

2. THE COTSWOLDS CAMP, 1962

Well, I already knew Mr. Colin Jordan and Mr. John Tyndall and the other members of the National Socialist Movement.⁶ The NSM existed since 1962. I think it might have existed even before. I was in England in '61 for Easter holidays, and it was not yet the NSM, but some other organization headed by Mr. Andrew Fountaine.⁷ And Jordan, I don't know whether he was in it or not. Anyhow, Jordan came to prominence after his great speech in Trafalgar Square in July '61. That was followed by the foundation of NSM and the growth of it. And then I met Françoise Dior in '62. Jordan was in correspondence with me, and he gave me her address and asked me to meet her.

And then in '62 I came over to England again, this was in July, as far as I remember. I put up in London at my friend Miss Gantry's, a perfectly apolitical woman, *very* pleasant and *very* understandable. She never spoke a word against us. She's perfectly apolitical. In sympathy, I would say. And I put up with her. And she told me, "Look here, you came to go to the Cotswolds camp. I know you have an international Hitler camp, and you want to go. If I were you, I would not go because look what's in the papers." She showed me a newspaper, and the paper said that any foreigner that goes to this camp will not set foot in England again. She said, "Isn't it a pity? You have so many friends here. You want to see them again. You want to be in touch with them. Look at the risk you are taking." With my natural spirit of defiance, I answered, "It doesn't matter. I'll take the risk. I'm always ready to take the risk—for these kinds of things." And I went.

We had a meeting at the NSM in Holland Park, and we went to the station in separate groups. We were to meet somewhere else. We were to meet at Cheltenham, and from Cheltenham a car was to take us to the camp. All right, we traveled all night and went to Cheltenham. I don't remember if we went at night. We were in Cheltenham part of the day, and that night again we went to a place. I didn't know where we were going. I couldn't have found the camp again. We arrived in the camp. There were tents, and we each occupied a tent, or sometimes two or three in a tent. I was sharing my tent with a Belgian lady whose son was in the movement. Her son was with somebody else. And I remember awakening the next morning. It was Tyndall's voice coming from a tent, and they were speaking to I don't remember who. He said,

⁶ Colin Campbell Jordan was born in 1923. John Tyndall lived from 1934-2005.

⁷ In May 1961, Savitri attended a British National Party camp on the estate of its president Andrew Fountaine (1919-1997) in Narford, Norfolk.

“What? They are in bed still? Kick them out. Fancy staying in bed all this time until 8:00 like bloody democrats.” When I heard that, I thought to myself, “But I’m in bed still. I must get up—quick, quick, quick.” So I got up.

And I went to the river. As soon as I possibly could, I went to the river. It was practically deserted—nobody there—and I started bathing in the river. It was freezing cold water. I didn’t want to be called a bloody democrat or acting like one. They came and offered me hot water, tepid water. I said, “No, thank you. I’ll bathe in cold.” So I bathed in the freezing cold water. It was summer of course. I don’t know if I would have done it in winter. But in summer it was quite all right. And I came out, and I went up and had breakfast. We had tea. I don’t like tea myself, but I took tea all the same. There was nothing else. There was no coffee.

And the camp started. Contact with different people. There were Swedes. There were Germans, of course, a good majority of Germans. There were one or two Italians, one or two Frenchmen, some Belgians, and one or two Americans. One or two Americans, one named Harry May. This Harry May had a swastika brassard on his right arm. He was the only one to wear one. And he showed himself extremely sympathetic and ran up to me and wanted to talk to me. There were others too. He really wanted to talk with me. I thought he was all right. I thought he was. I didn’t know.

3. GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL⁸

Anyhow, it went first day, second day, third day, and one day there was a surprise committee for us. They told us there was a surprise. They said, “Be ready. Sit on the benches, and you are going to have a surprise.” Of course I was surprised before that to see that Tyndall had vanished. And Jordan, Jordan was not there. So I was wondering why. And they said to us, “They’ll come later.” Actually on that day—it was the 4th of August or the 3rd, I don’t remember; it was very shortly after the beginning of the camp—there was the *Horst-Wessel-Lied* played. There were lights all over the place. It was in a forest. And suddenly, coming up from the river, I saw Rockwell—Tyndall one side of him, Jordan the other side of him. And we all stood up. We stretched out our arms, and the *Horst-Wessel-Lied* was played. And we were so pleased to see Rockwell.

It was written in all the papers, “This man shall not come to

⁸ George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967).

England.” He was absolutely unwanted by the government, by the system. And the next thing we saw in the papers, “This man is in England,” and he was here. He gave us a speech on that very night. A speech that lasted practically all night. Well, not all night, but with the questions it practically lasted all night. It was the first time I saw Rockwell. I was really thrilled.

He was a great personality, but from what he told us on that very night, I felt, “Poor Rockwell, I wouldn’t like to be in his place.” Why? Because he became conscious of the value and truth of National Socialism after the war. And after he had fought the war so well on the American side as to get decorations and what not. He was a very good soldier. And I wouldn’t have liked to be in his place. To have fought National Socialism all these years and then when the war is finished, when the other side has won, to find out that it was the truth. To find out that he had fought against the truth. Really I wouldn’t like to be in his place. I’d rather be a little nobody, which I am.

But I liked him for his sincerity and for his courage. It takes courage to say, “I was wrong,” especially when one had such a great reputation as he had, decorations and what not. He could’ve kept quiet. He did not keep quiet, because he knew that the truth was the truth, and one has to stick up for it. And he told us all this, his own history. It was after the way he had seen the reaction of the average American to MacArthur and to his policy that he had made an inquiry and found that National Socialism was right. And then he founded and organized this American Nazi Party that is called today the National Socialist White People’s Party, NSWPP. It’s not the only movement in America. But it is one of the movements, the main movement. There are two or three other little small groups.

At the time, I had been in touch with several of the members of the National Socialist Party of America. Among others, one Dan Burros.⁹ I had been in correspondence with him from India. He used to write me enthusiastic letters. And suddenly he stopped. So I asked Rockwell, “What happened to Dan Burros?” And the answer of Rockwell struck me and made me admire Rockwell all the more. He said, “I kicked him out, that one.” I said, “Why did you kick him out? What has he done?” “Well, I caught him half strangling a poor dog, and I don’t want cowards in the National Socialist movement. To hurt an animal is to be a coward, especially a faithful, trusting dog. So I kicked him out.”

That, I thought to myself, is something that the Führer himself

⁹ Dan Burros (1937-1965).

could've done. I don't know whether he ever did it, whether he had the opportunity of doing it. But he could've done that. And it was the first time that I ever heard of a political party leader, a man who depends on public opinion to have a following, kick a man out of his party because that man had shown cruelty to an animal. I found that very good. I said, "Bravo, Rockwell, you did the right thing. In fact you did the right thing."

And I was to find out more about the famous Dan Burros a few years later in Montbrison where I was working in France as a stop-gap teacher. There was a newspaper on the table one morning. I saw it when I came down to get my morning coffee. And in that paper there were a few lines. A man called Dan Burros had been found dead in New York in his room. He killed himself. And it is presumed that he committed suicide after an article had been printed in the New York papers saying that he, although a member of the National Socialist party, was in reality a Jew. So I was fixed on Dan Burros. That's all.

So now more about Rockwell. I read his book, *This Time the World*, his autobiography.¹⁰ There were passages in it that I liked very much. And there were passages I didn't like so much. The passages I didn't like so much were those about his wives, his children. He could've mentioned the whole lot in a few lines. I didn't see the necessity of talking so long about his private attachment to his first wife and then why he separated from her, and then the second one was a beautiful Icelandic girl, all right. In fact the beautiful Icelandic girl left him when she made him choose between the movement and herself. And he chose the movement. Good for him. But why? Why not stick to him all the same, in spite of all the inconveniences? I find that not very good for a Nordic woman, to leave him for that. She's left him, and the children are with her in Iceland. Anyhow, that's the only thing I would say that was not absolutely well within my expectations of his book. The book is very fine. In fact it's quite all right. A very good book.

4. THE END OF THE COTSWOLDS CAMP

I saw the birth of the World Union of National Socialists, WUNS, founded by Rockwell—Rockwell was the first head of it—and by Tyndall and by Jordan and by all these heads of the parties that were there. Of course I joined it. And then I went to London, sent by the others, to pick up some American comrades, an American comrade and

¹⁰ George Lincoln Rockwell, *This Time the World* (Glendale, California: Parliament House, 1962).

his wife. And I found them at the airport, and they went to their hotel, and it was said that we would go next morning to the camp. I knew how to go to the camp by now. But next morning, they showed me the papers: "The camp has been broken up." I said, "Really, the camp's been broken up, so what to do?" He said, "There's no use going. Don't go yourself. You'll only be getting yourself into trouble." I said, "But I left my things there. I left my suitcase and all of my things. I must collect that."

So I went. In spite of all, I went back to the camp. The camp was in a turmoil, but my things were there. I said, "All right, I'm going to collect them." But to my astonishment, the police were there also. And the police took the passports of everyone, and I asked Jordan, "Should I give my passport?" "Well, I can't tell you to not give it, because you have a foreign passport." Of course I had a Greek passport, not an Indian one any longer, because India didn't want to renew it. But I had to have a passport, so I took my old Greek one back again. The police saw it and put some stamp on it that I was not to come back to England again.

And from that day I tried four times to land in England again, and I was repelled every time. I was sent back. I tried by plane. I tried by boat. I tried every way. I was sent back.