

# **VARANGE**



**THE LIFE & THOUGHTS OF  
FRANCIS PARKER  
YOCKEY**

*By K. R. Bolton*

## INTRODUCTION

Francis Parker Yockey is the philosopher of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century in the same world historical manner as Rousseau and Voltaire were the historians of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century; Marx, Freud, Darwin for the 19<sup>th</sup>. In Yockey's *Imperium* the Western Destiny Thinker and activist has the answer to Marx's *Kapital*, and to the myriad tomes of other economic theorists, Freudian analysts, darwinian free-market evolutionists; ghosts of the 19<sup>th</sup> century who have continued to haunt the entirety of the 20<sup>th</sup>, interrupted only by the brief revolutions wrought by Fascism and National Socialism.

Yockey, beginning where Spengler ends, utilises the cyclic analysis of history – the flowering and fall of civilizations in organic manner; to which Yockey added his concept of “culture pathology”, which includes “culture parasitism”, “culture distortion”, and “culture retardation”. These terms refer to the manner various alien intrusions infect the course of a civilization and divert it from its organic destiny or life's course; just as a tree might be stunted from maturity by strangulation from weeds. In the case of Western Civilization, according to Yockey, “culture distorter” is synonymous with the interests pursued by the “Jewish-People-Nation-Culture-State”, whose interests are at variance with that of the host culture. The West's destiny could only be fulfilled if liberated from the grip of the “outer enemy” and the “inner traitor” (the Jewish influence and its Gentile tools respectively). The destiny of which Yockey spoke and wrote was that of Imperium – the Empire of Europe.

Francis Parker Yockey was born in Chicago on 18<sup>th</sup> September, 1917 to Louis and Nellie Yockey, in a family of two sisters and a brother. With an IQ of 170, he was a gifted classical pianist as a lad. Yockey received his B.A. from the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service in 1938, and his degree in law *cum laude* from Notre Dame University of Law in 1941.

Already by 1936 Yockey had developed ideas which he called European “Imperialism”. His ideology was decidedly that of authoritarian nationalism. In 1939 he had written an article for the popular radio priest Charles Coughlin's *Social Justice*, a mass circulation paper with pro-fascist leanings. The article, entitled “The Tragedy of Youth” called for a powerful Christian nationalism among the young to resist Leftist influences and to oppose the entry of the USA into any war fought in Europe against Hitler. A gifted speaker, Yockey spoke at a meeting of William Dudley Pelley's thriving fascist movement, the Silver Shirt Legion of America, in 1939. His 1940 essay, “Life As An Art” displays the broad outline of the ideas he later articulated in his magnum opus *Imperium* – with references to Spengler, Nietzsche, elitism, hierarchy and the Idea of “Western Empire”. In 1942 his acquaintances included Hans Haupt, who was to be executed in the USA during the war as a saboteur; who had attended meetings of the American First Committee (the anti-war lobby) with Yockey's sister Alice.

Despite Yockey's opposition to the war against the Axis, he enlisted in the army and was assigned to a G-2 intelligence unit, undoubtedly to do what he could for the cause of Europe from within. Although missing for two months, (and suspected by the FBI of having been on a spy mission for Germany) Yockey was honourably discharged in 1943.

After setting up a private law practice, Yockey somehow obtained a position with the War Crimes Board, and went to Germany with the US prosecution team to try second string Nazis at Wiesbaden. “Undoubtedly his motive was to help out some of the people on trial”, stated Yockey's principal post-war American colleague, H. Keith Thompson, in a 1986 interview. Yockey defiant, playing German anthems on the piano at the officers club, and after a confrontation with Justice Jackson he was fired. From then on he was marked by the FBI and the various branches of military intelligence, all of whom were to have a difficult time keeping track of Yockey over the course of the next 15 years, accumulating a file of over a thousand pages by the FBI alone.

In 1947 the US Army Counterintelligence Corps raided Yockey's home in Germany, but Yockey had already gone. He turned up next in Ireland, at a remote inn in Brittas Bay, where over the course of six months he completed his magnum opus *Imperium*, under the pseudonym Ulick Varange.

With his unpublished manuscript, Yockey then went to London, where he sought out Sir Oswald Mosley, the pre-war Fascist leader who had returned to politics as leader of the Union Movement advocating a united Europe. Yockey landed a paid job as an organiser for the UM's European Contact Section, enabling him to establish contact with nationalists throughout Europe.

The FBI reported of this time, “Yockey pursued his aim of making extensive contacts through Union Movement and drawing around himself a circle of people.”

His principal contact in UM at this time was Guy Chesham. His primary German contact was Alfred Franke-Kriesche, UM's German adviser and leader of the Bruderschaft, who had cultivated links with Soviet intelligence and who was to disappear on a mission to East Berlin.

With a group of supporters within UM, Yockey began to confront what he saw as Mosley's pro-American and anti-Russian orientation which apparently culminated in physical violence between Yockey and Mosley at a Hyde Park rally. This provided the basis for what an FBI report referred to as “a new political movement with an Eastern orientation – advocating Neutralism and extremist anti-American activity.” This reassessment of Russia's role in Europe, whose policy towards Germany was more conciliatory, and that of the USA's as the most negative influence, was also the same position being pursued by German veterans such as Otto Remer and the Socialist Reich Party, of which more later.

In 1948 Yockey's friends, particularly Baroness Alice von Pflugle, had sufficient funds to publish *Imperium*. The European Liberation Front was founded at the Baroness' home in 1949. During the course of the founding meeting Yockey called for the formation of an underground resistance movement in Germany which would support any future Soviet military action against the USA and the other Allied occupying powers in West Germany. A small newsletter, *Frontfighter* was published for a number of years, continuing to publish Yockey's communiqués, while Yockey travelled Europe and slipped in and out of the USA while intelligence agencies and the FBI unsuccessfully sought to keep tabs on him.

In 1950 Yockey returned to Germany and worked for the American Red Cross until 1951. That year he went to Italy to organise a foreign delegation to the founding congress of the Italian Women's Movement, an auxiliary of the neo-fascist Italian Social Movement, and delivered a speech to the congress. The same year he went to Canada in the company of an Italian fascist, seeking to establish a magazine which would be called *Fourth Front*. They also aimed to assist in the revival of the Canadian fascist movement, Yockey's primary Canadian contact being Adrien Arcand who had led a large pre-war party and had been interned during World War II. Under surveillance, their conversations were reported to the FBI, while the US Consulate General in Montreal recommended Yockey be investigated for subversive activities and his passport canceled.

Sometime in 1950 Yockey managed to fit in a sojourn to the USA where he briefly worked with Gerald L K Smith's Christian Nationalist Party, although his opinion of the Smith movement, and indeed of the “American Right” remained low. According to his colleague H. Keith Thompson, “Yockey knew the U>S> for the cesspool it was and is. He had no respect for it or for any of its petty politicians... he was particularly contemptuous of the American ‘right-wing’, because he'd had first-hand experience in the Smith organisation...”

In 1951 Yockey was approached by a member of the McCarthy movement, and an appointment was arranged with the anti-Communist Senator who was keen to have Yockey write a speech for him, for which Yockey would be paid.

H. Keith Thompson, a veteran activist who had been involved with the German-American Bund and America First movement prior to the war and had worked for German intelligence, first met Yockey in 1952. Yockey and Thompson were introduced by the German nationalist Frederick Weiss, a veteran of World War I who had served on the Kaiser's High Command and had come to the USA soon after the war. Thompson's initial impression of Yockey was as “a very pleasant young man, quite intense”, and strongly anti-American.

Thompson introduced Yockey to George Sylvester Viereck, the famous German-American poet and author who had once been described as Germany's foremost propagandist in the USA.

Among Viereck's influential social circle Yockey met such notables as revisionist historians Charles Callan Tansill and Harry Elmer Barnes, at dinners hosted by Thompson.

Thompson's main activity at this time was as a registered foreign agent for Gen. Otto Remer's Socialist Reich Party, and as a lobbyist for Remer's release from jail. Yockey joined Thompson in his efforts on behalf of Remer, (having met Remer in Germany) who was impressed by Yockey's *Imperium* (as was German air ace Hans Rudel). Yockey, unknown to authorities, was registered under the name of Feank Healy in his capacity as an agent for the SRP.

In 1952 Thompson and Yockey sent a letter to US Secretary of State Dean Acheson on behalf of their Committee for International Justice, urging US intervention for the release of the so-called "war criminals" and the cessation of Gen. Remer's harassment. Large segments of the letter are unmistakably Yockey's style:

*"The German National Socialist movement was only one form, and a provisional form at that, of the great, irresistible movement which expresses the Spirit of our Age, the Resurgence of Authority. This movement is the affirmation of all the cultural drives and human instincts which liberalism, democracy, and communism deny.*

*"The Resurgence of Authority has both its inner and its outer aspect. The inner has been touched upon in the previous paragraph. Its outer aspect is the creation of the European Imperium-State-Nation, and therefore the reassertion of Europe's historically ordained role, that of the colonizing and organising force of the entire world.. This role is historically necessary and no other force in the world can be substituted for Europe in this mighty Destiny... Either Europe brings peace and order to the world, or else the world will remain in darkness and chaos. "*

Gen. Remer was upheld as the representative of "this great mission."

Yockey's main literary outlet while in the USA was the bulletins issued by James Madole of the National Renaissance Party, written under Weiss' name. Around this time the FBI noted a marked shift in Weiss' former anti-Soviet attitude, Weiss being seen to "favour the Soviet viewpoint to some extent", and it was thought Weiss might be receiving Soviet financial support. The FBI was also aware that Weiss' writings at this time were in fact penned by Yockey.

In 1952 Yockey returned to Europe, carrying messages from Thompson to Remer and the Socialist Reich Party. That year, Thompson states, "While in East Germany, Yockey was fascinated by the trial of former Czech Communist leaders on treason charges, which he considered an important change." Eleven of these were Jews, described by the authorities as being "Zionists" and "Zionist adventurers". For Yockey the "Prague Treason Trials" were significant, marking a symbolic revolt by the Soviets against Jewish influence. He was to write a lengthy essay "What Is Behind The Hanging of the Eleven Jews in Prague", outlining the thesis.

According to Thompson, Yockey told him he served as a courier for Czech intelligence during the 1950s. It is not surprising, considering the Russian alliance both Yockey and Remer's SRP were advocating, in order to put a wedge in American hegemony over Europe. In turn, Russia was interested in embarrassing West Germany by supporting fascist movements, and a symbiotic relationship resulted. Yockey was also supportive of the various Third World authoritarian regimes emerging to challenge American world hegemony and Zionism, He had a favourable attitude toward Castro, visiting Cuba and having some association with a government connected journalist named Rodrigues. (He spoke of the rise of the Third World regimes in his final essay "The World in Flames" shortly before his death).

Returning to New York from Prague Yockey briefed Thompson and Weiss on the situation behind the Iron Curtain, the apparent shift in Soviet policy influencing others on the "Right", principally Madole and the American Catholic anti-Zionist paper *Common Sense*; although most of the American Right, from conservatives to Nazis continued to parrot the Establishment anti-Soviet, Cold War line.

In July and August 1953 the FBI was reporting that Yockey had turned up in Cairo, writing anti-Zionist propaganda for the Egyptian Government of Nasser, with whom Gen. Remer was now closely associated.

Yockey's luck in alluding the authorities finally ran out in 1960, quite by chance. Re-entering the USA in June he proceeded to the house of a Jewish friend, Alex Scharf, who greatly admired Yockey's intellect, but whose precise association remains unknown, at least as far as this writer can ascertain. Yockey had lost a suitcase and had phoned the airport seeking its whereabouts. In the meantime however airline employees and opened the case and found three fraudulent passports, informing authorities. On 8 June FBI agents raided Scharf's home and found Yockey. He resisted, slamming a door on an agent's hand, escaping briefly but being caught in the street.

US Commissioner Joseph Karesh, a rabbi, set Yockey an exceptionally high bail, \$50,000, apparently with instructions from Washington. While the FBI initially claimed to the press that this was a "mystery case", and the headlines blazed forth with headlines about the "mystery man" with three passports, he was soon being described by the press as a "significant Fascist with international connections". The Zionist intelligence and smear-mongering network, the Anti-Defamation League, described Yockey as being "as important a world figure in fascism as we now know."

Determined to deny Yockey the dignity of a trial, The System decided to railroad Yockey into a mental asylum, as they had done with America's greatest cultural figure, Ezra Pound for his support of fascism and opposition to plutocracy.

With no outlook beyond humiliation, incarceration in an asylum as a madman, buried and forgotten, possibly lobotomised, and concerned above all about the future of those who had remained loyal to him, Yockey took his life with cyanide on 17 June, 1960.

The press noted "the US Attorney's office were left holding a top-secret file on Yockey and no Yockey to prosecute"; a file "loaded with dynamite" as one agent put it.

Thus Yockey entered immortality as the premier philosopher of Western Destiny, the first martyr for the European Imperium of the coming Century. His works will remain a lasting legacy, the foundation upon which a revived Pan-Europa will be constructed, if there indeed is to be a future for Europe, and hence the world, or a new Dark Age of chaos and destruction.

In this volume we are proud to be able to resurrect from oblivion works, including original typewritten Yockey MSS, which have lain buried for decades, some possibly published here for the first time, providing the Western Destiny Thinker and activist with new insights into Yockey's Idea – the Idea of Imperium Europa.

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 NEW ZEALAND

## 3 Passports: Mystery Man Seized

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They refused to reveal the names on the other two passports; but all three bore Yockey's own photograph, they said.

The airline notified the FBI, which sent agents to return the bag to Yockey on Monday at the Oakland address of his friend, Yockey tried to flee, FBI Agent Edward Cunningham said at yesterday's bail hearing before U. S. Commissioner Joseph Karesh.

FBI agent Robert Leonard tried to restrain Yockey, Cunningham said, but Yockey eluded him—and slammed a door violently on Leonard's restraining hand, gash-

ing it so badly many stitches day's bail hearing twice—were required to close the cut, Yockey fled from the house, but agents recaptured him in the street outside.

Heid on a temporary charge of failing to have registered for the draft, Yockey was transferred to custody in San Francisco yesterday on a passport fraud charge filed by State Department agents.

FBI agents said Yockey claims to be a writer, but won't give any address. When agents first sought to question him Monday, they said, he gave his name as Richard Hatch.

Yockey interrupted yesterday's bail hearing.

Assistant U. S. Attorney William P. Clancy Jr. had explained that the high bail was necessary "because of the unusual circumstances of this case." (His office later told reporters that the staff had been instructed "by Washington" not to discuss the case further.)

Commissioner Karesh said he would continue the bail hearing at 10 a. m. today.

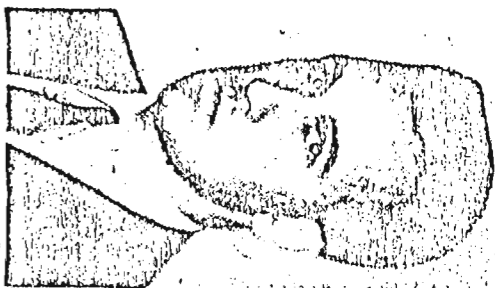
At one point in yesterday's proceedings he made it clear he was as puzzled as anyone else by the unusual case.

"I don't know what you may have in your minds," he cautioned the Government agents, "but to justify this kind of bail, you're going to have to make a case—on the record."

State Department officials here said that the passport bearing the name "Brice-man" showed its holder had traveled extensively in England, Germany and Belgium.

At the time of his arrest, Yockey had \$2300 in cash in his pockets and was also carrying press credentials from a German magazine, they said—credentials bearing his own picture but still another alias.

Richard Auerbach, special agent in charge of the FBI here, said last night: "You think it's a mystifying case? Well, we just wish we knew more about it, too."



FRANCIS P. YOCKEY  
Just one of his names

## Mystery Man Seized With 3 Passports

A 47-year-old man of many names was held here yesterday in a passport-fraud case that apparently baffled even the FBI and the State Department.

Pure chance brought his arrest. His suitcase had gone astray and airline employees seeking to identify it found it contained three different passports—all with the same photograph.

He was booked as Francis Parker Yockey, a cum laude law graduate of Notre Dame, and held here while Federal officials sought to have an exceptionally high bail of \$50,000 set. "There are lots of unanswered questions, and we want to be sure he'll be around to answer them," one official said.

### ESCAPE TRY

He had already made one violent attempt to escape when first being questioned at the home of an unidentified friend in Oakland, FBI agents reported.

The case of the straying suitcase began on Sunday when Yockey arrived in Oakland to visit his friend—unnamed because FBI agents believe he was not involved in any fraud.

Yockey discovered one bag was missing from his luggage, and telephoned the airline. Airline employees in Fort Worth, Texas, meanwhile, had found the missing bag and opened it to identify it.

### PASSPORTS

Inside were three passports. One, issued to Edward Max Price in Salinas in 1954, had been altered later to read "Edward Max Brice-man," FBI agents and State Department officials said.

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# Yockey & The Press

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## Bail Plea Delayed

# Passport Suspect Called 'Top Fascist'

Francis Parker Yockey, mysterious collector of spurious passports, was described here yesterday as a "significant Fascist with international connections."

Yockey, 43, held under \$50,000 bail for passport fraud, was so classified by Stanley Jacobs, regional director of the Anti-Defamation League.

He was one of the several unofficial observers yesterday at Yockey's stormy hearing before U. S. Commissioner Joseph Karesh.

Jacobs said Yockey is considered "as important a world figure in fascism as we now know."

### GRAND JURY

Assistant U. S. Attorney William P. Clancy Jr. said the Yockey case will be given to the Federal Grand Jury later this month.

In the meantime, Clancy said, the Government will file a request tomorrow that the U. S. District Court order a psychiatric examination for Yockey.

Karesh may join in the motion, basing his request on Yockey's behavior in hearings before him.

Yockey's lawyer, Carl Hoppe, came into court yesterday, prepared to ask a reduction in bail. Action, however, was postponed until this morning to enable a new lawyer to enter the tangled case.

### PATENT ATTORNEY

Hoppe, a patent attorney, said he wished to withdraw in favor of a lawyer with criminal experience.

Present during yesterday's



FRANCIS PARKER YOCKEY AND HIS SISTERS  
He visited with Mrs. William Coyne (center) and Alice Spurlock.

hearing was Emmet F. Haggerty, who may represent Yockey during future hearings.

Yockey, whose name has been closely linked with numerous neo-Nazi organizations, and whose many passports under assumed names suggested international intrigue, was arrested last week on a charge of passport fraud after his suitcase went astray

in Fort Worth, Texas. The suitcase was found to contain three false passports, all carrying Yockey's picture but phony names.

Yockey complained during yesterday's proceedings that he had been refused permission to see his two sisters, Alice Spurlock, hospital X-ray technician in Gilroy, and Mrs. William Coyne of Bethesda, Md.

The Commissioner recessed court for 40 minutes to allow Yockey to confer with his sisters in the Marshal's office.

Yockey was asked during the recess whether he had traveled extensively in Russia in 1957, and the questioning reporter was dismissed with the order: "Get out of here, you filthy swine."

# Passport Fraud Mystery Unfolds; Fascist Links

A long background involving activity with extreme right-wing political groups in the United States and Europe began to emerge yesterday in the case of the mysterious Francis Parker Yockey.

He appeared briefly before United States Commissioner Joseph Karesh at 10:30 a. m. and had his hearing set over until 10:30 a. m. Monday.

Yockey's service record shows he was born in 1917 in Michigan. He graduated cum laude from Notre Dame and attended a number of U. S. universities. He was honorably discharged from the Army in 1943 with a medical disability. The discharge carried the notation "dementia praecox, paranoid type."

Stanley Jacobs of the Anti-Defamation League here said their files showed Yockey had appeared with Gerald L. K. Smith, head of the Christian Nationalist Party, in St. Louis in 1950.

He said he is author of "Imperium," a book published in London which Yockey described as "a master thesis of Fascist strategy based on three principles: anti-Americanism, a neutral Germany, avoidance of anti-Russian activity."

Columnist Drew Pearson wrote of him in 1954. He identified him as one of three known U. S. agents for Rudolph Aschenauer, a neo-Nazi of Frankfurt, Germany. He said Yockey wrote under the name of Ulick Varange.

Yockey is known to have used the aliases of Francis Downey, Frenz Yockey, Franz Downey, Frank Healy and Frank Downey.

U. S. Assistant Attorney W. P. Clancy Jr. said he could be charged with making false statements to obtain a passport and with assault on a Federal officer.

Yockey was arrested by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation Monday at the home of Alex Scharf, former director of education for the Temple Beth Abraham in Oakland.

Scharf was not available to explain why Yockey should be in his home. His guest was picked up after his luggage had gone astray and wound up in an airport in Fort Worth, Texas.

Employees opened the luggage and found three passports—one American, one Canadian and one British—seven birth certificates and a set of German press credentials.

When arrested Yockey tried to escape. He slammed a door on the hand of FBI agent Robert Leonard. It required 20 stitches to sew up the wound.

Since then he has been held in lieu of \$50,000 bail while authorities attempted to discover the pattern of his life and the reason he was carrying \$2300 in cash and \$850 in traveler's checks with him.

"We are interested in where he gets his money," Clancy said. "We know he has been associated with some anti-Semitic groups and that he is engaged in a systematic and well-planned operation in passports."

In his appearance before Karesh, Yockey was stiff and angry.

"This is practically assault and battery," he told Karesh.

He braced himself and folded his hands as the commissioner talked with his lawyer, Carl Hoppe, about a continuance pending the arrival of his sister.

She is Mrs. William D. Coyne, wife of a Navy commander of Bethesda, Md.

Hoppe said he needed time to discuss the entire situation with Mrs. Coyne and he asked if she could visit Yockey, 47, in jail today.

"You want an order for Saturday for your boy?" asked Karesh.

"I beg your pardon," Yockey snapped. "I'm no boy."

"Young man, then?" purred Karesh.

"No, no young man either," said Yockey.

"Then, defendant," said Karesh. "I think we can agree on that. I'll see you Monday."

# Passport Case: Insanity Plea Hinted

Continued from Page 1

gagé. Yockey phoned the airline.

## FORT WORTH

Meanwhile, the suitcase turned up in Fort Worth, and an airline official opened it to identify the owner. Inside were three passports. Though each bore a different name, Yockey's photo was on all three.

The FBI arrested him in Oakland after he had injured an agent in an attempt to escape. Yockey, 47, was identified by fingerprints on his service record.

State Department officials here said yesterday that Yockey had been a War Department employee in Europe in 1946, and other sources reported he was active at that time in the Nuernberg war crimes trials in Germany but was fired.

## PRO-NAZI

A friend and former classmate of Yockey told The Chronicle last night that Yockey had been "a pro-Nazi" while attending Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., in 1937-38.

Georgetown University confirmed that Yockey had attended its School of For-



Francis P. Yockey stalked out of court followed by deputy marshal James Cumerford

eign Service as a member of the class of 1939 but had withdrawn before completing the course. His hometown at that time was listed as Roxana, Ill.

He was known to have practiced law in Illinois at one time and to have served as an assistant district attorney in Detroit.

Yockey, glowering and silent, appeared before U. S. Commissioner Joseph Karesh

at 10:30 a.m. yesterday, ostensibly to plead for a reduction in the \$50,000 bail demanded by the Government.

With him was Attorney Hoppe—a specialist in patent and copyright law.

"I'd like to have Mr. Yockey examined by a psychiatrist to determine whether he is sane," Hoppe told Commissioner Karesh.

Yockey erupted in a sibilant, resounding whisper: "That's a dirty trick!"

Then he spoke clearly: "I'm sorry—I'd like to dismiss the attorney. This comes as a complete surprise to me."

Karesh allowed a 20-minute recess so Hoppe could confer further with his client. As Yockey and the attorney left for their conference, Yockey again muttered "It's a dirty trick," and spat on the floor.

Attorney J. W. Ehrlich, present with Hoppe and Hoppe's associate Victor lobe, told reporters "I talked to Mr. Yockey at Mr. Hoppe's request, but I'm not associated with the defense."

After the private conference between Yockey and his attorneys Hoppe and Victor

lobe, Hoppe asked Karesh to continue the hearing—ostensibly called to determine whether \$50,000 bail was too high—to 10:30 a. m. today.

"I'm now pressing my motion to reduce bail, and I'm not now pressing my motion for an examination by an alienist," Hoppe explained. "I want to confer further with Mr. Yockey."

Karesh asked Yockey if he agreed that Hoppe should continue to represent him, and Yockey nodded. Karesh thereupon continued the hearing until this morning.

## Insanity Plea In Passport Case Hinted

Francis Parker Yockey, the man of many names held here on Federal charges, may have been operating an illegal passport factory, a Federal prosecutor said yesterday.

Yockey's own attorney, Carl Hoppe, insisted at first that the only problem was that his client was insane—but he later withdrew that suggestion pending further private conversations.

Assistant U. S. Attorney William P. Clancy Jr. told newsmen yesterday that Yockey had used at least 15 aliases during "what appears to be a systematic and well-planned operation in passports; the purpose of which we do not know."

Yockey's trouble began Sunday—accidentally. He arrived in Oakland to visit a friend and found that a bag was missing from his lug-

See Page 4, Col. 1

## Passport Defendant

# Mystery Man Yockey Kills Self In S. F. Jail Cell

By Tom Mathews

Neo-Nazi Francis P. Yockey took a leaf from the notebook of Hermann Goering, Hitler's air marshal, and poisoned himself in jail yesterday.

He left behind him a furious set of Federal officials and a note defying anyone to find out who supplied him with the cyanide he used to end his life.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, the State Department and the United States Attorney's office were left holding a top-secret file on Yockey and no Yockey to prosecute.

The file arrived last Wednesday. One official said it was "loaded with dynamite."

Yockey, 43, was arrested

June 6 for investigation of passport fraud. FBI agents caught up with him when he checked on a suitcase that had gone astray during a plane flight.

The suitcase contained three false passports, German press credentials and seven birth certificates.

Agents found him in the apartment of Alex Scharf, 465 Bellevue avenue, Oakland. Scharf, a former teacher at the Temple Beth Abraham school, immediately disappeared.

He has been subpoenaed by the Federal Grand Jury but so far has not turned up.

A warrant for arrest of Scharf was issued late yesterday.

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# Mystery Man Kills Self

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Saturday, June 18, 1960  
San Francisco Chronicle

## U. S. Agents Probe Death in Jail Cell

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terday afternoon. Bail was set at \$5000.

The mysterious aspect of the case was compounded by Yockey's behavior and by the insistence of authorities that he be held in the surprising high bail of \$50,000.

Yockey began talking of suicide the day he was arrested. He made one elaborate escape attempt. In his court appearances his grandiose manner and contempt for proceedings led to an order for a psychiatric examination.

The U. S. Assistant Attorney William P. Clancey would say of Yockey only that he seemed to be dealing in passports and that current information showed him to have traveled exten-

sively in Europe. Stanley Jacobs of the Anti-Defamation League was more specific. He said Yockey was associated with the top figures in extreme right-wing and anti-Semitic movements.

Yockey is known to have been closely connected with the resurgent Nazi movement in West Germany.

### THE POISON

Somehow he obtained the poison crystals he used Thursday night. Just as Goering, the No. 2 Nazi, did at Nuernberg hours before he was to be hanged in 1945, Yockey used potassium cyanide.

No one knows how he got it. He played checkers with his fellow inmate, Adam Nieman, a mapmaker of 1703 Arcadia street, until lights were turned out in their County Jail cell at 9 p. m.

Nieman, then held on charges of grand theft which were dismissed yesterday, said Yockey gave signs of what was in his mind during the evening.

"He told me he was the No. 1 leader of some sort of organization," Nieman said. "He said he had knowledge of people he loved and he thought he'd be forced to reveal it."

"The night before he discussed killing himself with heavy weights on his throat. The last remark he made to me was, 'You'll sleep all night, of course.'"

"After lights were out he kept looking over the edge of the bunk at me. I got quite concerned but finally I fell asleep."

### FOUND IN MORNING

Apparently that was what Yockey had been waiting for. He took his capsule. His body was found at 7:25 a. m., rigid on the bed, hands folded across his chest. He still had his boots on.

Tucked into the folds of a blanket he used for a pillow was the following note:

"I shall write no messages which I know will never be delivered—only this, which will be:

"You will never discover who helped me, for he is to be found in your own multitudinous ranks, at least outwardly."

### MOUTH SEARED

Jail Superintendent Frank Smith at first reported Yockey had died of natural causes. Closer examination showed the inside of his mouth and throat were seared as one might expect from swallowing cyanide.

The news brought Sheriff Matt Carberry bustling to the jail.

"We heard he was plan-

I shall write no messages which I know will never be delivered—only this, which will be:

You will never discover who helped me, for he is to be found in your own multitudinous ranks, at least outwardly.

Francis Yockey's last note, written before he swallowed cyanide



FRANCIS P. YOCKEY  
Final defiance

of this, or her husband: Lieutenant Commander or Mrs. William D. Coyne, Bethesda, Md.

"I thank you, Francis Yockey," Mrs. Coyne viewed the body in the coroner's office with Emmet F. Hagerty, Yockey's attorney.

Yockey's epitaph was provided by an acquaintance and admirer, Willis Carto, secretary of the Congress of Freedom here and founder of the San Francisco Conservative Republican Headquarters set up during the GOP convention here in 1956. Carto visited Yockey in jail June 10.

"Although I do not agree with all his ideas, I feel he was an authentic, creative genius I feel that those individuals who are responsible for driving him to his death should feel a great sense of guilt."

"The world has lost a great man whose ideas will be remembered until Western civilization is exterminated," Carto said.

ning suicide or escape last Tuesday," he said. "We moved him from an upper tier to Cell 20 on the ground floor where he could be watched constantly by the guard on duty."

"I'm satisfied that sufficient precautions were taken."

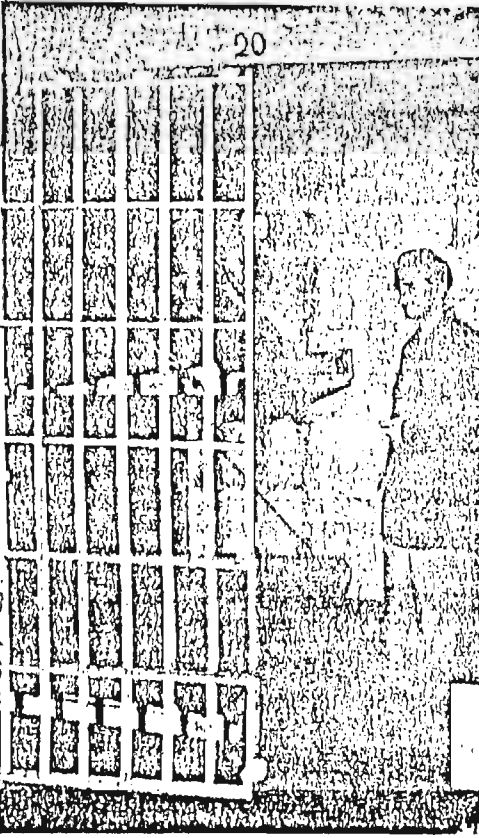
Sheriff Carberry's satisfaction was not shared by Clancey, James B. Cavanaugh, special agent for the security division of the State Department, or a handful of agents of the FBI who had been working on the case.

Grim-faced, they all showed up at the jail and tried to find out how their man had cheated justice and deprived them of possible information.

The investigation itself was taken up by the Homicide Bureau of the Police Department, and by Carberry.

In Yockey's personal effects left with the jailer a second note was found. It was addressed to Keith G. Teeter, an FBI agent. It read:

"My dear Mr. Teeter: I ask you, as a favor, in the name of humanity, which we share, to notify my sister



Adam Nieman, Yockey's cellmate, in suicide cell

★ Constitution

★ Freedom

★ Nationalism

No. 59, August, 1960

# RIGHT

What has caused greater suffering than the follies of the compassionate?  
—Friedrich Nietzsche

THE NATIONAL JOURNAL OF FORWARD-LOOKING AMERICANISM

## ADL CLOSURES ITS FILE ON YOCKEY

### Creative Genius Driven to Suicide

Frustrated and driven to despair, bounded and persecuted like a wild beast, deserted and ignored by the easy-living cowards for whom he had fought so hard—a great creative genius committed suicide in the San Francisco County Jail on Thursday night, June 16.

The man was Francis Parker Yockey. Born in a mid-Western Catholic family in Chicago in 1917, Yockey displayed astounding gifts early in life and his wondering parents determined to give him the 'best education' they could. He attended American colleges, graduating cum laude from Harvard in 1941.

He was a talented pianist. He was a gifted writer. But most of all, Yockey was a philosopher.

Although strongly anti-war, Yockey joined the army. He never went overseas and was given an honorable (medical) discharge in 1943. In 1944 he went to work as assistant county attorney in Detroit. He soon applied for a position with the "war crimes" tribunal and easily landed a job. But it was too much for his sense of justice. He became nauseated with the crooked and illegal procedures being followed and, in an angry exchange with Justice Jackson, quit.

"This was the turning point in his life, for Jackson immediately reported Yockey's attitude to his superiors. Back in New York's bustling offices of the Anti-Defamation League, a new file was opened. The name on it was, "Yockey, Francis Parker."

### WRITES HIS MASTERPIECE

Now Yockey travelled in Europe. At first he tried to work with various European nationalist groups which advocated European unification. But he was resented for his superior intellect. At last he decided to

put his thoughts down on paper, convinced that only his dynamic philosophy of Cultural Vitalism could save the White race. So he went to Brittas Bay, Ireland in 1948. Isolated, he wrote Imperium, using the pen name of Ulick Varange.

This task took him six months. Incredibly, in spite of the vast learning the book displays, he did not need to use any references while writing it!

Imperium is a book which will live a thousand years. It is a deeply spiritual study of the organic culture, viewed from the standpoint of the necessity of Western survival.

### YOCKEY MUST BE DESTROYED

From the moment of publication of this book, his doom was sealed. For it must have become apparent to international Jewry at that time that Yockey had to be destroyed and his book suppressed at all costs. The file in the ADL labelled "Yockey" was now stamped "Priority!"

After a disappointing trip to the U.S., Yockey returned to Europe in 1951. This was when he wrote to an American: "I can't take it any longer. People are so dumb and our own patriots are so divided and can't grasp the danger we are in."

By now, the federal government had been impressed into the service of the ADL and it began systematic, world-wide persecution of Yockey. This finally became unbearable; Yockey dropped completely out of sight. Back in the U.S., the FBI questioned hundreds of people at a cost of an unknown thousands of dollars. A few people asked the FBI why they were so interested in this anti-Communist, whose only crime had been to write a book. The FBI would sometimes answer that Yockey was suspected of heading an "international conspiracy" against the government. This stupid excuse was the best the ADL could devise to justify their inhuman treatment of Yockey. In the meantime, Yockey apparently resorted to fake names and passports—anything to escape the mad dogs on his trail.



YOCKEY

**CAUGHT AND CAGED**

His movements in Europe from 1951 to 1960 are unknown. Most of his friends believed he must have been killed. But on June 9, 1960 the San Francisco Bay Area papers screamed the headline news that a "mysterious stranger" had been picked up in Oakland on June 6 with three passports! The FBI, State and Justice Departments were intensely interested, it was reported. He was held for \$50,000 bail. His name? *Francis Parker Yockey!*

From the start, the affair was headline news in San Francisco. But it was all efficiently suppressed in other sections of the country.

Next began a fantastic series of illegalities and violations of due process of law unparalleled in the U.S. since the Atlanta synagogue bombing, when five youths were almost "legally" lynched for bombing a synagogue actually bombed by an agent of the ADL. (All this was reported in RIGHT 38, 39, 40, 41, 42.) Here are a few of the illegalities and civil rights violations that Yockey suffered: (1) The FBI arrested him without a warrant, violating the 4th Amendment. (2) His bail was set at \$50,000 by Judge Joseph Karesh, an ordained rabbi. (At one time Karesh said he wished it was \$150,000.) The 8th Amendment bars excessive bail. Normal bail for passport fraud—the only charge against him—is \$5,000. (3) He suffered cruel and unusual punishment in the County Jail. (4) The papers accused him of doing things he never did and saying things he never said, whipping up public hatred and ridicule of him. (5) He was denied interviews with friends and even his sisters had to receive special and begrudging permission to see him.

**PUNISHMENT**

His first attorney, a well-meaning but ignorant patent lawyer—a friend of the family—pulled the biggest boner. Having had two relatives "cured" in insane asylums, and unable to comprehend a man with an intellect infinitely superior to his own, he suggested to rabbi Karesh that Yockey needed a mental examination. This was the chance that rabbi Karesh was looking for. "The merits of the case have nothing to do with it," he agreed, "This man needs a mental examination."

*In an effort to justify these and other brazen illegalities, and trying to whip up public ignorance of the Yockey affair, Stanley Jacobs, official of the San Francisco Anti-Defamation League, publicly branded Yockey a "top fascist" who was "pro-Russian and anti-American." He was widely quoted.*

Then another bombshell. It was revealed that the friend at whose home Yockey was captured was Alex Scharf, former Auschwitz prisoner who had escaped the "gas chambers." Mystified reporters wondered how "anti-Semite" Yockey could have a confirmed Semite for a friend. The ADL had no answer.

2 As Yockey lay on his cot in jail, he must have considered his predicament as objectively as he could. The pattern had now become clear; his fate was planned. *No jury trial was to be allowed.* He had counted on a jury trial. Instead, he was to be declared insane and indefinitely held. He could expect unending grilling—mental torture and perhaps physical torture, too, and finally . . . a frontal lobotomy; his mind sterilized. Worst of all, he thought, there is the public scorn. For a man like Yockey, ridicule was unbearable.

What hope had he? No newspapers outside of San Francisco were carrying the story. He was denied elementary civil rights that every Communist received. No one seemed to care; he was cut off from the outside, lonely, forgotten.

**ESCAPE**

He still had a trump card. Should he use it? He could escape his persecutors this way, and cheat them of their feast. In any event, he had made his contribution to the world with his book. His suicide would attract some attention; perhaps some people would wonder why a man would die for his beliefs and investigate by reading his book!

He made his decision, and his jaw set. He turned toward his cellmate and cryptically said, "I'll sleep through 'til morning."

*The lights went out at nine, that Thursday evening. In the dark he felt for the hidden capsule. Yes, it was still there. Potassium cyanide is very quick.*

**ANTHEM**

The following morning his sister was told. With a heart full of agony she murmured, "He felt that he was not going to receive a fair trial . . . and he was right. Now—all of that talent and brilliance—gone!"

Although the tragic death of Francis Parker Yockey has enabled the ADL to finally close its bulky file on him, it is Pyrrhic victory. For his death has made Yockey a martyr to the ideas for which he sacrificed his entire life, and these ideas would not die if there were a thousand ADLs. They will live on, rooted and nourished now in an ever-increasing number of minds until the outcome of the final battle of the Western world either assures them of everlasting triumph or obliteration.

The world already owes a great debt to Francis Parker Yockey. Let his noble life be an example to inspire our own nobility and his tragic death be a rebuke to our own cowardice and guilt. And let his watching spirit witness our perpetual and increased hostility towards the "inner enemy" which, by killing Yockey, gives birth to a brighter fire of self-sacrifice for ourselves.

*Oh God, may his great, troubled soul, purged now of the self-assumed burden of responsibility he bore, at last find the peace and rest he never thought of seeking in life.*

**OSWALD SPENGLER**

*The philosopher-historian whose DECLINE OF THE WEST was a seminal influence on Yockey*



## LIFE AS AN ART

written, December 1940, in South Bend, Indiana

Life has been said to be an art, the greatest of the arts. But it is immaterial to the vast impersonal directedness which we attempt to conjure under the name of Destiny whether we regard life as an art, a task, a burden, or whether we trouble to objectify it at all. Destiny's purpose (thus human-like to personify not only all other things discerned, but even Destiny which is only felt) is merely that the form impressed be unfolded. It is sublimely unconcerned with its divine counterpart, the Soul of Man, which tortures and frustrates itself -- on the individual plane -- with first one and then another picture of Life. Always the living tries to regard Life, and never is Life other than it is/ by reason thereof.

even the superpersonal, endowed with the Destiny that is the hallmark of the living, taking up into itself the lives of generations and nations, evinces complete indifference toward the outcome of the problems it poses. Mystery, with its many volumes and its one page, carries this message to the man of comprehension. It is well enough for man to invent an ethic which will obtain for its brief period and over its brief territory: the inward force of life - Destiny - will make sure that this temporary ethic will in no case interfere with the necessity of Life's course of happening. If we wished, we might speak of an ethic of Life, for it ~~is~~ is surely one of the privileges of man, securely imprisoned by Life, that he can contradict himself in a harmless way.

Confer comprehension on the unfolding rosebud -- does it matter to its process of actualization that the rosebud knows its destiny? Will it become any the less a full-blown rose that it remembers the content and significance of its unfolding? In the same way proceeds the actualization of the ontonic-divine creature called man. Even such an inorganic thinker as Schopenhauer saw that one could never change his character.

# Yockey Archives

## Essays, MSS, Notes

- ◆ Life As An Art (December 1940)
- ◆ Thoughts (distilled from Memorandi June 1950, October 1953)
- ◆ XXth Century Metaphysics
- ◆ Culture (December 1953)
- ◆ Thoughts - Personal & Superpersonal

Out of a hovering chiaroscuro of metaphysics and ethics emerge two great actualities of Life. We must live and we must regard Life. It is probably not Life which makes these demands, but it is not for us to understand, but only to see the necessary and to do it. The setting sun, which each day marks the end of another recapitulation of the life of this man, that man, the sum of men, the world and the universe of stars, is the best background for the probing after explanations, and the man in whom the pulse of life beats strongly will confine his questioning to the evening twilight. Life permits us to ask questions as the arc is about to close on itself, when the entirety of any one set of possibilities -- whether those of one day, or those of one's life -- have been realized, but we will betide him who mistakes high noon for sunset!

We must regard Life -- that is, entirely unawares Life demands of its rarer products, the men of comprehension, to set off whose rarity the others exist at all, that they conduct their conscious acts on the basis of a picture of Life. In some cases the process of finding the correct picture occupies the whole life course of a man. This is the philosopher. But Life is not a background for philosophers -- philosophers can only discern the problems. Men of action bring the solutions -- and the solutions are the deeds themselves. The course of superpersonal happening is just as inevitable as the expression of its possibilities by the unfolding rosebud.

Within the men of action, deepest phenomenon of becoming, occurs the free will in the service of the destined. Freedom and necessity -- to men this must remain a contradiction that they are free to do the necessary.

The question here is: what picture of Life is most suitable for the man of action?

It would be absurd to attempt to place my selection of such a picture on any other basis than that of taste -- taste being in the last resort the true basis of even the most highly rationalized and mechanized philosophies. xig

Higher men and lower men -- the few called to rule and the masses born in order that the higher men may actualize a grander destiny -- differ in spirituality so much that they cannot be comprehended otherwise than as two different species. In all reverence it can be said that the lower men rely on God and the higher men on themselves. This basic natural hierarchy is the fundament upon which rests all practical philosophy of human nature. It must therefore be definitively set forth.

THERE ARE TWO SPECIES OF MAN \*\* AS DIFFERENT IN SPIRITUALITY AS LIONS AND LAMBS. THEIR WHOLE MANNER OF EXPERIENCING LIFE, OF NOURISHING THEMSELVES IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE, OF FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF LIFE, OF SOLVING INWARDLY THE PROBLEM WHICH LIFE PRESENTS, THE RESULTING PICTURES OF LIFE \*\*\* ALL ARE TOTALLY DIFFERENT.

In each case the method of higher men is the inversion of the method that the lower men pursue. Lower men live in continual fear, and this fear, metaphysical and physical, dominates their whole life-outlook. Their world must be freed of chaos, and, in a high Culture, the primeval beginnings in a great religious awakening and a patriarchal organization of society testify both to the individual and the superpersonal fear of the tremendous inanimate world, the world of upheavals and catastrophes, of dim, mysterious, unaccountable non-ego. Every subsequent development in the social and religious aspects of a High Culture conceal this same fear and its concomitant desire to be free from fear by conjuring the

world-around. The development of religion through the supremacy of philosophy to the final degeneration in free science is the story of the seeking by lower men for inward security -- for protection in their weaknesses against the unknown. Correspondingly society from its patriarchal origin through the complexities attendant on the growth of cities and the money organization of life down to the present demand for "social security" has always been premised at any one moment on the need of the weak -- the lower men -- for external and inner security.

The higher men, however, unable to attain the herd-like comfort of lower men, filled inwardly with a rushing clamor which must find expression, find their significance and their temporary satisfaction in grand creativeness -- literary, musical, philosophic, religious, technical, or greater than all these, the creativeness of deeds. Higher men themselves are the servants of culture in that the style of their creativeness is fixed for them in advance by the accident of their birth which places them in that or that cultural epoch. Thus great technical achievements, acknowledged by the age as supreme, there were not in Gothic times. No more is the greatness in the arts of form today, hence no higher men, but only weaklings and jealous inferiors are uncreatively at work in those arts today. In the age when Western philosophy was at its peak of grandeur, one is not surprised to find one of the most perfect higher men as the philosopher, Goethe. But regardless of the cultural stage, high politics is always appropriate, and so for the past thousand years of the Western Culture, there has been a continuous succession of higher men in the supreme field of high politics. From Frederick II, Rainald van Dassel and Barbarossa, through Wallenstein, Oxenstierna, Richelieu, Pitt the younger, Napoleon, Metternich, Bismarck, Hitler, politics has chosen from the higher men, regardless of the drain that other fields of high creativeness made on the precious blood of the Western nations. Politics, by usurping the pages of the volumes of history, has shown thereby its commanding position in human cultural creativeness. One and all, from Richard Plantagenet to Mussolini, from Torquemada to Spengler, higher men have each had the same deep, unspoken feeling of the mission. The smaller men, filled perforce with venomous jealousy of anything so forceful and carefree, so sure of itself, have always described this feeling of the higher natures as vanity, and the consequent reverence that higher men feel for themselves as egomania.

This it is that distinguishes the higher natures -- they have reverence for themselves; their own souls contain to them something precious which must be brought to fulfillment, for the higher natures have some of the attributes of superpersonal souls. Like history in its fulfillment laying waste human resources, denying and frustrating human wishes, reaching deep into private life to chasten souls with tragedy, the higher man deny and subordinate their own emotions, sacrifice their private lives, and all because there is something more important to them than all this: the mission. In the conduct of his life, the higher man does not employ reason any more than history itself employs reason. There is no reason for the cycle of the generations, for the universal life cycle of birth, growth, fulfillment, decline and death, for the human life span of 70 years, the Culture's of 1000 years, the nation's of 300. Instinct is the sure guide of the higher man, and unconscious decision is his surest method of accomplishment. Herein, in this all-demanding sense of a mission, is the explanation of Napoleon's rejection of Desirée Clary, Goethe's flight from Friedrike. The choice of a mate, if any, is also decided by the inward voice.

This is a strange selfishness which for the sake of the mission

his desires. Father, mother, wife and brother have their claims on such men, but something higher has a prior claim. The higher man does not belong to himself, but to his time and his mission. Egomaniac! -- say rather demi-divinity!

It was an American who said "I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me". \* This sentence describes every higher man. His genius -- genius means creative force, or, using the word honorifically instead of descriptively, it means great creative force -- is his hallmark, it makes him what he becomes, it gives him what he acquires of this world's goods, whether palaces like those from which Napoleon could choose, the peasant cottage on the barren globe, like Burns, or the death-garret of Chatterton. It deprives him of all contentment, peace and happiness until the mission is accomplished. But creative force -- this will remain forever incomprehensible to those, far more than 99% of humanity -- who cannot see deeply into the soul of Culture-man -- IS AT BOTTOM AESTHETIC. In the depths the will-to-power merges with the aesthetic instinct. In the brief moment of satisfaction which follows the completion of a work -- a novel, a building, a suspension bridge, a symphony, a victorious battle -- the soul of a higher man feels an intense and profound aesthetic satisfaction in the form of self-reverence and a feeling of union with the essence of Being. For a moment the abysmal mystery is dissolved, and the man becomes a god. But the swirling chaos which demands form returns with its tireless whip, and only death death can end the ceaseless dictation of the inner voice.

How ludicrous it is that in the present time -- and the present is so swiftly becoming the past -- extreme development of the faculty of intelligence is called genius! Correspondingly it seems that the value of a man is measured by HOW MUCH HE HAS! Smile with me. A test has even been devised whereby men move wooden blocks into patterns and skilled "psychologists" can then pick out the "geniuses". "Genius" is a number. Idiocy is a number. Controversy as to whether one can by taking thought change his number. The apotheosis of asininity! This is nowadays calls itself "science". One gains a glimpse into the human soul by studying the salivation of dogs. The brave free science of the Baroque, so sure of itself, so eager and confident, is mocked by this silly stuff, its waste product. The last thing added to science's stock of objects is the human soul, or "mind" as they say. The soul turns on itself methods created by itself. These methods were first devised to subjugate natural phenomena and were found to be appropriate. Now surprising that the soul was found by these methods to be just another natural phenomenon! Life is a complex physico-chemical reaction!

This is a conscious age. It knows whither it is going. In any other age it had not been necessary to base one's life-outlook on one's prevision as to the future. But the present form of our world-knowledge ~~has~~ leaves no doubt that the western soul has in this field closed its cycle of development, and that the future field of development of this soul is not in religion, philosophy, art and science, but in the field of ~~the~~ technical, economic, and political activity. THE WESTERN SOUL HAS BECOME FINALLY EXHAUSTED. It has entered the last stage. Old religions, old systems, are now mere forms, mere recesses in which the uncreative and the fearful may take refuge. The religion that is appropriate for

Emerson, one of the 4 higher men to arise in America outside the realm of technics, the others being Hamilton, Franklin, and Poe.

this age is already clearly outlined. And with it goes an ethic as rigid as that of St. Ignatius.

Our religion can be put into one word: skepsis. And ethic into one: discipline. Of course all creeds exist in all ages, in one form or another. But at different times, different creeds are uppermost -- that is, they are those of the significant men. In the Crusades, the significant man was a Gothic Christian. In the 18th and 19th centuries he was an atheist. And now he is a skeptic -- not in the older sense meaning one who does not accept the Christian religion, but in the sense that doubts not of this or that tenet, but that he doubts the ability of mere intellect to understand anything. He is not a subjectivist, he is not atheist, positivist, nor pragmatist -- these are all systems, explanations, and he has no explanations, he builds no systems. He builds instead roads, colonies, empires, deeds. It is immediately apparent that such an attitude toward life is not possible to a metaphysician or an ethicist. And the significant men of the future will number among them no men of thought, no logicians, no abstract ~~ka~~ thinkers. The great men of the Crusades conquered in the name of Christendom; the great scientists from Roger Bacon to Max Planck conquered in the name of intensified knowledge; the thinkers, from Aquinas to Kant strove each to reduce the totality of things to their intellects in the name of Truth. But now the tide of old Gothic Christianity has subsided, pure knowledge has been dissolved into technics, and the quest after Truth no longer attracts the great minds. Napoleon heralded the man of the future, Nietzsche described his nature, Spengler has announced his imminent arrival.

Our future, having been shown, unveils for us the secret of the present. If there is one contest whose result can be foretold with strictness, it is the struggle of the Past against the future. Victory in these days, as in all previous days will go to him whose spirituality is consonant with the living idea of the times.

Skepsis and Discipline! Just as the skepsis of the coming age is a new and deeper skepsis, so is the discipline. It is the discipline of self, first of all. The ideal of self-discipline will be realized of course only by the higher man, just as in Gothic times, the ones to realize the dominant idea of the time were the saints, the higher men, the bearer of the mission of those days. But the idea of self-discipline nevertheless is dominant, and it will attract with irresistible power the leading men of the coming time. But the discipline will only start with the self, it will continue into the field of training of the young, the organization of the economic life, the form of the state. Above all, it will bring back the eternal idea of political organization, the monarch -- call him dictator or president, he will return, and the hereditary idea is too strong in our western blood not to break out once our rationalism is finally buried. Education, law, ~~technics~~, armies and fleets, all will be governed by discipline, all will be at the service of the state.

They will be in the service of the state rather than the service of the Church, rationalism, "humanity", universal equality, the proletariat, or something else, simply because the new idea is completely externalized. It has no religion, no art, no Golden Age of literature, no Utopia, to bring forth. It contains the germs of no Renaissance, no Flemish school of painting, no Spanish drama, no German metaphysics, no English

economic imperialism, no French chauvinism and militarism. It will be the complete actualization of the idea of Power. In his Cultural biography, western man has pursued at successive times eternal salvation, truth, beauty, knowledge, and has even sought to enthrone reason. There is left for him the externalized pursuits of technics, the military art, political imperialism, and state organization. The same intensity that developed the arts of oil painting and the fugue, that wrested from nature her secrets, that proclaimed the universal rule of Liberty and equality will now turn to write the history of the planet in terms of western Empire.

The inquiry has been answered: THE PICTURE OF LIFE MOST SUITABLE FOR THE MAN OF ACTION IS THAT LIFE IS AN ARTISTIC TASK TO BE PERFORMED IN THE SERVICE OF THE WILL-TO-POWER. There is no such thing as the man of action, as dissociated from the conditions which time, place, and culture impose, therefore I have spoken of western man, the most important type of man in the world today. His metaphysic of skepsis is the only one appropriate to an externalized era. His ethic of discipline is the one least divergent from the true nature of higher man as a type. Such an ethic is an ethic of fact as distinguished from that advocated on the Sermon on the Mount, which is completely at variance with fact in every word. It is the ethic of the battlefield, not the confessional. Its remedy for a private wrong is the dueling ground, not the court-room. It understands government as the twin processes of commands and obedience. Its understanding of society is the ordered ranking of men according to their worth and significance. Its understanding of marriage is ~~xxx~~ a spiritual life-long union, not an intellectual childless companionship.

I am aware that there are those who oppose the full blooming of the 20th century. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The plaintive cries of these world-improvers will be drowned out by the tramp of marching feet. The slogan of equality, the watchword of the inferior, will disappear, and no one will even remember it. Life produced rationalism, and Life has tired of it.

Finis

Thoughts, distilled from Memorandum written June 1950

The world-situation of the moment takes the form of war-preparations between the two remaining powers. Such a war would be a great war, and would be begun with corresponding caution. No "incident" in Berlin, Trieste, or elsewhere could precipitate such a war.

It is obvious that neither power is prepared. Preparation means something quite different to both powers. To Russia it means a much higher state of TECHNICAL organization, for America's sole advantage vis-a-vis Russia is the technical one. To America it means possession of vast masses of infantry. Both powers will need years for preparation. I do not mean absolute preparation, for that never exists, but only the feeling of preparedness.

The stake of the war will be possession of the soil of Europe, the center of the world.

Russia can win only with higher technical development; America only with infantry-masses far greater than it alone can raise.

To urge a crusade against Moscow Bolshevism simply plays into the hands of the Washington regime.

Imperialism now supplants the elder word fascism. Fascism was still infused with petty-stateism to a greater or lesser degree.

The enemy is organized INTERNATIONALLY on all levels. For us to fail so to organize is to insure that our several struggles, however gallant and heroic, will be severally doomed. It is simply the reign of terror in Europe that keeps Europeans out of active politics and in their homes.

By the ordinary cycles governing such things, it can be known that in about five years, approximately 1955, the initiative will pass to us, for us to exploit, or to throw away.

October 1953

All of the intellectuals' and critics who have read Spengler almost without exception have misunderstood him. They missed that highly important sentence: "What I have written here is true, that is, true for me and for the leading minds of the time to come." These scholarly idiots all put the question to themselves: Is this philosophy TRUE? Naturally, in an age of criticism, nothing is considered objectively true, so all the scholars, again almost without exception rejected Spengler, although all borrowed his method and his terminology and conclusions in great part to reach philosophical conclusions in perfect harmony with the Pollyanna spirit of 1900.

Any one in the XXth century who thinks that a philosophy is objectively true or objectively false is an anachronism, and an idiot. A belief is true if it makes me more efficient, more dangerous, more coordinated. In this sense Spengler is true -- his philosophy corresponds to our deepest metaphysical instinct, makes us thus harmonious in feeling and in deed and in word.

The scholar-idiots demonstrated also in their senseless fault-finding with Spengler their total incompetence in the esthetic realm: a philosophy is a picture -- here again, Spengler said it for them, but this they did not read, and if a picture is a whole, if it lives, if it works creatively on the observer, it is esthetically true. It does not matter whether in the foreground the shadows fall right and left in the background.

We live in an age when mental refinement, like everything else rare and beautiful, has apparently died out. The statesmen are miserable self-seekers, almost without exception, the so-called thinkers are merely erudite mouthpieces of the party-politician, the scientists are fakirs who change their theories every few years, there are no religionists, no artists, no universal minds more.

## 19th Century Metaphysics

My philosophy -- and incidentally also, that of the Spirit of the Age: The TRUE is that which I feel; the GOOD is that which I want; the BEAUTIFUL is that which pleases me.

There are five planes of becoming: the cosmic, the plant, the animal, the human, the High Cultural.

As to the first, no one can be inwardly sure whether it is living or not. No definition of life can be constructed which will exclude all cosmic phenomena. The distinction between Being and Becoming, like all other distinctions, vanishes upon the deepest passive observation.

In passing from one plane to the other, there are no frontiers; all of the planes overlap the adjoining planes in the succession; each subsequent plane retains the characteristics of the preceding planes to a greater or less degree. The presenting of these five planes in this ordering conveys no "evolutionary" idea, in the Darwinian sense, but is a purely anthropomorphic ordering, based on the increasing complexity, refinement, elaboration, and multifariousness of the phenomena on each plane -- AS THEY APPEAR TO HUMAN OBSERVATION.

All of the planes affect all the other planes, but there is nothing to be gained by trying to work out a symbolic algebra here.

No one can be inwardly sure about the comparative distance from any one plane to the next. At first glance, the greatest step appears to be that from the cosmic to the plant -- but are you SURE? The measuring stick is lacking.

The "human race" is mostly not human -- i.e., not only numerically does the animal element predominate, but in a given sample of large numbers, the animal plane predominates. Examples: obviously outside the Western Culture-area the animal plane dominates the human component in the "human race". Let him who does not yet know this visit China, India, Africa, Islam. But in Europe itself, in any great city, for example, the greater part of the population is governed by animal needs and ideals, this IN FACT, but not in theory. In America, this is true also in theory.

Each of the planes of life has its prime characteristic, and on each plane, each species of life has its special characteristic; among animals, the eagle's EYE distinguishes him, the dog's NOSE, the horse's FLEET FOOT. What however is human? What is it that human beings have that no animal whatever has, no other form of life whatever? MIND is the prime characteristic of the human, but mind at its highest potential exists in vanishingly few members of the "human race".

Life and Death are not opposites, not polarized -- Life and Matter are the poles. Death is only through poetic derivation the opposite of life -- in death, the living becomes matter, the principle of life, spirit, departs. The process of this occurring is called death, or in other words, Death is the last performance of Life.

Life and spirit are identical.

Superiority is an attempt; mediocrity is an accomplished fact

Philosophy in the XXth century no longer has the obligation to present a system, but a picture.

Why is philosophy necessary at all in the XXth century, the Age of Absolute Politics? Because even we children of machinery and statistics still have our proto-human metaphysical sense -- we must fill in the background of our minds, however roughly, however superficially. For most men, this is no problem: the parents transmit their metaphysical notions to the children, and -- the child is father to the man. How many men create their own world-outlook, independently of family and immediate environment? Quite factually, with no wish to exaggerate, I estimate one in each million in culture-populations, far less among savages, fellaheen, and barbarians.

Freud is a fairly truthful picture of the usual man; so is Marx; so is Darwin. The common denominator of these three vile systems is the equality idea. All three of these systems are, in their unconscious origins, revolts against superiority, aristocracy, culture. Darwinism says: "You see, with all your pride, you are only an ape". Marx says "all you superior ones are merely richer, and thieves at that, and we shall now expropriate you, and you shall be our servants". Freud said "Even your proudest ac-

complishments are nothing but your sexual impulse."

The three vile systems have absolutely no validity applied to superior men, higher men, creative men. BUT IT WAS AGAINST THESE THAT THE THREE SYSTEMS WERE DIRECTED. With Darwin, it was purely intellectual, but with Marx and Freud ~~the~~ hatred and jealousy are the motive forces, and all the ponderous verbiage merely decks out their "inferiority complexes", the smoldering resentment of inferiority. How Marx and Freud would have enjoyed the Nürnberg trial!

From the beginning, Marxism and Freudianism were polemical systems, never "scientific" systems. They aimed, as did all these who used these vile doctrines, at levelling.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a beginning student of logic to destroy the vile systems scholastically; e.g. Marxism: if everything is economic, if religion, poetry, heroism, philosophy, warfare, are all economics, this does not obliterate the actual, living differences between these things. Poetry is still not warfare, even if both are economic. So, what has been done other than to change names, to transpose words. Freudianism: if, as the Freudians say, Mozart's music represents the attempt by Mozart to return to his mother's womb, and Napoleon's battles represent the same thing, even if they are all sex, there is still a morphology of music and a morphology of war, and harmony and composition cannot be better taught or understood by bringing in embryology. Furthermore, if everything is sex, then sex is everything, therefore with an equal logic it can be said that Mozart in his mother's womb is writing music, that Napoleon is fighting battles there.

Both Marx and Freud wanted to describe that to which they were unequal in something they could understand. What is the imperative of Marx: get rich at the expense of the rich. Marx understood greed, therefore he made the whole world and its history into a sticky mass of greed. Freud's system makes it obvious he was a monster of unspiritualized lust. If he had been gifted for love or erotic, Vienna would have had a Jewish Casanova. But love and erotic are both unknown to him. His lust is dark and animalistic, and dominated his nature utterly. Because it was coupled with impossibility of satisfaction, his lack of money, position, and personal charm, it was utterly frustrated, and, like the cripple who makes himself into a master chess-player, Freud smeared his unsatisfied lust over the whole world, and said "Look at this dirt, this filth -- this is what you ~~are~~ all are, even when you think you are so refined and spiritual".

To Marx, the world is a huge money-bag; to Freud it is a dung-heap; to Darwin a zoo.

How different was the world of the author of Theologia Germanica! For him the world was an endless striving, a constant tension between the soul's loneliness in the grey infinite and the soul's warmth in the feeling of the Perfect, God. For him, the essential was the relationship of man to God, and that of man to man is so plainly a mere reflection of the first that he barely mentions it. And what was the path of salvation to this man? Surely the most intense and dynamic religious imperative ever formulated: das Lassen der Ichheit, the abandonment of the very principle of individuality and mystical union with God. This to be attained however, not like an Indian, by sitting still and refusing to live, but in the midst of active life.

All theories and proofs of the <sup>soul's</sup> immortality beg the question. The question: what comes after Death? already contains in the words "comes after" the idea of Life. Life is Time; the phrase "comes after" is also Time.

It is a simple impossibility for the Principle of Individuality to assume or conceive its own termination. Every one of us believes instinctively in his own immortality, just as every atheist instinctively believes in God -- all he does is to ring a change upon names, and God becomes Nature, or something similar. But to assert in the XXth century that either God or immortality can be logically proved is stupidity; this is for the common people and for those minds which have remained stuck in the XVIth century. To prove God, or soul-immortality is to insult them, doubly, for every such proof shows a weakening of the instinctive belief. Reason KILLS instinct.

The bitterest of all things is frustration. It is the denial of Life by Life. It is a victory of the outside over the inside, the victory of Accident over Destiny.

There are degrees of frustration. Defeat is no frustration, provided one has been able to exert his powers to the utmost, to use himself up. Who can say Napoleon, or Hitler, were frustrated? The worst frustration -- ask me, I know it -- is LACK OF OPPORTUNITY.

Lucretius (as published 1891, Milan) ... Demetrius used to say that there was no difference between the words and voice of the unlearned and ignorant and the sounds or noises from a belly full of superfluous wind. And he said, not without justice, that it seemed to him to make no difference from which part they emitted their voice, from the mouth or from below, since both were of the same value and substance.

There are men who deserve to be called nothing else than passages for food, augmenters of filth, and fillers of privies, because nothing else in the world is effected through them and they are without any virtue, since nothing is left of them but filled privies.

Keyserling - America Set Free Page 135. Accidents and individual variations mean little. No defeat has ever changed the destiny of a nation inwardly strong if it was not annihilated. Nor has any victory which was not founded on moral and intellectual superiority ever lasted.

The more the means of communication improve, the more chance there is that localisms will survive and the more they will mean. For great facility and frequency of intercourse counteract mutual influence, nor is likemindedness any longer the necessary premise for friendly intercourse.

Indeed, culture stands and falls with differences perceived and recognized. Only where the law of polarization as opposed to equalization obtains can there be culture.

Goethe: Reverence, which no man brings into the world with him, is yet that upon which everything depends, if man is to become a man in every sense.

Varange -- Youth: independently functioning parts; maturity: the integrated whole. Logos -- the principle of masculinity, of fatherhood, of distance, of tension. Eros -- principle of femininity, or love, of motherhood, of nearness, of rest.

Keyserling -- op cit If a man meeting another begins by thinking "I am as good as he is" and accordingly treats him with familiarity, he will never learn from him, even though the other one be a god. On the other hand if reverence is the primal attitude even the greatest can learn, and always does learn even from the humblest.

Varange -- Women are first women and only then human beings; men are first human beings and then men.

Courtesy toward women: in Europe the respect of the strong for the weak; in America the respect of the inferior for the superior.

Even if a tired and effete mankind wishes to renounce wars, like classical mankind of the latest centuries, like the Indians and Chinese today, it can only become -- from having been the wager of wars -- the object about which and with which wars are made by others. Spengler -- P. and S.

No parliamentary babbling or party-politics are equal to our tasks, but only personalities, who know how to force themselves and their decisions through. Spengler from Introduction to Korherr's Essay on the Decline of Births

Woe to the general who comes onto the battlefield with a system. Napoleon

Will, character, industry, and boldness have made me that which I am. The ambition to rule souls is the strongest of all passions. Self-interest is only the key to commonplace transactions.

Wherever there is a polarity, there is always a wider reality which includes both poles, which is served by both poles. The poles define, express, and make real this inclusive reality, but nonetheless they are the parts. In many cases, since the poles are so strong in their expressing and defining power, so intensely felt, the inclusive concept is lacking in our speech. Thus, love and hatred are polarized, and the inclusive reality is ~~missing~~ feeling, pathos. Catholic theologians try to rationalize love as a positive, and hatred as a more negative, "the absence of love". But polarized entities or ideas are never related as positive and negative; each pole is equally positive, equally negative, equally creative, equally destructive, equally NECESSARY in every sense of the word, organic and inorganic. Each pole exists as such only by virtue of the other.

Polar-thinking is historical thinking. Nicolas Cusanus thus an anachronism, a spirit essentially belonging to the entire history of the Western Culture, and not merely to his age, like Thomas Aquinas. Hegel's thought is always polar, even though he (in this arbitrarily named "positive" and "negative" poles) mistakenly used a terminology which assumes a "positive" force for the Thesis and a negative for the Antithesis.

Every statement, every movement contains ab initio its own contradiction. Every affirmation is also a denial. Every ~~affirmation~~ denial contains an implicit affirmation.

The principle of diffusion which obtains so clearly in the physical world, so that even two comparatively inert metals like gold and silver will in time, placed side by side, mix with one another, rules also in the world of life. It is the opposite pole to polarity.

Polarity shapes, defines, creates, makes tense, generates. Diffusion renders formless, obliterates, enervates, anesthetizes, kills. Example: the polarity of the sexes. The higher the state of culture, the more pronounced the accompanying polarity of the sexes. Among primitives this polarity hardly exists, in ~~the~~ comparison with its epitome of development in XVIIIth century Europe. But even in ~~the~~ highest intensity of sexual polarity, there are always the intermediate types, which leave the poles and wish to return to the middle. Diffusion, the opposite of polarity, polarity's other pole.

~~Spengler~~ We can classify thinkers also as polarized and diffuse. In our age, Spengler is polarized, Keyserling, Toynbee et al, diffuse. Nietzsche is polarized, Maekel diffuse. Goethe, here as in most things, combines all tendencies in an equal rhythm. Kant and Leibniz are polarized, as are Berkeley, Hobbes and Spencer. Voltaire, Rousseau, Mill, Adam, and Pascal are diffuse. English thought IN GENERAL is diffuse -- naturally I refer primarily to England's age of glory, the XIXth century -- and English action (again the XIXth century) is polarized. Hence cant, the universal hypocrisy of England, the land of the CULTURE OF HYPOCRISY. Parliament, victory of the principle of diffusion over the polarity of King and subject, leader and led. Appropriately this principle of negation of monarchy came to ~~its~~ victory under King Oliver, more absolute than the Charles he beheaded in the name of republicanism. Parliament, the principle of diffusion however, succumbs at once again to the polarity of leader and led, in this case, however, the leaders are semi-anonymous, semi-visible, but they LEAD nevertheless, since polarity and only polarity creates.

*Leonardo, Michelangelo, Tiziano are polarized, Raphael is diffuse. Velazquez is Polarized, Murillo diffuse.* needless to say, every polarity contains within it its own diffusion.

The interworkings of the poles upon one another are perfectly simple and infinitely complicated. Thus in the polarity of the sexes, in any one individual, a strong inner opposite pole to his actual sex HEIGHTENS his actual sexual polarity. Ultra-masculine figures like Cesare Bergha, Wallenstein, Olivarez, Richelieu, Napoleon, Bismarck, Hitler, have NECESSARILY within them a strong feminine pole, and it is this which sharpens their feeling for the idea of masculinity. The limiting factor enters when the inner feminine pole is so strongly marked that it neutralizes the masculinity of the man. Among men this happens often, since the masculine pole is the pole of the dynamic, thus of variations. Among women, this occurs seldom if ever -- namely such an inner masculine excess that it neutralizes the femininity of the woman.

Just as the man with the strong inner feminine pole is more masculine, so is the woman with

The fact that no man is purely masculine, no woman purely feminine is the principle of diffusion accompanying the principle of polarity.

One will understand all this better when he never for a moment ceases to remember that in the physical world there is no such thing as "The Principle of Polarity". This is our thinking, which has two poles: passive receptivity, and active forcing of full-blown theories on to the physical world (i.e. our PICTURE of the physical world). In the actual world of life there never was such a thing as "Evolution", but in the brain of every true Englishman in the XIXth century, it was self-evident that "Evolution", gradual, orderly, parliamentary development governed the entire world of life.

When passive receptivity dominates our thought, we attain to that "shuddering awe" of which Goethe spoke. When force governs our thinking, we develop a SYSTEM, like the philosophers, and the philosophers (Marx, Darwin, Freud & Co.). It was owing to the great strength of his passive-receptive pole that Goethe never attained to any SYSTEM. At the last moment in every act of thinking, he realized suddenly that it was only his PICTURE that he was forming.

Polarity is the one principle which describes equally well -- i.e. to our satisfaction -- the physical world and the world of life. Why is this? Because the world of life and the physical world are themselves POLARIZED. Life equals spirit; physical world equals matter.

This is the supreme formula for us late men, historically and skeptically oriented, of the relationship of spirit and matter. No longer do we see a conflict, as did earlier centuries. We see the interaction of two poles, mutually destroying, mutually creating. Remarks appear in the pages of the philosophers, like Spengler's "Whoever separates soul and body has neither". In Gothic times nothing was more self-evident than the absolute disjunction of body and soul, and the absolute primacy of soul. To us, in my formula, the soul and body are identical, the soul is the <sup>inside</sup>, the body is the outside. Old age is the triumph of the outside over the inside, the victory of matter over soul, this being again an example of diffusion. Death is the diffusion of matter and spirit, and if we can use the expression, absolute Death <sup>would be</sup> the utter extinction of BOTH matter and spirit.

Life (i.e. spirit) is a denial of the world -- polarity -- but at the same time it is tied to the world -- all poles are tied to one another. World ~~becomes~~ becomes like ~~life~~ and life slowly becomes world -- old age and death.

Life and World ~~are~~ are two poles, and ~~both~~ both serve a wider reality. This ~~is~~ inclusive reality is Being. Here we can get no further, with words, since all thought from now on is VERBALLY contradictory, e.g. Being is also polarized its opposite pole is non-Being, which thus -- the weakness of words -- has to EXIST. From this point on, thought must proceed without words, and we are only one or two thoughts removed from the state of "shuddering awe".

The emergence from the state of shuddering awe (maximum of passive receptivity) proceeds at once into activity for its own sake -- polarity again.

Matter and spirit arise together (like all poles) and they will go down together. Mythology of all cultures fills out its picture of beginnings (the best known myth of origins is Genesis, the best known myth of the end is Götterdämmerung) and endings. Before, and after, is NOTHING. With the idea of NOTHING, thought comes to an end, since there is nothing with which we can polarize it.

Always remember, neither matter or spirit exists, save as concepts. These are two words, two ideas, two thoughts -- i.e. they are both emanations of SPIRIT. Everything that is not spirit, spirit labels, collectively, "matter". Possible polarities within the realm of "matter" do not exist for us (i.e. polarities equally fundamental as that of matter-spirit).

Culture as play -- the thought is not precisely new, but it is immensely important, and has not been seen in its FUNDAMENTAL significance. The "let's pretend" of the child is the proto-human asserting itself; similarly with savages -- they too "pretend" that this ~~action~~ action is sacred, will bring favorable consequences, while that other action is evil, will bring disaster. But children growing up in a culture-atmosphere are already vastly above savages, for they KNOW they are playing, while the savages -- except for the witch-doctors, the medicine men, the proto-priests -- actually believe in the collection of totems and tabus which make up their primitive culture.

The drama is the pretense that the artificially arranged events on the boards are REAL. All of us accept this pretense, most obviously during the performance, and -- literature and conversation show -- even even to a great extent thereafter.

Music presupposes the attitude: "Let's pretend that the world of sound is orderly, pleasing, and beautiful -- like this: ". The inner-world of symbols is then projected into sounds. ~~XXXXXXXX~~

Religion is the pretense: "We can understand the totality of things, so completely that we can even assign with perfect security that which we cannot understand to an orderly place, under the heading: Mystery". Every religion can make everything come out without remainder, because the will-to-play (here, the will-to-believe) is stronger than any mere intellectual weapons -- logic, contradiction, etc. -- that can be brought against it. Philosophy is religion -- except that the compartment for "mystery" is smaller, and progressively less respected. Science is mere fact-~~observing~~ until the will-to-play abates to the point where it becomes a world-outlook, and then it is the pretense that the sum total of things is nothing but the things themselves.

Ethics is the pretense: "We can be as perfect as our play-ideas of perfection if we just observe the right rules". This describes both types of ethic, that aiming at goodness, and that aiming at beauty.

Painting is the expression of the play-feelings: "Let's pretend that landscapes, people and things really look like this".

*Vaihinger's "Philosophy of As IF" was an early form of the idea of Culture as play.*

The dying out of culture is the dying out of the will-to-play, and its attenuation in ever-cruder games. The 19th-century society said to itself: "Let's pretend that we are clockwork figures, and create our codes, our buildings, our dances, our inner lives accordingly". The 20th century says: "Let's pretend we are gangsters" -- but what is the gangster -- a crude individualist, a savage desocialized, without the tabus of the savage. That is to say, for more man to pretend to be a savage is no pretense, the game is thin. Almost the only play-element left in the gangsters' code is the insistence on courage to be observed in the ideal gangster.

The 20th century finds the Baroque and Gothic ornamentation in architecture silly. It stresses instead the "Principle" that "function must govern form". This is the ideal also of the aborigines of Australia and the Congo. This is the aggressive and deliberate declaration of war on culture. In this architecture is not isolated. In the realm of morals a quack-doctor like Freud, or a prurient statistician like Kinsey can find a hearing AS AN ETHICIAN in the 20th century. Instead of Kant's magnificent Categorical Imperative, which tells us how we should act, quite regardless of how anyone does act -- again, the will-to-play -- we want to know how most people <sup>do</sup> act, with the latent idea already there: if this is the way people act, then I too can act this way.

In warfare, the 19th century -- to say nothing of the 18th -- still treated war as a game with strictly permitted and forbidden measures, of which the fundamental principle was: civilians are excluded from warfare, both actively and passively: they may not fight, nor may they, as such, be made the object of warfare. This was still culture-warfare. Its last appearance was in the German conduct of the Second World War, and in that same War, it was brought to an end by American primitivity. American fliers, en masse and individually, made war solely against civilians AS SUCH, and individual fliers were instructed to murder even isolated civilians. In pursuance of these orders, American fliers murdered civilians fleeing from railroad trains, running in the streets, in parks, working in the fields. From this, there is no way back to culture-warfare of the

Magic is identical with impossible. What is magic to you is routine to me. Hence the

highly developed type. and yet -- all large-scale warfare is culture per se, since culture is the totality of human thinking and activity above the plane of economics and reproduction, for in all large-scale warfare POWER is the stake, and the will-to-power on this scale is thus culture. What we are witnessing, in this cultural interregnum, this Concert of Bolshevism, the domination of the world by the American-Russian coalition, is the transition from culture-warfare to warfare once-more-primitive. In the future, even European warfare will be steadily increasingly primitive.

Rousseau is the break with the will-to-play which is synonymous with Culture. With his idealization of the savage, the peasant, the shepherd, the milk-maid, he expresses, on the cultural plane, Culture's fatigue with itself, Society's fatigue with the demanding and exhausting game, the over-intellectualization of the game, and, on the individual plane, the outburst of the jealous and inferior individual with MORAL indignation and MORAL hatred directed against that to which he is not equal. In a previous century Rousseau would not have burst out, nor would he have been heard. There are always Rousseaus -- there is one in every class-room.

It must never be forgotten that the chief revolutionary in 18th century France was Louis XVI. It was he who at every decisive turn frustrated the men and measures who would have put it down. This cipher-personality, with his pathetic rationalistic idealism, "the goodness of the people" was a fate for France and the West, by his very rationalistic creed. Historians who treat this Revolution neglect the didactic value of his role.

Rousseau says "Let us play no longer -- let us merely be what we are, namely what we are at bottom, simple creatures with merely basic needs." It was an expression of the strength of Culture, and also of the principle of polarity, that this revolt against the will-to-play was immediately adopted by the Culture-bearing stratum and was made into a lovely game, a play: Marie Antoinette as shepherdess, the triumph of the English garden-style over the French.

Play makes life magic. It polarizes life, makes it tense, conscious, aware, demanding. One relaxed moment -- and ruin supervenes. The Prince of Homburg falls asleep -- what were natural! Yes, but according to the rules of the culture-game (the military regulations) he MAY not sleep at this moment of his life, and for this all-too-human moment he finds himself condemned to death. His pardon by the King was a concession by Kaiser to the revolutionary spirits: already people found it too CRUEL to bring such sacrifices to Culture.

We today can no longer feel the IMMENSELY strong play-urges of Gothic men, the culture-bearers of their time. Those knights were ready at any moment for any SIGNIFICANT trifle, to risk their lives. Granted, no actual Parsifal ever lived. Yet, the Parsifal ideal was present in generations of knights, rulers, and warriors, and worked there FORMATIVELY, just as in our day literary gangster-ideals work formatively. Some respond more than others to ideals, to the Zeitgeist -- all respond to some degree.

All of these thoughts have been wrong -- for Culture-man does not play -- he is PLAYED WITH. Culture-man is the creature of the Culture-organism, one of its cells, its units of structure and fulfillment. He does not play, for the simple reason that he DOES NOT KNOW OR FEEL THAT IT IS A GAME -- TO HIM IT IS DEAD EARNEST. Only the refined intellectuals, the Calderons, the Shakespeares, the Goethes -- these know that it is a game. Among men of action, the two Frederick II's had their moments of insight in which they knew that Culture is a game, but Napoleon was the first who was so clear about it, for already he extended into the time when the game had passed its highest development.

Children play, but know that they play. Culture-man plays, and does not know it. Civilized man consciously revolts against play, but there is still a great deal of historical necessity, i.e. UNCONSCIOUS play, still latent in him, and THIS HE WILL PLAY OUT, whether he wants to or not, whether he knows it or not.

Play not only makes magic -- it is magic. The theater always works magically: every successful theatrical piece contains the polarization between that which the players instinctively would like to do, and that which, for any reason, they feel they should, or should not do.

Magic is the one pole of a polarized entity. The entity is polarized: possible-impossible. Magic is identical with impossible. What is magic to you is routine to me. Hence the

magic of culture: all culture ~~is~~ working within an individual is an expression of the polarity between his natural wish or tendency and his feeling of a higher imperative. We are all lazy, for proto-man is lazy, and all culture requires effort. Already this generates a tension, a polarity. Successful effort makes a man capable of that which others, unequal to the effort, find impossible. Hence he possesses magic.

All great men, all higher men, affect us magically. Polarization attracts us, but so does diffusion. We are drawn to the polarized man by our own higher desires, our own wish to do something with our lives above the plane of the proto-human; but so also does the kindly, gentle, diffuse man attract -- he is superior, and is as pleasant as the green, sunlit meadow. But the higher man is like the snow-covered mountain peak.

Napoleon owed his victories on the battle field to the fact that he departed from the game of warfare as hitherto played. So did Frederick, a generation before him, but Napoleon's break with the game was more fundamental. Napoleon represents Rousseau applied to warfare -- away with the rules, if victory is the aim, let us pursue it regardless of any FORM in which it is supposed to be attained. On St. Helena, with his remark "Nowadays, war is all rose-water...", he showed that he could envisage an even more total departure from the rules than he has been able to effect on European battlefields. No man can compel the Zeitgeist. It does not LET itself be accelerated.

The German armies that went into Russia in 1941 had gained <sup>SO</sup> light victories over the Belgians, English, and French, because all were within the same Culture and played the same game according to the same rules. German superiority in the game was so manifest that the others promptly surrendered, with their forces largely intact. In the case of the English, the Hero, playing too subtle a political game, allowed a withdrawal, allowed the feeling of a sort of negative victory, because he was looking a long step ahead, a POLITICAL step. On the battlefield itself he was thinking about the peace-conference. Even 50 years before, this would have been quite in order. In 1940 it was too subtle for the Zeitgeist. There was no England in 1940 -- there was only America, and America did not know or play this game.

In Russia it was otherwise. The Russian armies, even when defeated according to the Western rules of the game, did not surrender. They had to be destroyed piecemeal. Their primitive ignorance of the rules of the Western game of warfare conferred on them thus a SUPERIORITY, just as Napoleon's breaking of the rules had conferred on him a superiority vis-a-vis his more cultured opponents. Napoleon's advantage lasted until -- "Do not fight", says Sun Tzu "too often with one enemy, lest you teach him all your art of war" -- his opponents caught up with him. Archduke Charles was the first, then Scharnhorst, Blücher, Clausewitz, and, yes, him too, Wellington. Russia's advantage will last only so long. Perhaps already, 1953, it is gone. Are we now primitive enough in warfare to lay aside our rules and fight like Russians? Or are we too weak, too pacifistic? Can we fight to KILL, and not merely to defeat the opponent? Have we understood the significance of Roosevelt's bloodthirsty lust, which he displayed openly, for "killing Germans"?

In the 18th century, it was tactically inferior to fight to kill. It was a waste of precious time. In the 20th, it is tactically necessary to fight to KILL, not merely to defeat. As far as numbers of the dead go, the difference is not as vast as one would think. One may fight to KILL, but this does not mean that one is ABLE to kill the entire enemy force -- this is impossible, when large numbers are present. The difference is one of tactic, of the approach to the battle, of one's intention as it governs his battle-conduct -- and not one of casualties.

Inner tension in a man, polarity, magic, attract, but, in the usual case, repel in the end. Distance is decisive here -- the mountain peak in the distance is imposing and attractive, but after it is scaled, the winds and snows and ice tell...

In this age, we can only apprehend the world HISTORICALLY. Since history is like a play, it therefore works aesthetically, and thus our world-outlook can only be an ESTHETIC one, rather than a MORAL one. This is the answer -- although of course they will not understand it -- to the small minds who wail "If the Western Culture will die in any event, why should we try to accomplish anything whatever in it, or with it?". In the vast drama called history we play the role assigned us, even though we know it to be only a role, a part of an agreed game. It is also permitted us to leave the stage if we are not assigned the role that WE feel RIGHTFULLY, ESTHETICALLY, belongs to US.

Once more: the highest formula of affirmation: THE WORL-AS-DRAFA.



No European can ever know the precise quality and intensity of the love which a colonial brings to the history and the works of the Western Culture. No matter how sensitive he is by nature, no matter how high the cultural-historical focus to which he can attain and hold, the European and I have in mind just such beings as Goethe, Fichte, Carlyle and Leonardo -- must of necessity take many things for granted. The houses, the streets, the society, the universal diffusion of culture -- he grows up in this atmosphere, having nothing with which to contrast it. Not only concepts, but feelings also, form themselves by polarity. Hence it is that weak heads in Europe -- like Lafayette, Ortega, Keyserling, the English plutocracy of the 14th century, Ferrero, Santayana, Croce -- not being able, through complete lack of imagination, to compare Europe with that outside, fail utterly to realize the rarity and exquisiteness that are Europe. They lack the sense of value. This sense is born, but it can be sharpened and intensified by privation. Thus it is that the colonial -- and all colonials have a certain plane of their being which is susceptible to the centripetal attraction of the mother-soil -- when he does have the sense of value and the creative hypersensitivity that have always characterized higher Europeans, from Hohenstaufen to Hitler, has a heightened love of everything European which rises almost to the pathological. For him every paving-stone, every street, every European human type, every place that has been a focus of Destiny, even in the most recent times, has a magic force.

A new type of love and affection can even arise in the colonial who returns to the soil of his spiritual origins. He can experience warm feelings even for those individuals and types which would be repellent for him according to his personal taste, but who are clothed also with their quantum of the magic which bathes everything European. He can love a person as a product and a part of Europe. Such a feeling is of necessity unknown to the native European.

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On the other side, there is a lack of feeling in the colonial: Owing to his generalized love of the entire organism, he may be unable to feel the inner poles, the inner discord of the Culture. In the 14th century, both Washington Irving and Emerson evinced this lack. In the Age of Absolute Politics, this lack is no defect, but an asset. Absolute politics means politics between a Culture and extra-Cultural forces. This struggle for power is unmitigated, unconditioned, the total Culture against the totality without. In such a struggle, the colonial brings the true, synthetic, creative feeling; for him the Culture is a perfect unity, while for the natives, the memories of past discords linger: Versailles versus Potsdam, Habsburg versus Bourbon, Socialism versus Capitalism.

In one word: for the colonial who is capable of creative and appreciative feelings, the Culture is Religion. Culture embraces the totality: the soul of the organism, every event of its life, every product of its soul, every possibility it still contains of creation. Religion is the form of all awakening creative life; it is creation, it is youth. Religion is the formulation of the deepest feelings of harmony, which turn themselves into truths in the process of developing.

The feeling of Culture-as-Religion is the interim religion of Europe. It is

itself a highly refined autumnal product of the Culture. It is the last but one of the religious phases of the Culture. It is a bridge, from the the larger standpoint, over the debris of critical-atheist-materialism of the Age of Nationalism, connecting the Gothic origins to the Gothic future. But for those of us who live at this period, this moment is a life. This is our religion, and if any religion in all the history of High Cultures was ever exclusive, it becomes almost popular compared to this. How many souls can make of the materials of history and skepticism a profound and divine world-outlook? They are counted in Europe in hundreds.

Perhaps there are a few souls in Europe who feel within them the religious imperative of the future. Unlikely, but possible, just as Nietzsche and Carlyle were utterly improbable in the desert of mechanistic criticism that was the 14th century. If so, they are the summit of the religious pyramid of Europe. Beneath them is the stratum of our precious and strong interim religion, making us out of skepticism a faith, and out of History a sacred philosophy. Beneath this is the great mass of the population which is still in the "religion" of the 14th century, that grotesque materialization of the spiritual, profanation of the divine, mechanizing of the organic, and insolent disrespect to the Awful and the Unknowable. This God-killing mockery took two forms, in Europe, Christian-social politics, and in America, compulsory social entertainment in the Sunday meeting-houses. These forms it still has, and this is what today calls itself religion in the Western Civilization. Below this stratum in the religious pyramid -- not in any absolute spiritual sense, but only in a chronological sense -- is the Jesuit level, the plane which regards religion as a matter of knowledge, formula, law, and in case of doubt, of authority. This is simply the Counter-Reformation, and includes members of both sides of that era. Below this is the Reformation level. Still today in Germany there are many, and elsewhere there are some who have remained permanently in the Lutheran stage. To that they attained in their personal forming, and there they stay. Below them -- are there any left who feel the old, pure, monastic religiousness of the pre-Renaissance period of true religion? Yes, there must be, although they are not to be found in the offices of the Church, wearing the purple, or engaging themselves to the hilt in those banking operations which constitute religious administration today. They would be in some monastery, in an isolated rural district, the plains of the Romagna, or the Spanish Sierras. This type simply could not survive in a city. But these, together with those others of problematical existence, the religionists of the 11th and 12th centuries, are the only true religionists in Europe; for these two groups -- and for them alone -- religion is directed to the transcendent, it knows and loves the Unknowable, it personalizes the impersonal, it cares for the indifferent.

For the other aspect of our interim religion is that the object of its tremendous feelings is unworthy of it. God and the Gods are still asleep, still in the deep slumber into which the Counter-Reformation lulled them. For when western man introduced militarism and politics into religion, he expelled God and the Gods. Religion is the window of the Culture looking out into the cosmos, and when the Culture becomes obsessed with the surface of the earth, that window is closed. But it is only the cosmos -- the entirety of all things, organic, inorganic, man, Culture, and meaning -- that is the proper object of religion. Culture is not worthy. But there is nothing else; the divine aspect of the cosmos -- God and the Gods -- cannot be violently reawakened. It is slowly awakening, but not for us, for those who come 2 or 3 generations after us. Every religion has its mysteries, its idiom, and even its

painful-point. This is ours, that our religion takes the form of a yearning which sees its satisfaction beyond its grasp, that the last perfection of religious feeling is forever denied us, moving across our dark golden-brown autumnal bridge of Culture-religion, bathed in the dying light of the second twilight of our superpersonal western life.

Just as every religion has its ~~indivisible~~ point of unbearable sensitivity, so does it have its peculiar joys. The joy of our religion is precisely in its radical aristocracy. If only few are capable of complete skepticism, fewer still can make a faith of their skepticism.

But it is precisely this that is the organic necessity for those who will to be the creators, and, like the historicists that we are, we know and love this necessity.

The present is the point of tension between the past and the future. This fertile insight is the source of another of the heightened joys that are reserved for us believing skeptics: while all other religious feelings whatever present anywhere in the West are directed to the past -- or toward the future -- we alone are the present, the noon. One can labour for the future, dream it, build for it, deliver it -- but not live in it. Thus ours is the religion of the times. All others belong to the blind and the inferior.

Our fourth joy: we know the coming religious forms, but after they have come and taken up their sway, those in their service will no longer know them, but will be in them and surrounded by them. What to them will be the totality is only to us one more item of knowledge. We know their world, and they will not know it.

We are thus Classical and Romantic in one. We are the synthesis of everything past, the prefiguration of everything future, we are the highest attainable point of the western free spirituality. Classical: ours is the religion of the age; Romantic: the active side of our religion is a labour and yearning for the future, an affirmation, a conservation, a love and a yearning for our Past.

Our religious interregnum, alone of all the religious phases of our Culture, will have no descendants. Jesuitry, Enlightenment, Atheism -- a certain form of physiological inferiority -- ~~namely all~~ all will continue to have some form of existence at least two centuries from now. But the feeling of Culture-as-Religion will have disappeared then, and it will leave no memory, for the possibility of seeing things our way will have disappeared. The other religions all represented possibilities more widely diffused in human nature than the possibility of skepticism. Think of Friedrich Hohenstaufen, alone on the ice-cold skeptical height which was his dwelling-place. Think of Socinus, who had not the courage of his skepticism and lapsed into vulgar belief. Ours is thus a great collective loneliness. We have no ancestors on this plane, for no previous High Culture ever had our archaeological tendency which alone is the source of our intense historicism. We shall have no descendants -- as far as we can see. Once more -- our uniqueness.

Never before has a superpersonal feeling so completely subjugated the world to such a profound and total knowledge. We are thus the highest form to which Culture-man has ever attained, since Culture-man is the creature who knows. We know that knowledge is not knowledge, that ~~it is not~~ <sup>it</sup>

is belief, and in our knowledge we believe, we will to believe, we are impelled to believe. We know that words destroy thoughts, and thus we leave the formulae and the words to the believers without faith, retaining for ~~ourselves~~ ourselves, the devout skeptics, the thoughts without words.

Skeptical historicism is at once the greatest affirmation and the greatest negation. It is thus capable of the most extravagant creation and of the most complete destruction. It combines delicacy and barbarism, Crusades and Rococo. It is the synthesis of all the ideas and mores of the Culture.

An example: the tasks of our time are frankly irreligious tasks. No religionist of any other variety is equal to them; the true religionists of the future are not yet there, nor will they interest themselves. We skeptics alone can bring to them the necessary religious zeal, for all older religions are stifled in logic and mechanism. Our feeling alone is once more pure; ours is the clean slate, the primitive chaos side by side with over-refined urbane intellectuality. But this purity is itself true religion.

If the inscrutable permits the west to fulfill itself, we shall undertake such projects, erect such structures, and create such a State, and hew such deeds, that our remote descendants, hearing the legends of our race, and gazing at its remains in walls and monuments, will tell their children that once a race of Supermen dwelt on the earth.

The most pressing of all the projects we must undertake, for it involves the physical security of our holy soil and therewith its entire future and destiny, is the causeway linking the continent with the island, and as an additional security, the causeway across the Northern Channel of the Irish Sea, linking Ulster with Scotland. The second is a subsidiary undertaking. The Great Causeway must be undertaken at the earliest possible moment, and it must continually be widened for a century. This must be done on principle, even though no apparent need for it exists.

Two other grand projects have less immediacy. As to which will, or can, be undertaken first, incident will decide. But both have the Destiny-quality. First, the Europeanization of North Africa. To effectuate this, the conversion of the Mediterranean into two lakes: causeways at Gibraltar, and from Italy to Tunisia, dams at Dardanelles and Bosphorus, closing of Suez. Irrigation of the African continent as far inland as possible with the power resources of the Gibraltar, and Tunisian, ~~and~~ and Egyptian dams. Settlement of the new area with Europeans from the overcrowded petty-states of Europe. Total expulsion of all indigenous populations. Second, the Europeanization of the hither Slavic lands. This includes the Balkans, Bohemia, Poland, the Baltic, White Russia, Little Russia, Muscovy, the Ukraine and the Caucasus. To a certain extent, the two projects are substitutes for one another. If either one could be completely accomplished, it would assure Imperium of security in one direction. Viewed however from the viewpoint of the next three centuries, both projects are necessary, if Imperium is to remain forever as the great monument of the west. From the standpoint of one century, one will suffice. Either one will take fifty years to actualize.

Great things can be expected of England -- Prussian things -- with the Liberation of Europe and the erection of the Causeway. The Great Causeway will destroy the island, the insular mentality, the remnants of exaggerated nationalism, the possibility of the repetition of the American stab in the

back of 1944, Capitalism, what remains of it, Calvinism, Puritanism, the Spirit of Money, the inner America within Europe. The stock inhabiting the island still contains a good deal of Northern Barbarian in it. It was not only the English national idea which undertook the continent-wide racial extermination of Australia and Tasmania, it was also the Northern Barbarian, who has gone in history under a hundred different names: Sea People, Aryans, Massites, Norsemen, Danes, Celts, Varangians, Prussians. Only this Northern Barbarian can accomplish the tremendous cruelties which alone can form the foundation of Imperium. At the moment, the Barbarian in England is in the service of the exotic regime of Washington. After the erection of the Great Causeway, the Barbarian from the island will feel a mission impelling him toward Slavia, a mission of conquest and clearing. The entire project of course is one which only the Northern Barbarian could entertain, and these elements of all Europe will participate. There is however, no ground for despair that the island population will continue during the centuries to come, as during the two centuries past, to misuse the security that the Prussians created for it. The Great Causeway will liberate the island just as it will liberate ~~the~~ and secure the mainland.

Northern Barbarian is redundant: there are not, cannot be, southern Barbarians. Southern means contented, social, refined, above all, delicate in conception and usage and manner. Only from the Northern mists, and not from the Southern sun, can come the rough man, the man of loneliness, discontent, inner tension, the grand/destroyer-creator. Barbarian does not mean primitive; barbarian is the transition from primitive to High Culture. All primitive organization is based on suggestion, nuance, and delicacy; the barbarian is blunt, crude, destructive.

The three forms of knowledge as the three forms of the Causality-Principle. Superstition -- remote causality; Religion -- divine causality; Science -- profane causality.

Superstition is basically human. The other two are Culture-human, found only in men under the impress of a High Culture, thus they are the creations of the High Culture itself. Superstition always exists, the others only during the life-course of the High Culture. Religion is the beginning and the end knowledge-form of a High Culture. Science is the counterpoint to Religion; for seven centuries it is the bass, and then for a brief period, it ascends into the treble, carries the Culture-melody, and then ~~gas~~ dies out forever, followed closely ~~the~~ by its parent-religion. Superstition exists before the Culture, underneath it, and after it. All knowledge succumbs in the end to superstition.

Here is the key to Skepsis. The skeptic has no knowledge; he needs none. Explanations do not interest him, nor suffice him. Self-expression alone, and that in deeds, is his need.

The skeptic is the bravest man. He needs no ~~equipment~~ <sup>rationalized</sup> equipment like the religionists and the scientificos. He suffices in his feelings of race, honour, inner imperative and mission. Explanations are meaningless in this realm. Explanation is breaking-down into simpler things, but honour and the mission are themselves elements, cannot be broken down.

The skeptic can see the outer world as void, enigmatic, meaningless. He is not overmastered by his fear. He does not run to gods of his own creation, nor to natural laws, to give his life an intellectualized meaning, to hide from Fate.

The skeptic has no need of these intellectualized ~~and~~ ~~metaphysical~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ devices for escaping from ~~xxx~~ metaphysical fear. For one simple reason: the strength of his ascendant instincts themselves overcome his world-fear. The skeptic is the man with absolute confidence in himself -- metaphysical self-confidence. This is the highest formula for honour and race, and for the heroic world-outlook. His substitute for knowledge -- which is always mediate -- is feeling, which is immediate. He feels his aim in life, and he feels his life-ethos. Beyond this, he feels the sublime accident-quality of everything outside ~~the~~ the data of his feeling.

This type of skepticism has nothing whatever in common with what the clerical people call skepticism. They mean not believing in their particular distillate of fear-antitoxin. Absolute skepticism however, is the disbelief in all explanations, simply because of the precedent inability to believe in the power of the intellect to achieve satisfactory results in the realm of the last and deepest things.

Intellect is a practical thing; it is a weapon, a tool. It is for the purpose of accomplishing terrestrial things, making steel, building bridges and ships, navigating the seas and skies, producing food. But it can only work in submission to something higher, just as a tool can only be plied by a hand. This something higher is the instinct, which demands that the problem be solved. The solution of the ~~problem~~ ultimate problems however, can only be bungled by intellect. Instinct of higher men refuses to accept any such botched product as an explanation of life and world. This instinct refuses all explanations, because they are all so pathetic, and even the possibility of an explanation, because the world is so sublime.

Intellect is to the beast-of-prey man what claws and teeth are to the tiger. Intellect is the most flexible and powerful of all tools and weapons. This is its distinction, and in this let intellect be humbly satisfied.

It is also a shield; it can protect one from traps. It is also a tonic; it can remind a tired and suffering soul of that which it well knows, and can thus renew it.

The instincts of the Northern Barbarian, the highest order of intellect sharpened to the keenest edge by historicism and a resolute skepsis: these are the human treasures which we higher men of the period 1950-2050 bring to the Destiny of Europe, and which we put into its service in all religion.

at any one moment An army has five components, in order of descending importance:

- Morale
- The officer corps
- The supreme leadership
- Fighting material
- Equipment.

The officer corps is more important than the supreme leadership, for it can survive mistakes there, whereas the supreme leadership can do nothing without the officer corps equal to the execution of the tasks. Fighting material means the human material. It refers thus directly to racial qualities; horizontal race, needless to say. Morale, from the larger standpoint, is a function of the Destiny of the Culture. Hence the morale of the German armies which gave their performance in two world wars. Hence the morale of the French Army, 1940. No mission, no morale. Morale is thus mystic. Vide Valmy where the French won by morale alone, or Narva, where Charles XII won by morale alone.

Navies must be infused with the continental army spirit. Army ranks must be introduced. Sea and land functions must be interchangeable on higher levels. Air, sea, and land branches -- all must be known and felt as THE ARMY.

From one standpoint, the world-situation is an endurance contest between the ~~unbearable~~ tension in America and the perseverance of the spirit of Prussia. The situation in America cannot last; neither can Prussia continue to fight and go down. Only America has twice frustrated Prussia and the Destiny of Europe. In 1917, with the peace of Brest-Litovsk, we were the victors. Without America there is no question whatever, no possibility other than, that England would have made peace. This peace would have had to be a victory for us. Everything subsequent had been different; the Second World War could not have taken the form it did. Or even if it had, without America, Prussia-Europe would still have won, and we would now be living in the first crude, provisional form of Imperium. Everyone would know his place, his task, his mission. Europe would be a bee-hive of creative activity. There would be no Russia in political existence. Only America frustrated this.

If the American ascendancy continues for fifty years, there will no longer be any possibility of Imperium. The reason is that America is civilizing the entire coloured world, introducing western technics everywhere. But this technical superiority is our only hope. Granted, they can never have our originality. But this originality is not absolute, and when the outer world approaches a technical par with us, numbers will come into play. The coloured world outnumbers us five to one.

The case of America shows better than anything the meaninglessness of happening outside the High Cultures. The monstrosity called America can intervene in Europe, can frustrate it, can perhaps destroy it. This Europe ~~is~~ has been the most sublime of all the High Cultures, the most passionate and intense, the most masculine, barbarian, and its future was to have been the grandest single spectacle ever played out on the world-stage: the foundation of Imperium and the embarkation on the conquest of the world as an absolute mission. This was, is, our Destiny. Up to now, twice in a generation, this mighty denouement has been effectively frustrated by the boundless stupidity and empty malice of the American monster. The element in the situation which ~~is~~ tortures the soul is the fact that this mechanical thing can not be tracked down to its lair and destroyed. It can lose in the field, but the field will always be thousands of miles abroad. Europe can defeat it, but the defeat will at most only give Europe security. We can not have the satisfaction of standing over this misbegotten product of blind forces, sword in hand, watching its final convulsions, watching its heteroclitite human material scatter like nomads over the empty landscape.

Cruel paradox: America, with no mission, enjoys absolute political security // Europe, with the only mission in the world, lies crushed between the two formless monsters without purpose or mission.

Nietzsche has changed his mind -- no frivolity, he has merely changed his position. No longer in 1880, when Winckelmann was still culturally alive, but in 1950, after the world has seen the sieges of Stalingrad and Berlin. The spirit of Nietzsche now gives us our highest formula of affirmation: the world-as-drama. I call this the dramatic Weltanschauung. The formula of Eternal Recurrence no longer moves us; we suspect that it came from the Darwinian half of Nietzsche.

Two modes of seeing the world have always separated themselves out: the world as beauty, or the world as goodness. They correspond to the heroic and the saintly. ~~and~~ this Age is a heroic one, an age of politics, of irreligion and amorality. Its regnant Weltanschauung on the highest level therefore can hardly be one of the-world-as-goodness.

And it is precisely the-world-as-drama that bears itself in upon us as the appropriate one because we have in our bloodstream the Fifth Act feeling. This dramatic Weltanschauung is one of affirmation of Life and Fate; who as the tragedy heightens, however unbearably, would cowardly order the play to cease!

Also dramatic: we feel instinctively that a man's end is the only thing that matters. This was not so in the XIXth century. In a drama, it is only the end that matters. We do not know whether every man is the poet of his own biography, but we do know -- in our way of knowing -- that the honorable ~~king~~ end is the one thing that cannot be taken from a man, in

The masculinity of this age is another reason for its instinctive ~~and~~ creation of the dramatic Weltanschauung. Masculine is dramatic, it is play within rules, deliberate non-seriousness, or otherwise put, seriousness on a higher level. It is disregard of seriousness on the cosmic plane -- this is where woman is serious and practical -- and a preference for the non-seriousness of the plane of artificial situations, which one knows are artificial.

Man is an ~~and~~ eternal child. The higher the man, the more this is true. The child at play, however, knows that it plays, and this is hardly kept secret from the highest man, who suffers from that most human of all diseases -- the disease of unremitting consciousness.

But this is the age wherein the higher man attains to a superpersonal plane on which he has never stood before, and never will again, for the religion and the existence of the higher man of Europe 1950-2050 is radically aristocratic.

Thus, because the age is an heroic one, because it is an age wherein things will be done once and for all, because the higher man embodies in him the highest formulation of masculinity and of ~~and~~ his Age, he chooses henceforth the dramatic Weltanschauung for his. He recognizes the World-mystery and participates in it deliberately, consciously, and ~~and~~ with reverence for himself.

The human race as a whole is a woman; old people of both sexes figure as women, and for most purposes, children also. Man is thus a variation. Man is a revolt. Higher man is the greatest defiance of the revolt, and thus at this century-moment of history, it is not only the highest point of the most intense Culture, but the highest point of the idea of Man itself that is here attained.

The Americans are psychologically socialists; so are the aborigines of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. This means merely that within each individual the social impulses predominate over the individual impulses. In this environment, individualism is stamped <sup>out</sup>, and higher types become almost impossible, because a higher type can only be ~~stamped~~ individualized, psychologically egoistic. This is true also of saints, all of whom were psychologically egoists, even though they were spiritually altruistic. In America, instinctive altruism predominates, but spiritual egoism.

Prussian Socialism is the opposite of American socialism. Prussian Socialism, arising as it does in a land and Culture of psychological individualism, absolutely requires an aristocracy to actualize it. An aristocracy is an expression of individualism. Thus Prussian Socialism encourages automatically the arising of higher individuals, since without them, there can be no Prussian Socialism, but only chaos. Prussian socialism is spiritual socialism, not, like the American variety, psychological. In Prussia, Socialism is a value, a conscious ethic, an ideal, an organization-form, a means of accomplishment. In America it is unconscious, an inhibition, a negation, an inability to be individual, thus a denial of the human in man and an assertion of the herding animal in man.

money: the well-known American orientation to money, according to which everything is assessed in terms of dollars and cents, including religion, art, politics, social life, and individual life, does not arise from greed and covetousness. These things are human, not national. This method of comparing all things with one standard is simply an expression of the uniformity of America: this uniformity is ~~adjusted~~ adjusted to a very low level, specifically to the animal level of man, the plane on which health, happiness and comfort are the greatest problems. But all of these problems -- and there are no others in America -- can be easily resolved in terms of the great money common denominator. To an American -- whose acquaintance with, say, the esthetic side of the Western Culture is as slight in comparison with a European as would be that of a present-day-European ~~with~~ in comparison with a European of the Rococo -- it is no strain of the mind to assess Frans Hals and Ruysdael in terms of money. To him these things come under the heading of "beautiful surroundings", in other words, comfort.

Three different orientations to money: American, English, German.

To the American, money is life.

To the Englishman, (the true Englishman, a type now almost extinct, the historical Englishman), money was culture.

To a true Prussian-German, money is perversion.

The whole German economy, even though it still uses money -- I am speaking, of course of the Third Reich -- is a systematic attempt to defeat money. The effort of German social creations is to make the amount of money an individual receives directly proportionate to his needs. The only role played by money in the process is that of facilitating it. Money dispenses with the administration that would be necessary to operate a non-money economy.

In England, need never played any part in the money-outlook. The aim of everyone was to have as much as possible. As long as the upper stratum retained its sense of a world-mission, this ~~money~~ concept of money-as-culture (culture means here: higher life) did no damage; it effected no degeneration. Granted, it ruined the lowest classes, but they did not matter to the world-mission.



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