

"Es war also alles umsonst gewesen. Umsonst all die Opfer und Entbehrungen, umsonst der Hunger und Durst von manchmal endlosen Monaten, vergeblich die Stunden, in denen wir, von Todes angst umkrallt, dennoch unsere Pflicht taten, und vergeblich der Tod von zwei Millionen, die dabei starben..."

"Mein Kampf". edit. 1939, P. 223

Hail, Thou exalted One, Whom I have never seen; maker of a new world - my Leader :

From the dawn of Time, in ceaseless aspiration, I sought Thee, I, the undying Soul of higher mankind, strong and fair. I sought Thee in exile, and slavery and shame, unable to forget the glorious destiny befitting me in spite of all. From age to age, along the path that leads to certain death, I turned around to contemplate an everlasting dream; and all my being leaped towards the Saviour and the Lord Who was not th there, but Who would come, one day, and set me free, and give me back the wings of youth; towards Thee, beloved Leader, Whose name no one yet knew.

When wouldst Thou come ? Hundreds <sup>of</sup> years rolled by; new Kingdoms rose and fought, and in the mist, of time, slowly withered away; and gods changed names. One thing remained : the unpolluted stream of divine blood within the veins of <sup>the</sup> gods' chosen <sup>people</sup> few, and the dim consciousness in these of a great duty to fulfill. When wouldst Thou come ? From age to age, in the deep slumber of prosperity, again and again I called Thee. But the bright sky was deaf and dumb.

When once more all was lost, when all lay in the dust, when songs of hate echoed across the sacred Rhine, then didst Thou come - unknown; alone; out of the millions who awaited Thee; just one of them and

thing more, apparently; but one of them, in whom, the betrayed Gods of Aryandom lived and suffered and shone; one of them in whose voice, the voice of the exalted Race of heroes dead in vain was soon to speak; and one in whom the chosen lords of Earth, brothers of the immortal Youth, Baldur the Fair, were soon to hail their own invincibility. My Leader, - our Leader - Thou wast there, somewhere, unnoticed, on a bed of pain. But it was not the torment of the body - <sup>the</sup> maddening torture of Thy burning eyes, blinded for weeks by poisonous gas; - it was not even the atrocious threat of possible unending night ~~night~~, that gripped Thy heart in agony. It was the news of the betrayal of Thy country, the humiliation of surrender and the thought of all those who had died in vain in four long years. Oh, how the vision of their day to day dutiful sacrifice haunted Thy sleepless nights !

Thou laidst in mental agony a thousand times more horrid than any torture of the flesh. And from Thy blinded aching eyes, tears of powerless rage, tears of shame inexpressible, of boundless love and hate, rilled forth. No heart was torn as Thy great heart over the tragic fate of the millions whose blood was Thine - and mine; for indeed it is the same: Aryan blood.

Out of hunger and strife and devilish deceit, a new tremendous Power was taking shape in the bleak East; while on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, the entire West, in childish glee, danced to the sound of drunken tunes, insulting Thy defeated people. Thou feltst the knife-thrust of their spiteful gait hundreds of miles away, while all round Thee Thou couldst but see Thy people's hunger and despair, and bitterness in harsh revolt against an unjust fate, against the accusing lies of a whole world

And at that feeling, and at that sight, Thy ardent, bleeding heart ached with more love and with more hate - love for Thy martyred Nation, Thy greater Self, whose life mattered alone; fathomless love, to which no sacrifice would ever be too great, no price too high if it could buy

3

freedom and resurrection; hate for the workers of disaster, for those  
aliens whose cunning and whose wealth had long deceived and bribed the  
whole ignorant world, and turned the West against the best of its own  
flesh and blood.

And love and hate made Thee the Man who was to be, - the Leader  
long awaited. The world was soon to see, through Thee, Thy people free;  
through Thee, the chosen blood protected and united within the growing  
Realm; through Thee, the god-like youth marching along the highways,  
with songs of conquest, in the morning sun.

But I, Thy follower, Thy worshipper to be, Thy seeker through the  
gloom of time, had not yet heard Thy name. Not far beyond the moving fron-  
tiers of the Realm, I awaited Thee unknowingly, deeming myself to be a  
thirteen year-old maiden, while many centuries of age indeed I was;  
while before my dark eyes, fair shadows of a radiant past appeared and  
disappeared, reminding me of a forgotten world; foretelling me the glory  
of Thy great world to come

And to the ugly crowd of liars and <sup>of</sup> cowards, I turned my back ins-  
tinctively. Not even for a second did I feel happy as I heard the bells  
of victory. Their victory; not mine - I could have said: not ours. I  
knew Thee not. (Who knew Thee, then ? ) And I knew not Thy people?..  
But at the news of their defeat, my heart was sad, as though / the triumph  
of their enemies were, in my eyes, the triumph of guile and treachery and  
above all, of sickening mediocrity - of all I hated in the world. I knew  
Thee not; and yet I sought Thee in my dreams. Thy great Idea was mine;  
had been, from the beginning, the very yearning of my lonely soul.  
I was already Thy disciple, and Thy lover and Thy worshipper....

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