that, to avoid the worst of the heat—it caught up with us anyway!

We went into the tomb of King Unas, which is covered with texts instead of pictures, save for his actual tomb chamber, which is painted with hanging mats. Here among all the lines of hieroglyphs must be the phrase I adapted for Savitri's tribute—about "the arm of the sunbeam." I wished I could read it.

I got up the first ramp inside the Great Pyramid, but did not attempt the second, which looked rather dizzying. But I have been IN. I forgot about the museum with the boat in on the south side, nor did the guide mention it—King Khufu's funeral boat, discovered some years ago. A pity. But one is so hemmed in by camels and touts that it is a job to cope. We had a very pleasant friendly party, nice people, and I got on well because as I do know a bit about it all I was rather respected (really!), and I liked it. We had a very good guide on the cruise, and I got on well with him; a pity we could not have time to talk more.

We went to Philae, Edfu, Kom Ombo, Karnak, the temple of Hatshepsut, Esna (where I did not go as I wanted a rest and an afternoon on the ship's sundeck, looking at the lovely Nile in peace) and of course to the Valley of the Kings. One could spend a holiday there, seeing all the wonders, but we only saw Tut and his next door neighbour Rameses the Sixth, who has a beautiful tomb in which I should like to spend about a week, taking it all in like a great strip-cartoon. Never did I expect to meet Tutankhamen at seven-thirty in the morning. Well may you lie there, I thought. Move over.

But I have seen him and lots of things I always meant to, and I should love to go again and see more. I wish I had some friend there to base myself on and have a trip alone, going to things in my own time. But it is very difficult for a woman alone there, and I cannot see how one could have a holiday quite alone and go about as I did in the old days in Greece. It seemed so *safe* there,

and the Greeks are so friendly and kind—and I can read the letters and get on the right bus—usually!

The party was marvelous, and my dress was a great success, and we did a play invented by our guide, as all the groups did, and we got the second prize. Because of my dress I made I had a part written in for me—or rather worked in as it was just mime—as the girlfriend of the Mayor of Aswan—we were supposed to be visions of the past appearing to American tourists on a coach, or personifications of the various places they were seeing. But you try to act with an amateur who can't! and ad-libbing at that. But I did my best, and all went off well, and we had beautiful prizes. The man who had to act the Unfinished Obelisk of Aswan Quarries was a scream.

I want to write it all as an article and maybe the magazine *The Lady* which was the original cause of the trip being organized (only they had not enough takers so our local paper was somehow brought into it to attract more) will be interested in it. The paper has unfortunately folded for the present or they would certainly have been pleased to publish it. The Lady, as you probably know, is a very genteel magazine which used to be the last word in niceness, but like all the rest has—well, modernised itself nowadays. It isn't a bad paper at all really. But one could spot the readers a mile off. Very nice lot, though, and easy to get to know, and we were all happy together. I like to do Mass Observation on these trips and watch them all, and guess what they do. Rather a lot of "I-must-have-my-Earl-Grey-Tea-with-lemon" and "I don't . . . have . . . TV actually" and exchanges of Meals-on-Wheels experiences and so on, but as they were generally a very pleasant lot of people and *intelligent*.

The Lady used to have advertisements for refined gentlewomen who needed a home—offering them one in exchange for light household duties, and so on. My god, I once found myself in a place like that, quite accidentally. She thought because I had a room in her big flat I must help with everything in the house, and help her with all the housework, everywhere, because I had the use of the kitchen and bathroom. The idea was that I was to mend and do up her soft-furnishings, which had been in store, and it would be so much off my rent. I was very hard up and it seemed a good idea. BUT I soon learned that everything I did was "just friendly help—well, you had the comfort of my lounge while you did the work, after all, hadn't you? I gave you carte blanche

with all my things. I got out the best coffee things—.” That ended very quickly, in a really ringing row, and I had the satisfaction of pouring cold water over her as she lay in a mock faint, and making sure she got it in her earhole. A dreadful woman. Then I came to my destined home in Drury Lane, and was happy in all essentials and my own mistress. All experience.

Coming home I sat on the wrong side of the plane and so missed Crete, alas. There was a film on, of all things, as we crossed the Mediterranean, and as most people were watching it, I could not get up and go over, and our people were saying “Where’s Muriel—she ought to see this.” That was a great disappointment. But seeing the French Alps from the air was so wonderful it made me cry. The most beautiful sight, unreal and magnificent. I should like to be able to tell Savitri all, about it and hear her opinions. Two years on the 22nd since she died, as you will know)

Then soon we dived into a dirty duvet of cloud lying on the sky ahead, and underneath was England, green and clean and lovely, and so tidy after the sprawl of Cairo and Egypt generally. We are very fortunate in our pretty English village.

I had planned to be on deck as we drew near Luxor, and see the temples coming towards me—that was the very moment when masses of water began to come out of the lavatory pan in my cabin! So I had to wait in frustration while two men took the whole pan out and eventually go down to dinner and see what I could as I went. When was a child the very name of Luxor was an excitement, as I read about the Tutankhamun discoveries—I was just nine, the right age to appreciate it all. Luxor is actually a rather pleasant place generally, and the museum is beautiful and well-arranged, which is more than can be said for the Cairo Museum.

That has not been redecorated or tidied up or modernised since I don’t know when; the Tut things are so drably displayed, on what looks like the original linings to the very dingy glass cases, with what I am sure are the original 1923-33 labels, faded and in some cases missing. All right for me, who knows what it all is, but unfair on those who don’t. It seems so wrong; there is a mass of wonderful things, all that huge building full of miracles, and all so badly displayed, compared to our British Museum and others, and even the Luxor one, which is magnificent.

But I managed a whole day there, save for the inevitable long break at midday, and found a lot or what I wanted to see, including the coffin which when Savitri wrote *A Son of God* was thought by most people to be that of Akhnaton, but which is now considered more likely to be Smenkhkara's. "Smenkh," as Savitri used to call him for ease, was the young man (probably Tut's brother) with whom Akhnaton appears to have set up a homosexual relationship after he had a row with Nefertiti: he gave him Nefertiti's other name of Neferneferuatan, set him beside him as co-ruler (it appears) and the body in the coffin was mummified in the position generally used for a woman, but it is certainly a young man. So what? All very odd. But all about the Amarna family is weird.

[. . .]

But it was all worth the tiredness and heat and backache, and I would like to go again in cooler weather, with more time.

[. . .]

Frau Asmus sent me a lovely postcard of the Externsteine last June and I owe her a letter too, also Myriam who wrote to me the other day. I can only plead that my life got suddenly full. How fast the years go by; summertime ends this weekend and it only seems a few weeks since the clocks went forward.

The cat cuttings are very nice; thank you. The Egyptians were indeed fond of cats in antiquity, and when the Romans were fighting them once they carried cats before them so that the Egyptians dared not fire on them for fear of killing the pussies. But HOW did they get the cats to stay put? I can see the clawing and struggling and the yowling.

It is a pity that the modern inhabitants do not take a leaf from the ancient books. The poor cats are starved, and I saw only three the whole ten days, two terrified, and one at the airport (Luxor) who was friendly, but so thin it was heartbreaking. If I lived there I would take food out as Savitri did—she and I used to do so in Greece, and give it to the cats we met. And the poor dogs round the Pyramids at Sakkara and in the Valley of the Kings, with beautiful faces like Anubis, thin and starved but so ready to be friends to get some food. Dear little things, lying in the sun in what holes they can find in the sand.

I don't often take much notice of children, but I never saw such beautiful ones as the Egyptian kids. Lovely doe-eyes and golden skins, and such nice manners even where they are begging. But Moslem kids are very polite—they are too strictly treated to be otherwise, I think. It is the same over here now.

—Talking about Moslems over here—in Oxford Street I saw, a few weeks ago a Moslem woman sitting on the pavement with her baby on her lap and a box near her for a begging bowl, openly begging from the crowd. I wonder how long that lasted before she was seen and run in or told to move on.

I have not heard any news about any of the people you are interested in. If and when I do I will, tell you. There is supposed to be an English translation [sic: edition] of *Gold in the Furnace* one of these days.

When I watched all the lovely places from above as we flew I thought—ye gods, there are those who would destroy our beautiful Planet Earth for their ideologies—so many different ones, and so many people who reckon they would be willing to see the end of the world as we know it so as to rebuild it their way. I am afraid that I am quite content to keep the beauty and let everybody think as they like. The world is a very wonderful thing seen from a distance like that.

[. . .]

It is 1:30 a.m. so good-bye for now.

From,
Muriel

I am 71 on November 24th and I still don't feel OLD!

12

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
11 December 1984

Dear Beryl:

This must be short as I am trying hard to get all my cards and letters done before the last moment. [. . .]

I often wonder what became of Savitri's other friend Peter Greenslade who we nicknamed Nimrod as he always said he was "interested in Nimrod" and it was difficult to tell just why. He was the one who told me he would like to have an electric fire made with the element in the shape of a swastika, so that he could sit in the dark with it and put himself into trance! Mind you, it would be rather a nice-looking fire and one could adapt the idea, to other interesting shapes. I would quite like one like a double Axe of Crete, or the Egyptian ankh, or anyone who wished to have a Christian cross could do that also. I do have a small electric bulb for a nightlight with a cross in it—a Catholic thing I acquired years ago—and it looks rather pretty—though I don't use it. But Greenslade was weird, though a most polite and charming young man to meet.

I remember plodding through dark and fine rain one night to contact him for Savitri—that was when she came to Newhaven with nine untidy packages, some of them shedding bug-powder, and they would not let her land—oh, the hysterics over the telephone, and the arguments—I think I told you all about it. And she had to go back to France after all—she had come from India then with this awful luggage. I was genuinely fond of her, but really, she could be a trial, and I doubt I could cope as well nowadays. I am laughing as I write to recall those bundles on the landing stage at Newhaven. The idea was that if she gave Greenslade Junior lessons she would be allowed to stay in England till her French job came up, and it only made things more muddled. They could quite well have let her in as she was going to stay with me. But no. The job materialised and she had it for years—the French one.

However, this must be all for now. Just a funny story I read in the Sunday Express which you might enjoy:

Lord George-Brown was attending a grand function in South America., and asked a resplendent figure in purple robes to dance with him. “No, I will not dance with you,” was the reply, “First, because you are drunk. Secondly, because this music is the National Anthem. Thirdly, because I am the Papal Nuncio.”

[. . .]

I don’t know whether I agree with Lord George-Brown’s ideas as I can’t remember ever reading them, but the idea of him whirling round with the Papal Nuncio is marvellous.

Fetfet is fine. Have a good Christmas.

All the best from,
Muriel and Fetfet

13

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
30 April 1985

Dear Beryl:

[. . .]

I have an invitation to Athens from an old friend [Marika]—the one who sent the lovely photograph of Savitri. I thought she was far too old to endure visitors now—at 91!—so later I must try to do something about it. [. . .]

I had a beautiful card in the summer from Frau Asmus, with a picture of the Externsteine and a long German poem underneath I was hoping she might translate for me one day; one does not have to follow any ideology to find the Externsteine fascinating, and I should love to read some account of it by a totally unprejudiced archeologist. I am always hoping it might come up on TV on some programme.

As you know, I became completely involved in getting ready for Egypt, and I realised later that I had not replied to her, and thought she must have

take offense about it. I wrote a nice letter at Christmas—now I re-read it, it *is* a very nice one indeed, all about the things in Egypt which recalled Savitri to me, and even if she was vexed I should think that would explain things. (You know how these old schoolmistresses can get—well, uppity about that they think a breach of good manners.) And after all, I DID do an awful lot some time ago which not everybody would have troubled about, and that good cover of *Gold in the Furnace* is due to my efforts in a great deal!

Well: I have not heard a single word from her, and she has got my copy of *Pilgrimage* which I should be very sorry to lose. That too is interesting whether one holds the author's views or not. It is one of the best things Savitri ever wrote, and if those concerned felt differently it would [still] —I think—be openly publishable, as would *Defiance*, as a *literary curiosity*—and now as a voice from history!

I shall be very sorry indeed if I have lost *Pilgrimage*, and I am going to write discreetly and find out if I can if she is all right. She may have died, after all. I gave her permission to keep *Pilgrimage* till she had done with it and wasn't worried about its possible non-return, as people like her usually respect books, as I do. [Lotte Asmus did return Muriel's copy of *Pilgrimage*, which was sold to a used bookseller after her death and is now in the collection of the Savitri Devi Archive.]

[. . .]

All the best from,
Muriel Gantry

14

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
20 December 1985

Dear Beryl,

[. . .]

Frau A. [Asmus] and Marika in Athens met this autumn and they would have lots to talk about!

I enclose the photographs of Savitri I have been looking for for ages. I can't remember where this [see illustration] is, but it's almost certainly France—it must be, as it was taken with my old box camera in 1950. Just like her, scribble, scribble in complete obliviousness of all discomfort!



All the best from,
Muriel

15

Moira Cottage
Sible Hedingham
14 December 1987

Dear Beryl,

Thanks for your letter and photo and very pretty card. [. . .]

As you will know it was 5 years on October 22 since Savitri died. I wrote (as promised) to the French Consulate in London to see if they would release her things to me as the 5-year wait was over; they wrote saying they would give the matter their attention and let me know, or words to that effect; I have heard nothing as yet and don't propose to make a fuss as I might make them curious. There is nothing of any value save Frau Asmus' books which I said I would try to get back for her. Actually it will save a lot of bother, going to town to have the suitcase back, etc., if they refuse, but I shall keep my word and do my best. I have written to Frau Asmus and told her.

[. . .]

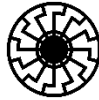
All the best from,
Muriel Gantry

[There is no record of the French Embassy's answer or the ultimate fate of Savitri's personal possessions.]

SAVITRI DEVI: THE WOMAN AGAINST TIME

LOOKING BACK WITH R. G. FOWLER

The Mourning the Ancient Interview



The following interview was first published at the *Mourning the Ancient* website in July 2009. We thank *Mourning the Ancient* for doing the interview and for permission to reproduce it here.

How did you first hear of Savitri Devi, and what was your first impression of her?

I first heard of Savitri Devi in 2000. I was shown a copy of *Impeachment of Man* and Goodrick-Clarke's *Hitler's Priestess*. My first impression was that Savitri Devi was one of history's great eccentrics. I am fascinated with human eccentricity, and that is what first led me to read her works. History is often stranger and more entertaining than fiction. Who could have made up Savitri Devi? She was utterly unique.

But as I read more of Savitri Devi's works, I found her ideas increasingly appealing. So I suppose you can say that she made an eccentric out of me too, although I already was pretty far out of the mainstream. I was already familiar with and broadly sympathetic to National Socialism, Indo-European paganism, and the Traditional cyclical conception of history. I also shared her fascination with Akhnaton and the ancient world in general. But I was very impressed with how Savitri Devi synthesized these ideas and interests. She never claimed to be an original thinker, but I think she was too modest.

You are the Archivist of the online Savitri Devi Archive and the General Editor of the Centennial Edition of Savitri Devi's Works, which reprints Savitri Devi's

published works, and prints previously unpublished ones as well. Tell us about these projects. What motivated you to begin this massive undertaking?

The goal of the Archive and the Centennial Edition is to make Savitri Devi's works more accessible. When I first began reading Savitri Devi, it took me months to get copies of her books. Eventually, when the Archive and the Centennial Edition are complete, all of Savitri Devi's books will be available for free online and can be easily purchased in high quality print editions.

I should note, though, that the Centennial Edition will not be a complete edition of Savitri Devi's writings. We have no plans to reprint her doctoral dissertations, for instance. Nor will we republish works in their original languages. Instead, we plan to reprint all of Savitri Devi's English-language books, plus English translations of *L'Etang aux Lotus* and *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une Aryenne*—plus *Tyrtée l'Athenien* and *Hart wie Kruppstahl*, if we can acquire the full manuscripts. But eventually we will put all of Savitri Devi's writings, in the original languages and all translations, online at the Savitri Devi Archive

Even though the Savitri Devi Archive is a treasure trove of information, what information do you still seek? Are there periods of her life you are still in the dark about? Is there any possibility of the existence of unknown, unpublished books or articles?

Savitri Devi's years in Greece are the most mysterious part of her life, particularly the years 1932-1935. In her writings and interviews, Savitri claims that she was in India from the spring of 1932 until the spring of 1935, when she returned to Europe to defend her doctoral dissertation, on April 1, 1935.

Dr. Greg Johnson, who is doing research for a new biography of Savitri Devi, discovered that this story is a lie. In 2004, in the Indian National Archive in New Delhi, he found a copy of Savitri Devi's original application for a Visa to visit India. It is dated April 2, 1935—i.e., the day after she defended her doctoral dissertation in Lyons. It was filled out at the British Consulate in Lyons.

It is not known why Savitri Devi lied so consistently about her whereabouts in the years 1932-1935.

Savitri Devi also maintained that she met her future husband A. K. Mukherji in Calcutta in January of 1938, after his pro-Axis publication *The New Mercury* had been closed down. His family, however, claims that they met in Europe before she came to India, and this has been confirmed by Dr. Johnson's archival research as well.

Dr. Johnson hypothesizes that both lies are related. He thinks that Savitri lied about when she met Mr. Mukherji to conceal the fact that she had been involved with the publication of *The New Mercury*. So if you want to find one source of lost articles by Savitri Devi, I recommend that one track down *The New Mercury*. Unfortunately, no copies seem to exist in libraries in India, Europe, or the United States. If anyone comes across old issues, please contact me through the Savitri Devi Archive.

What about the lie concerning her whereabouts in 1932-1935? We know that at least part of that time she was in Greece, where she was the French tutor of Cornelius Castoriadis, who later became famous in France as a left-wing political philosopher.

Dr. Johnson has a rather intriguing hypothesis about that period. Savitri Devi mentioned in *And Time Rolls On* that before Mr. Mukherji returned to India, he spent two years traveling in the U.S.S.R. doing research for his doctoral dissertation on British and Russian foreign policy in relation to Afghanistan and India. She also mentions that he traveled first class, and that the Communists were trying to groom him as a spy in India.

Surely there is a file on Mr. Mukherji somewhere in the archives of the Soviet secret police. And if that file were opened, would it also reveal that Savitri Devi was his traveling companion? Some day, the archives may tell.

What is your personal favorite book by Savitri and why?

My personal favorite is *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une Aryenne (Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman)* because it is the most comprehensive and beautiful statement of the full range of Savitri Devi's ideas in relation to the Tradition. She wrote it at the end of her life, for the benefit of a circle of French friends and admirers including the writers Saint-Loup and Guy Sajer.

I am also very fond of *And Time Rolls On*, because I labored so long to produce it, and I am very proud of it. Whenever I read it, I can still hear Savitri's taped voice in my head.

Regarding the original editions of her books, what would you say is the most difficult to obtain? Are they pricey? Do you yourself own them?

I own first editions of most of Savitri Devi's books. All of Savitri Devi's first editions are quite rare. She had 100 hardcover copies of *Souvenirs* printed, for personal friends, and I managed to get five copies, but I sold or gave away four of them. Savitri also had small hardcover printings of *The Lightning and the Sun* and *Pilgrimage* made. I have one of each.

Even rarer are Savitri Devi's books with hand-painted dust-jackets. I know of such jackets for *Gold in the Furnace*, *Defiance*, and *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess*. I have one of the *Gold in the Furnace* jackets, and a friend who has another has promised to leave it to me in her will.

But surely the rarest Savitri Devi title is *A Perfect Man: Akhnaton, King of Egypt*. She lists this as having been already published in *Joy of the Sun*, which was published in 1942. But I have never been able to find a copy, not in any library or private collection, and Savitri made a point of donating her books to the British Library. The book may simply be lost to history, although a copy may someday turn up.

Another possibility is that it was never published at all. Savitri could have listed it in *Joy of the Sun*, thinking that it would be published by the time *Joy of the Sun* appeared. But then she could have changed her mind and decided not to publish it. Or the project could have grown into her great book on Akhnaton, *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt*, later republished as *Son of the Sun*. I think that this is the most likely story. (Notice that the subtitles of the two books are similar.) But perhaps I just want to convince myself that one of Savitri's books has not been lost entirely.

The prices of Savitri Devi's used books that appear online have been steadily rising, largely due to the existence of the Archive. In the past, when used booksellers received copies of one of Savitri's books, I imagine they did not know what to do with them. I hate to think some were just thrown away, but that is possible. Now, if they are curious, they can go online and in a few

minutes learn that Savitri Devi was a widely-published author whose works are intensely interesting to a small but growing audience of enthusiasts.

When I first went online searching for Savitri's books, I found an autographed copy of *Pilgrimage* that had belonged to Muriel Gantry for £10. Recently, I saw a first edition of *Defiance* offered for more than \$3,000! Although this might be bad for individual collectors who are not rich, it is definitely good for the preservation of Savitri Devi's books, and that is a good thing in the long run.

What are your biggest obstacles to publishing Savitri Devi's books?

Although some printers have balked at the "objectionable" content of Savitri Devi's books, I have never had trouble finding printers who simply want the business. The biggest obstacles, therefore, are money and time. I solved the money problem by taking advance orders for the books, which have allowed me to pay the printers up front. The time problem, however, remains intractable. I have a more than full-time job as it is, so sometimes I just lack the time to edit and publish books, follow up research leads, and keep the Archive updated.

I find it to be very unfortunate that more people do not know of Savitri Devi's writings. Your print runs are very low, at least in hard cover, limited to 200 hand numbered copies. Has this met the demand?

So far, we have sold out of the hardcover editions of *And Time Rolls On* and *Gold in the Furnace*. We still have a few copies of *Defiance*. We have almost sold out of the paperback printing of *And Time Rolls On*. When we do, I will bring out a new expanded and illustrated paperback edition. Of course, if one sells out the print run of books like these, it might be too risky to do another print run of hundreds of copies. But we could always set the titles up with a print-on-demand company, and they can print exactly the number of copies needed, which would free us from tying up capital and storage space.

Can you share any personal experiences you've had with people's reactions to your publishing of Savitri Devi's books or to the Savitri Devi Archive website?

First of all, there have been no negative experiences. Nobody has contacted me to express disapproval of the very idea of the Archive or of republishing Savitri Devi's works. There have been no attempts to shut down the Archive, attack it online, and the like.

Second, the most positive personal outcomes from my work are the friendships I have made with people all over the world. Also gratifying in a personal way are the many kind letters and emails I have received from people who are enthusiastic about Savitri Devi and grateful for the Archive and the Centennial Edition.

But personal consequences, positive and negative, are really not a motivating factor in my work. Of course I appreciate the fact that my experiences have been overwhelmingly positive. But, even if they had been overwhelmingly negative, I would have gone forward, for I do this out of a sense of duty: a duty to history, a duty to truth, and a duty of gratitude to Savitri Devi herself, this remarkable individual who has changed my life in countless ways.

How would you personally describe Savitri and her works to someone who had never heard of her before?

Savitri Devi's personality is as fascinating as her ideas, so I stress both when trying to interest people. I also emphasize the extreme eccentricity of both her personality and her doctrines. These have to come out eventually, so there is no point in avoiding them. Moreover, they grab people's attention like nothing else. Everyone wants to know more about the woman who worshiped Hitler as a divine avatar; the woman who criticized Hitler for being too kind; the woman who advocated animal rights but not human rights; the woman who would ban medical experiments on animals and do them on people instead—who would prefer to eat the flesh of an enemy than of an innocent lamb. But what is even more surprising than these views is the fact that Savitri Devi provides a consistent rationale for them.

Can you tell us three things about Savitri that most people do not know?

There are quite a few things about Savitri Devi that the world will not know until a new biography of her is published. A few years ago, Dr. Johnson interviewed a woman who knew Savitri Devi in New Delhi in the 1970s. She

told him many things that I found interesting, even surprising. I am sure he will not be annoyed if I share three facts that come immediately to mind.

First, she said that Savitri Devi's favorite painter was Van Gogh, and that she admired Picasso as well.

Second, she said that Pushkin was one of Savitri Devi's favorite poets.

Third, she said that Savitri Devi was not just fluent in eight languages—English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Icelandic, Hindi, and Bengali—but that she had knowledge of nineteen other languages and dialects, including Russian and many Indian languages. She said that when Savitri Devi visited her house, she would converse with her in Greek, her husband and son in English, and address four Indian servants in their native dialects, moving effortlessly back and forth between all six languages. Her linguistic abilities alone indicate that Savitri Devi had an astonishingly high IQ.

One astonishing aspect of Savitri is her humble attitude toward her own works and influence. Do you think she knew in her lifetime how important her works were and would be to National Socialists?

Savitri Devi was very humble. I hesitate to accuse her of false modesty, but her modesty does ring false, because she was obviously a superior individual, and she knew it.

But perhaps Savitri Devi's modesty is a sign of her greatness of soul, in the sense discussed by Aristotle in his *Nicomachean Ethics*. According to Aristotle, great-souled people are aware of their superiority, but they do not show it off or dwell on it, because only small people enjoy looking down on and lording it over others. Instead, great souled people seek to hide their sense of superiority.

This dissimulation, which Plato and Aristotle called "irony," is a form of falsehood, but it is forgivable, even laudable. What great-souled individuals crave is not to look down on inferiors, but to have equals and superiors, friends to enjoy and heroes or gods to worship.

That is certainly true of Savitri Devi, who claimed quite candidly that she was a skeptic about the literal existence of the gods, but had an overwhelming desire to worship them nonetheless.

All (false) modesty aside, I think that Savitri Devi strongly hoped that her books would become very important to National Socialists. In my short essay on Savitri Devi and Paul of Tarsus, "Enemy and Exemplar," I argue that Savitri understood her project to be analogous to that of Saint Paul. Paul took the life and ideas of Jesus, a failed prophet or perhaps merely a would-be revolutionary (Savitri vacillated on this issue, but he was a failure either way), and created a religion that eventually triumphed over Rome and all of Europe.

Savitri Devi wished to be the Saint Paul to Hitler's Christ. She too took a failed political leader and transformed him into a divine avatar around which she hoped to crystallize a religion that would serve as a vehicle for the eventual triumph of his ideas. This is a remarkably grandiose ambition for such a modest lady!

Her plans may be grandiose, but I hasten to add that this does not make them absurd or impracticable. After all, it took more than 300 years for Paul's creation to triumph over Rome.

Savitri Devi died in 1982. Since then, interest in her works has grown dramatically. The religion she envisioned may indeed be taking shape. I would love to know what sort of impact Savitri Devi will have three centuries hence. If there are any white people left on the planet, I would like to think that Savitri Devi would have played no small part in ensuring their survival.

Savitri wanted very badly to go to Germany during Adolf Hitler's time. World War II prevented her from ever going and seeing the nation and people she idolized and loved so much in her writings. But if she had, how do you think Adolf Hitler and the others would have received her? She said she would have loved to have worked under Goebbels, and I can't think of a place that would have suited her better.

I think that Savitri Devi would have been well-received by German National Socialists. She would have impressed them as a sincere, intelligent, talented, and energetic National Socialist. I am sure that they would have found a way to fully mobilize her talents for the cause. Even her eccentricities would not have held her back, for the National Socialist leadership was filled with artistic, even bohemian types and remarkably free of bourgeois prigs. I am sure that she would have met Goebbels, Hess, Streicher, Himmler, and Hitler himself. I

think she probably would have gotten along best with Hitler, Hess, and Goebbels, in spite of her great admiration for Himmler and Streicher.

I doubt, however, that Savitri Devi alone could have changed the outcome of the war. I imagine that she would have been in the bunker in Berlin to the bitter end. She might have preferred such a heroic death, but personally I am glad that she lived on to write her books.

In her extensive travels and contacts Savitri met some of the greatest heroes of Germany's National Socialist era: Leon Degrelle, Hans-Ulrich Rudel, and Otto Skorzeny, to name just three! But she also met with others like Horst Wessel's aunt and Heinrich Himmler's widow. She met hundreds of other personalities from that era spread all over the world, including SS men in the Middle East. What do you think they thought of her? This National Socialist from India of all places!

From all accounts, Savitri Devi was held in high regard by virtually everyone who knew her. I have only encountered a couple of people who disliked her. Savitri Devi impressed people with her intelligence, breadth of knowledge, sincerity, and devotion to National Socialism. Many, I am sure, were skeptical of her metaphysical and religious beliefs, but National Socialists tend to be tolerant of such views because they are not uncommon in these circles.

Before and during the Second World War, Savitri Devi and her husband A. K. Mukherji worked as agents of the Axis powers in India. Did Savitri Devi know Subhas Chandra Bose, the Indian nationalist leader who allied himself with the Third Reich and the Japanese against the British Empire?

Savitri Devi knew Subhas Chandra Bose. She met him in Calcutta in the late 1930s. She claims that she introduced him to her future husband, Mr. Mukherji, who in turn introduced him to the Japanese. And the rest, as they say, is history.

Although National Socialist Germany pioneered animal rights, banning vivisection, strict laws regarding habitat, humane treatment of animals, hunting regulations, etc., Savitri is seen as a modern champion of animal rights. *Impeachment of Man* was first published in 1959 dealing with this subject in a time when animal rights were far from the public's mind. But,

unfortunately, it would seem humanity has grown even more selfish and cruel in their treatment of animals since her book. One need only look at the Animal Liberation Front's video's on YouTube.com or anywhere else online to see some of the horrors we humans inflict upon animals. Many respected scientists say that the earth won't be able to sustain a meat eating human population for much longer. The strain on the earth is enormous, ethical concerns aside. Like Adolf Hitler, Savitri was a vegetarian. Do you think this is the way of the future? Your thoughts on all of this.

Impeachment of Man is an admirable book, with many valid points. The world would be a much better place if everyone followed its teachings. But in the end, I find its argument for vegetarianism to be unconvincing.

I too love nature, and I love animals. I love my dog especially. But my dog eats meat, and so do I. That is the way of nature. Some animals eat plants. Others eat animals. I eat both. And killing is involved in both cases. Life feeds on death, and that goes for vegetarians too. As Joseph Campbell said, "A vegetarian is someone who has never heard a carrot scream."

I tried vegetarianism, but I did not feel as healthy as I do when I include a small amount of animal protein in my diet, mostly from milk and eggs, but also from meat. I go to great lengths, however, to avoid supporting factory farms and other sickening forms of cruelty to animals. There is nothing natural about that. They are spawned from perversions of the human mind and soul, the marriage of greed and scientific method, to the exclusion of moral and aesthetic sensibilities.

But by the same token, I go to great lengths not to harm plants as well. I can't bear to weed my own garden. But the principle is the same for plants and animals: I eat some of them, but I also wish to do them the least possible harm. Of course, I can feel more sympathy for animals than plants, because they are more like me. Especially cute animals. But I have no problem killing repulsive and dangerous animals.

I think that vegetarianism is a valid spiritual discipline if one wants somehow to transcend nature. But I do not wish to transcend nature at all. I wish to be a wholly natural being, and I think that is most in keeping with the spirit of Savitri Devi's life-affirming pantheism.

Savitri Devi was against anthropocentrism—the idea that man is unique and placed above nature. She thought that anthropocentrism was the root of all environmental destruction and cruelty to animals. Yet vegetarianism is a practice that sets one outside and above nature too.

Sadly, Savitri died in England on October 22, 1982 before going on a planned speaking tour in the United States. In all her travels she never made it to the United States. Ironically, her urn and ashes were sent to the United States. Do you know where they were sent and to who? That was twenty seven years ago, any idea who has them today? Have you ever heard of anyone ever going to see her urn? There is a beautiful picture of it enshrined that I'm sure you're familiar with.

I asked Commander Matt Koehl of the New Order about the present location of Savitri's ashes. He told me that they are enshrined at the New Order headquarters in Milwaukee. Visitation is not allowed.

Lastly, we'd like to thank you very, very much for helping to share this marvelous woman with the world, and for having this conversation with us! We would also like to thank Savitri for being everything that she was. A higher human being. Defiant till the end. A Woman Against Time. Final thoughts?

Thank you for this opportunity to talk about one of my favorite people. When I think about Savitri Devi's long and lonely struggle to live and witness the truth, your interest touches me deeply. It makes me think that her struggles were not in vain, that she will live on in the way that mattered to her most: in the hearts and minds of a National Socialist community that will survive to face the dawn of a new Golden Age.

PART TWO

LETTERS

LETTERS TO MIGUEL SERRANO

Edited by R.G. Fowler



20 MARCH 1980

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

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

*Second, the letter, along with statements in **And Time Rolls On** (see note 2 below), refutes Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's completely unfounded assertion that in the early 1960s, "Savitri Devi began to influence Ernst Zündel in the direction of Holocaust denial" (**Hitler's Priestess**, 206). Although Savitri's books did report the views of some who disagreed with aspects of the*

standard Holocaust story, Savitri makes it clear that she herself believed (until 1977), that approximately six million Jews were killed by the Third Reich and that the methods of extermination included gassing.

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

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

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

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi
28 March 1980

Dear comrade and friend,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The real reason—to me—why we did not (could not) win the war (and that is the point I put forward in my book *The Lightning and the Sun*, written 1948-56, reprinted last year by Samisdat Publishers [address omitted]) is that our Führer was not *the last* great Incarnation of the present Time cycle, but at

¹ Miguel Serrano, *El Cordón Dorado: Hitlerismo Esotérico* [*The Golden Thread: Esoteric Hitlerism*] (1978).

the most the one before the last. He was “both Sun and Lightning” all right (*all* fighters against the current of decay are; have to be) but He had in Him “too much Sun, not enough Lightning,” because *only the last one* (the one the Hindu Scriptures call the “Kalki” avatar) will be *equally* Sun and Lightning, and will win, and open a new Time cycle, beginning, as *all* Time cycles do, with a “golden Age” on the ruins of this wretched one.

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

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

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

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

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

The confidence Mr. Roeder seems to have in the Russians astonished *me*, at first. But then I said to myself that I have no understanding (and no practice) of international politics, and that, therefore, if a sincere National Socialist, and

a man of *law*, accustomed to see into people (it's his job), says the Russians are "good"—that is to say, "*usable* for the benefit of both Germany, the Führer's country, and of Aryandom at large"—then it must be true; at least, it is an opinion that should be considered, and *tested*.

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

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

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

As a South American, you must remember the words of Huayna Capac's soothsayers in answer to his request to tell him the meaning of the three circles he had noticed around the moon: the red one, the black one, and the smoky one: "The red one means civil war: bloodshed in the royal family. The black one means disaster—defeat at the hands of powerful foes; the smoky

one is the worst; it means: *of all we know, of all we revere, nothing will remain!*"

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

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

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

The one thing the propaganda did,—instead of stirring in me the slightest indignation against the supposed-to-be “war criminals”—was to rouse my hatred against the hypocrisy and cowardice underlying every man-centered attitude; to harden me in my bitter contempt for “man” in general; and . . . to prompt me to write this book: the answer to it, the spirit of which could be summed up in a few lines: “A ‘civilization’ that makes such a ridiculous fuss about alleged ‘war crimes’—acts of violence against the actual or potential enemies of one’s cause—and tolerates slaughterhouses and vivisection laboratories, and circuses and the fur industry (infliction of pain upon

² In *And Time Rolls On*, Savitri claims that she believed the standard Holocaust story until 1977, when she read Arthur Butz’s *The Hoax of the Twentieth-Century* (Torrance, Cal.: Institute for Historical Review, 1976). See *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*, ed. R.G. Fowler (Atlanta: Black Sun Publications, 2005), 162.

creatures that can never be *for* or *against* any cause), *does not deserve to live. Out with it!* Blessed the day it will destroy itself, so that a healthy, hard, frank and brave, nature-loving and truth-loving élite of supermen with a *life-centred faith*,—a natural human aristocracy, as beautiful, on its own higher level, as the four-legged kings of the jungle—might again rise, and rule upon its ruins, for ever!”

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

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

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

Write to me whenever you feel like it.

With the ritual greeting,
Savitri Dêvi Mukherji³

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

³ When signing her name, Savitri often put a circumflex over the “e” in Dêvi. She did not, however, do so when her name appeared in print.

⁴ Probably Jacques de Mahieu (b. 1915), the author of a number of books arguing that, beginning in the 10th century, the Vikings extensively explored the Americas and influenced the indigenous cultures.

31 MARCH 1980

Below is the second of three surviving letters from Savitri Devi to Miguel Serrano.

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

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

—R. G. Fowler

New Delhi
31 March 1980

Dear comrade and friend,

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

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

I saw the Khyber Pass in October-November 1936. Went as far as Landiskotal—not to Kabul: in this time it was very difficult. I spoke about this extraordinary way of the conquerors in the chapter entitled “The Land without Masters” in the first book which I wrote after my doctoral theses: The Lotus Pond—written in 1937, published at the expense of Mr. Mukherji in 1940 (my

first impressions—or the impressions of my first years—in India). I have no more than one sole copy (besides, I would have to make a good many corrections and additions!).

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

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

With the ritual greeting of faithful,

H.H.!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

20 APRIL 1982

Below, is the third and final surviving letter from Savitri Devi to Miguel Serrano.

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

—R. G. Fowler

Alix par Lozanne

20 April 1982

Very dear comrade!

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

I see almost nothing. My right eye is already kaputt, and now the left is going the same way. By it I see as through thick fog, can scarcely differentiate

between faces. Nevertheless I am still able to read and write (with a thick magnifying glass), and I could live alone, in an independent room, and prepare my simple meals. I want to be away from here as fast as possible.

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

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

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

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

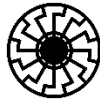
With the most holy greeting,

Your devoted,

SAVITRI DEVI

LETTERS TO MATT KOEHL

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



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

—*R. G. Fowler*

25 JULY 1975

New Delhi

Postmarked 25 July 1975

Dear Comrade Matt Koehl,

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

I'd like to send you at least \$10. But \$10 is 80 rupees which is the salary *per month* a pupil gives me for one hour's teaching weekly. And I have already two private pupils all these weeks since the school “Alliance Française” is shut (May, June, July). Begins in *August*, if they give me a class. I get paid only at the end of August. I am struggling to meet the expenses of *printing* of

this book of mine, and don't know when and *how* I'll get the heap of unprinted stuff I have into a printing press.

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

I *had* planned to sell my gold jewelry for the printing of *this* book. Unfortunately, on 1 March 1974 at 8 p.m. in a scooter carrying me (or expected to carry me) a short distance from here, I was assaulted by a man who jumped in the scooter, with the agreement of the driver, who at once pulled down the flaps, *gagged* me, sat on me to keep me immobile, and stripped me of *all I had*: twenty-seven gold bangles; a heavy gold chain (some one hundred grams); a big gold ring, twenty-two carat gold: *my savings of sixty years*. The police never found the criminals, as I could not tell—not knowing it, not having noticed it—the number of the scooter.

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

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

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

1945 *hell* which is the world, wherever you might go.) And it will go from bad to worse. That is the price for choosing hell, instead of choosing Hitler.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

replace experimentation on innocent animals by experimentation on actual or potentially dangerous people. I have from the start congratulated the German doctors of the Great Days who did so.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With *the* everlasting greeting of the faithful.

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

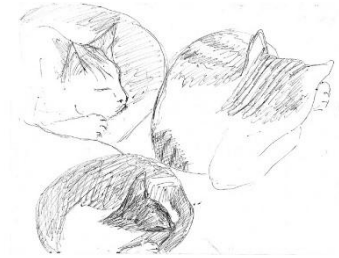
P.S. Mr. Mukherji came here and spent a day or two. Going on 72 he is still as alert as ever. I showed him the latest issue of *White Power*. The two *best* ones about our Führer, 20 and 30 April, I lent to my landlord, Mr. Sharma, a *sympathizer*, and he never gave them back. Lent them to someone else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

Again, with the everlasting greeting,

H.H.!

S.D.M.

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



27 APRIL 1977

New Delhi
27 April 1977

Dear Commander,

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

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

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

written to me by Commander Rockwell on the necessity of being “realistic” in connection with appeal to the public (sorry, I cannot find the exact *page*).

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

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

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

I spoke only English, my mother’s tongue, until I was five or six. Children pick up other languages by playing with other children of the place where they live—but I never played with other children—until practically *forced to* in

school. I did not like them. Found them “silly,” and their *games* of no interest. I should not like to go through that very beginning of life again, especially not to be born in a family in which people did not love animals—we always had a cat. I probably inherited from my father my love of all felines. Nor in a family in which they would force me to eat meat—as I have seen *other* people—*not* my own parents, thank goodness!!—do to their children. I was allowed to refuse all food cooked with meat from the very beginning because it “put me off.”

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

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

With the best of wishes,
Heil Hitler!
Yours sincerely,
Savitri Devi Mukherji

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

2 AUGUST 1979

New Delhi
2 August 1979

Dearest Commander Matt Koehl,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My husband was fair-skinned and had Aryan features, as do quite a number of Brahmins. All said, it would not have been a "*mesalliance*" to have a family of fair-skinned Brahmins with *our* ideas—as he was himself. But he himself told me that one should not start such an experience for *purely* ideological reasons, without ever having had the slightest attraction to babies and family life. And I believe he was right. Moreover, that out Führer himself would have told me the same, had he known me well. (What Nietzsche

writes about women is true of 99% of them. But there is the 1% who is there for a different destiny—and with different aspirations.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

20 APRIL 1982

Alix, par Lozanne
20 April 1982

Dear Commander and Comrades:

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

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

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

hand over and over again to the “sister” nation hoping she would be wise enough to choose *peace*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thanks for the *White Power* issues.

I wish I could do something for the NSWPP.

With *the* best of greetings
 Heil Hitler!
 Savitri Devi Mukherji

5 MAY 1982

Alix, par Lozanne
 5 May 1982

Dearest Commander,

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

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

I read your article with tears of delectation and wild joy. For a time I lost sight and consciousness of this old women’s “home” and felt all around me, spreading over the old *and* new continent and the smoking ruins of the Old Order, those I called for with all my heart in 1945. And from their midst I felt

the strong, unfettered *youth* of tomorrow (or of *some* day in the future, never mind when) rushing forth with my own War cry—or its equivalent—“*Hitler or Hell!*”

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

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

In Greece, the contrast between the ruins of Heathen days and the churches always impressed me. At last, early 1929, I was decided to underline that contrast and oppose Christianity, but—out of honesty—I first wanted to

experience what sort of an impact on me the birthplace of the Christian faith would have: Palestine, in those days under British rule.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is so dull here—comrades so seldom come.

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

It would be so satisfying if I could be still good for something in spite of my disability! I need—and categorically refused any—neither doctors nor treatment. They are against my life principles: whoever is (like me) no longer fit to go about healthy and strong and in possession of all his or her natural means, should be left to die. No hospitals either for me under any circumstances! I was dragged to one here, by force, by the French police on

14 January 1982 but declared from the start that I rejected any medicine (save the “Pilocarin” drops for my eyes) and was left in peace—and given the strictly vegetarian food I insisted upon (I never ate meat in my life) and pretty little of it, as I always ate very little, and *one* course only.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"*These are his words.*"

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

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

With admiration and regards,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

7 MAY 1982

Alix, par Lozanne

7 May 1982

Dearest Commander,

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

Your beautiful article helps me. You mention ironies of history. And there is a book about a *modern* Jewish lie call *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. As I read over and again the first part of your article—concerning the mythos at the bottom of Western civilization—I think of a perhaps even greater hoax, and not a Jewish one, this time, but one whose fathers were perhaps even more contemptible than full-fledged Jews: the hotch-potch fraction of degenerate mankind that formed the first believers in the type of Christianity preached *after* the death of Jesus, by Saul-Paul, in the seaports of the Greek world: Thessaloniki, Corinth, Ephesus, etc. There were a mixture of decadent

Greeks, Jews that had rejected their own race and tradition with all the “taboos” of the Mosaic Law, and cross-breeds of these with every variety of Mediterranean scum. I prefer a racially genuine *Jew* to *that!*

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

Did you ever hear of that erudite Frenchman Robert Ambelain?

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

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

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

To him Jesus (Yeshuah) is the eldest son of Judah of Gamala, son of Ezekias, and like he, a *leader of Jewish* resistance against Rome, *no spiritual leader of mankind at all*. Nazareth *did not exist until the 8th century AD*. And Joseph is a convenient myth, to push into oblivion Jesus' real father, at a time when *Paul's* type of Christianity had conquered the Roman State. The Gospels accepted today were *all* written in the 4th and 5th centuries AD. Paul, says Ambelain—and he proves it—though a perfect *Semite*, was *no Jew*, but a member of the large Herodian stock—a grandson of Herod “the Great” and one who acquired his “Roman Citizenship” through that pro-Roman Idumean family. He made up his (successful) brand of Christianity out of bits and pieces from various older mystery creeds of the near East (and Ambelain proves *that* also!).

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

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

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

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

What an uplifting feeling!

With warmest regards,
Heil Hitler!
Yours,
Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

24 MAY 1982

Alix, par Lozanne
24 May 1982

Dearest Comrade Matt Koehl,

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

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

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

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

Fancy *that* sacrilegious joke for the sake of cheap publicity: calling me (16½ years *younger* than He, and just one of the most insignificant among his rank and file *disciples*) our Führer’s “Guru”! A Guru is in Sanskrit a spiritual master. I never was and never can be anybody’s “Guru”! A Guru must be a self-realized person, i.e., not only knowing intellectually, but *conscious of the identity of his or her innermost being with the Supreme Soul*—Param Atma—*or Soul of the Universe with all its galaxies without end or beginning*. Adolf Hitler’s only “Gurus” could be—the *Gods* themselves—the Cosmic Forces. Could you please, dearest Commander, *first* ask Samisdat Publishers [address omitted] to send you a copy of that advertisement of many books (Nazi secret weapons, flying saucers, and what not) and of mine. Then tell Zündel, after examining it yourself, the *utter insanity* of the advertisement concerning *The Lighting and the Sun*. (Pyramid Connection!!! In Akhnaton’s time [fourteenth century B.C.] the Pyramids of Giza, let alone the *elder* “stepped” ones of former dynasties—were older than the *Roman ruins* of Europe are today. That Akhnaton wished to restore the *purity* of the old worship of *Ra*, the Sun’s name in pyramid building times, that is another thing altogether. As for “human sacrifice,” it has *nothing to do* either with Pharaoh Akhnaton or with us.)

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

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

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

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

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

With the Best of all greetings,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

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

Thank you

Heil Hitler!

S.D.M.

*The advertisement of **The Lightning and the Sun** to which Savitri refers to reads as follows:*

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

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

Decipher now the encoded workings of the Nazi mind. Perceive how Hitler saw the workings of the universe through: Human sacrifice. Vegetarianism. Aryanism. The cyclic view of history. The children of

violence. The will to survive and to conquer. The seat of truth. Gods on earth. Kalki, the avenger.

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

EARLY AUGUST 1982

Traunstein [Bavaria]
[Early August 1982]

Dearest Commander Koehl,

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

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

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

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

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

The image shows the cover of the NS Bulletin magazine. At the top, it features the 'NS BULLETIN' logo with a swastika symbol to the right. Below the logo, it reads 'OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ORGAN OF THE National Socialist White Peoples Party' and 'National Socialist Youth Movement'. The main headline is 'FRENCH COMRADE SHOT!'. Below this, there are several columns of text providing news about Marc Gillet's arrest and the actions of the French Neo-Nazi group. A portrait of Marc Gillet is shown in the bottom left corner of the cover. The text on the cover includes: 'As NS BULLETIN 284 was going to press, National Headquarters received word that French National Socialist activist Marc Gillet had been ambushed and was reportedly in serious condition. In an attack reminiscent of the January, 1930, assault that led to the death of Movement martyr Ernst Werner, Gillet was shot by an unknown assassin or assassins while in his apartment in Nice. Gillet was wounded in the chest and shoulder. The news of this brutal incident was withheld from the American public by the news media, although it was widely reported in Jewish periodicals throughout the country. Gillet, 23, was imprisoned for several months during 1980 and 1981 by the French government. At first no specific charges were brought against him, but after a lengthy period of imprisonment he was charged with "anti-Semitism" and sentenced to 18 months in prison. Gillet is the vice commander for the French NS organization F.N.E. This attack is only one of a number of similar incidents which have occurred in the last two years. In October, 1980, F.N.E. leader Marie Froelich and two companions were hospitalized after being beaten and stabbed in a group of French cities. Last year F.N.E. comrade Alexander Caplet was blinded and wounded after three Jewish gangsters poured molten acid into his face and eye-sockets as he was walking down a Paris street. So far no arrests have been made in any of these attacks, although the activities of Michael Captes have been positively identified by the French police and numerous veterans. NSU will keep readers of the NS BULLETIN posted on Marc Gillet's condition as new reports come in. French Neo-Nazi Seriously Hurt PARIS, (JTA) — A French neo-Nazi was seriously wounded this week by an anonymous assailant who shot him in the chest and shoulder. Marc Gillet, 23, was shot in his apartment in Nice, by a man who he said he barely saw. The incident was described as serious by hospital sources. A Nice court sentenced him to 18 months imprisonment but said the sentence was suspended. He was accused of addressing threatening, violently anti-Semitic letters to Jewish leaders in the French city of Lyons. The shot took place last June in return to the local branch of the F.N.A.S. (Federation of European and National Action), the largest neo-Nazi organization in France which was outlawed by Parliament in 1980. Gillet's family says Jewish activists have been threatening him since 1972.

only irritate me and increase (of this be possible) my lifelong wild enmity against decadent modern society.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji

MID-AUGUST 1982

[Mid-August 1982]

Dearest Commander,

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

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

of it. I had only one tenth, i.e., 235 Francs, about 45 dollars every three months.

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

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

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

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

With the greeting of the faithful,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

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

29 AUGUST 1982

Prien

29 August 1982

Dearest Commander Matt Koehl,

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

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

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

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

If not beyond the little money I have, I'll pay for it myself. My present passport, till I get an *Indian* one, is in my maiden name, which you know.

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

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

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

Please receive *the* best of all greetings.

Heil Hitler!

Yours as ever,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

3 SEPTEMBER 1982

Prien

3 September 1982

Dearest Commander Matt Koehl,

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

was a Polish count [Count Potocki of Montalk—Ed.], who stuck up for Adolf Hitler, calling him “Poland’s only real friend”—there are always exceptions.

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

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

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

But *that is absolutely no problem for me*. People all imagine that I am *far more handicapped than I really am* and need medical or other constant “care,” while in reality *I don’t*. I can perfectly well help myself as long as I have my chair (with wheels) to push along before me when I must walk. I can *cook my own food*, fried potatoes nice and brown, or just peas or carrots boiled and then fried in a frying pan in oil or butter, *or* salad. Never more than *one* course and *little* of it. I like to serve myself because others always give me four times *too much*, and I hate wasting good food. I wash myself, dress and

undress myself *alone*. Only need a *quiet* place, dark and quiet, head either towards the *North* or towards the *East*, to sleep. I *never had* a radio or a TV set *and don't want any*. Frau Asmus with whom I am just now staying has a radio, but I never hear it. *She* listens to it in her room.

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

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

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

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

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

looked upon as objectionable by the authorities, I am prepared to suffer for it *alone*.

With the very best of all greetings:

Heil Hilter!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

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

26 SEPTEMBER 1982

[Munich]

26 September 1982

Dearest Comrade Matt Koehl,

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

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

In case I cannot, could I come over to the USA a little earlier than expected? Would *you* yourself, whom I have not yet *seen*, but whose features I know from photos and which I could recognize *in spite of* my defective eyesight, come to pick me up at the airport *or* boat (the cheapest)? Landing all by myself would be of no inconvenience to me if *at least my eyesight* were normal. I don't want the wrong people to pick me up, taking advantage of my

incapacity to find out that they are none of my comrades, anything but. Excuse me if I seem stupid, but the many “gangster stories” one hears have made me feel nervous (*mißtraurish*).

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

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

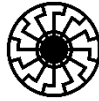
With *the* best greeting

HEIL HILTER!

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

CORRESPONDENCE WITH ALDOUS HUXLEY

Edited by R.G. Fowler



*The earliest known extant letter by Savitri Devi is about the religion and philosophy of the pharaoh Akhnaton and has a most distinguished addressee: Aldous Huxley (1894-1963), the novelist, essayist, and spiritual seeker whose many works include the classic dystopian novel **Brave New World** (1932); **The Perennial Philosophy** (1945), a compendium of the ideas of mystics, East and West; and **The Doors of Perception** (1954), one of the first works on the mystical significance of psychedelic drugs.*

*Savitri published this letter in the Preface to her 1946 book **A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt**.¹ Huxley also gave her permission to quote excerpts from two of his letters, the one that prompted her letter and his reply to her. Savitri's defense of Akhnaton's this-worldly mysticism clearly owes much to Nietzsche's critique of other-worldly religions and his exhortations to remain loyal to the earth, the body, and the physical world in general.*

—R. G. Fowler

¹ Savitri Devi, *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (London: The Philosophical Publishing House, 1946). All subsequent English-language editions bear the title *Son of the Sun: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt*. These editions omit the Preface to the first edition.

**ALDOUS HUXLEY TO
SAVITRI DEVI**Llano California²

27 November 1944

. . . Nor do I feel altogether happy with a nature religion, however exalted and universalised, as Akhnaton's Sun-worship unquestionably was. Such a religion affirms that man is essentially at home in the world. But surely the truth is that one has to earn the right to be at home in the world by first dying to the world and to self. Only by the selfless can eternity be perceived within time, nirvana be experienced within samsara. Judging by his hymns to the Sun, Akhnaton seems to have believed that one can know God in the world without first dying to world and self. But all the masters of Eastern and Western spirituality would say that this was an illusion. Akhnaton's insistence on 'living in truth' and his cult of simplicity and naturalness are reminiscent of Taoism. But, whereas Taoism constantly harps on self-naughting and humility, and inculcates the practice of a kind of yoga aimed at purifying the mind and making it capable of knowing the primordial Tao or Godhead, beyond the personal God and the manifest world, Akhnaton's Sun-worship seems to do neither of these things. For these reasons, I find it difficult to share your very high estimation of the Aton cult. Akhnaton strikes me as being one of those who, in the words of William Law, have turned to God without turning from themselves. His religion, therefore, is only one half of a true world-religion. . . .³

² Attribution conjectural. Huxley resided in Llano, California at the time this letter was written, but he may of course been elsewhere when he wrote it. See Aldous Huxley, *Letters of Aldous Huxley*, ed. Grover Smith (New York: Harper and Row, 1969), 511-512. <

³ *A Son of God*, ix.

**SAVITRI DEVI TO
ALDOUS HUXLEY**

Calcutta⁴
5 July 1945

I can say nothing save that I personally seek, in a religion, something different from that which you seek, along with all those who are not “essentially at home in the world.”

The God Whom Akhnaton reached, in fact, as you say, “without dying to the world and to self,” was an impersonal, immanent God, non-distinct by nature from the Universe—the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” identical with the Sun-disk itself; Cosmic Energy, inseparable from and ultimately identical with what appears to our senses as “matter”; the only God, it seems, if any, that one can still look upon, today, as being in perfect keeping with the latest conclusions of modern science. He was, at the same time, a God non-distinct from the deeper Self of the young Prophet of the Sun; a God “within his heart,” as he says in his hymns, and knowable only to one who is “His Son, like unto Him without ceasing.”

That God, grasped both in the material world—in the fiery orb of the Sun—and in the deeper Self, seems to me to be the self-same One that so many seers of East and West have grasped within their deeper Self alone—the “Principle of integration of all things,” as you characterise Him in so many passages of your books.

⁴ Savitri was so depressed about the impending Axis defeat in World War II that in October 1944 she left Calcutta and traveled around India until July 1945, when she returned to Calcutta. She took with her the manuscript of *A Son of God*, which she had begun in Calcutta in May 1942. She completed the book in New Delhi on 24 January 1945. Savitri made a point of avoiding newspapers and news, and it is likely that she had little contact with her husband, A.K. Mukherji, back in Calcutta. Huxley’s letter to which she is responding is dated 27 November 1944, which means that it arrived during her absence. It is reasonable to conclude that she read Huxley’s letter and penned this reply shortly after her return to Calcutta. See Savitri Devi, *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*, ed. R.G. Fowler (Atlanta, Georgia: Black Sun Publications, 2005), 36-38.

And if to you “the world” means nothing but this material earth with its pleasures and its luxuries, then I would say that, in my humble estimation, Akhnaton’s glory—nay, his unique position among the great religious teachers of all times—lies precisely in the fact that, far from turning his back to the sweetness of corporeal life, to the beauty of forms and colours, to the refined enjoyments of the senses, he reached the consciousness of the One Reality *in the midst of it all and through it all*, naturally—as though it were without *effort*.

It is possible, even probable, that most of those who have realised the Divine could not have done so by taking his course. It is possible that hardly any men are so naturally well-balanced as to be able to take it. But I fail to understand why you seem to believe that his course, followed consistently to its very end, “cannot” lead a man to his ultimate goal of God-consciousness, and why the Religion of the Disk, with its spontaneous, joyous wisdom, is, in your eyes, “only one half of a true world-religion.” Could not that very same criticism be brought against any religion which deliberately shuns one half of reality—namely, the reality of the beautiful natural world in which Akhnaton was indeed “at home,” as all men are, it seems, who happen to be predominantly artists?

And I cannot help believing that those few who are, really, “essentially at home in this world,” and who, *at the same time*, can and *do*, in it and, through it, acquire the consciousness of its eternal Essence; those who, like Akhnaton, “transcend the beautiful world of forms and colours—the world of the senses—without ceasing to feel its infinite value” (I take the liberty of quoting these words from my unpublished book), are more complete, more harmonious, more endowed with a godlike elegance even than the great ones who have to “die to the world” in order to transcend it. The approach of most of these men to God is, it would seem, mainly metaphysical and ethical. Akhnaton’s approach is essentially aesthetic. His rationalism itself seems, no less than his idea of moral truth, an outcome of his sense of beauty. At least, this is how I personally feel about him, and I have tried in my book to present him in that light.

But if by “the world” you mean more especially those attachments and interests that stand in the way of a man’s absolute faithfulness to the

principles he professes (and thus, in the way of his soul's progress), then I would say that no one "died to the world" more completely than Akhnaton himself. With serene detachment he brushed aside his highest imperial interests; nay, he renounced all the chances of survival of his beautiful religion as an organised cult among men—as a cult that, had he won for it, then, a solid hold over Egypt, might have been, perhaps, one of the great living Cults of the West, still today. He renounced them without regret, realising that truth is more precious than success. Was not that, in a way, "dying to the world and to self"? And if he was able to do it, is it not natural to suppose that, had it been necessary for him to give up the ordinary enjoyments of the world for the sake of that same truth, he would have done so no less easily?

But the very nature of his religion made such renunciation unnecessary. And I repeat, it is precisely that perfect blending of pagan *joie de vivre*, of rational thought, and of a love more universal than that preached in the gospels of all man-centred religions—a love of *all creatures* in Him Who feeds them and shines over them—it is that union, in one Man, of an aesthetic outlook, forestalling that of the Greeks, and of such loving kindness as equalled only by that of some of the great Indian teachers (but without the asceticism of these nor of the Christians); it is that plenitude of harmonious life—physical *and* spiritual—in which immanent Godhead, everpresent, is continuously felt, which compels me to look upon Akhnaton as a person unique in history, and to assert that he fully deserves the title which he claims in his hymns, namely, that of "Son of the Sun," *i.e.*, "Son of God."

With my little knowledge of Taoism—of which I only have an idea through an English translation of the *Tao-Te-Ching* and comments upon it in English—I believe, as you do, that Akhnaton's insistence on "living in truth" and his cult of "simplicity and naturalness" are reminiscent of it, or rather that the wisdom of the Chinese sage is reminiscent of that of Akhnaton, more than eight hundred years older than it. But I fail to see much difference between Lao-Tse's "primordial Tao" or Godhead, and Akhnaton's "Shu," *i.e.*, "Heat-and-Light" — Energy — "within-the-Disk"; his "Ka" or Soul of the Sun, which seems to be, as I said in the beginning, none but the impersonal Essence of all existence, material as well as immaterial—not a personal God of any description.

Only the approach of the young Pharaoh to God impresses me—and appeals to me—as being essentially that of an artist, not that of a metaphysician.⁵

**ALDOUS HUXLEY TO
SAVITRI DEVI**

Llano, California⁶

3 February 1946

. . . Perhaps I have failed to understand Akhnaton; but it still seems to me that he has not solved the fundamental human problem—to reconcile eternity with time—and that the true solutions are to be found elsewhere, in Lao-Tze, for example, in Zen, in Eckhart. . . .⁷

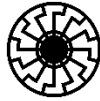
⁵ *A Son of God*, x-xii.

⁶ Attribution conjectural. See *Letters of Aldous Huxley*, 538.

⁷ *A Son of God*, xi-xiii.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



Savitri and Rockwell began their correspondence in 1960 and probably continued it regularly until his assassination in 1967, but not all of their letters have come to light, and two of the letters that have come to light have missing pages.

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

—*R. G. Fowler*

PART ONE

Lyons

18 September 1960

Dear Comrade,

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

I am half English—of Viking descent—and partly Greek and North Italian, so that, above all artificial *state* boundaries, the glorious name of “Aryan” is really the only one by which I *can* describe myself. My Indian name Savitri Devi was at first merely a pen name; in 1939, just after the outbreak of the war, however, a very selfless and generous Brahmin from Bengal (also a fighter for

Aryan humanity at the time: he was the editor of the only NS magazine in India) gave me his name and protection—without any personal obligation on my part and any kind of link other than ideological between us—and I became S.D. Mukherji. (Circumstances seemed to make that step advisable at the time. One day I might tell you why.)

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

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



Arlington, Virginia

6 October 1960

Dear Mrs. Mukherji:

Thank you for your letter and the books.

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

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

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

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

Heil Hitler!

[Signature not preserved]

PART TWO

Lyons

14 December 1960

Dear Mr. Rockwell,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours most sincerely,
Savitri Devi Mukherji

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



23 December 1960

Mrs. M[ukherji]:

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

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

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

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

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

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

The situation here in America is much as described by Party Comrade Grün. Having traveled considerably throughout the world and discovered that,

relative to Europeans, Americans are comparatively uneducated, uncultured, and unthinking. In addition our people here, like the German people before them, are cursed with an overweening objectivity and lack of emotional maturity so that they are born suckers for the immensely powerful yet brilliantly subtle Jewish propaganda which floods our country 24 hours a day year after year.

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

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

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

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

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

The struggle of the times in which we live is not even the ideological fight we sometimes imagine. It is a gigantic historical battle for the survival of the elite race which built western civilization against the diabolical plan of the Jew

to overwhelm the tiny but precious elite minority with the swarming and teeming masses of the earth, slobs and inferiors.

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

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

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

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

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

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



Lyons

4 January 1961

Dearest Comrade,

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

“Oh to sleep, to forget—to die!
 While in the distant West, events
 Would take their course,
 Freed from the nightmare of surrender,
 Freed from the nightmare of remorse,
 For not having laid down my life in action at Thy side,
 In absolute unconsciousness,
 Forever to abide!”

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

Who could have told me then, that one day, from that very USA which I then hated so wildly—for I saw in it nothing but Roosevelt’s USA, and that of Eisenhower’s “Crusade to Europe”—I would receive such a tribute as *this* to

the One Man and the one Idea that have always filled my life? Who could have dreamed such a thing then—only fifteen years ago?

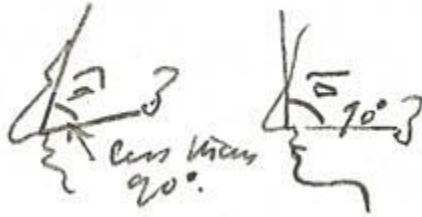
I thank you from the depths of my heart for all your efforts. May I one day see you in power, reaching us a fraternal hand over the Atlantic—undoing, with the help of your fine fighting young men, the mischief Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower have done. Thank you for your flattering—*too* flattering—words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

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

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

I read your literature and agree with all you say, save—perhaps—with the lavish use of the expression “White” man. I know it is a convenient expression. But the Jews are—often are, at any rate—also “White”; and color is not *sufficient* to determine race. A black Angora cat and a white Angora cat are both Angora cats—cats of the same breed, with a slight variation. A black Angora cat and a black “gutter” cat are *not* of the same breed, even if they both be also entirely of the same color (of hair *and* skin). I hope I make myself

clear with this simile. An olive-skinned man (the color of a dark Italian, or of a fair upper-caste Indian) with perfect Aryan features, is a much better specimen of Aryan humanity than a “White” man with his ears set too high not to argue some Semitic blood, or with pink but Negro-shaped lips (as there *are* some).



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Would you like me to send you other copies of the same (and roughly *how many of each?*) for your friends—could you sell any for me? You can keep the

money for the struggle; I am not making a business out of my writings. But I should like you—if possible—to send me *the postage costs*—for I cannot manage otherwise. Soon I shall materially not be able to send anything *anywhere* for shortage of funds.

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

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

In faith, as ever,

Yours fraternally,

Heil Hitler!

Savitri Devi Mukherji

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

PART THREE

12 July 1965

Dear Commander Rockwell,

You must be wondering why I have not yet replied to your letter to me (concerning the split among our English comrades) and especially to your kind attention to me on the occasion of the Great Anniversary. I have received *all* that which you sent me, and was especially touched on getting

the beautiful picture of our Führer Adolf Hitler—perhaps less because of the beauty of this picture and of the fact that it is “His,” than because of the deeper signification of your gesture: a former fighter *against* National Socialist Germany, with outstanding war records, has become, within two decades after the Disaster, *the* dynamic Leader of resurgent National Socialism, the Head of the World Union of National Socialists, of world-wide fame, and sends a picture of Him Whom he now recognizes as *the* Savior of our common Aryan race, to an obscure but sincere old devotee of that same one Führer—a devotee who has been so all her life, and who *hashad* for the USA, in 1945 and afterwards (till she met the dynamic Leader in 1962) the feelings you can well imagine. It is the *symbolism* in the gesture that moved me so deeply. Could I *ever* have held that to be possible on the boat that brought me back from India to ruined Europe in November 1945, or in the horrible months of utter despair, bitterness, and hatred that followed? And yet . . . That gesture of yours is a miracle of Adolf Hitler’s everlasting spirit. *You* are a miracle of Adolf Hitler’s everlasting spirit—a victory won from the midst of the ashes of Dresden and all the towns of “His” Great Reich.

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

I still deplore the split in England but am afraid I can *do* nothing to influence the minds of any of our comrades to reconsider their decision after you—the Head of the WUNS—have spoken: I was, for the second time refused the permission of landing in the United Kingdom on 27 December 1964. Although I had purposely had *no* contract whatsoever with our comrades during the short stay I managed to secure there some months before. I especially *wanted* to come back on account of personal affairs I have there: consultation of libraries and people, in connection with a book I am writing (in French, this time) [*Tyrtée l’Athenien—Tyrtaios the Athenian*]*—*a story of

seventh century BC Greece, naturally “in our spirit”; but it has to be rigorously accurate, and I wanted to consult certain of my acquaintances for *that*; also, my difficulties with the publication of a book in English [*Long-Whiskers*]—that has been *three years*—three whole years!—in the hands of the publisher. This is *also* in our spirit—and very much so indeed!—although it is no “propaganda” but just a *true* story, mostly concerning animals. The book is *printed*—but, I believe, for the contents page and one or two others (list of illustrations). I have no news of what is going on with it. *Nobody* in England seems willing (or able) to do anything for me in that connection, and *I* cannot go. It is the last time I *ever* have anything printed without being myself on the spot. (My German book [*Hart wie Kruppstahl*] will have to wait. It was finished two years ago already.)

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

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

There is, however, one thing that thoroughly disturbs me—I should even say *distresses* me—in your literature: it is the insistence on the expression

“*Christian White* people.” I should like to examine these two words, and begin with the second—the *less* “disturbing.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is he who proclaimed before the Athenians (Acts of the Apostles, chapter 17, verse 20) that “God”—the Jewish God, of course—“hath made every people, every nation *out of one blood*”; in one word, he who presented the world with the typically Jewish product for Aryan consumption—Christianity—the religion of the brotherhood of “*all men*,” and of the *separation* of “man” from all other living beings, in the selfsame spirit as

that of the Jewish Kabbala: “God—the uncreated who createth; man, the created who createth; and the rest—the creatures who create not.” Jewish lies! As though the inventive capacity of certain animals did not by far surpass that of millions of “men” of the really inferior races, and of idiots of all races!

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

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

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

More than that: I *had*, in my early youth, *tried* to cling to the Church (The Greek Orthodox Church) *out of nationalism*—because I had been told over and

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

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

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

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

It is not said—of course; *not in 1920*, or else there would have been no NS Movement—it is not said, but . . . what is more “dangerous to the State” and more “repellent to the moral sense of the Germanic race” than a doctrine

of Jewish origin that preaches that alone the “soul” matters, and therefore that there can be no objection to the marriage of a Negro—or a Jew (when christened)—to an Aryan girl?

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

Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji



18 July 1965

Dear Savitri

Thank you for your inspiring letter of July 12.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heil Hitler!
Lincoln Rockwell
Commander
WUNS

PART FOUR

Braunau on the River Inn
28 August 1965

Dear Commander Rockwell,

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

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

“Mais il importe peu que le flot déchaîné
soit impur, s’il fait bien le travail ordonné.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

about your stay in that *hell* are *frightening*. And I sincerely admire you all the more for having been able to get out of it, as I said, victoriously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, to sleep, to forget, to die! . . .
 While in the distant West
 events would take their course,
 freed from the nightmare of surrender,
 freed from the nightmare of remorse,
 for not having laid down my life, in action at Thy side,
 in absolute unconsciousness,
 for ever to abide!

And I walked in to the sea:

Only another step,
 into the roaring depth,
 in order to sleep,
 to forget!

I intended not to walk back.

But as I had water up to my shoulders, or nearly, a thought went through my mind like lightning: *live*—oh! not so see *our* resurgence, alas; I did

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

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

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

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

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

Yours sincerely,
Savitri Dêvi Mukherji

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

PART FIVE

26 June 1966

Dear Savitri:

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

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

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

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

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

In short, without ammunition, even the greatest general on earth would lose a war. And of the people who have a monopoly on the ammunition require me to say “abracadabra” three times every morning in order to get enough bullets to annihilate the enemy, then, by God, I will say “abracadabra”

not three times, but nine times and most enthusiastically, regardless of whether it is nonsense, lies, or what it may be.

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

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

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

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

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

Heil Hitler!

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander

World Union of National Socialists

cc:

Colin Jordan

Bruno Ludtke



Montbrison
11 August 1966

Dear Commander Rockwell,

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

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

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

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

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

In fact, in the early 1920s, it is the extreme care the propaganda of the young NSDAP took in order to blatantly disconnect the Party from any of the

then existing German neo-*Heathen* movements (such as that of Erich and Mathilda von Lüdendorff) *that prevented me from taking any interest in it*, save as in a movement against the Versailles Treaty, for which it (the young National Socialist Movement) had all my sympathy for (1) I hated the Allies for the disgraceful way they had forced Greece into their war, and (2) I looked upon the Versailles Treaty as a piece of infamy, which it *was*.

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

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

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

Enemy propaganda—in particular, Hermann Rauschning's book *Hitler Speaks*—pointing out how profoundly *anti-Christian*, and "in flagrant opposition to all the values of Western civilization" the National Socialist creed is—and how "inhuman," placing a healthy dog before a deficient man—did far

more to strengthen me in my National Socialist faith than any writings intended to convert the average European to the same faith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(sometimes) *very* doubtful Aryan origin (and, I repeat, of more than doubtful “Whiteness”).

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

As a religious basis to this, Christianity simply *will not do*—or the “moral values of Western civilization” either. All these contradict this vision of biological, *natural* hierarchy. I can see, for the future masses, no other moral and religious basis for it than . . . the old, old belief in reincarnation in *this* world according to one’s “merits.” Thus every one will feel that he or she is in the proper place, won by good and bad deeds in an endless series of past lives, and . . . willingly *remain* in his or her place, in *this* life, in order to earn a better one “in the next birth.” This is no “criticism” in the bad sense of the word; just a frank talk from an old militant National Socialist to a young Leader full of immense possibilities. Take it without bearing me any grudge.

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

With my most hearty Heil Hitler!

Yours sincerely,

Savitri Devi Mukherji



17 November 1966

Dear Savitri:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heil Hitler!

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander

American Nazi Party

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

LETTER TO SAINT-LOUP

Translated by *R.G. Fowler*



*Savitri Devi probably began her correspondence with Saint-Loup (born Marc Augier, 1909-1990) after her return to France in 1961. Their correspondence continued until Savitri's death in 1982. The Savitri Devi Archive has all the letters from Savitri to Saint-Loup from her return to India in 1971 until her death. Naturally, we would like to have all the earlier letters as well. The French original of the present letter has been reproduced from the book **Rencontres avec Saint-Loup (Encounters with Saint-Loup)** (a collection of small texts by diverse authors in honor of Saint-Loup), published in 1991 by Les Amis de Saint-Loup (The Friends of Saint-Loup). We thank Arjuna for making the original available and for his advice on this translation.*

—*R. G. Fowler*

23 September 1967

(2447th anniversary of the battle of Salamis. On the 26th, at approximately 7:30 p.m., it will have been 280 years since the Parthenon, which the Turks had made a powder depot, exploded under the bombs of the Venetian Francesco Morosini.)

My dear comrade,

It is formidable, your book *Les Nostalgiques!* I started to read it upon receipt, i.e., yesterday morning, and I have just finished it today at 1 p.m. (after having

passed part of the night reading). It is certainly one of the most beautiful literary frescos of the post-war period. There is only one thing there that represents exaggeration: it is the paragraph written by hand, for me, on the first page; a paragraph much too flattering and that makes me feel very small (especially after having read again the story of Jean Benvoar that you told me in person, exactly a year ago – or about – on a bench in the Dallard garden!). Benvoar is the saint, not me. Benvoar and all those who, like him, proved that they were physically as well as morally above humanity. I myself would be dead a hundred times over if destiny had subjected to me to the tests that they underwent victoriously. What can I say? I would have died at a temperature of -54° . Not $+54^{\circ}$ however. Around 1957-58, as the interpreter on a construction site in Orissa (in the North-East of India) to assist three German engineers (from the East, but not one was communist and one at least had *our* faith), I worked without a fan in a hangar, with a maximum temperature of $+55^{\circ}$ in the shade, and the everyday temperature $+50^{\circ}$ (before the rainy season). In the room where I lodged, I had only one fan, $+48^{\circ}$! That did not inconvenience me, or almost not. Whereas cold (unless I were dressed suitably to bear it) would have been unbearable to me. And I never knew cold below -30° (in Germany, one year). Iceland does not have these temperatures in winter, at least in the areas that face the gulf stream.

I believe I recognize you in Gévaudan. Or am I mistaken?

How I like and I understand Deckerke – he who prefers to retire among the lions, rather than going to fight under the orders of a negro smeared with Aryan technique. And to fight for whom? Not for Aryan man – for there is only one method that can lead him from the valley of the shadow of death that he has traversed already for centuries – and this method is that of Gévaudan, that of the self-conscious biological aristocracy, that waits by being transmitted – not for Aryan man, say I, but for the interests, financial especially, of the Masters of the “free world” . . . As for Indo-China and Dien Bien Phu . . .

One day, I will tell you in person the reaction of my German comrades in Emsdetten (Westphalia) where I was then, at the news – on 8 May 1954, exactly nine years afterwards.¹ My reaction, for my part, was: “Well done! It

¹ After the capitulation of Germany in the Second World War.

serves all these ex-resistants right.” I still prefer, and very much, the attitude of the nostalgic Gil who traverses our holy places with his Lambretta, with the seriousness of all the pilgrims (of myself who has already gone nine times to Braunau and of two Irishman who go there the every year for April 20th), with that of those who will risk their invaluable bodies and their (irreplaceable) lives to fight against the anti-Hitlerians, certainly, but alongside other anti-Hitlerians. You will say to me: the ones are yellow and have slanted eyes, the others are White – more or less Aryan . . . Oh well, for my part, between a White and a Yellow (or Black) anti-Hitlerian, I prefer the Yellow (or Black). At least that one is not a traitor to his race. And in particular, he did not contribute to downfall of what was most dear to us. I do not have any objection to him if he lives in his sphere, in his place. Before fighting Communism with him, which is most of the time just a name given to “his” racial sense of awakening – I will fight that of the Whites of the whole world and especially the other spiritual plagues that the Aryans suffer without realizing that they are exactly of comparable nature and that are quite as harmful: Christianity, humanitarianism, love for all the wretches, all the decadents; the superstition of “happiness” – the strong do not give a d . . . [damn²] about “happiness” – theirs and that of others. For me, it is only the animals that fully have the right to be “happy”: they do not have, and they cannot have, an ideology; and thus cannot have something better to do.

Your passage on the OAS, this bunch of ex-resistants . . . *Excellent! Bravo!* One of the passages that I appreciated in your book is that which reports the funeral of De Brix in Johannesburg. Yes, that is beautiful – it is what should be done everywhere. But – there is always a “but” as soon as one leaves the small circle of Gévaudan, Le Fauconnier, etc. – but what would these ultra-Nordic Whites of South Africa say if, in the midst of the one their families, some teenager grew up nauseated with Christianity who said to them: “I hate this Boniface who, provided with safe conduct by Pepin the Short, went to cut

² The ellipsis in the published text was probably in Savitri’s original letter, although it could indicate an illegible word or words in the original manuscript. In either event, I think I have provided the sense of the missing word or words in the square brackets. Compare Savitri’s discussion of happiness in “The Religion of the Strong,” the first chapter of *Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman*.

down a beautiful oak – sacred, as indeed all beautiful living things are – in Saxony. He tried to spread his lies among our ancestors the Frisians, and they killed him. It was well done! Never should we have accepted this religion, product of Judeo-Hellenistic decadence.”

How would the Boer react if his son – or his daughter – said to him of his sacrosanct Bible, that he – or she – regards it at most as a collection picturesque (and often atrocious) stories of Semites? Exactly what you and I think. What would they say, these “racists” for whom a personal god believed it good to choose Jews as instruments of his “revelation”? For whom the Bible is the sacred book? These racists, who would undoubtedly be horrified and would undoubtedly regard me as a “traitor to Europe,” if I told them that I spent my years in India, the best years of my life, since I went there at age twenty-six, to fight the missionaries and all forms of Christianity, to discredit them in the eyes of the “natives,” to serve the indigenous traditions (actually not “indigenous” at all!) against them?

The Aryan – of Europe, of America, of South Africa, or Australia – will be saved only when he definitively rejects Christianity, “his expression also of the primordial tradition,” I am willing to admit it to its esoterist interpreters but, even in that case, an expression that is not made for him. And the Aryan of Iran (who lives in Persia or India; I am thinking of certain Parsis, as White as me or more) will be saved only when he leaves Islam – if he is Persian – or “the modern spirit,” the “progressivism” inherited from contact with Westerners – that consorts badly with his traditional Mazdaism – if he is Parsi. As for the Aryan of India, for his part, it is enough for him to open his intelligence and to note that the effort made by Hitler is nothing other, sixty centuries later, than the effort of Manu, the legislator, the presumed author of *Manava Dharma Shastra* (that one could translate: treatise [*shastra*] on what gives man his support [*dharma*], his stability) to preserve the purity of the victorious “Aryas” – of the “Masters” (it is the sense of the word “Arya” in Sanskrit) – in the midst of Dravidians with dark skin (though more advanced than them technically) and of the aboriginies, Negroids or Mongoloids, or men of the Munda type, which still today form the majority of untouchables in India – the remainder representing people who, for one reason or another, were rejected by their

caste (but note that these aboriginies were perhaps two million in all India in the fourth millenium before Christ. They are now a hundred times more . . .).

I come to India. Do not believe what my friend Mrs. S. writes to you – who, despite all her noble qualities and her sincere adhesion to our ideas, remain a “Mem-Sahib” full of prejudices with regard to India – nor what I write to you; I, who was never a “Mem-Sahib,” but who came to India expressly to find the mark of the Aryan conquerors (and to help to ruin the work of the Christian missionaries there), undoubtedly have other prejudices. *Go see for yourself*, if possible, with somebody who can introduce you to the interesting places. If possible, also go with a photographer able to take nearly perfect photographic portraits. And return with a big book, large format, only of photographs, without comment: simply, under each portrait, a name and a caste . . . If the number of photographs of pure Aryans is, compared to the other photographs, the same as the number of true Aryans compared to that of the population of India (Pakistan and Ceylon included), you will have ten photographs of Aryans and four hundred photographs of all the possible varieties of mankind, from the noble Dravidian – or the Aryan-Dravidian mixture, as Mrs. S. puts it; it is undeniable that there was mixture – to the lower types that the authors of the old epics assimilated either with monkeys or with demons (in the *Ramayana* the Aryan prince Rama is allied with the monkeys [undoubtedly the aboriginies], to seize the citadel of Lanka [Ceylon], held by a “Rakshasha” [demon], Ravana, who had abducted his wife – but without ever being able to touch her, because he was, all the same, not demon enough to take her against her liking) . . .

Ten against four hundred. It is little undoubtedly. But these ten photographs that you would report would be as Aryan as any photographs of the most beautiful Europeans; as Aryan as those of the majority of Europeans. These “ten” represent a population of about fifteen million, in a total population (India, Pakistan, Ceylon) of six hundred million or more. For my part, I am interested in the fate of this approximately fifteen million who, in the midst of a foreign mass forty times larger, kept their blood pure through *millenia* thanks to a religion based on *our* eternal principles:

1st) proclamation of the superiority of the Aryan;
2nd) justifying this priority by the theory of reincarnation, the race of each

being that which its soul deserves – deserved for centuries (Aristotle already said that the soul creates the body by which it is expressed) . . .

I never contended that National Socialism could be revived starting from India. I said only that nowhere, if not in India, does one find a *traditional* religious base, already existing, that can be used as a bond between our *faith*, the modern form of the eternal religion of light and life, the form of this religion adapted to a technically advanced society – and the primordial tradition. This tradition was broken in the West. In India, it was maintained in spite of the political upheavals, the periods of chaos, the invasions, the propaganda, for sixty centuries (I accept the chronology of Bal Gangadhar Tilak).

In the volume of the “Small Planet” collection devoted to India, written by Madeleine Biardeau (who is far from being one of us), it is noted with accuracy that “nowhere else than in India did the author hear [to her horror] so much praise for the greatness of the National Socialist experiment or admiration for the person of Hitler.” “Germans,” she writes, “are congratulated for being his compatriots.” And it is true. And the author saw very well that it is not, that it is much more than, an expression of anti-Britainism (if I can employ this barbarism). That it is due to the tendency of the Hindu to adore all that appears inordinately great to him, all that seems to him a “manifestation of nature” – “without concepts of good or evil,” she adds. But I know that those who, in India, adore Hitler as an incarnation of the divine and who know his doctrines, see in his racist *Weltanschauung* the modern expression of the eternal truth of the eternal “Shastras.” And I presented it as well in the hundreds of speeches and lectures that at the time I made all over India, but in particular in Bengal, Bihar, and in Assam (on a territory three times wider than France) for years. And people of the low castes, the masses with dark skins, non-Aryans, accepted it like the others, *better* than those who, among the others, had been poisoned by the imported egalitarian theories of the West, because tradition – religion, *their* religion – proclaims the superiority of the Aryans. The Brahmin without a penny and without education, is honored everywhere. He is a descendant, true or supposed, pure or partly mixed – but sometimes pure, that is clear – of the prestigious conquerors who brought with them *Vedas* (certain poems of which recall the

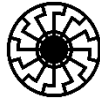
celestial phenomena as they experienced them in the old Arctic fatherland, the stars going around the sky instead of “rising” and “setting”). A man of low caste – *a fortiori* an untouchable, be he a billionaire or very erudite – remains a man of low caste (or an untouchable). One gives him somewhere else to eat than in the room reserved for the Brahmins, according to a logic of “apartheid” without its biblical pseudo-justifications. An apartheid which would become, under the government that I would prefer, as effective as that practiced in South Africa. In the hands of fifteen million Aryans or near-Aryans all effective power would be concentrated, the Kshatriyas governing, the Brahmans guiding, inspiring, according to the eternal tradition. And that would have been, if we had won the war and if someone had been able to persuade Hitler that the English, although brothers in race of the Germans, went against its principles in their government of India and did all that they could there to bring to it an evolution in reverse. It is for that, and not the economic exploitation of India, that I reproach them. Them and the Portuguese who converted by force or fraud half the population of Goa to Catholicism and thus to race-mixing, who preached race-mixing (Albuquerque preached it at the beginning of sixteenth century). It is because of that, that after 1937 – as soon as an agreement with England in Europe had become impossible, because of the well-known influences that were exerted then in England – I deliberately joined in anti-British agitation in India (shouting with the others, more extremely than the others: “Down with the British Empire! May she fall apart.”). It was not without a certain irony, since one of the ancestors of my mother had been one of the companions of Robert Clive at the battle of Plassey on 23 June 1757! Therefore I organized anti-Portuguese meetings among Hindus because they were anti-Christian, and I will never accept the point of view of so many of our own on Goa, “bastion of white civilization in India.” White civilization! In fact, the land of the most shameless policy of race-mixing in the name of the Christian religion and of Portugal (the mongrels are, it appears to them, sincere, the Hindus not) . . .

With the two magic words, and once again “thank you” for your admirable lived “novel”, *Les Nostalgiques*.

Savitri

LETTERS TO MARTIN KERR

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



[New Delhi
13 May 1979]

A Bit of Ancient History—Segregationism . . . and War (for 20th century Americans)

“This is the Southern Frontier... No Negro is permitted to pass this boundary northwards, either by foot or by boat. . .”

Which awful segregationist has written these words? Shocking they sound! The Anti-Defamation League should look into the matter, surely!

It is [too] late, however, to change this. The words were written—cut into hard stone—over four thousand years ago. The AntiDefamation League, or any equivalent of it, was not yet invented, and any attempt to bring the spirit of such a body into action would have been met with universal contempt on the part of the people and with the severest penalties on the part of the authorities in power. The quoted words are part of the inscription which can be seen to this day upon the boundary stone set up by the order of Pharaoh Sensusret III, the fifth king of the Twelfth Egyptian dynasty (if I remember well) at Semneh (or Samnin), one of the two fortresses he had built upon the hills on each side of the Nile, some 30 miles above the Second Cataract, after his first military expedition into Nubia (the “Sudan” of today) in the eighth year of his reign. The expeditions of Senurset III followed those of his predecessors. Already under Sensusret I—three generations before—the region of the third cataract was Egyptian and ruled by Hapzefa of Siut, who was buried at Kerma

under a mound, with his slaves slain all around him (reference: Reisner: *Boston Museum Bulletin*, April 1914-December 1918).

The main incitation of the Twelfth dynasty pharaohs to conquer the Sudan (Nubia) was the wish to control the Nile more effectively and to be able to foresee more accurately the probable height of the yearly inundation on which the prosperity of Egypt depends. The regulation of the great river was looked upon as the highest duty of an Egyptian ruler—which it is, in fact, to this day. In addition to this, there was also the desire to acquire the *gold* with which the “Wadi Alaki” and other Nubian desert valleys were full.

The remainder of Senusret III’s inscription at Semneh is interesting: “No boat of the Negroes is to be allowed to pass northward forever. . .”

And a few years later,

Year 16, third month of Peret, His Majesty fixed the frontier of the South at Heh ... I advanced up-river beyond my forefathers; I added much thereto. What lay in my heart was brought to pass by my hand. I am *vigorous in seizing, powerful in succeeding, never resting; one in whose heart there is a word which is unknown to the weak; one who arises against mercy; never showing clemency to the enemy who attacks him, but attacking he who attacks him. For to take no notice of a violent attack is to strengthen the heart of the enemy. Cowardice is vile. He is a coward who is vanquished on his own frontier, since the Negro will fall prostrate at a word: answer him and he retreats!* If one is vigorous with him, he turns his back, even when on the way to attack. Behold! *These people* (the Negroes) *have nothing terrible about them;* they are feeble and insignificant; *they have buttocks for hearts!* I have seen it, even I, the majesty, it is no lie! I have seized their women; I have carried off their folk; I have marched to their wells; I took their cattle; I destroyed their corn seed, I set fire to it. By my life and my father’s, I speak the truth!

Every son of mine who shall have preserved this frontier which My Majesty has made, is indeed my son and born of My Majesty, verily a son who avenges his father and preserves the boundary of him who begat him. *But he who shall have abandoned it, he who shall not have fought for it, behold, he is no son of mine he is none born of me.* Behold! My Majesty has set up an image of My Majesty upon this frontier, which My Majesty has made, *not from the desire that ye should worship it, but from the desire that ye should fight for it!*

(Text in Lepsius, *Denkmaler*, ii,136,1)

In the days this was hewn out in granite by the scribes of Senusret III, our Aryan forefathers, from the far North that they had left on foot and in their bullock carts *centuries before* (for climactic reasons, most probably) were just pouring—or were about to pour—through the famous Khyber pass, into highly civilized India, technically far in advance of them.

They brought with them the war horse—unknown to old India as to the Sumerians, maybe racially akin to it, who used donkeys in their local wars—and . . . *iron*, iron more precious than gold, out of which deadly arrows could be made.

And they brought their beautiful hymns—many of which are still chanted to this day by the living Brahmins the hymns of the Rig Veda (in which there are references to . . . The Northern Lights, unknown to India; see Tilak's *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*)—their beautiful hymns and their Sky Gods, the "Devas," i.e., "The Shining Ones," foremost Surya, the Sun.

Early in the morning as The Orb would rise, Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji, my husband—whose *birthday* it is today, by the way (was born 13 May 1904)—would *stand* facing the East, and recite, in Sanskrit, twelve of the main Sacred Names of the Sun: "Giver of Life," "Father of Light," "Great One of Effulgence," . . . etc.—beautiful names.

He was as fair in complexion as a Southern European—many of whom, for instance a Spanish pupil of mine, are much darker than he was—and so proud of his Aryan origin. "You people in Europe," he once told me, "have no caste system. So how can you be *sure* that not baptised Jews did not enter the succession of your ancestors, at some time or other, during the Middle Ages? We high caste Hindus *know* who we are!"

By the way: don't call me "Mrs. Devi." It means nothing. Devi (feminine of Deva, i.e., Goddess) is just a *title* that any Hindu woman of an alleged *Aryan caste*—a Brahmin or a Kshatriya—is, according to tradition, allowed to put after her individual name. Nowadays, with the propaganda of Democracy (a gift of the Christian missionaries and of the British education system) there are many Indian women and girls who call themselves So-and-so "Devi" without having any right to do so—already when I first came to India, but not so *much* so.

Regularly, a woman of any *non-Aryan* caste—i.e., the overwhelming *majority* of Indian women—should call herself So-and-so *Dasi*—the word “Dasi,” feminine of “das” (slave or servant). The old, honest, clean, and efficient maid we had when Mr. Mukherji and I lived under the same roof in Calcutta, was of the Maheshya caste (a peasant caste from West Bengal). She was Sindhubala *Dasi*—never would have dreamed of calling herself “Devi”!

The name Savitri (Solar Energy—the feminine of Savita, one of the names of Surya, the Sun) was *given to me* by the girls at the Shantiniketan University where I spent six months in 1935 brushing up my Bengali (that I had learnt alone) and reading Hindi. I then wrote a book in French, *L’Etang aux Lotus* (*The Lotus Pond*, impressions about India) and took “Savitri Devi” as an appropriate pen name. Then (1937 and 1939) I wrote two other books in English, *A Warning to the Hindus* and *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity*, and signed them “Savitri Devi.”

Mr. Mukherji I then did not *know* (till 9 January 1938). He gave me his name—we were co-fighters—at the outbreak of the war (September 1939) so that I should not be interned by the British as an undesirable foreigner (I had Greek nationality) *well-known to be against the British war effort*, i.e., on the German side, just as Mukherji himself was, but he was cleverer than I.¹ They kept him two days, and he slipped out of their clutches . . . while continuing his activities on the sly.

So I am not “Mrs. Devi” but *Mrs. Mukherji*—or if you like, Savitri Devi Mukherji—or Savitri Devi—but not “Devi” alone. I did not add Mukherji to my pen name when I married (September 1939) as three books were already circulating under the name of Savitri Devi.

Sri Girija Kanta Goswami, the priest of the “Hindu Mission” (for which I used to lecture) married us according to Hindu rites, I in scarlet, he in white, before a fire—*no* Hindu ceremony without one!—with three swastikas,

¹ Savitri’s comparison here is unclear, but she is probably comparing an otherwise unknown arrest of A.K. Mukherji by the British authorities in India to her later arrest in Cologne, Germany, on 20 February 1949, for distributing National Socialist propaganda.

painted in red, against the wall—and “in presence of the Sun, Moon, and all the heavenly bodies, as witnesses,” at about 10 o’clock at night.

But *strictly speaking*, the marriage could not be regular as I was not a “rari Brahmin’s” daughter from Bengal—a girl of his own “sreni” or sub-caste. So, to be faithful to time-honoured tradition completely, we remained, both of us . . . just co-fighters without any more personal link. And [illegible] we (*I*, at least) *never* regretted not having ever experienced what, in *his* words, “all the living, including cockroaches, know.” I don’t think he ever regretted it either.

“My brothers have children,” he used to say, “so the family goes on. *We* have a different calling.” And shortly before his death, thinking of the *fall* of some of his own nephews (two of his sister’s sons, Communists, of all things!), he was glad to have lived as he had, *indifferent* to all but the call of Aryan tradition.

Hope this will not bore you.

With a hearty *Heil Hitler!*

Savitri Devi Mukherji



New Delhi
15 May 1979

Dear Comrade Kerr,

I hope I didn’t bore you with my “bit of ancient history.”

I was too crushed by the awful heat of Delhi’s summer (it *is* summer, here, since March) to go to the length of writing something of my own inspiration for *White Power*. I am not of those privileged ones who have air-conditioning in their lodgings. I have merely a fan above my bed, in my one room and kitchen tiny flat. And that fan—under which I am *lying*, whenever I am not forced to get up, either to go and get food for my cats, or to go and teach my few private pupils: earn my living and that of my animals, home ones and strays who depend on me—that fan, I say, does nothing more than agitate burning air (45 degrees centigrade in my room, under the fan, a few days back: hardly less than *outdoors in the shade*). Now you can imagine the *furnace* in

the sun! And when one goes *out on* foot, be it to walk to the station where one can hire some conveyance, you can imagine what it feels like. I am exhausted when I come home from my lessons or from shopping, and the *only* thing I am fit for is to call back into my mind the little I once learnt about ancient times.

I have started writing a new book—don't know yet whether it will be in English or in French. But have not got beyond the first pages . . . because of the heat. It is about *Ironies and Paradoxes* of history. One of the “stories” will be about Clara Hitler—our Fuhrer's mother—in desperation upon her death bed (1907) at the idea, “What will my poor Adolf do in life, without a job, without any diploma fit to get him one?” He was then eighteen years old and had come from Vienna, to be with her.

I thought the story I gave you about pharaonic “segregationism” in Twelfth Dynasty Egypt (one of the high peaks of Egyptian prosperity and *art*) in those remote times, might interest (by comparison) both you—if you happen to like history—and a few of our comrades. If any of them would like more information from me about Antiquity—so much more in our spirit than the world of today!—I am ready to give them all I can, i.e., the *little* I know from lifelong studies in which history (and geography, my father's great hobby) had a privileged place.

Excuse me if for just now I do not write any more. I intend to write about my late husband—Sri A.K. Mukherji—for the *National Socialist World*. He deserved it. But I must wait till I can be myself again—after this heat. End of June, beginning of July, the “monsoon rains” are expected. Hurray! That means on the first day a sudden fall in temperature of 25 degrees (centigrade) and a downpour, amidst thunder and lightning. Lovely!

Here rain is feasted, celebrated. A grand daughter of one of my husband's brothers is called “Varhsa,” i.e., *rain*—and her sister “Megla,” i.e., cloudy weather.” I suppose one would not dream of giving such names to girls in the USA. But these are Bengali girls. And rain means life to Bengal—save when there is really too much of it.

In fact *all* names in Bengal, and all over India, have a meaning, as in Greece: There is “Peace” (Shanti), Full-Moon (Purnima), “Born in the water” =

Lotus (Sarajivi), Immortal (Amriba, which is masculine *or* feminine, and is the name of my youngest brother in law, now over seventy).

But does this all interest you? *Excuse me* if it does not! I am too knocked out by the depressing heat to find something more thoughtful to tell you.

With my renewed greetings,

Heil Hitler!

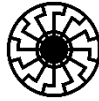
Savitri Devi Mukherji

PART THREE

ARTICLES

PAUL OF TARSUS, OR CHRISTIANITY AND JEWRY

Translated by *R.G. Fowler*



Written in Méadi (near Cairo), 18 June 1957.

In May of 1957, Savitri sailed to Egypt en route to India. She stayed in the Cairo suburb of El-Maâdi in the home of Mahmoud Saleh, a Palestinian Arab and Nazi sympathizer. Saleh was a friend and neighbor of Nazi exile Johannes von Leers (1902-1963), a former German university professor and member of the SS who had been employed by Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda and was later employed by the Nasser government as a specialist in Zionist affairs. Savitri spent a good deal of her time in Egypt in Leers' company. See Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, *Hitler's Priestess: Savitri Devi, The Hindu-Aryan Myth, and Neo-Nazism* (New York: New York University Press, 1998), 176-9. Savitri relates some of the events of her stay in Egypt in *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess: or the true story of a "most objectionable Nazi" and . . . half-a-dozen cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, n.d. [actually published in England circa 1965]), 97-99.

Originally published as *Paul de Tarse, ou Christianisme et juiverie* (Calcutta: Savitri Dêvi Mukherji, 1958). Translated from the French by R.G. Fowler, with thanks to M.L., J.P., and D.O.

If there is a fact that cannot fail to impress all persons who seriously study the history of Christianity, it is the almost complete absence of documents regarding the man whose name the great international religion bears, namely Jesus Christ. We only know of him from what is told to us in the gospels, i.e., practically nothing, for these miscellanies, if prolix in their descriptions of the miraculous facts they concern, give no information at all about his person,

and, in particular, about his origins. Oh, we have in the four canonical gospels a long genealogy going back from Joseph, the husband of the mother of Jesus, as far as Adam! But I always ask myself what interest this can have for us, given that elsewhere we are expressly told that Joseph has nothing to do with the birth of the child. One of the numerous “apocryphal” gospels—rejected by the church—attributes the paternity of Jesus to a Roman soldier distinguished for his bravery and thus nicknamed “The Panther.” This gospel is cited by Heckel in one of his studies of early Christianity.¹ The acceptance of this point of view, however, does not entirely resolve the very important question of the origins of Christ, for it does not tell us who was Mary his mother. One of the four canonical gospels tells us that she was the daughter of Joachim and Anne when Anne was past the age of maternity; in other words, she was herself born miraculously—or she was quite simply a child adopted by Anne and Joachim in their old age—which does not clarify matters.

But there is something much more troubling. They have recently discovered the records of an important monastery of the Essene sect, situated scarcely thirty kilometers from Jerusalem. These records deal with a period extending from the beginning of the first century *before* Jesus Christ to the second half of the first century *after* him. There is already talk, *seventy years before him*, of a great Initiate, or a Spiritual Master—the “Master of Justice”—whose return one day is awaited. Of the extraordinary career of Jesus, of his innumerable miraculous healings, of his teaching during three whole years in the midst of the people of Palestine, of his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, so brilliantly described in the canonical gospels, of his trial and crucifixion (accompanied according to the canonical gospels by events as impressive as an earthquake, the darkening of the sky for three hours in the afternoon, and the veil of the temple rending itself in two), *not one word is said* in the scrolls of these ascetics—eminently religious men, whom such events would have to interest. It seems, according to these “Dead Sea Scrolls”—I recommend to those who take interest in this matter to read the study which has been

¹ Savitri may be referring to Ernst Haeckel, who mentions Pandera in his chapter on “Science and Christianity” in his *The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century*, trans. Joseph McCabe (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1900), 328-9.

published by John Allegro in the English language²—or else Jesus did not produce *any* impression on the religious minds of his time, as avid for wisdom and also as well informed as the ascetics of the monastery in question appear to have been, or else . . . he simply did not exist at all! As troubling as it may be, these findings should be placed before the world public, and in particular the Christian public, after these recent discoveries.

In that which concerns the Christian church, however, and Christianity as an historical phenomenon, and the role that it plays in the West and in the world, the question has much less importance than it would seem at first. For even if Jesus *had* lived and preached, it is not he who is the true founder of Christianity as he is presented to the world. If he truly lived, Jesus was a man “above Time” whose kingdom—as he himself said to Pilate, according to the gospels—is “not of this world,” whose entire activity, entire teaching, tended to show, to those whom the world did not satisfy, a spiritual path by which they can escape, and find, in their interior paradise, in this “Kingdom of God” which is in us, the God “in spirit and in truth” whom they seek without knowing.³ If he had lived, Jesus would never have dreamed of founding a temporal *organization*—and, above all, not a political and financial organization—such as the Christian Church so quickly became. Politics did not

² Savitri may be referring to any one of the following volumes by John Allegro: *The Dead Sea Scrolls* (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin, 1956), *The Mystery of the Dead Sea Scrolls Revealed* (New York: Gramercy, 1956), or, if it was published by the time of the essay’s composition, *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Origins of Christianity* (New York: Criterion, 1957). In *Pilgrimage*, Savitri refers to another book on early Christianity by Gerald Massey, *The Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ* (Springfield: Star Publishing Company, n.d.). See Savitri Devi, *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), 332.

³ In *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), Savitri makes a threefold distinction between men “above Time,” “in Time,” and “against Time.” Men above Time are visionaries and prophets who orient themselves by truths that transcend the present world. They are, therefore, impractical when it comes to changing the present world. Men in Time are entirely creatures of the present world. Therefore, they are more capable of attaining worldly success. Men against Time orient themselves by truths that transcend the present, yet they are capable of operating within the world to advance the cause of truth. Savitri offers the Pharaoh Akhnaton as the paradigm of the man above Time, Genghis Khan as the paradigm of the man in Time, and Hitler as the paradigm of the man against Time.

interest him. And, detesting riches, he was a determined enemy of any mixture of money in spiritual affairs, which certain Christians have, rightly or wrongly, seen as an argument that proves that, contrary to the teaching of all Christian Churches (except those which absolutely negate his human nature [For example, the sect of the Monophysites]), he did not have Jewish blood. The true founder of historical Christianity, of Christianity that we know in practice, which has played and will play a role in the history of the West and the world, is neither Jesus, whom we know not at all, nor his disciple Peter, whom we know was Galilean and a simple fisherman in station, but Paul of Tarsus, whom we know was 100% Jewish in blood, in disposition, and in his heart, and, what is more, Jewish in education and a “Roman citizen,” as so many Jewish intellectuals today are French, German, Russian, or American citizens.

Historical Christianity—which is not at all a work “above Time,” but altogether a work “in Time”—is the work of Saul, called Paul, that is to say, the work of a Jew, as Marxism came to be more than two thousand years later. Let us examine the career of Paul of Tarsus.

Saul, called Paul, was a Jew and, what is more, an orthodox Jew at the same time as he was educated, a Jew imbued with the consciousness of his race and the role the “chosen people”—which they became according to the covenant of Jaweh—play in the world. He was a student of Gamaliel, one of the most reputed Jewish theologians of his time—theologian of the school of Pharisees, precisely the one which, according to the gospels, the prophet Jesus, whom the Christian church later on elevated to the rank of God, had quite violently combated for its arrogance, its hypocrisy, its habit of splitting hairs and putting the letter of the Jewish law before its spirit—before, at least, what *he* believed to be its spirit; it is not said whether Saul had not had, on this subject, a different idea than him. Moreover—and this is very important—Saul was an educated and self-conscious Jew *born and raised outside of Palestine*, in one of those cities of Roman Asia Minor that had succeeded Hellenistic Asia Minor and had retained all its characteristics: Tarsus, where Greek was the “lingua franca” of everyone and where Latin became, likewise, more and more familiar, and where one recognized representatives of all the peoples of the Near East. In other words, he was already a “ghetto” Jew,

possessing, beyond a profound knowledge of the Israelite tradition, an understanding of the world of the “Goyim”—the non-Jews—which later on became of great value for him. He thought, without any doubt, like every good Jew, that the “Goy” is only to be dominated and exploited by the “chosen people.” But he knew their world infinitely better than the Jews of Palestine, in the midst of whom had emerged all the first believers of the new religious sect from which he was destined to form Christianity such as we see it.

It is said in the “Acts of the Apostles” that there was at first a ferocious persecution of the new sect. Did the adherents of the latter not scorn the Jewish Law in the strict sense of the word? Did the man who is recognized as the founder, and who is said to have returned from the dead, this Jew whom Saul himself had never seen, not give the example of his non-observance of the Sabbath, of his neglect of the days of fasting, and other strongly blameworthy transgressions of the rules of life from which a Jew should not depart at all? One may say the same of a mystery that bodes nothing good, hovering over the story of his birth, that he was perhaps not at all of Jewish origin—who knows? Why not persecute any such sect, when one is an orthodox Jew, student of the great Gamaliel? He had to preserve from scandal the observers of the Law. Saul, who had already given proof of zeal in being present at the stoning of Saint Stephen—one of the first preachers of the dangerous sect—continued to defend the Jewish Law and the tradition against those he considered to be heretics, until it finally dawned on him that there was a better—a much better—way of operating, precisely *from the Jewish point of view*. This he recognized on the road to Damascus.

The story, as the Christian church wishes it to be told, is that he suddenly had a vision of Jesus—whom he had not, I repeat, ever seen “in the flesh”—whose voice he finally heard say to him: “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?,” which voice he could not resist. He had, moreover, been blinded by a dazzling light, and he felt himself thrown to the ground. Transported to Damascus—at least according to the same account in “Acts of the Apostles”—he was recognized by one of the faithful of the sect which he had come to combat, the man who, after restoring Saul’s eyesight, baptized him and received him into the Christian community.

It is superfluous to say that this miraculous account cannot be accepted as it is told except by those who share the Christian faith. It does not have, like all accounts of its type, any *historical* value. Those who, without preconceived ideas, seek a plausible explanation—probable, natural—of the manner in which these things have happened, cannot be content. And the explanation, to be plausible, must give an account not only of the transformation of Saul into Paul—of the implacable defender of Judaism into the founder of the Christian church as we know it—but also of the nature, the content, and the direction of his activity after his conversion, of the internal logic of his career; otherwise put, the psychological connection, more or less conscious, between his past anti-Christianity and his great Christian work. Every conversion implies a connection between the past of the convert and the rest of his life, a deep reason, that is to say, a permanent aspiration of the convert that the act of conversion satisfies, a will, a permanent direction of life and action, of which the act of conversion is the expression and the instrument.

Now, given all we know of him *and above all of the course of his career*, there is only one profoundly fundamental will, inseparable from the personality of Paul of Tarsus in *all* the stages of his life, which can furnish the explanation for his “road to Damascus,” and this will is the one that serves the old Jewish ideal of spiritual domination, complementing and crowning that of economic domination. Saul, orthodox Jew, self-conscious Jew, who had combated the new sect insofar as it constituted a danger to orthodox Jewry, could only renounce his orthodoxy and become the soul and the arm precisely of this dangerous sect, after having understood that, recast by him, transformed, adapted to the exigencies of the vast world of the “Goyim”—the “Gentiles” of the gospels—interpreted, as he did, in the manner of giving, as said later on by Nietzsche, “a new meaning to the ancient mysteries,” it could become for centuries, if not forever, the most powerful instrument of the spiritual domination of Israel, the way by which it realizes, the most certainly and in the most definitive manner, the “mission” of the Jewish people, which was, according to him, as according to every good Israelite, that of ruling over the other peoples, subjecting them to a complete moral enslavement while exploiting them economically. And the more moral enslavement is complete, the more economic exploitation—it goes without saying—flourishes. It is only

this prize that merits the pain of repudiating the rigidity of the ancient and venerable Law. Or, to speak a more trivial language, the sudden conversion of Saul along the road to Damascus is explicable in a completely natural manner solely if one allows that he suddenly appreciated the possibilities which nascent Christianity offered him for profit in the moral domination of his people, and which he had thought—in a stroke of genius, it might be said—“How I have taken the short view in persecuting this sect instead of serving mine come what may! How foolish I have been to attach myself to the forms—the details—instead of seeing the essential: the interest of the people of Israel, of the chosen people, of our people, of us Jews!”

The whole subsequent career of Paul is an illustration—a proof, to the extent that one may propose to “prove” facts of this nature—of this ingenious change of course, of this victory of an intelligent Jew, a practical man, a diplomat (and when “diplomat” is said in connection with religious questions, deception is meant) over the orthodoxly educated Jew preoccupied above all with the problems of ritual purity. From the day of his conversion, Paul, in effect, abandoned himself to the “Spirit,” and went where the “Spirit” suggested, or rather ordered, him to go, and spoke, in every circumstance, the words that the “Spirit” inspired in him. But where did the “Spirit” “order” him to go? To Palestine, among the Jews who still took part in the “errors” which he had publicly abjured, and who seemed to be the first to have title to the new revelation? Not on your life! He was quite careful! It was in Macedonia, as it was in Greece and among the Greeks of Asia Minor, among the Galatians, and later among the Romans—in Aryan lands: on the whole, in *non-Jewish* lands—that the neophyte went forth to preach the theological dogmas of original sin and eternal salvation through Jesus crucified, and the moral dogma of the equality of all men and of all peoples: it was in Athens where he proclaimed that God had created “all the nations, all the peoples, *of one and the same blood*” (“Acts of the Apostles,” chapter 17, verse 26). With this negation of the natural hierarchy of races, the Jews, had nothing to do—they who have, at all times, in their conception of the world, overturned this hierarchy to their profit. But it was (from the Jewish point of view) very useful to preach, to impose on the “Goyim,” to destroy their national values that had, up to that point, made them strong (or, rather, to simply hasten their

destruction; for since the fourth century before Jesus Christ, they were already crumbling under the influence of the “hellenized” Jews of Alexandria). Without a doubt, Paul *also* preached it “in the Synagogues,” that is to say, *to Jews*, to whom he presented the new doctrine as the fulfillment of the prophecies and the messianic expectation; without a doubt, he said to these sons of his people, as to the “God fearers”—to semi-Jews, like Timothy, and to the Jewish quarters which were abundant in the Aegean seaports (the same as in Rome)—that Christ crucified and resurrected, whom he announced, was none other than the promised messiah. He gave a new meaning to the Jewish prophets, just as he gave a new meaning to the immemorial mysteries of Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor: a meaning that attributes a unique role, a unique place, a unique importance to the Jewish people *in the religion of non-Jews*. It was for him nothing but a means to the end of assuring for his people the spiritual domination of future ages. His genius—not religious, but *political*—consists in having understood this.

But it is not solely in the plan of the doctrine where he can show a disconcerting suppleness—“Greek with the Greeks, and Jew with the Jews,” as he himself said. He has a sense of practical necessities—and *impossibilities*. He who was at first so orthodox, is the first to oppose completely the imposition of the Jewish Law on Christian converts of non-Jewish races. He insists—against Peter and the least conciliatory group of the first Christians of Jerusalem—on the fact that a Christian of non-Jewish origin does not at all require circumcision or the Jewish laws concerning diet. He wrote for these new converts—half-Jews, half-Greeks, Romans of dubious origin, Levantines from all the parts of the Mediterranean: for all of this world without race, with which he served as the intermediary with his Jewish people, immutable in their tradition, and the vast world to conquer—where there does not exist, for them, the distinction between that which is “pure” and that which is “impure,” where they are permitted to eat anything (“all that which can be found in the market-place”). He knew that, without these concessions, Christianity could not expect to conquer the West—nor the Jews expect to conquer the world by means of the conversion of the West.

Peter, who was not at all a Jew of the “ghetto,” still did not understand at all the conditions of a non-Jewish world and did not see things from the

same point of view—not *yet* anyway. It is because of this that it is necessary to see in Paul the true founder of historical Christianity: the man who made the purely spiritual teaching of the prophet Jesus the basis of a militant organization in Time, the goal of which is nothing but the domination of the Jews over a morally emasculated and physically debased world, a world where the mistaken love of “man” leads straight to the indiscriminate mixing of races, to the suppression of every national pride, and, in a word, to the degeneration of man.

It is time that all the non-Jewish nations finally open their eyes to this reality of two thousand years. May they understand the striking present day situation and react accordingly.

SHINTO: THE WAY OF THE GODS

Translated by *Guido Stucco*



"Shinto -- La via degli dei," Arya, no. 4 (July 1980). Trans. Guido Stucco. Savitri Devi's essay "Shinto -- The Way of the Gods" was written in English in New Delhi in 1979. It was then translated into Italian by Vittorio De Cecco for the Italian-language NS periodical Arya, published in Montreal. The English original of the essay is lost; the text above is Guido Stucco's translation of a translation. Portions of Savitri's "Shinto" may have first appeared in Asit Krishna Mukherji's Eastern Economist, which was published in collaboration with the Japanese from 1938-1941.

According to the multi-millennial Japanese tradition, in very ancient times there was once an immense ocean (ironically destined to be called the "Pacific" Ocean), which seemed endless: from one end to the other of the horizon, one could only see water and sky!

Above this immense body of water there was only a light and narrow "bridge." The gods used to go to this bridge to observe and admire the beauty and breadth of this ocean. One of these gods, Izana-Gi, tired of observing the ocean from high above, lowered his spear towards the water and slightly stirred it. After raising the spear he noticed that some mud, attached to the tip of the spear, fell back into the water. This was how the first "island" appeared on earth.

After this, Izana-Gi built a ladder and lowered himself from the "heavenly bridge" onto the ground. He then proceeded to build a small round house for himself and his wife, Izana-Mi, in which they began to meet.

Soon Izana-Mi had some children, who unfortunately turned out to be a disappointment. They were all different from each other and appeared to be weak, unworthy of a divine couple. A general assembly of the gods was gathered to look into the problem and to find the cause of such a failure. The gods asked the couple: "When you get together, who gets to talk first?"

Izana-Mi immediately replied: "Me, obviously"

One of the gods remarked: "This is a serious violation of the rule regulating Rites! A woman should never speak first, since this is one of man's duties and privileges. No wonder your children are not what they ought to be."

The couple followed the advice of the gods to the letter, and soon their children changed for the better, becoming beautiful and strong, worthy heirs of their divine legacy. Izana-Mi did not just give birth to children, but also became the mother of four thousand islands, big and small, which eventually made up Japan. The other countries of the world slowly emerged from the waters through a geological and natural process, which took centuries to unfold. This is why, unlike other countries, Japan is a "divine" land: it originated from a goddess!



Everything went smoothly till the day when Izana-Mi gave birth to the god of fire. Due to the very nature of this god, the goddess died a fiery death when he was born. Her body was taken to the netherworld, the dwelling of the dead. Her husband, Izana-Gi, descended into these lower regions to reclaim his wife's body from the Lords of these regions. As soon as he arrived, he was ordered to wait before the door beyond which laid the body of the goddess.

After waiting for a long time for the door to open, he committed a forbidden act and opened the fatal door himself. Immediately he smelled the smell of death! This experience had a negative effect on Izana-Gi, and right away he decided to rise up to the "world of the living." Nevertheless, he felt impure for having been in contact with the powers of decay and death. Having reached the river Kamo, he decided to take a bath and took off the fourteen layers of his clothes.

While he was washing himself, suddenly some divine beings emerged from the water. At the same time, those fourteen layers became themselves gods. The water that he used to wash his left eye became the Lunar God, while the water he used to wash his right eye became the Solar Goddess, Amaterasu.¹ The water he used to wash his nostrils became the God of Wind and Storms, Susa-no-wo.

Susa-no-wo was an evil god. He loved to torment the Solar Goddess with all kinds of tricks. One day, after causing the carcass of a dead animal to fall on the head of Amaterasu from the top of the ceiling in a room she was working in, Amaterasu decided she had had enough of Susa-no-wo's pranks. She withdrew, feeling very angry, inside a cave and blocked the entrance with a huge stone. Despite the prayers and supplications to be forgiven, Susa-no-wo did not succeed in changing Amaterasu's mind. She remained in the cave, refusing to come out.

Because of this, there was no longer light on earth. Everywhere darkness reigned, and the earth no longer produced good fruits: crops were lost and life itself was in danger for lack of solar light.

The gods were desperate and did not know how to solve this serious problem. At last, one of them, a goddess, had an inspiration. Knowing that Amaterasu was naturally curious, she approached the entrance of the cave and improvised a rather funny and indecent dance, arousing laughter among the gods. Amaterasu wanted to know the reason for this general hilarity and came close to the entrance of the cave to understand what was going on outside. She peeked through an opening between the cave and the huge stone blocking the entrance, but she could hardly see anything. Then she tried to use her mirror to get a better look. The other goddess, outside, slowly began to walk away from the entrance, forcing Amaterasu to stick her head out. Suddenly the gods jumped on her and pulled her out of the cave by her head, forcing her to leave her hiding place. At that point the light returned on earth.

¹ The solar character of the religious tradition of Japanese Shinto is embodied in the divine figure of the emperor, believed to be of heavenly origins. He is regarded as a direct descendant of the goddess Amaterasu, whose solar character is found throughout the entire religious tradition of Japan.

On his part, Susa-no-wo decided to leave the residence of the gods and just like many other divine heroes who lived on earth, he became a monster-slayer. One day he saw a huge dragon about to devour a young maid. He came to her rescue right away and killed the dragon. He eventually married her and became the forefather of several large Japanese noble families. Knowing that the dragon had a sword inside his stomach, Susa-no-wo cut it open and claimed it for himself.²

Amaterasu wanted to give Japan (the land of the rising sun) a leader who could take control of the islands. She begat a child and told him to go to the land of the rising sun to take charge of the destiny of the people who lived there, but her son did not want to accept such responsibility. He openly told his mother that he did not intend to go to such a land, since its inhabitants spent most of their time quarrelling among themselves. He said: "Send another in my place, my son Ninizi." And so it was. Ninizi had three children, one of whom, A-Ho-Demi, had married the Sea God's daughter. She had brought him as a present the magical jewel of the high and low tides through which he could rule over and control the water.

His son, Jimmu-Tenno, was the first "historical" Emperor of Japan. His dynasty has ruled without interruption from then on. Jimmu-Tenno enjoyed a long reign; however his rule is measured in "years" rather than in "centuries," as in the case of his predecessors. According to Japanese tradition he came to power on February 11th, 660 BC.

At the same time a Greek traveller named Eudoros landed on the southern coast of Gaul, married the daughter of a local Gallic chieftain and founded the city known today as Marseilles. Today, February 11th is still a national Japanese holiday.



We have already mentioned the Jewel, the Sword and the Mirror. With these objects endowed with a magical and divine power, the Empress Jingo conquered Korea in 200 AD. According to Japanese tradition, the gods had told

² The sword, together with a mirror and a jewel are sacred symbols still employed in Shinto rituals.

her husband (who in the meantime had died), that the lands west of Japan "awaited to be conquered." Today, the three most sacred symbols (the Mirror of the goddess Amaterasu; the Sword that Susa-no-wo found in the belly of the Dragon which he slew; the magical Jewel of the high and low tides given to Ho-Demi by his wife's father, the Sea God) are kept in the Temple of Ise, which is the sanctuary most venerated by the Japanese.

In 1941, the imperial government sent an official delegation to this temple, in order to ask the national gods: "Should we declare war on the US?" The gods, through the priests officiating the national cult, answered in the positive. On December 7th, 1941, Japanese planes attacked the naval base of Pearl Harbor, located in Hawaii. In 1945, after the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as a result of nuclear bombs, the gods were again consulted by the Japanese government in the Ise Temple. The question was phrased in these terms: "Should we die fighting to the last man or should we capitulate and prepare to fight again in the future?" The gods' reply was: "Surrender, because we love your people." The rest is history.

The American occupation, which lasted several years, never completely broke the spirit of Japan, namely, the spirit of Shinto. Shinto is the national Japanese religion. Its essence may be summarily contained in these terms: the cult of the Sun, which is the main god of Japan, and the cult of national heroes and of the ancestors. In Japan all religions are tolerated. Many even classify it as a Buddhist nation. This is true in a certain sense. Buddhism was introduced in Japan in 550 AD, from neighboring Korea, thanks to prince Shotoku, who died in 601 AD. However, in order to thrive, Buddhism had to incorporate several Shinto beliefs and practices. Several Japanese rulers, such as those of the well-known dynasty of Shoguns which lasted until 1866, embraced Zen Buddhism. However, the heroic-warrior spirit of Shinto, which worships nature, the Sun and the Japanese race's ancestors, was always present in them.

There are several unforgettable texts and poems that express this Shinto spirit embodied in the life of Japanese people. These texts talk about the supreme detachment exhibited in every action of the lives of the members of the national Japanese cult. Hideyoshi Toyotomi, the great warrior and administrator who built the famous fortress of Osaka, apparently wrote

shortly before dying: "Like a drop of water I will disappear and turn into air, but the Osaka fortress will stand like a wonderful dream." To this day this fortress is still standing, strong and proud, as a national monument.

On August 14th, 1281, Kublai Khan, Genghis Khan's nephew, sent his war fleet, comprising several hundred vessels, to conquer Japan. The Japanese could not have deflected this threat for a long time. Nevertheless they were ready and determined to fight and die to the last man in order to defend their land against the Mongol invader. Suddenly a strong wind, forerunner of a horrible storm, totally destroyed the powerful enemy fleet. Six centuries later the Emperor Meiji wrote in a poem: "Do as much as you are able through your natural powers; but then kneel down, and thank and worship the divine wind of Ise, which destroyed the Tartars' fleet."

There are several popular sayings that illustrate the Shinto spirit, such as this: "Be like the sakura (the cherry's blossom) when its time to fall and die comes. When the storm will shake the tree, you will surely fall and die. But you will fall and die gracefully."

The Japanese people knew how to "fall gracefully" in the course of their history. Nevertheless, they always knew how to save face and to live by their values. We cannot remember without admiration the famous kamikaze pilots, young men who volunteered to die aboard their planes which became "flying bombs." These young people immolated themselves on American war ships and especially on aircraft-carriers. We ought to remember their attacks on the aircraft carriers "Repulse" and "Prince of Wales." I was told that these pilots were anxious to reach the "great day" of their sacrifice; as their final day drew closer they became increasingly happy to donate their lives for their Country and their Emperor. In their last thoughts they remembered their brief lives and their loyalty to the Rising Sun, which was embodied in the solar dynasty of the Emperors. Before crashing they cried for the last time their war cry which aptly expressed their state of mind: "*Heike Tenno Banzai!*"³ Then, calmly and firmly, they guided their airplanes loaded with high explosives onto the enemy targets that had been chosen to be hit and destroyed.

³ The meaning of this expression is: "May the Emperor live ten thousand years!"

Shinto scriptures, particularly the *Kojiki* (*The Book of the Gods*) and the text known as the *Nihongi* (*The Book of the Emperors*), written around 720 A.D., eight years after the compilation of the *Kojiki*, dedicated to various leaders and Emperors (who, according to national tradition, were children of the sun), were written during the reign of the Emperor Jimmu, in the eighth century. Shinto took its shape as a religion of nature and of heroes thanks to two great Japanese scholars, Maturi and Hirata. When Japan surrendered in 1945, the landing of American troops on Japanese soil represented a unique event in Japan's national history, since they were the first ever to occupy the land of the Rising Sun. The American army was the only one in Japan's history to have set foot on its territory. Moreover, this Army came to impose on the Japanese people an ideology radically foreign to their mind-set, spirituality, and national identity.

One of the first policies of the American occupational government was to prohibit the teaching, in all the schools of Japan, of the above mentioned Shinto texts, namely of *The Book of the Gods* and *The Book of the Emperors*. The Japanese posed no resistance to these hostile actions. (But then again, why should they have resisted? The gods had clearly said that it was necessary to accept the terms of surrender and to go on "living"). Japan bowed its head with a smile: "Democracy? Sure! The Emperor is a man like everyone else? Very well! You call our political and military leaders 'War criminals.' We assume that you are right, since you have won the war, and as history teaches, the winners are *always right*." The Japanese smiled until a peace treaty, relatively and comparatively not too harsh, was signed. They smiled until the day when the last soldier of the American occupation forces left the land of the Rising Sun. The following day, the sacred texts of Shintoism were re-introduced in the classrooms. Moreover, school children were taken to visit (a practice still followed nowadays) the remains of the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which had been destroyed by nuclear bombs, to admire the genial work of the "defenders of mankind." As if that was not enough, students were taken to visit the Temple of Gamagori, which holds the remains of general Hideki Tojo and other "war criminals" killed by the Americans. Every Japanese student has the honor of lighting a small incense stick to venerate the memory of these men who sacrificed themselves for Japan and for its people. These

"war criminals" are still regarded today as national heroes and their persons are and will be venerated as such in the centuries to come.⁴

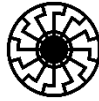
Oh, poor Japan, faithful to your sons, our ally during WW II! I admire and envy you! When will we Europeans build a Temple or at least a monument to honor the memory of our heroes, of our dead, of our leaders, which our enemies still call today "war criminals"? When will we publicly and freely pay homage to our dead as you do to yours?

We too would have been able to faithfully honor our fallen comrades if our Princes and Kings, a long time ago, beginning with the fifth all the way to the fifteenth century in Prussia, would not have imposed Christianity, through sheer force, on our Aryan populations. Do not forget, dear Japanese friends, that Aryans, before being converted, were "*worshippers of the Sun*," faithful followers of the cult of heroes, blood and soil, just like you! One of your fellow countrymen, who worked at the Japanese Embassy in Calcutta in 1940, was right when he told me, "Your National Socialism is, according to us, just a Western form of Shinto!"

⁴ For a complete description of how these so-called Japanese "war criminals" died, see the French translation of *La voie de l'Eternité* (1973), by Pierre Pascal, of Shinsho Hanayama's book *The Way of Eternity*. This author spent time with these heroes of the Rising Sun during the last months of their lives.

THE EGYPTIAN CONQUEST OF NUBIA

Edited by R.G. Fowler



*The following brief article (1,005 words) appeared in the January-February 1979 issue of **White Power** (page 11). At first reading, it struck me as unworthy of Savitri Devi. It is surely the least significant of her works. It is a brief historical vignette, padded out with long quotations and offering scarcely any analysis. Furthermore, the assertions that ancient Egypt was an “Aryan” nation and that an Egyptian Pharaoh had “fine, Nordic features” struck me as suspicious, because they are errors that Savitri Devi never would have made. The Ancient Egyptians were a Mediterranean Caucasoid people. They were not Aryans, and although they did have fine features, they were not Nordic.*

*The origins of this article were clarified by Martin Kerr, the then editor of **White Power**, who sent me a photocopy of the original manuscript of the essay, which, along with an accompanying letter, I have transcribed.¹*

The letter makes it clear that Savitri herself did not think much of her efforts and explains why, under the circumstances, that she could not do better:

¹ Letters to Martin Kerr.

I hope I didn't bore you with my "bit of ancient history."

I was too crushed by the awful heat of Delhi's summer (it is summer, here, since March) to go to the length of writing something of my own inspiration for *White Power*. I am not of those privileged ones who have air-conditioning in their lodgings. I have merely a fan above my bed, in my one room and kitchen tiny flat. And that fan—under which I am lying, whenever I am not forced to get up, either to go and get food for my cats, or to go and teach my few private pupils: earn my living and that of my animals, home ones and strays who depend on me—that fan, I say, does nothing more than agitate burning air (45 degrees centigrade in my room, under the fan, a few days back: hardly less than outdoors in the shade). Now you can imagine the furnace in the sun! And when one goes out on foot, be it to walk to the station where one can hire some conveyance, you can imagine what it feels like. I am exhausted when I come home from my lessons or from shopping, and the only thing I am fit for is to call back into my mind the little I once learnt about ancient times.

[. . .]

Excuse me if for just now I do not write any more. I intend to write about my late husband—Sri A.K. Mukherji—for the *National Socialist World*. He deserved it. But I must wait till I can be myself again—after this heat. End of June, beginning of July, the "monsoon rains" are expected. Hurray! That means on the first day a sudden fall in temperature of 25 degrees (centigrade) and a downpour, amidst thunder and lightning. Lovely!

*Apparently Savitri had volunteered to contribute to **White Power**, but the enervating heat of the New Delhi summer had robbed her of the creativity and concentration necessary for writing anything original, so she dashed off a few lines about 12th dynasty Egypt and Nubia.*

*The manuscript is also revealing. First, it makes clear just how much Savitri was suffering from the heat, for she did not even finish the Nubia article, but broke off in mid-thought and, in effect, turned the text into a personal letter. Second, it is clear that the last few paragraphs of "The Egyptian Conquest of Nubia" as published in **White Power**—including the mistaken racial descriptions of the Ancient Egyptians—were written by another*

*hand. According to Martin Kerr, he was their author. I have indicated these additions in **bold** below. The title, illustrations, and captions were also provided by Kerr.*

According to Kerr, the additions were not shown to Savitri before the article was published, but he was confident that they would meet her approval, and if they did not, he would have published her corrections in a subsequent issue. Savitri never complained.

It should be noted that the additions to Savitri's text, aside from the minor errors of racial anthropology, are quite intelligent. They draw an edifying lesson for the present day from an otherwise abortive historical vignette.

—R. G. Fowler

“This is the Southern Frontier. . . No Negro is permitted to pass this boundary northwards, either by foot or by boat . . .”

Which awful racist wrote these words? Shocking they sound! The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith should look into the matter, surely.

It is too late, however, for the Jews to punish this author. These words were written—cut into hard stone—over 4,000 years ago.

The ADL, or any equivalent of it, was not yet invented, and any attempt to bring the spirit of such a body into action would have been met with universal contempt on the part of the people and with the severest penalties on the part of the authorities in power.

The quoted words are part of the inscription which can be seen to this day upon the boundary stone set up by the order of Pharaoh Senusret III (the fifth king of the Twelfth Egyptian dynasty) at Semneh, one of the two fortresses he had built upon the hills on each side of the Nile, some 30 miles above the second cataract.

The fortresses were built after his first military expedition into Nubia (the Sudan of today) in the eighth year of his reign. The expeditions of Senusret III followed those of his predecessors. Already under Senusret the First—three generations before—the region of the third cataract was Egyptian and ruled by Hapzefa of Siut, who was buried at Kerma under a mound, with his slaves slain all around him.

The main motive of the Twelfth dynasty pharaohs in conquering Nubia was their desire to control the Nile more effectively and to be able to foresee more accurately the probable height of the yearly inundation on which the prosperity of Egypt depended. The regulation of the great river was looked upon as the highest duty of the Egyptian ruler—which is true even today.

In addition to this, there was also the desire to acquire the gold with which the Wadi Alaki and other areas of the Nubian desert valley were full.

The military expeditions into this region brought the ancient Egyptians—a proud Aryan people—into close contact with the primitive Blacks who inhabited the area.

The remainder of Senusret III's inscription at Semneh is interesting: "No boat of the Negroes is to be allowed to pass northward forever . . ."

And a few years later:

Year 16, third month of Peret, His Majesty fixed the frontier of the South at Heh . . . I advanced up-river beyond my forefathers; I added much thereto. What lay in my heart was brought to pass by my hand.

I am vigorous in seizing, powerful in succeeding, never resting; one in whose heart there is a word which is unknown to the weak; one who arises against mercy; never showing clemency to the enemy who attacks him, but attacking he who attacks him. For to take no notice of a violent attack is to strengthen the heart of the enemy.

Cowardice is vile. He is a coward who is vanquished on his own frontier, since the Negro will fall prostrate at a word: answer him and he retreats! If one is vigorous with him, he turns his back, even when on the way to attack.

Behold! These people (the Negroes) have nothing frightening about them; they are feeble and insignificant; they have buttocks for hearts! I have seen it, even I, the majesty, it is no lie!

I have seized their women; I have carried off their folk; I have marched to their wells; I took their cattle; I destroyed their cornseed, I set fire to it. By my life and my father's, I speak the truth!

Every son of mine who shall have preserved this frontier which My Majesty has made, is indeed my son and born of My Majesty, verily a son who avenges his father and preserves the boundary of him who begat him. But he who shall have abandoned it, he who shall

not have fought for it, behold, he is no son of mine he is none born of me.

Behold! My Majesty has set up an image of My Majesty upon this frontier, which My Majesty has made, not from the desire that ye should worship it, but from the desire that ye should fight for it!

In the days this was hewn out of the granite by the scribes of Sensusret III, **Egypt was a mighty Aryan nation, a military power to be reckoned with, a centre of learning and culture.**

Today, Egypt is no longer a world power, nor is it an Aryan nation. It is impoverished, and populated by mongrels and half-castes. It was vanquished by the very people it had enslaved centuries earlier—a people which is not known for its heroism and warlike spirit: the Jews. How far the civilisation of our ancestors has fallen!

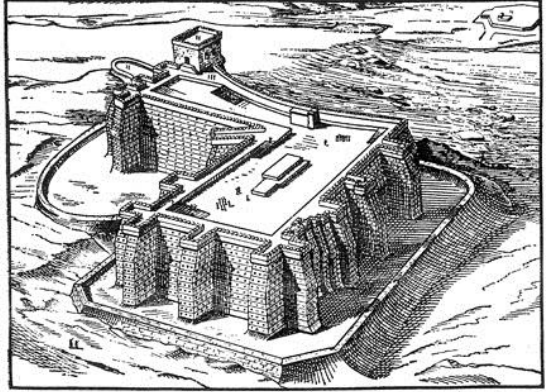
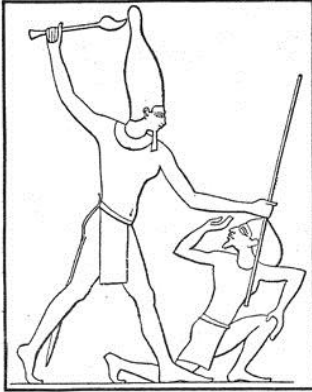
Without realising it, Sensusret III himself tells us how this came to be: “. . . I have seized their women; I have carried off their folk . . .”

And thus the stage was set for race-mixing which inevitably leads to the destruction of the greatness which lies in the purity of Aryan blood.

“Cowardice is vile.” “(The Negro) is . . . insignificant.” “. . . for to take no notice of a violent attack is to strengthen the heart of the enemy.” “My Majesty has made (this boundary), not from the desire that ye should worship it, but from the desire that ye should fight for it!”

This inscription of Sensusret III contains much wisdom for 20th century Americans—if they choose to heed it Nothing, however, is more important than the unintentional lesson he teaches us concerning the pollution of the blood. Another great Aryan leader, who, unlike Sensusret III, was conscious of this, has expressed it better than anyone:

“Blood sin and desecration of the race are the original sin in this world and the end of a humanity which surrenders to it.”

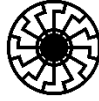


"I am one who arises against mercy!" An Egyptian pharaoh (left) with fine, Nordic features from around the time of Senruset III executing a vanquished Semitic enemy. Right, the fortress of Semneh, built to guard the portion of the Nile civilized by the Egyptians from marauding Negro tribes.

Illustrations and captions provided by *White Power*

HITLERISM AND HINDUDOM

Edited by R.G. Fowler



Published as "Hitlerism and the Hindu World" in The National Socialist, no. 2 (Fall 1980): 18-20. "Hitlerism and Hindudom" was Savitri's original title.

Someone once asked Ramana Maharshi – one of the greatest spiritual personalities of modern India (he died only a few years ago¹) – what he thought of Adolf Hitler. The answer was short and simple: “He is a ‘gnani’,” i.e., a sage; one who “knows,” who is, through personal experience, fully conscious of the eternal truths that express the Essence of the Universe; conscious of the hierarchic character of its visible (and invisible) manifestations in time and outside time; conscious of the nature and place of gods, men and other creatures, animate and inanimate, in the light of the One inexpressible Reality behind, within and above them all: the Brahman-Atman of the Hindu scriptures, thousands of years old. This implies, of course, consciousness of the great Laws of manifestations that preside over the birth, life, death, rebirth and liberation from the wheel of birth and rebirth, of all creatures, and therefore of the fundamental inequality of creatures, including people – and races – the inequality of souls as well as of bodies, and – on the social plane – the strivings for an order that would be the exact reflection of this inequality within the universal, divine hierarchy – of this unity within hierarchical diversity. In the mind of such a perfect Brahmin (in the etymological sense of the word: a man who has realized Brahman-Atman

¹ Ramana Maharshi died in 1950.—Ed.

within himself and, in consequence, “knows” the truth) the word “gnani” cannot mean anything less than that.

It is a far greater praise than any recognition of our Leader’s importance in mere history. It means that his unique place in history is the mere outcome of Something deeper and more difficult to sense (for the common mind): his place among those at the very top of the hierarchy of creatures. As I said before, Ramana Maharshi represents the double aristocracy of Hindudom: both by his caste (he was a Brahmin) and by the fact that he was one of the few who were strictly worthy of belonging to that exalted caste. His judgment is of more import than that of millions of average, albeit “intellectual” people.

I shall now relate an episode of my own life involving a youngster of a very low Hindu caste: the Maheshyas of West Bengal, a caste of tillers of the soil; one of the innumerable subdivisions of the Sudras.

The youngster, named Khudiram, after one of the fighters for Indian independence, was a typical specimen of the masses of Bengal: dark skinned, flat-faced – a blending of Dravidian (the race of most South Indians) and Mongoloid. He must have been about fifteen and was perfectly illiterate. He was my servant.

One day – in glorious 1940 – as he came back from the market where I had sent him to buy fish for the cats, he told me, beaming with joy: “Memsahib” (it is the way one addresses all European women, here in India) “I really wish your Leader will win the war! I want him to, and I pray to all the gods that he does!”

I was dumbfounded. I had never spoken about Adolf Hitler to Khudiram – a non-Aryan if any! I presumed the lad knew there was a war going on in faraway Europe – everybody knew it – and I was not over-astonished at his taking sides with us: all Indians in those days did the same, including the Communists (on account of the non-aggression pact of August 23, 1939). “The enemies of our enemies are our friends” – and Bengal was a bastion in the struggle against British rule. But I never expected such emphasis in the pro-German feelings of a Bengali village lad.

I asked him: “Why are you so strongly on the Leader’s side? Is it just because he is winning?” (The French campaign was then nearly over.)

Khudiram said: “No, I would be on his side even if he were defeated, but I pray all the gods he may win.”

“And why? What do you know about the war?”

And the illiterate lad replied, to my further surprise: “I may be an ignorant boy. But I met one in the market much older than I; he must be about twenty – a ‘learned’ boy, who can even speak a little English, and he told me that your Leader was fighting this war in Europe so that he might do away with the Bible and in its place set up, for all the West – the Bhagavad-Gita!”

I wondered what Adolf Hitler’s reaction would have been, had he known the interpretation given to his war aims in the Calcutta fish market. (I did not yet know of the high consideration he had for the most ancient Aryan philosophical poem. I was to hear of it in England, from a man who knew him well – after the war.) But I thought of a passage in the first chant of the Bhagavad-Gita, in its nineteenth century French translation by Eugene Burnouf: “Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes (i.e., of races, for the castes originally corresponded to racial differences); out of the confusion of castes proceeds the loss of memory (i.e., one forgets who were one’s ancestors), out of the loss of memory proceeds the loss of understanding, and out of this all evil!”

I thought to myself in a flash: “True, this is the oldest known expression of the spirit of *Mein Kampf*.” And I told the boy: “Your elder friend is right. Our Leader is fighting for the Aryan West to go back to the eternal Aryan values that are exalted in the Bhagavad-Gita. Now I give you a day’s holiday, and a rupee to treat your friends. Go and tell them all – tell everyone you meet – what your market big boy said. He is right!”

Khudiram was delighted and joyously made for the door. But I stopped him for a while to put another question to him.

“You pray for our Leader’s victory – our victory,” said I. ‘Now, do you know that if we win the war and my Leader’s influence reaches the ends of the earth, you, within our New Order, shall remain forever what you are: a Maheshya – a Sudra. You are no Aryan. The New Order shall grant you no privileges: these will be, just as throughout the centuries, for the fair-complexioned Brahmans or Kshatriyas, who, in India, will remain at the top of Hindu society. Do you still love our Leader, knowing this?’

The lad of the tropics, the mouthpiece of the illiterate Hindu masses, exclaimed unhesitatingly: "Of course I do, and all the more, now I know it!" For this means that your Leader's spirit is one with the Shatras [i.e., of the Hindu sacred writ] – that he knows the truth, and wants the world to abide in truth, as did the great ones who handed over the Shatras to their disciples. This is of no more importance whether I, a mere individual, get promotion or not in this world. The one and only thing that matters is the truth of the gods which is (now I know it!) your Leader's truth also.

"If I was born a mere Maheshya, it is sure that I have sinned in many of my past lives. But this time I obey the Shatras – i.e., do not defile myself by eating forbidden things, do not mess about with girls of other castes, and so forth – then next time, when I am born again, I shall be born in a better family. And after several thousands of years – time does not count – who knows? I might be born as the son of a Brahmin, or perhaps in your Europe, as one of the young men who fight for your Leader's ideals. Who knows?"

Could one imagine, in Christian Europe, a lad of non-Aryan or doubtful descent saying: "This is my punishment for my past misdeeds, of before this present life. Now if I behave as I should, who knows? I might slowly, slowly, make my way upwards and after a thousand years or more be born a German." No, one cannot, precisely because such thoughts are totally foreign to the Christian spirit and the belief that all souls are equally precious in the eyes of a personal man-loving god. This could have been possible if we had, in Europe, remained faithful to our old heathen values. And there old values are the very same "Hyperborean" ones as are to this day upheld in Hindu India, where the idea of segregated castes – the oldest form of "apartheid" on earth – and the belief that the Aryan is the one who should rule the world, are widespread and undiscussed ideas.

Well did Rudolf von Sebottendorf, founder of the famous Thule Gesellschaft that prepared the way for the triumph of National Socialism, well did he, I say, owe a lot to his visits to India, and his contacts with Hindus conscious of their Hyperborean traditions?

It is said in Hindu writ that "the year is the day of the gods." The solar year, six months daylight and six months night, and the Arctic years, two or three full months light in the summer and two or three months night in the

winter, are “days” of the Nordic ancestors of our fair-complexioned Indian Brahmins. The gods – the “shining ones” whose “days” were years of half sunshine and half darkness – were just perfect types of Aryan humanity: the hyperboreans of far-away Thule, the ones whom the twentieth century great Indian scholar, Tilak, mentions in his book *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*.

And it is noteworthy that tradition among Aryans other than those of India, places the seat of godhead in the same polar region: the Greek sun god Apollo is called “the Hyperborean.” Only the Hindus – including the non-Aryan masses of India insofar as they have not been corrupted by ideas drummed into their heads by degenerate Aryans (no longer Aryans of spirit) of today – have kept the traditions. Thanks to its forced Christianization from the fourth to the fifteenth century A.D., Europe has forgotten it. The glory of Adolf Hitler – and a few of his forerunners such as Friedrich Lange (founder of the *Deutsches Bund*, 1894) or Hans Krebs – is to have felt it intuitively, with the aid of the gods, and made it the philosophical basis of their social and political natures.

The holy Swastika that Adolf Hitler chose as the Symbol of his Movement is the visible link between him and orthodox Hinduism. One sees it everywhere in India: on temple gates, on pennants fluttering from the top of temples, on the walls in front of which marriage rites are celebrated (as all Hindu rites, before a burning fire), and on public signs and on ordinary advertisements, and on jewels, “for luck.”

There was a time when the Symbol was to be found everywhere also in Aryan countries – or countries under Aryan influence: on Greek pottery, and more so on Trojan pottery (nowhere are Swastikas more numerous than on the shards in the second layer of Troy, dating back to some 4,000 B.C.!) and in Mexico and Yucatan, civilized by a White and bearded god (according to tradition) – and a god from the East, apparently an Aryan.

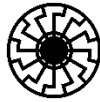
Nowadays the holy sign is popular – widespread and revered – only among us National Socialists and among Hindus (the only two sects of people among which the superiority of the Aryan race is also recognized and accepted as a matter of course. As I said, in India, the non-Aryan orthodox Hindus also accept it, of whatever caste they may be).

May the official propaganda of Westernized Indians concerning democracy and equality not deceive us and prevent us from seeing how close to us is – and always was – real Hindu India!

LOTUSES ON THE SURFACE

Chapter 12 of *L'Étang aux lotus*
(The Lotus Pond)

Translated by *R.G. Fowler*



Europe is merely powerful; India is beautiful.

It is beautiful because mediocrity is rare there, because quality is preserved over quantity, birth over fortune, the highest human values over those one can buy.

It is not that Indians are, by nature, better than other men; they only have, alongside intellectual aptitudes equal to those of the most gifted peoples, a long spiritual heritage that enables them to know a whole world of essences, more subtle and vast than that of logical relations, a world that other “intellectual” peoples no longer know. They know how to keep the richness of intuition while acquiring the advantages of reason as much as the others. And this is thanks to that permanent culture of the heart, which is, for them, the Hindu religious atmosphere.

Something of it always remains in the personality, if not in the ideas: something imponderable, a hidden generosity, an elegant attitude, even in evil. It is possible that a Hindu, exiled as a youth and raised, far from India, in a totally different place, becomes worse than a European—worse from all points of view, because his nature leads him to extremes—but he will never become vulgar. And, without a doubt, there are in India even Hindus who, taken individually, are frankly bad; there are, in any case, in history and Hindu legend, more real than history. But there are none who are good out of cowardice. And that is one of glories of India.

India is the aristocratic land par excellence.

It has a pious horror of the artificial equality of men and races, cheap sentimentalism, the vulgarization of precious knowledge, international fashion, and proselytizing religions, in a word, all that contributes, near and far, to creating a standardized human type.

It despises the careerists, the pretentious, the “simplistic,” the devotees of “progress,” the idolaters of science applied to material success, the idolaters of thought applied to leveling, the weak, people in a hurry. It has the strength of those for whom neither material losses, nor the opinion of the crowd, nor time matter. Somebody said that it takes a thousand years to form a true English “Gentleman.” One needs ten thousand to form a Hindu of noble race, representing the most perfect of a humanity that he has surpassed.

Below this elite, there are the increasingly deep levels of the ignorant and miserable masses, apathetic through the force of overwhelming pressure, submissive, silent, unknowable; levels that are stacked, one upon another, until gradually, imperceptibly joining the most primitive of the aborigines of the land of India, bound for a hundred thousand years to their immutable, barely human existence. It is an enormous reservoir of unorganized forces, burning and vague aspirations, oppressive vital concerns, remote cosmic intuitions. It is a burgeoning of increasingly vegetative life, comparable with that of the humid and shady soil of the tropical forest, with the mysterious valleys of the ocean festooned with tangled algae and animated flowers—with the greenish, teeming bottom of a pond.

The incomparable elite plunges its long roots there.

The elite, which realizes the most stable human equilibrium, not through the tyrannical crushing of fertile animality, the matrix of the world, but through its symbolic stylization, its internal organization—its sublimation—resembles the beautiful immaculate lotuses which, their flexible stems intertwined in the nutritive mud, touch the very heart of Mother Earth, while on the quiet surface of the dark water, they open their blue petals to the sun ... its uninterrupted creation seems to be the *raison d'être* of India.

The Hindu elite is not a minority of skilful people; what it is remains always more important than what it does. It is an aristocracy of character, culture, and spirituality. Divine incarnations form a part of it. Hindus whose lives are quite unobtrusive in the world form a part of it too. The most famous

are not necessarily the most perfect. Sri Vivékananda said that the greatest yogis are silent. And before the Gautama Buddha, whom five hundred million men revere, there were other Buddhas whose names are not even mentioned in legend.

However, moral beauty and, in a general manner, the value of the person on planes other than intelligence and action, insufficient though they may be to make a man a leader, are in India, along with the other qualities required everywhere, essential conditions of success and popularity. All the great men of modern India form part, like those of ancient India, of the highest human elite, whether they demonstrate it on the political scene or elsewhere.

Another consequence of the same spirit, essentially Hindu, that shines in ordinary life is the esteem everyone accords to Brahmins, rich or poor—and sometimes, alas, regardless of a recognized lack of value. It is not that one venerates there the man, personally, but the Brahmin, i.e. the elite that this man is seen to represent. It is that, in principle, the Brahmin is a spiritual king. He is, in fact, always treated as if he were one. He feels that nobility carries obligations, and he deserves the honors he is given. It should be recognized, and on the whole the Brahmins feel it, that there is in India an aristocracy other than one solely of birth. One need only compare them to some educated and highly refined castes, such as, for example, the Vaidyas or the Kayasthas of Bengal, from which so many eminent personalities come every day.

It should be noted, as well, that India treats with the same esteem all men, Brahmins or not, whose sanctity or whose genius clearly raises them above their contemporaries. Mahatma Gandhi was from the Bania caste; the immortal Tukaram was a humble Sudra; and the virtuous Nandanar, who, in South India—so very orthodox—is remembered today nonetheless, was of even humbler extraction.

It is often said: “India has no history,” meaning that the material facts that mark its development are badly dated or are not dated at all and, consequently, difficult to classify chronologically.

It is almost made into a reproach. No one hesitates to blame it on the lack of organization inherent in Oriental civilizations, and to see there, moreover, a proof that India has a great need to submit to European methods and swallow Europe’s sense of order.

But historical intuition, however little one has, must try to get closer to the bottom of things. This is why history has some interest, because the aspects of life are not of equal importance to all peoples. It is necessary to ask why India is “without history.”

It is because, for it, material facts count little. It is the experience, for which they could be the occasion, that counts. The experience alone is preserved. What good is it to preserve the memory of contingent facts? What good to put what is secondary in the foreground? What good to make enduring what is by nature transitory? The Earth itself changes form. But experience leads to supreme knowledge, to the knowledge of the permanent. In a hundred ways, with various expressions and symbols, India has consigned this knowledge to its sacred texts. It is not interested in the rest. The history of India is, above all, the history, on the human plane, of a set of spiritual forces for which before and after have little importance.

For those who sense the soul of a country behind the adventures of its destiny in time, the imposing vision of Indian epics indeed retains, in this respect, priority over the muddled chronologies of princes, Chalukyas or Yadavas—or Rajputs—even accounts of the immortal defeats that gave only the land to the Afghans, Turks, or Mongols, and only the gold to successive overseas Empires.

Ancient India left, of its historical life, still less light than medieval India. In books reporting the history of the Gods, impersonal and symbolic accounts of the system of human experience; in books of yogic asceticism, containing the anonymous acquisitions of the sages, the experience of those who knew how to control their consciousness, to realize in it the harmony of the World, and who heard in their ears the music of the celestial spheres: here, for India, is the essential; here is what was worth the trouble of preserving from a past of several millennia, as rich in warlike glories and peaceful flowerings as that of any other great people.

Other peoples have preserved lists of their kings and ruins of their temples: they have a history. But they lost the tradition of the essential that India has preserved.

India has the cult of the impersonal, of the universal.

To its history even, it does not attach any other importance than that of an individual experience. Land of burgeoning civilization, of complex religion, with innumerable contradictory aspects, society subdivided to infinity, in which there is place for all, it sees, in any “special case” that is affirmed in the name of its own value, the unjustified exaggeration of a small part that fails in its role by leaving its place.

It is unaware of national fanaticism, considering itself from the point of view of Man.

It is unaware, by the same token, of the idolatry of Man and all the stupidities and atrocities that accompany it in civilizations flowering under the sign of “science.” It inserts Man in the world of the Living. For it, only that which is universal, of a cosmic universality, is really worthy of being exalted. And the Individual, the Nation, Man, the Earth, are only points of view on this reality and this supreme value which is expressed in each one of them and exceeds them all: Being..

India has the cult of Being.

Its scholars—its sages—are those who see what is universal, further and more deeply than discursive intelligence helped by a somewhat unsure intuition can go. “Darshana”: vision; it is the Indian name for any philosophy—science of Being.

Its artists always designed and still design art—whatever it be—not as an imitation of the visible, nor as an exaltation of the self, but as the expression of one beauty and one truth, invisible and intangible, impersonal—essential; of one “universal,” grasped directly in what passes.

Its heroes are those who conquered or defended whole kingdoms while remaining detached from their own action.

India has a sense of the relative. It knows that all individuality, however unique and irreplaceable, is secondary. Its great individualities are those who, having known themselves on the inside, and disciplined the forces of the unconscious, the blind energies that stir all matter, have managed to reflect the universe in its harmony.

They reflect it, while retaining irreducible differences of nuance, attitude, power, in a word, expression—as the pale lotuses are reflected on the surface of the water. India loves them because they are beautiful; because they have

the disinterestedness and calm of complete beings; because they never speak about themselves; because they render tangible the identity of man, of the earth, of all that is destined to perish one day with the boundless and bottomless Cosmos in which Life eternal continues its rounds in time without end.

India is “classical” in culture and temperament, to the roots of the soul. “Classicism” is for Europe, before anything, a literary ideal, but, on the contrary, is for India the internal standard of life.

But worship of the universal does not mean exaltation of uniformity. Uniformity—which, unless it be mere mediocrity, is always artificial—is obtained from the outside; the universal is grasped from the inside; its pursuit does not crush individuality but disciplines it, harmonizes it, “stylizes it,” makes it entirely oneself while being more than oneself.

Whence this truth, which could seem paradoxical to a “romantic”: the most universal individualities are the most original. The same observation is valid for works: compare, indeed, the great anonymous epics of the world to the spirited, bitter, indiscrete creation of the politician-poet, drowned, in fact, through his passion in the wake of an epoch. Nothing is more irritating than the talkative patriot who badgers the foreigner with the praises of his country, than the singer who delivers to the public the story his love affairs, than all other insatiable lovers of fast and fleeting publicity.

Individuality, personal or national, is very precious; thus India draws itself up against all that tends to diminish it, to dissolve it. But it needs, at first, to be decent, not to throw itself in people’s faces, to have a sense of the hierarchy of values and remain in its place—to be modest. It is, then, the source of life and principle of creation. If not, it is nothing but the source of anarchy.

India is the born enemy of anarchy because in it the obscure forces of being disperse and lose themselves, because anarchy is opposed to slow and powerful stylizations of complex life. Both Aristocratic character and Hindu classicism seem to proceed from the most intelligent love of Life; from this love which, in the cauldron of passive and chaotic existence, can already distinguish the natural lines of forces, the anticipated plan of the most advanced creations.

One of the most popular demonstrations of Indian classicism is the reserve, the discretion so universal from one end of Hindu society to the other. One can notice without difficulty, in all India, a moral “behavior” that is a sign of strength.

Perhaps, for example, a young Indian left for England six years ago in order to continue his studies there. He left at home his parents, wife, and two babies. All are present at the Howrah station to welcome him back after so long a time. His parents have aged; his wife also, perhaps; the children are seven and eight years old. He sees them waiting for him on the platform. It is quite certain that an inexpressible emotion follows, but he is its master. He does not call out. He does not rush forward. He gets out of the train calmly, like a man. From respect, he wipes the dust from the feet of his mother and old father, throws a simple glance to his wife, who lowers her eyes; strokes the black curls of the young girls who raise towards him their large eyes shining with happiness, and returns with them, by taxi, to the house that welcomes him as before.

Meanwhile, no public embraces, no tears, no effusions, no indiscreet display of sentiment. The whole scene remains dignified, as it should be. The deepest emotions are holy things: it would have been equally out of place to make a ridiculous or a touching spectacle for the travelers and porters in the station. Indians have an innate sense of decency in all that touches the heart.

It is very rare, likewise, to find an Indian who speaks a lot about himself, and impossible to encounter an Indian woman who is not modest in her purest joys as well as her sorrows. One can quite easily imagine discussions, confessional free-for-alls, more or less sincere, between European ladies at tea. There is no equivalent in India, even in the company of Hindu ladies with whom I traveled the most. The Indian woman hides her intimate sufferings, her disillusionings, her heart-rending pains, not under the coarse mask of a gaiety too loud to be true, but under calm of a soul that endeavors to be released from individual contingencies, who instead of suffering her experience, forces herself to use it to open a broader and more disinterested view on the world—a more beautiful view.

One has the general impression that there is much hidden suffering in India, but that there is also, alongside it, a deep serenity. The individual does

not revolt. There is, in his place, a primitive sense of his own insignificance (admitted elsewhere, but not experienced). This experience, if it does not throw him into apathy, helps him to find, in silence, the strength to surpass himself.

Yet such a national elite seems to flower on a background of immense misery; and likewise, on the background of repressed aspirations, disappointed hopes, daily renunciations, hard duties, seems to be sketched, little by little, during the course of years that resemble each other, a higher and wholly interior life—the true life—of the individuals that in Europe one would call “average”; the anonymous Indian life: a “classical” work of art if there ever was one.

The Hindu religion is indeed the most aristocratic there is.

It is even one of the reasons, it seems, for why it never took up residence beyond the limits of the Indian world. The religions that are or can appear egalitarian have the widest success. The crowd loves equality.

Hinduism recognizes and sanctions the inequality of men in their birth, as in their indefinite diversity.

It by no means seeks to reduce one or the other; it insists on the contrary. It inserts each man in his place in a complex social network, in principle according to what they are by nature; according to their aptitudes, their degree of evolution; and it exhorts each one, in this place, to give his best. The contents of the “duty,” the mode of worship, are not conceived as uniform. The religion seeks to follow the secret intention of Nature, to assist evolution. What counts, for each one, as it is written, is his “svadharma,” i.e., in the broad meaning of the word, his own standard—which does not necessarily mean the standard that is liked by each, but that which is appropriate to him.

The ancient and persistent caste system, so much decried and badly understood in Europe, rests, in theory, on the natural inequality and diversity of men and races. Like the most excellent things, it gave rise over time, and still gives rise today, to sad misunderstandings and regrettable abuses. Hereditary untouchability is, certainly, the worst social state that has been defended or tolerated on its behalf. Cleverly exploited, it has become nowadays, abroad, a too-convenient excuse to disparage India and, in India itself even, a danger to Hinduism. In addition to that, it is, in South India

especially, the pretext of a moral attitude, if not action, in absolute contradiction with the respect for beings on which, however, no religion has insisted as much as Hinduism.

But the abuses prove only the stupidity of men. The principles, drawn from nature itself and formulated by ancient rishis who lived in supreme wisdom, are no less perfect. Historically, the caste system contributed a lot to preserving the integrity of Hindu society in the midst of all the storms of the past. Philosophically, it expresses in an admirable way, on the social plane, the subtle and manifold genius of the Indian heart. It is not to be rejected, but to be applied, according to its original principle, which is natural and eternal, not according to outdated requirements of ages that are no more. It is to be rehabilitated in the India of today in a spirit of intelligence, not to be preserved in a spirit of routine. Because it is not a dead thing.

The spectacle that Hinduism offers, on the outside, is also a consequence of its genius.

The first impression that one who knows nothing of it in advance must have is, it seems, of a vast ensemble, inextricable like a jungle, without defined directives, without unity, without general ideas; that of a luxuriant bouquet of beliefs and practices where one finds the oddest, most shocking, and most sublime things—pell-mell. Those who abstain from any flesh, and even eggs, in the name of the religion: Hindus. Those who offer goats in sacrifice to the Divinity—in the middle of the Twentieth century!—Hindus too. Those who, with offerings of flowers and sweets, prostrate themselves before primitive statues, strange symbols of wood or stone, naive images on printed paper: Hindus as well. Those who, without the assistance of any visible symbol, are engulfed—directly—in interior contemplation of the Heart of the World: Hindus still!

Nine times out of ten the foreigner, who understands nothing there, does not even try to understand. He criticizes. Criticism is easy and advantageous: it helps the European to feel conscious of his “superiority.” (Despite everything, he ought only to converse just once for an hour with a cultivated Hindu, religious in the true sense of the word!)

But not all men have—fortunately—the ideas about the superiority of civilizations of the Europeans installed in India. With the eyes of those who

can see, the inextricable cluster of beliefs, practices, and religious symbols that form Hinduism is penetrated by a deep unity. And it owes its cohesion to a concept of religion, as simple as it is admirable, common at least to all Hindus: the highest spirituality being only the crown of the whole of life, one should not, at any price, be detached from life, however multiple and unequally evolved. The man who has only little experience and a relatively poor spiritual heritage cannot conceive of God in the manner of one refined by thousands and thousands of existences. Allow him the rites that speak a known language to him, ideas that are adapted to him! Evolution will do the rest, all alone. To force before the hour gives only artificial results.

All the manifestations of Hindu piety, including the most crude, are the natural, sincere, and adequate demonstrations of human piety relative to a certain level of awakening of the soul. No one, in principle, has the right to dismiss any; the soul wakes up gradually. True religion cannot be uniform any more than true culture. Only the external organization of worship, rites, material obligations, etc., could be. But why would they be? Why enforce them? True religion would not have anything to gain there, on the contrary.

India has understood for millennia that organization must first be interior, that uniformity is not unity, that generalized intellectual habit is not culture.

It is perhaps because of this that India never made systematic and constant efforts to organize itself on the levels upon which other countries are organized. Historically, this is, perhaps, one of the causes of its weakness. But the historical point of view is not its own.

Moreover, who knows? Nothing proves a priori that modern India is incapable of organization and creation, simultaneously, on several planes. The future will tell.

Land of fertile contrasts, India contains extremes—all kinds of extremes. It does not apologize for any. It recognizes without sorrow the symmetrical manifestations of the same energy that it adores, which is itself, and which is God.

It contains life: crude, heavy, overflowing, soft, with all its torpor and all its manifold richness; life unorganized, formless, and free, which, with the irresistible slowness of cosmogonic transformations, exalts itself, purifies itself

unceasingly—stylizes itself—in the unconscious play of its own forces. It contains its religious thought and its culture, the most rich and the most beautiful at the same time, which have been, in the course of the centuries, colored successively by all fulgurations the tropical imagination slowly disciplined; made true by the experience of the sages; made alive by the uninterrupted creation of the artists; made immortal by the unshakeable fidelity of a whole people.

It contains the science and the poetry of the world.

But it is difficult to embrace in an overall view. He who comes into contact, at the same time, with those few who are the best on earth and the very humble ones barely nourished by its inexhaustible soil, has the impression of primitive Chaos on which, and in which, Perfection is sought unceasingly.

India is the magnified microcosm of humanity.

All countries are microcosms of humanity, but in more or less striking ways. Here, one is struck by the richness and the relief of the tableau, by the value of contrasts. All that the world contains—the disparate, the tragic, the calm, the inextricable and the plastic, the shadowy and the luminous, spread out over all the continents and the centuries—India contains today, collected, concentrated, stylized, completely enhanced with its universal meaning, at one moment of time—currently—and in an area smaller than little Europe.

There is nothing to add to the truths that it has discovered. Nothing to add, either, to the human value of its most perfect representatives. If beings of flesh and spirit from another planet could desire to know humanity in its most favorable light, it is among the best Hindus that the Earth should choose its ambassador. And there is, likewise, down to the most primitive aspects of Indian popular life, nothing to remove that will not, by itself, slowly evolve in beauty.

Hindu India is also, on more than one side, the sister of a particular Europe.

Despite everything that separates them, it is incontestably more like contemporary Europe than it is like either yellow Asia, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, the world of Islam. But it is not like the West of today that it acts.

The Western pilgrim who vainly seeks in other climes a living vision of his dream stops, often with a shiver of admiration—and of emotion—before the rites and pageantry of Hindu temples.

It is as if the whole soul of old, forgotten Europe, pagan and classical Europe, long since suppressed, were there, immortal, transposed into the civilization of a hot country. Something here is close to what came to resemble the processions of ancient Greece and its festivals! Undoubtedly, the processions of women and girls, draped with same elegance as them, advancing, one behind another, like them, in the half light of a hall of carved pillars, in which floats the perfume of incense; carrying offerings, like them, and almost the same offerings; beautiful, undoubtedly—like them! Here is the abolished cult that was to be, more or less, the one that the Emperor Julian, come too late, made vain efforts to restore!

The Hindu religion in its popular expression, as we have seen, is, all things considered, the Greek religion of before Byzantium; it is also all the old Aryan religions of old Europe: religions of the spirit of tribe or city, at the very least, and, in general, of kindness and respect to all beings besides.

One could almost say that ancient Europe—Greece, especially—and India, are counterparts. One can find, in the religious legends and symbols of one and the other, exciting parallels and differences that are balanced. Resemblances and divergences are based, in the wisdom of the best, on a unity of views.

Some accuse India of idolatry. The Christians of the first centuries made the same accusation against the ancient world on the point of collapse. A French poet, in “Hypatia and Cyril,” put in the mouth of a woman, the wise and virtuous Hypatia, daughter of Theon, the response of the Greek world. To the Patriarch of Alexandria, come to try to convert her, who says that her gods “are dead,” she replies:

Do not believe it, Cyril! They live in my heart!
 Not such as you see them, clothed in vain forms,
 Undergoing human passions in the sky,
 Adored by the vulgar and despised by the worthy;
 But such as seen by sublime spirits;
 In starry space they do not reside,
 Forces of the Universe, interior Virtues,

Earth and Sky meeting harmoniously ...
Such are my Gods!¹

It could be, as well, the response of modern India. The most extraordinarily rich and varied popular religion leading to the most humane and rational philosophy: this is what the Hindu society of today, like yesterday, contains.

Europe, outside more unified, is actually less. It does not know how to keep internal unity within the diversity of names and forms.

Europe is organized, marvelously organized.

But India is cultivated.

¹ Leconte de Lisle, "Hypatie et Cyrille," *Poèmes Antiques* (Paris: Alphonse Lemerre), 286-287.

“AFTER THE DELUGE—WE!”

Epilogue of *Hart wie Kruppstahl*
(Hard as Krupp Steel)

Edited by R.G. Fowler



*The preceding text, translated by Savitri Devi for publication in an American Nazi Party periodical, is an extract from the epilogue of her unpublished book *Hart wie Kruppstahl* (Hard as Krupp Steel), written in the early 1960s. The title “After the Deluge—We!” is a quote from Joseph Goebbels that alludes to a remark attributed to Louis XV (“Après Moi, le déluge,” “After me, the deluge”), which has traditionally been interpreted as a prophecy of the French Revolution. Savitri was a delegate to the 1962 WUNS conference in the Cotswold Hills, where the Cotswold Declaration was drafted. For her further recollections of the Cotswolds Camp, see *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*, Chapter 2, sections 2-4.*

—R.G. Fowler

In 1945, in the “bunker” (air raid shelter) under Berlin aflame, our Führer writes his Political Testament: his last answer to the ever-nearing thunder of the Russian guns, to Eisenhower’s “Crusade to Europe,” to the stubborn fury of a whole mad world: “May my faithful ones never forget *that it is the task of the coming centuries to build up a National Socialist Europe*, and may they always place collective interest before their own.... May they all, *Germans and non-Germans—all* the forces of National Socialist Europe—remain racially conscious, and, without weakness, resist the poison that is about to kill all nations: the spirit of international Jewry.” He writes these words calmly,

knowing that he is right; that the double wave of invaders—Bolshevists and hypocritical humanitarian Democrats—that will soon roll over and cover the ruins of the Third Reich, one day must recede, each half of it in the opposite direction; that there is no hell which lasts forever, and that Truth—i.e., Nature, and the doctrine that is built upon Nature’s very laws—must win in the end.

And Dr. Goebbels, the untiring Fighter, the faithful among the faithful, who has helped Adolf Hitler to build New Germany, and who is about to follow the Führer, with wife and young family, speaks from that same “bunker” for the last time to the German people and to future generations—to *you*, National Socialists, of today, and to those of the coming millennia—his last speech. No speech of despair—nothing of the kind, my children!—but (just as the Führer’s own Testament) the answer of National Socialism to the indifference, to the laziness, to the cowardice, to the moral wretchedness of the West, which has allowed the long disintegration process, directed by the Jews, to take place; the answer of National Socialism, after two hundred years, to the French King Louis XV, who lived only for himself and did not care whether his people survived or not¹; the answer of the invincible to those who are vanquished beforehand and to the apparent victors of the day:

“After the Deluge, *WE!*”



My children, as I met, after the war, young German National Socialists among the ruins of all the German towns, it was clear to me that Dr. Goebbels was right, and that our Führer’s Testament would one day literally be fulfilled. Later on, as I met, in the super-prosperity of the German Federal Republic (of Dr. Adenauer) young people dedicated to Adolf Hitler, who without having lived in the splendour of the Great Days, would gladly exchange every comfort of today, every material advantage, for *the* freedom of greeting one another at any street corner with our salute and the words: “Heil Hitler!” I touched with my hand that future in which our Führer firmly believed till the end, that future which Dr. Goebbels proclaimed in solemn words, a few hours before

¹ To those who tried to show him the danger of the coming French Revolution, Louis XV answered: “After *us*, the Deluge!” (Savitri’s note).

his death. And as exactly a year ago, I was among National Socialists of the whole world in a forest of South-West England, and, along with them, heard Lincoln Rockwell’s speech under the stars, I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the prophetic words:

“After the Flood: *WE!*”

“For the first time in 6,000 years,” said Commander Rockwell, at whose side stood Colin Jordan and John Tyndall, the leaders of the National Socialist Movement in England, “for the first time in 6,000 years, we racially conscious Aryans of the whole world are *united*, under the leadership of one Man, forever alive in our eyes—Adolf Hitler—and under the Swastika banner, in the struggle for the survival of our blood. For the first time in 6,000 years, the international money-power faces, in us, a growing international counter-power, which fanatically challenges it, which will tomorrow lead against it the resistance of the whole world. National Socialism, the program of our only, of our everlasting, Führer Adolf Hitler, shall still be fulfilled in spite of the mad, fratricidal war of 1939-1945; the future shall be ours!”

That very Rockwell had once fought us, during the war, like so many others. He saw the truth and came to us some ten years ago. He is the symbol of a tremendous reaction, the distant consequences of which are yet unthinkable. In the background, as in the huge German gatherings of the Great Days, hung an enormous Swastika flag, lighted from the ground by torches. A row of young fighters holding torches, and the music of the Horst Wessel Song, had greeted the American Leader—founder and head of the National Socialist Movement in the USA—as he had walked into the camp. And there were Germans present: “old fighters” of the first generation, *and* sixteen year-old boys. It was the atmosphere—the enthusiasm, the faith, the fanaticism—of the Days of the First Struggle (*before* 1933): the “old” one, who knew, said so.

I remembered the horror of the years after the war: the ruins of the Third Reich, the uprooting of millions from their German homes, the despair to the point of longing for death, and then—a few years later—the gradual sinking of the masses in an ever more soul-destroying material prosperity, barring every possibility of liberating revolution, this ugly, dull period of systematic brain-washing, also belongs to “the deluge.” And then shone before me the prophetic words, out of the grave of the very best: the answer of the

crumbling Third German Reich to its tragic fate, the cry of triumph of we who live for an everlasting Idea, before a material destruction which we know is only for the time being, however total it might seem:

“After the Flood: *WE!*”

On the next day, in that same English forest, the “World Union of National Socialists”—WUNS—was founded.

IRONIES AND PARADOXES IN HISTORY AND LEGEND:

SAVITRI DEVI ON HER LAST BOOK

A Selection from her Correspondence and Interviews

Edited by R.G. Fowler



*One measure of a writer's or a book's originality is if one can imagine a given work, or something close to it, being written by someone else. By this standard, Savitri Devi is a true original. Nobody else could have written **The Lightning and the Sun** or **Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess**. Nobody else could even have imagined them. If Savitri had not written them, nothing even remotely like them ever would have existed. Savitri Devi's last book, ***Ironies et paradoxes de l'histoire et de la légende*** (***Ironies and Paradoxes in History and Legend***) surely belongs to this category, which makes it all the more poignant that the book was never completed and the fate of its manuscript (some one-and-a-half chapters) is unknown. The manuscript may, of course, come to light. (Less than one year ago, the Archive received word that three of Savitri's unpublished manuscripts had been preserved by a friend in France.)*

*What follows is a selection of tantalizing passages from Savitri's interviews and correspondence on **Ironies and Paradoxes**, the book that might have been.*

We wish to thank Matt Koehl and Martin Kerr, for providing copies of Savitri's letters to them, and M.L. and Kevin Alfred Strom

for providing copies of Savitri's letters to Professor L. and Revilo P. Oliver, respectively.

—R.G. Fowler

From a letter to Professor L.

New Delhi, 17 May 1978

. . . it is a fact that as I grow old (73 in September) I put up with this climate less and less. Anyhow a day will come when all will be ended—Blessed day! But I should like to finish my *Tyrtaios* first (*thanks, by the way, thanks over and over again for the papers about his work*) and write my *Ironies et paradoxes* (in French or English, I don't know yet). About the ironies of history (Clara Hitler dying of cancer in December 1907 and sighing—"My poor dear Adolf! What *will he possibly do in life* with no diplomas, no job, nobody to help him!" Adolf—then 18 years old—had come from his miserable life in Vienna for a time, to be at his mother's side.)

Could anybody have told her: "He? He'll march through History as a God—Thousands *will* love him, kill and die, and be tortured for his sake—Millions will hate him—But *He is one of the greatest Ones*"? And could she have believed it?

History has such ironies. No more now, but my [one word is illegible—Ed.] thanks. 9:15 in the morning and the air already *burning*—unbearable.

Interviews, New Delhi, November 1978

(*And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*, pp. 75-7, 107-11)

I'm thinking now of writing another book. I don't know if it will be in French or in English. If it's in French it will be called, probably, *Ironies et paradoxes*, about the ironical and paradoxical in certain events of history or in certain lives of people and things like that.

For instance, one paradox is the birth of Goebbels. His father was absolutely against us, a staunch Catholic of Rheydt, Rheinland, and in Goebbels' diaries, you get this phrase, "*Krach mit Vater*" [quarrel with father] every two lines when he's young. He didn't like him at all. And then Goebbels met Adolf Hitler, and his father liked him even less. Anyhow, his father is one

of the greatest benefactors of the Hitler movement without meaning to. And I want to show that so many people do things without meaning to. And sometimes against what they should do.

For instance, Nebuchadnezzar, who stormed Jerusalem in 586 BC and took the Jews all in captivity in Babylon. Of course Cyrus let them go back, those who wanted to go back, in 538 BC. But they didn't all go back. Some stayed in Babylon. Now Nebuchadnezzar, of course, who took them there, thought he was doing a great harm to them. He was destroying the Jewish nation.

In reality, he was doing a great favor to them because they were an agricultural people and a warlike people in those days. They were not great bankers or anything of the kind. The banking of antiquity was in the hands of the Babylonians. We have records of Babylonian banks of nine hundred years. Babylon was under the Kassite dynasty, an Aryan dynasty, that lasted until 1,080 BC. And I must say that the Jews who stayed in Babylon received favor there. They finished by no longer being prisoners. They could go about. They learnt their banking there. That's where they learnt their capacity in banking that they used for centuries later on. Nebuchadnezzar was one of their benefactors. One of the greatest ones.

Another one was Titus. He destroyed Jerusalem completely in the year 70. And Hadrian destroyed what was left of it in 135, after two risings. Well, they had so many risings under the Romans—we normally read of two—but there were a good one hundred fifty risings or more. Instead of keeping the Jews in Palestine where they were, these two anti-Jewish Roman emperors made slaves of some of them and sent them all over the Roman Empire, in the slave markets. They took others and dispersed them. They forbade any Jew to remain in Jerusalem. There were a few in Palestine. They persecuted them too. The result was that the Jews were strewn all over the world instead of being in one stronghold in Palestine.

And what would've happened if they had been in Palestine was this: in the seventh century the wave of Islam would have taken them over. There would be no Jews left in the world. They would all be Mohammedans. Except perhaps a few, one little sect, but the wave of Islam was so powerful, it took over the whole of Christian North Africa. North Africa was Christian. It became

Mohammedan overnight, except for the tiny sect of the Copts that are still alive. The Jews would've been the same. There would be no Jewish question at all in the world.

But they were not in Palestine. That's the trouble. Thanks to their enemies, Titus and Hadrian, they were all over the place in Europe. They were in Italy. They were in Germany. They were I don't know where. They had followed the Roman legions, as contractors, of course. They were the best contractors of the Roman legions in Germany and elsewhere. And that is the service these two typically anti-Jewish emperors rendered to them. To those Roman emperors we owe the fact that we have the Jews everywhere.

This is the kind of book I want to write. I think it will be interesting if I manage to write it. It's getting ripe in me, slowly, slowly, slowly. It might take two or three years more.

Robert Ambelain on Christianity

[I wish to recommend three books by Robert Ambelain.¹] They were lent to me by this French lady. They are extraordinary, and they are all the more convincing in that the man is not a Jew. He's an Aryan, but he's pro-Jew. He's a very good Hebrew scholar. He knows Hebrew as I know French or English or Greek. And he is an historian. And a high graded Freemason, on top of that. What really gets up his nose is the antagonism between Christianity, especially Medieval Christianity, and the Jews. He says that, "May his blood fall on us and on our children," was an interpolation. "The Jews never said that. Why were they persecuted for saying that when they never said it?" Personally, I don't care if they said it or not. To me, it is quite immaterial.

To him, the person of Jesus is the son of a Jewish anti-Roman agitator, and he was himself an anti-Roman agitator and nothing else. No teacher of any sort of religion. Just an anti-Roman who was condemned to death by the Romans on the cross. Well, it's perfectly true that if he were really condemned by the Jews, according to Jewish law, on the charge of blasphemy for calling

¹ Robert Ambelain, *Jésus, ou le mortel secret des Templiers* [*Jesus, or The Fatal Secret of the Templars*] (Paris: R. Laffont, 1970), *La vie secreete de Saint Paul* [*The Secret Life of Saint Paul*] (Paris: R. Laffont, 1971), and *Les lourds secrets du Golgotha* [*The Heavy Secrets of Golgotha*] (Paris: R. Laffont, 1974).

himself God, he would not have been crucified. He would've been stoned. The Jewish custom was stoning, *lapidation*, and not crucifixion. Of course he never called himself God. He always said, "the Father and I," "There are things I do not know but the Father knows."

But even if he had called himself God and he were condemned by the Jews for blasphemy, he was crucified by the Romans. He was condemned by the Romans, not for calling himself God but for saying that he was "King of the Jews" and for resistance activities. He was a Jewish *maquisard* [guerilla fighter]. According to Ambelain, his father also and his grandfather also. His grandfather Ezekias was supposed to have been crucified under Herod.

Now according to Ambelain, Paul was no insignificant little Jew. He was one-fourth Jewish and three-fourths Idumean, that is to say, Arab, of the dynasty of the Herods. He was the grandson of Herod the Great by his mother Cypros. And he was neither in the Arab gang nor in the Jewish. He was circumcised. He had himself circumcised when he was aged. That is to say, he was not circumcised as a baby. He had no place among the Jews, and Jews didn't like him. They did not like neophytes who come when they are older and for perhaps non-religious reasons. So he tried to found a sect of his own. According to Ambelain, he took the person of that Jewish agitator and made him into a mystic figure, added to him all the characteristics of the age-old vegetation gods, Mithra, Osiris, Adonis, and others. The disciples of Jesus already had spread the rumor that he was resurrected, so half the job was done. He only had to say, "Yes, he was resurrected, and he rose up from the dead for the salvation of the world." He made him into a world figure, when in reality he wasn't even a Jewish figure. And by his doing that, he spread an influence of Jewry on the whole world. You have a perfect Aryan girl, a German named Ruth or named Sarah, or you have an Englishman named David. You have an Englishman, Isaac Newton, called Isaac. What is all that? What is that stuff? You have a man called Johannes. Johannes is Jokannan in the Hebrew. Jokannan is John. The whole thing has changed.

After the spreading of Christianity, after the acceptance of Christianity as a state religion by the Roman emperors after Constantine, it seems that *then* the gospels as we know them today were written. They hadn't got the same ones. There is no manuscript of any gospel except one or two, what

they call the Apocrypha. And even then, there's no manuscript contemporary of Christ in the world. The first ones are of the fourth century AD. Those we have, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John (well, in reality, there were other names), date from the fourth century AD. The gospels that the Christians used to use before that date, they were taken back to Constantinople by order of Constantine. In packets of fifty. And packets of fifty of the new ones were given to them, the new ones we have today.

And there are queer things in them. For instance, in the gospel according to Matthew, Christ was born under Herod. Herod died in the year 4 BC. Therefore, he was born before 4 BC. Maybe 5 or 6 or 7 BC. According to Luke, he was born under the magistrateship of the Roman Quirinius. Quirinius ruled Palestine before Pilate, that is to say, in about 6 AD. That is to say, if Jesus were born in 4 BC. he would be at least ten years old. Which is the right date of birth? Why does one say this and one say that? Anyhow, this Ambelain has picked the gospels right through, the canonical ones and the apocryphal ones that have survived in Coptic translation, in Slavonic translation, Ethiopian translation, in all sorts of translations. He has gone through them all. And it has given a figure of Jesus that is not at all the classical one.

The Jews are the ones behind the institution of Christianity. I'm quite sure of that. It was a means to emasculate the race. There is a contradiction between the principles of Christianity and warrior behavior. They can't go together. If you have to love your enemy like yourself, you can't fight. And the first Christians did not fight for the Romans. But there was a compromise. When Constantine wanted Christianity to be the state religion, he said, "Call the bishops." The bishops said, "All right, we accept it, but we have to accept to fight for you. It will no longer be an offense to fight for the Roman Empire." That was a compromise, an unhealthy compromise. All compromises are unhealthy. You can't have them, can't have them.

The gentle Jesus of the Christians, the classic gentle Jesus never existed. I believe in Ambelain's theory. The real Jesus was a Jew fighting for his own race, a very respectable man. I have nothing against him. I much prefer him to the classical image of Jesus, in fact. He didn't want the salvation of the whole world. He wanted his country to be out of the Roman Empire. I understand that. I quite understand his struggle. But that struggle doesn't interest

mankind. It interests the Jews. And the Jews found out, of course, that the best way to put him onto mankind was to give him sort of a mystical personality, a personality of peace and what mankind wanted, and to assimilate his qualities with the qualities of the already existing gods.

Now 1,400 years BC, there was a religion, existing still in Christ's days, the religion of Mithra, the Iranian god. In fact, in the very words that are attributed to Christ at the moment of the consecration of the bread and wine, "He who does not eat my flesh and drink my blood has no eternal life," we have the exact replica in the cult of Mithra fourteen hundred years before: "He who does not eat my flesh and drink my blood has no eternal life." And this was discovered by Tertullian, the Christian father of the Latin church in the second century. And Tertullian, of course, found an explanation. He had to find an explanation. How is it that Christ and Mithra speak the same language? He said, "Oh, no, that's not the fact. Christ is right, but the devil put these words into the cult of Mithra fourteen hundred years before out of mockery of what was going to be one day Christianity." The devil did it. That's an explanation. It's no explanation in my eyes, anyhow. In reality, it's the Christians who took these words and applied them to their own master. Without that, their own master wouldn't be a god. He would just be a human being. And the crucifixion would have a quite different meaning. Crucifixion: he was condemned for rebellion against the Romans, that's all. The Christians made him into a sacrificial scapegoat. He was taking on the sins of the world.

From a letter to Martin Kerr

New Delhi, 15 May 1979

I have started writing a new book—don't know yet whether it will be in English or in French. But have not got beyond the first pages . . . because of the heat. It is about *Ironies and Paradoxes* of history. One of the "stories" will be about Clara Hitler—our Fuhrer's mother—in desperation upon her death bed (1907) at the idea, "What will my poor Adolf do in life, without a job, without any diploma fit to get him one?" He was then eighteen years old and had come from Vienna, to be with her.

From a letter to Professor L.**New Delhi, 7 June 1979**

I would like before I die to finish my *Tyrtaios the Athenian* (I thank you for the papers you sent me long ago) and the new book I began this year: *Ironies et paradoxes—de l’histoire et de la légende*. A great part of it will be devoted to the distortions of history, both in ancient monuments, such as King Esarhaddon’s stele of Nahr el-Kalb in Syria, and in our own days (the history of the World War especially). Legend—which should never contradict history—is also sometimes falsified. And in this connection I shall speak of Robert Ambelain’s lengthy researches laid down in his books: *Jésus, ou le mortal secret des Templiers—La vie secreete de Saint Paul—Les lourds secrets du Golgotha* in which the whole Christian legend is shown—documents in hand—as a shameless hoax. (The hoax of the *first* century—as tremendous as that of the Twentieth, by Arthur Butz.)

I’ll speak also of the *irony* of certain facts, *inter alia*, that of well known enemies of the Jews such as Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, and the Roman Emperors Titus and later Hadrian appearing when well considered as their *benefactors* (without meaning to be of course). It’s in Babylon, the great banking center of Antiquity (one has records of Babylonian *banks* that lasted eight and nine hundred years!) that the crude farmers and warriors of Israel became initiated to the handling of *money* on a grand scale—that which was to give *power* to their descendants to this day. And had Titus and later Hadrian not uprooted them from Palestine and dispersed them all over the Roman empire, there would have been no “Jewish problem” *ever*: the wave of Islam, in early seventh century AD would have taken over the Jews as well as the Christians of the near East, and the descendants of these would now be feeling themselves “Mohammedans” for centuries (as do those of all the Christians of north Africa, Egypt (save a handful of Copts) and Syria (save a handful of Maronites). But Titus and later Hadrian helped Jewish consciousness to survive, by sending the Jews (or *most* of them) *out of the reach of Islam to come*. Naturally they could not foretell its coming and its role.

From a letter to Professor Revilo P. Oliver**New Delhi, 11 July 1979**

Do you know Robert Ambelain's books? *Jésus, ou le mortel secret des Templiers*, *La vie secrete de Saint Paul*, and *Les Lourds secrets du Golgotha*. They were edited [published] at Robert Laffont's—6 place Saint-Sulpice, 75006 PARIS—in the collection "Les Enigmes de l'Univers" [The Mysteries of the Universe].

Robert Ambelain is a scholar, knowing Hebrew (as well as Greek and Latin, of course) and a student of the Kabbala. The arguments he puts forth in favor of his thesis—*his* Truth about the historical person of Jesus, which he says is a *secret* known to the highest dignitaries of the Church—are very convincing, to me at least. He proves—or tries to prove—that the "Christ" of the Gospels is a pure concoction of "Saint" Paul, while the *real* Jesus was the son of Judah of Gamala and, like his father (and grandfather Ezekias), an offspring of the family of David and a "freedom fighter," in fact *the* Leader of the Jewish resistance against the Romans, in Ambelain's words, "*un maquisard Juif*" [a Jewish guerilla].

If so, this would be an extra reason for my having nothing to do with him. The Romans were Aryans like myself and tolerant in matters of religion, as *all* people of Antiquity, *save* the blessed Jews.

From a letter to Professor L.

New Delhi, 16 July 1979

I have begun another book that I shall (probably) call *Ironies et paradoxes de l'Histoire et de la legende*. I have begun the second chapter about "Lies in History" beginning with the many mendacious inscriptions of Rameses II in the thirteenth century BC and the famous blatantly mendacious Stele put up by Esarhaddon, King of Assyria (seventh century BC) at Nahr el-Kalb in Syria, (Tarahaka of Egypt is depicted there on all fours, licking the conqueror's mantle rim, while in reality the two men *never as much as met*.² [Tarahaka fled to Napata (Sudan) when Esharaddon was not yet in Upper Egypt!]) But the Assyrian King wished to "impress" the Syrians he had conquered with his invincible strength and prowess (War propaganda!). You have I presume heard

² Savitri has confused the Nahr el-Kelb stela, which does not portray Tarhaka, with a stela from Zinjirli, which does depict him, and which is in the Pergamun Museum in Berlin.

of the recent books about more recent “war propaganda”—Arthur Butz’s *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* and Thies Christopherson’s *The Auschwitz Lie* (with a preface by Manfred Roeder) I can send you the latter booklet if you have not already got it from the library of the N.S.W.P.P. (National Socialist White People’s Party, U.S.A.).

Mind you, I once believed the lie. *But that did not in the least shake my National Socialist faith.* I just *could not have cared less.* As a fact, as long as men so shamelessly treat living Nature—have slaughterhouses, experiments on live creatures, the fish industry—think of the poor *seals* in Canada! I *refuse* to sympathize with human victims of man’s cruelty or violence *save* when these happen to be my own brothers in faith (other Aryans believing in *our* values).

From a letter to Matt Koehl
New Delhi, 2 August 1979

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

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

From a letter to Professor L.
New Delhi, 15 November 1979

I have yet to wait for my operation says the eye specialist—whom I am to see again in a fortnight or so. I do wish I have as much luck as you, concerning my poor eyes—which cause me difficulty in writing my next book about *Ironies et paradoxes de l’histoire et de la légende*. Up till now I could only write 1½ chapters on account of the strain. I can just follow the lines with my left eye. But can hardly see what I am writing.

**From a National Socialist White People's Party Activity Report
New Delhi, Postmarked 30 July 1980**

My one activity, i.e. writing my new book (on *Ironies and Paradoxes in History and Legend*) has unfortunately been completely suppressed for nearly a year on account of my increasingly poor eyesight (*both* eyes suffering from cataracts; one from glaucoma in addition to that). The right eye operated—a very expensive operation—over 400 US dollars; all I had managed to save in *months* for it. The other eye has to be operated also but I can't tell when. I *cannot* yet get used to the glasses given me and can hardly read even with an enormous magnifying glass and write *without* seeing what I am writing.

**From a letter to Matt Koehl
New Delhi, 25 November 1980**

The French scholar Robert Ambelain wrote a few books that, according to me, every conscious Aryan racist should know about. (And it matters little if Ambelain *himself* is *pro-Jew*, provided his arguments are sound.)

He believes Jesus—the deified man set up as an object of worship to the world—was in reality the eldest son of Juda of Gamala, son of Ezekias, son of a whole series of other “Zealots,” Jewish freedom fighters against the Romans, all of them descendants of *David*, son of Jesse. According to him, *Jesus* was crucified for acts of violence (terrorism) against the Aryan masters of the land of Judea and Galilee, *no spiritual leader whatsoever*. The “spiritual” side of the movement was John the Baptists’ department—as it had been his father’s (Zachariah’s) department in the days of Juda of Gamala (who was killed during the rising of the year 6 AD).

It is—still according to Ambelain—*Paul*—Saul (who is not of Tarsus, but an Idumean of Herod’s family converted to Judaism) who *interpreted* or attempted to interpret the Zealot movement in his own way and make it palatable to the *non-Jews* of the Near East *also* (the followers of the religions of salvation such as that of Mithra, most popular at the time, third and fourth centuries AD, among the Roman legions). Ambelain’s books (in French):

- 1) *Jésus, ou le mortel secret des Templiers*

2) *La vie secreete de Saint Paul*

3) *Les lourds secrets du Golgotha*

Editions R. Laffont—6 place Saint-Sulpice, 75006 PARIS

Do get them if you can. They are *interesting* to the highest point.

From a letter to Matt Koehl

Alix, par Lozanne, France, 7 May 1982

Did you ever hear of that erudite Frenchman Robert Ambelain?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

