

1919

"Auch das hellenische Kulturideal soll uns in seiner verbildlichen Schönheit erhalten bleiben. Man darf die grössere Rassengemeinschaft zerreißen lassen. Der Kampf, der heute tobt; geht um ganz grosse Ziele; eine Kultur kämpft um ihr Dasein, die Jahrtausende in sich verbindet und Griechen und Germanentum gemeinsam umschliesst."...

"Mein Kampf" edit. 1939, p. 470.

But yet, I knew Thee not, I knew not Thy ^{great} people. And I did not suspect what possibilities lay within them, in our times, under my eyes.

Weary of the silly, sickly world which I did know; full of contempt for the conceited nation that laughs at everything she cannot understand, and holds in horror all extreme, uncompromising faiths; the nation that put forth the world-wide snare: "rights of man", and hates obvious authority and iron order backed by force of arms, while she adores the unseen slavery of the gullible mind to lies; full of contempt; also; for the religion that teaches that other great lie: "the dignity of every human soul", in the name of a god whom I had never loved, I turned my eyes to far-gone days; to gods and to heroes long dead, whose names no longer stirred devotion in the hearts of men, I gave my heart. I wept because I could not bring them back to life again.

The vision of the ancient Eoc, — of the Acropolis, seat of Perfection white and golden beneath Attica's cloudless sky; lived in my memory. And along with it, I adored the beauty of the manly virtues of heroes like unto the Gods — Whether of those who storned immortal

Troy, three thousand years ago, or of those, ~~not~~ ^{less} great, and ~~no~~ ^{less} god-like, who, merely a century before the present day, struggled for Hellas' freedom, in mountain fastnesses and on the sea, under the banner of the Cross. And along with it, I worshipped the beauty of the holy North in by-gone days, before its racial pride had yielded to the foreign god of meekness; the beauty of the conquering men — my mother's ancestors — who when in a deafening roar, outburst of monstrous glee, the sky and Sea challenged each other's might, and tempest howled, and thunder growled, and lightning tore the crumbling clouds, stood in their ships, erect, and beat their shields in cadence, and answering the furious Voice of elemental Godhead, sang warrior-like hymns to Odin and to Thor.

Where were they now, those supermen? Where was the spirit of my race, which lived in me? Where was I now to find men at the hearing of whose songs my heart would beat? men in whose words I would detect the spell of pride and power? whose voice, I gladly ^{would} obey? — men whom I could admire?

All round me I beheld nothing but credulous and kindly apes, or — which is worse — pedantic apes, well-read, but without faith, without the urge to fight for Something greater than themselves and than their narrow "happiness"; Something for which men fight, along their way to supermanhood. And only in the scattered lines of a few dresmers did I find an echo of my yearning. "Come, O thou exile of the far-gone times"; said one of these. "The axe has felled the sacred trees where swords once clattered, now, the slave doth crawl and pray. And all the Gods have gone away. Come to them in the gleaming Walkhall, where They await thee!"

And I, fourteen, and full of youthful ardour, full of the thirst of sacrifice for Something that would mean, to me, all that the Gods of Greece and of the ancient North then meant; and I the daughter of the North and of the ancient North also meant; and I, the daughter of the North, and the daughter of the North, all in one, afire with love for Someone Who, to me, would be the embodiment of resurrected Aryandom — Someone Whom I could defy — I knew

never more to return; over the fair-haired warriors in whom their spirit dwelt
 o'ere beauty and virility of Aryan man, the pride of Aryan woman, wife and
 queen, - mother of men.

Slowly, but steadily, yet Thou wast rising, appointed by these very
 Gods whom I adored; to lead higher mankind to glory and to death, and then,
 to greater glory still. In Thy visible garb, thirty years old wast Thou,
 eternal One, my Saviour. Already, above the noise of catastrophic changes
 that shook the world, Thy people heard Thy voice proclaim the message of Thy
 anxious love - Thy ultimatum to the Chosen Nation - : "Future or ruin !"
 Already, to their depth, Thy inspired words had stirred them. Already a few
 bold, hard and true, - young men of gold and steel - had risen at Thy call
 and given Thee their all, and sworn to Thee, with joy, life-long allegiance
 in absolute obedience.

And just as when, before the storm, the surface of the sea, still re-
 mains calm, and the sky blue, meanwhile in unsuspected heights, slowly,
 tremendous whirls appear gathering scatters water-drops into dark clouds
 ready to burst; and just as when no sign of new eruption can be shown in
 or around their silent, empty craters, down, down, low down in untold depth
 within the burning bowels of slumbering volcanoes, the unseen molten basalt
 boils and roars and rises day by day; so likewise at the call of Thy com-
 pelling love, so, likewise at the light of Thy inspired, star-like eyes,
 slowly the age-old manliness and pride and will to power were roused anew wi-
 thin a day, and y^{our} men heroes. And while the land still groined under the
 heels of victo^{rs} who had made it clear that theirs, in the great councils of
 the day, in which silly humanity was told to put its hope, from the breasts
 of the chosen few must forth the cry that echoed Thine : " Awake, O Nation
 fated to proclaim the divine rights of pure blood; fated to rise and rule !

Germany awake !"

Oh, had I heard the martial cry - the call to resurrection - and had I also known that along the way of light, I would be allowed to follow Thee ! That I too was invited to the great sacrifice in honour of the dawn; to the great Feast of Life at which, expressing my own youthful yearning, minstrels would praise the Gods I loved in magnificent hymns; to the great processional march in which, I too, would bear a torch, and I too had my voice to the broadening chorus, and in which on my right and on my left, and all around me I would have, as comrades, nay, as brothers, & real demi-gods in flesh and blood ! Oh, Had I known thou wast the One whom I had sought from century to century, and Whom I was still seeking, in ardent adolescent dreams ! and that Thou wouldst welcome in me, the daughter of the outer Aryan world of North and South; the first-fruits of the love and reverence of the whole Race for Thee, its Saviour, Thee its Leader Thee its uncrowned King ! Has I but known?....

But greater ones than I knew Thee not yet.