

1932

"Alle grossen Kulturen der Vergangenheit gingen nur zugrunde, weil die ursprünglich schöpferische Rasse an Blutvergiftung abstarb".

"Mein Kampf," edit. 1939, P.316

"Away, away to India; away to the hallowed country where the Aryan Gods have never died and need not be revived !" thought I. "Greece has become the prey of money-grabbing foreigners, and the victim of alien Gods and alien teachings; and I cannot do anything to awake her sleeping soul; over and over again her children have reminded me that I am nobody and that my voice has no echo in any heart.

In reurrected Germany, no doubt, the everlasting spirit of the best people of my race, is growing day by day more powerful and He is there. But would He really welcome me, an Aryan from abroad, as one entirely his own ? Would his people believe me when I say that I love and admire them ? In my own land nobody has believed me yet. No, better be a foreigner in a far-away land, - a western Aryan Heathen in the last citadel of Aryan culture in the East - rather than in the very midst of the one land in Europe where my own spirit is rising day by day ! So let me go ! One day I shall come back."

Thus thought I as the ship sailed on, further and further south, - down the Red Sea, - and carried me I knew not where nor for how long. Standing alone upon the deck, I watched the innumerable stars in the dark sky and, now and then, as I cast down my eyes, the phosphorescent circles of innumerable jelly-fish in the dark waters. Gliding between the two gorgeous infinities, I felt my nothingness but also realised the inefable tuning of all my being to the silent music of the Universe.

My unsuspected destiny, I knew, was a detail in a huge Destiny by far transcending me. And all that I did had to be. And from the stars and

from the depth of the dark shining waters, I felt the unseen forces guiding me and carrying me (never mind through what wanderings) where I was bound to go : to the fulfilment of thousands of years of yearning; to the glory of a new youth in Thy new world - to Thee, the everlasting Friend; the One Who comes over and over again.

And every radiant dawn and every fiery sunset that I admired upon the sea, brought the world nearer the great blessed Day of Thy Seizure of Power, while I sailed further and further away, ... Yet, along my own path, nearer to the outlandish port from which my fate had willed that she I should fight for Thee, for ever near Thee in spirit, for Thy unseen and broader Realm extends above all boundaries to wherever Thy faith in Healt and God-made Order, lives within Aryan hearts.

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I reached Aryavarts, the Land of many races, where teeming millions to his day, honour the fair descendants of the ancient bards of my own race, as gods on earth; where neither gold nor might, nor learning, nor anything that man can conquer, but purity of blood alone is a treasure for six thousand years.

And then I saw the wondrous sight : Rameshwaram, the temple erected by the faith of millions to the glory of the fair immemorial Aryan hero Rama, Conqueror of the South. I saw its many-storied gopurams towering far above the flimsy roofs and dusty crowded streets of the Dravidian village in holy festive mood. And to the sound of music never heard before, I passed under its doorway, I too draped in bright silk, I too with jasmin flowers in my hair like the daughters of India, I the ambassador of distant western Aryandom to the surviving stronghold of Aryan faith in the Far South. And at the entrance, on the right and on the left as though it were welcoming me, I saw, in gleaming vermillion, the well-known Sign, the old wheel of the Sun - our Sign. And tears came to my eyes

I walked along gigantic corridors, past endless rows of stately<sup>20</sup> pillars through which I could behold no end of halls, more pillars and more corridors. My footsteps sounded strange upon the pavement, and in the voice that sprang from my own lips I could not recognise my voice. I wandered in elation, as in a world of dreams. Music of flutes and kettle drums resounded through the echoing halls, full of the scent of burning incense and fresh flowers. Dusky velvet-eyed men, all clad in white, and dusky women clad in many colours and full of strange serpentine grace, passed by like shadows. And suddenly night came - the warm tropical night heavy with perfume and alive with hunger and with lust, with the great life of forest and of jungle, and the Full Moon of Waishakha shone in the violet sky, shedding its phosphorescent light over the mighty towers and sculptured domes and outer walls and colonnades and over the still surface of the sacred tank, while growing darkness filled the halls and more offering-bearing crowds poured in from every doorway. And I stayed on and on - to watch, to feel, to know the Feast of living Aryan Heathendom in a strange land; the homage of the conquered South to the deified northern Warrior and King, Rama, now, in our times, after thousands of years.

And then, out of the darkness came the blast of music and the thundering throbs of drums, and light appeared, - the light of burning torches held by a hundred men, And, suddenly, in the light, I saw a row of sacred elephants emerge in glittering array; seven of them, with ritual stripes of vermillion and sandal pasts upon their massive foreheads, and scarlet cloths with golden fringe hanging down from their towering backs. The processional chariot of Rama and of Sita, followed, covered with flowers by the handful on its passage. And the red glow of torches shone upon the dusky faces, many of which were regular and beautiful. And the half-naked youths who drove the elephants and those who bore the torches seemed as though their

the torches seemed as though they were likenesses of Greciangods in living bronze.

I watched them pass; I watched them go, further and further away along the echoing pillared corridors and around the moon-lit sacred tank. And for the second time my eyes were filled with tears. For in a flash my mind went back to Europe where I had so many times and for so long dreamed with nostalgic sadness of that unbroken Pagan ritual; to Europe where, I knew, thou wast calling Thy people to a new rising of the Aryan spirit, nay to the birth in them of a new Aryan soul, with all the decorous display and all the pomp that young creative faith could put forth when allied to the spontaneous love of order and of beauty. I thought of other torch-processions of the new rising Germanic creed of pride in racial purity, in which the fire-bearers were tall, athletic blond young men, sons of that hallowed North whence long ago both Greece and India had drawn their noblest blood and the new light that was to make them everlasting. "At last, after so many centuries of demoralisation through the poison of Christian-like equality, the eternal values of my race again being upheld, in broad day-light on my own continent," thought I, for the millioneth time. "But why had they ever been brushed aside? Why did the Jewish teaching ever conquer our fathers?"

And although these fifteen hundred long years, during which Europe had had been worshipping her Jewish god and lowering herself before his priests, and exalting moral standards of human brotherhood destined to give her soul to Israel, there in the Tropics, far away, India's dusky millions had clung most faithfully to Aryan gods; here, when the Moon was in its full during the month of Vaishakha, year after year men had come forth in crowds to honour Rama, the Aryan conqueror of Ceylon; here throughout India's stormy history, through invasions and through wars, and in spite of all the levelling creeds imported by crusaders of equality and

sneaking preachers of humanity, the time-honoured caste-hierarchy had preserved pure blood, and kept alive a handful of real Aryans; here every man, even among the lower races, believed in racial hierarchy, and knew his place - believed in our principles, in our faith, in our world New Order, without being aware of it.

Around the moonlit sacred tank, slowly moved the procession. And one after the other, for a while, the intricately sculptured pillars were lighted up by scarlet glow. And kettle-drums and flutes and clashing cymbals mingled their deep vibrations and their high-pitched notes, in deafening east-Indian music under the luminous infinity of the sky. And coils of incense filled in the air, - the offering of the South to the great Aryan hero, now yesterday, and in all times, foreshadowing the future homage of varied races of all climes, the homage of the conquered world to the god-like Race; to thee, my leader, to Thy people; to the everlasting noble blood, fated to rule, both Thine ..... and mine.

I shut my eyes, and thought of the great miracle that Thou wast working far away : of the new Europe of our dreams. And amidst the solemn mystic roar that held me as though under a spell, that roar of joyous fervour, centuries old, - and amidst the smoke of incense and the jasmine breath of that bright southern night, untold elation filled my heart. And blending in a dream the age-old homage of the South, that I admired, with the tremendous hope of Thy power and glory, I thought, in an ecstatic smile " : , , , , and to-morrow, the whole world ! "

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