

1935

"... eine neue Weltanschauung und nicht eine neue Wahlparole."

"Mein Kampf," edit. 1939, P. 243

A beautiful medieval town, full of the joy and pageantry of our grand new era : old Nürnberg. Houses with slanting roofs, crossed wooden beams and latticed windows, and flower-pots on every window-sill; and, hanging large and bright from these, thousands of blood-red flags bearing the holy Sign - the immemorial Swastika - in black in midst of a white disk; cathedrals in the gothic style, with sculptured spires reaching the sky, and statues of the Virgin-mother and of by-gone saints proclaiming the aspiration of the soul towards the Unattainable. And marching past their doors and past those houses of another age, the Young Men of to-day singing triumphantly the song of pride and resurrection - blended in one : the old; the new; eternal Germany; eternal western Aryandom once once more awake out of its Christian slumber. And in the immense Stadium near the town, under the eyes of half a million people, the Reichsparteitag, the ritual consecration of that miraculous awakening, in untold splendour, lasting days and nights.

In the sunshine : the sacrament of labour; the worship of the Earth in her fecundity, and of the strength and skill of Aryan Man, her fairest child, her pride, the brightest fruit of her delight in the Sun's long embrace; the sacrament of the creative skill of Aryan Man as corn-grower and minor and weapon-maker, and worker of the wonders of the lightning-power, in harmony with ends of life and truth, in harmony with the great purpose of the Sun on earth - the rule in glory of the Sun-

Sun born Race -

With martial music, songs and flags, bearing upon their shoulders the sacred Instrument of Labour - the Spade that opens Mother Earth to the life-giving Sun-rays - in came the proud young men, in squadrons of twice nine; behind them came the labour-Leaders, and the girls - the healthy working mothers of to-morrow, serene and strong as Mother Earth. And as parading soldiers present arms, so did these youths, in ceremonial gestures, present their spades, weapons of peaceful power. And loud and clear, between the martial songs evoking those who died for Germany during the liberation-struggle; between two solemn tunes played on the throbbing drums, their young voices repeated the ritual formula: "Ready are we, indeed!" - ready to till the divine Land, the Fatherland, whose life is ours; ready to make it prosperous ready to make it great.

And Thou speakest to them and to the many thousands, my beloved Leader - Our Leader! And thousands of breasts came forth the rhythmic cry of franzied pride and joy - and love, - the cry of Thy new Germany "Sieg! Heil!"

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In the dark night, the Sacrament of Silence, - and Thy apotheosis, O my Leader, along with that of Germany, in the Temple of Light(1).

In the granite immobility, there stood the Brown Battalions, in their formations between which stretched long straight empty spaces. A living picture of the conscious few, who, throughout endless Time, had kept Thy everlasting truth alive within their hearts, and watched, and hoped against all hope, and waited for the long-desired Aryan Dawn, they stood in heavy darkness awaiting Thee. With them, the thousands waited, in utter silence and without a ray of light upon their faces.

Then, suddenly, as Thou steppedest forth into the largest avenue that led to Thy exalted Seat, hundreds of blue transparent pillars, columns of dream-like light - struck the dark sky from countless hidden sources all round the outer walls of the great Stadium, surrounding Thee as Thou walkedest on; surrounding Thy motionless Fighters, and all the silent, spell-bound crowd, cutting off from the world the privileged enclosure - the consecrated space - where first among all Aryans of the West, Thy people were communing with their own proud soul, becoming conscious of the Godhead of their Race.

Thou reachedest Thy place above the crowd, - above the broader outer world - and Thou stoodest in silence; the silence of five hundred thousand men standing together intently, in common faith, in common prayer, in common adoration of that One real God: their Nation's Soul; their Race's the bright Soul of the Sun awake within themselves. In silence, utter silence didst Thou wait with them, - the silence of the grave before the stir of resurrection, the silence of primeaval Night, mother of everything, before the stir of Life.

Then slowly, from the limits of the Stadium, - slowly and silently - endless processions of flag-bearers poured in between the thick formations of the Brown Battalions. Under the ghostly blue reflected light of that unearthly row of phosphorescent columns that held the Stadium in a magic circle, on they went; and on them, rested a ray of light. On they went, brightred streams converging at Thy feet, slowly and silently, - streams of the new live-blood, irresistibly quickening that immense body lying in the darkness in death-like insensibility. And silence reigned; the magic silence in which creative forces work irresistibly; the ecstatic silence in which creative love communes with God, that is to say, with everlasting Life. Silence, for half an hour, for an hour, or more? and then, all of a sudden, like a creative spell out of that radiant stillness, the songs of life and pride

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and conquest; and then, Thy speech, from that high place, from that first altar of the new Aryan Faith; - Thy speech to Germany in adoration before Thee, and, beyond Germany, to me, six thousand miles away, to whom the waves of aether carried it; to the whole Aryan Race. And then, those songs again: the Song of the dead hero, Horst Wessel, now alive, for ever and for ever, and the well-known national anthem: "Germany above all..."

"Above all?" did then many ask within their hearts, already with suspicion and hidden jealousy. And the songs and Thy people's cheers, and Thy voice and Thy silence, and theirs, all echoed: "Yes!" And I, remembering the centuries by-gone, and that long fruitless, hopeless struggle of Aryan man against the Jewish yoke from the day Paul of Tarsus had set foot in Athens, thought: "Why not? Yes, why not, my Leader's countrymen, if ye be worthy of Him and worthy of your task? if ye can lead us all to freedom and to glory, as He leads You?"

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In the sunshine, the Sacrament of Consecration of the flags.

Thou hadest in Thy hand the "Flag of Blood", the one that the sixteen first Martyrs bore, when, in their vain attempt to carry Thee to power, they fell; for Germany and Thee, twelve years before. And in Thy other hand, Thou heldest the new flags, - the ones that were to inspire Thy many younger Fighters with the burning faith of the old; the ones that were to carry forth, along the highways, south and north, and east and west, to all Germanic people still outside the Reich, Thy great message of unity and pride and strength within their folds.

Through Thee, the Leader and the Saviour, through Thee, the living Reich, - the priest of the National Soul, that very Soul itself, - ran the mysterious power of the dead; the magic power of boundless love and pure blood shed for love's sake without regret; the magic power of blood on which all greatness lies. It ran into the bright-red folds of the new flags,

snow-white disk, and the age-old Sign of Power which in the disk they bore the holy Swastika, Sign of the Life-force in the Sun among the ancient Aryans, Sign of the new Awakening of Germany and of the Aryan Race, Thy Sign, our Sign, for ever more.

And it gave them the virtue of the "Flag of Blood", the virtue of the dead who fell for Thee to rule, and for Thy people to become, in Europe and beyond the narrow boundaries of Europe, the herald of Awakening Aryandom.

I was not there. From far away, I watched the new stupendous rites : the first rites of the new civilisation that I had craved for, age after age, since the decay of Aryan man.

I was not there - alas ! And yet I felt that the Day of my dream had come, at last, that the old pride of the Sun-born had won against the lying teachings that Aryan man had once acclaimed, to his disgrace; that my own cult of health and strength and youthful manly beauty, my double aspiration at the same time Nordic and Grecian, my ever-living Soul, silenced and mocked for fifteen hundred years, had won, through Thee and through thy Nation

I watched Thee transfer to the age-old Symbol of our Race, that marked Thy flags, the fluid of rejuvenation, the magic virtue of the modern heroes' blood. And in my heart, I hailed the blessed colours, and thought: "May I see Thee wave over East and West, Sign of the domination of the Sun-born, eternal Swastika, Sign of the Best !"
