

1938

"Würde man die Menschheit in drei Arten einteilen :
in Kulturbegründer, Kulturträger und Kulturzerstörer
dann käme als Vertreter der ersten wohl nur der
Arier in Frage."

Mein Kampf, " Edition 1939? P. 318.

And year's rolled on. And Thy astounding power extended undisputed over the ever-greater Reich. And the wide world, - the world of the deluded, - experienced increasing awe at the sight of Thy greatness. - and I adored Thee all the more.

From many thousand miles away, where Fate had willed that I should stay, I spoke according to Thy spirit in the name of truth everlasting. Alone, I walked along Thy way, never forgetting that, one day, I would return, and see Thee in Thy glory. That, one day, to me among all, the untold privilege would fall, in the language of future times, to tell the Aryans of all times, the unsuspected meaning of Thy story.

I travelled and I spoke. From halls in Indian towns, from shady places under banyan-trees throughout the Indian country-side, I stirred, in countless dusky black-eyed people, both age-old loyalty to Aryan Gods and hatred of the modern yoke of money, - and in an Aryan minority our common racial pride. I spoke of the twilight of Western Heathendom and of the early days of the dark era in which the Jewish creed of Man prevailed at last against the Aryan creeds of life. And I quoted the bitter words in which Emperor Julian, dying upon the battle-field, is said to have expressed the despair of his heart at the sight of that world that he had tried in vain to rescue from decay : "O Galilean, thou hast won !" I exalted eastern Aryandom, silent, but still alive in old caste-ridden India - faithful in its expectant immobility. I fought, with all the fire of my heart, the levelling creeds of Man, - The Jewish creeds, whatever be the garb in which they might be clad.

And I spoke of Thy glorious Dawn, and of the coming days in which the racial aristocracy of East and West would stand together hall the divine truth preserved in immemorial Aryan Writ. And many times I quoted Thee, Soul of the new world-wide Awakening; Son and Avenger of the Aryan Gods both Germanic and Grecian, Saviour who hast answered at last, the sixteen hundred-year-old call of him who failed.

In the tropical atmosphere rang Thy eternal words, thy words of truth and pride, expressed by me in a different tongue. And many dusky faces would brighten, and many people clap their hands, for in those words the crowd could recognise the Wisdom that had governed India in immemorial by-gone days. And many a fairer face among the crowd - a face with noble features and with thoughtful eyes - would look intently up to me, for in those words the few would hear and feel the echo of that Aryan Wisdom that their forefathers from the glorious distant North had brought with them to be the wisdom of all lands. And once an old man came to me when I had finished speaking, and said, alluding to thy words: "From which most hallowed Writ of Ancient days have you quoted this truth?"

And tears came to my eyes as I measured the bridge that thou hast thrown over the stream of Time between our world and its remotest youth, between Thy beloved people and the fair warriors of their race - of our common race - by whom the Aryan fame filled India so long ago; over the immensity of space, between Thy beloved Lad and any land where lives and rules the spirit of the Aryan race. I suddenly remembered that I stood on the very border of the Aryan world - hardly a hundred miles away from Burma and from China. And my heart leaped within my breast as I uttered Thy name.

And then, I met the wisest of the southern Aryans, the silent Friend who understood the meaning of Dawn, and who, through written word and thought, and patient action in the dark, was planning and preparing the staggering extension of Thy grand New Order to all the world.

And the Wise One told me : "Go back, where duty calls you ! Go back, the time has come; go straight to Him who is the Leader of the West, for he alone your burning faith will fathom, for he alone your love and hate will welcome and give you all that he means to do your best. Don't remain here; go straight to Him, who is Life and Resurrection; to unsuspected fields of joyous action without regret and without rest !"

"In a year's time or a little more, when I have done all that I can do here; when, in immense Aryavarta, more people understand why I have come and are ready to hail our spreading light, then I shall go - and tell my brothers : "See ! Through Eastern ways, with Eastern words, and with that understanding which freedom from all ties save yours has given me, I have hastened the fulfilment of the age-old dream of Aryan domination; of your great dream of world-wide might !"

But the wise One replied : "Go now ; for it will be too late in a year's time !"

Why did I not believe him ? Conscious of Thy great heathen Dawn, why did I stay so far away from danger and from duty ? What made me blind to all the signs of the threatening storm ? In spite of all my love and hate, what held me back ? An evil fate - or glorious plan of which no man could know ? Plans of the Gods almighty ?
