

1942

"Nun weiss der Jude zu genau, dass er in seiner tausendjährigen Anpassung wohl europäische Völker zu unterhöhlen und zu geschlechtslosen Bastarden zu erziehen vermag, allein einem asiatischen Nationalstaat von der Art Japans dieses Schicksal kaum zuzufügen in der Lage wäre.
Er scheut in seinem tausendjährigen Judenreich einen japanischen Nationalstaat und wünscht deshalb seine Vernichtung noch vor Begründung seiner eigenen Diktatur. So hetzt er heute die Völker gegen Japan wie einst gegen Deutschland...."

"Mein Kampf" edit. 1939 P. 723-724

To the furthestmost Isles of Dawn, the struggle now extended

more and more irresistible, the war-cry of those distant Isles had burst forth at the Gods' command, and within space invisible, over a stretch of fifteen thousand miles of hostile land, with that of our martial Song, its echo it had blended.

These were also great days, - days of expanding power, in which, as though on their way to a feast, Thy yet unvanquished armies marched, full of self-confidence and joy, across the Russian plains, further and further east; while further still one could admire a world ridding itself of foreign chains at Japan's call, amidst the Pacific on fire.

Across the Russian plains, from North to South, from West to East, as though they were going forth to meet and greet the Rising Sun, on went Thy inspired Armies, that seemed invincible; Thy Special Storm formations, spreading along their way, through lands that seemed unreachable, the feat of Thee into the hearts of newly conquered nations, further and further every-day, and rounding up, as they advanced, and sending to their doom their proper place - the arch-enemies of the Aryan race :

From far away Japan, through conquered Indo-China, through the Isles of the Southern Seas, and the thick jungles of Malaya and those of Burma,

from East to West, from South to North, our bravest allies poured forth, suddenly like a swarm of bees. Since that great night on which the world had seen, amazed, amidst the thunder of exploding bombs, in lurid light, a hundred of burning ships trying to flee from Pearl Harbour ablaze, one place after the other had surrendered to those who in the Pacific now fought for Thee.

Hong-Kong; Manila, Saigon, Surabaya Penang, and soon Gualalumpur were in their hands and every dawning day brought news of further conquests, until, exactly two thousand six hundred and two years after the Empire of the Rising Sun is said to have been founded, burst forth, to the four corners of the world astounded, the most staggering news of all : that of the fall to Singapore.

With that stronghold, which had, so long, seemed inexpugnable, it was as though our enemies had lost the bastion of their might, Joy unutterable, and frenzied hopes and dreams of domination filled our hearts and made our countenances bright. And while the Wise One who, in patient secrecy, had made it possible for Thy Allies to win their way through Burma, quietly smoked his water-pipe, I paced the marble floor in proud elation, and sang the Song of war, like on the Day the vanguard of Thy hosts had entered conquered Paris, - like on Pearl Harbour Night.

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Great days indeed were these ! Before the lightning thrust of Thy gallant allies, the enemies of Thy New Order fled in terror, along the dusty roads and through the swamps, while behind them filling the bright-red sky, slowly unfurled itself in thick black coils the smoke of hundreds of burning oil-tanks; or else, hard pressed on every side, they rushed here and there in dismay, seeking in vain, within the jungles all ablaze, a miraculous way by which to flee and hide; two mighty hunters led

the chase : the fire that crawled and ran and roared under the trees, and, calmly awaiting them outside, ready to shoot them dead as they came out our efficient friends the Japanese.

Soon fell Rangoon and Mandalay... The gallant warriors of Dawn steadily pushed on and on, up the great Irrawadi Valley and beyond; through plains and hills and forests, without rest, nearer Bengal, nearer Assam, nearer Upper Hindustan, where East meets West, a few miles further every day. And through a solid chain of trusted men, the Wise One sent them messages, so that more of Thy enemies might, perish at their hands. And we waited to welcome them as they would reach Calcutta, and past our house march forth on their way west, on their way north, to further lands.

Oh, it was sweet to watch them come ! And it was sweet to know, that through our humble agency, more thousands of Thy foes - more servants of the world-wide Money power, traitors to their own race; more men of those who were now pouring fire upon Thy beloved people - would perish in their turn within the flames, in Burma's jungles far away, or be sent off to toil for Thy allies, no one knew where on Asian soil ! And it was sweet to see the impact of Thy armies break all resistance within mighty Russia, and Thy Young Men march on and on and on, towards the Caucasus, toward the Volga, towards the endless Lands of Dawn.

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We all thought Stalingrad would fall, and we all thought Calcutta would soon be in Thy Allies' hands. As warm sunbeams fill golden space, and then suddenly vanish, were to leave no trace but that of bitter disillusion within our hearts, carried us right beyond the realm of dire reality; for then we felt, for then we thought, in all sincerity, that we had won...

By the Wise One I sat, picturing in my mind the endless eastward thrust of Thy victorious legions, for the Greater Reich and for Thee,

from the shores of the Caspian Sea, past Bokkhara and Samarkand, and through restless Afghanistan- through unknown regions- down to the heart of Hindoustan. I pictured them along the old Conquerors' Road that Alexander took when Fate had willed him to bring war to meditative India, the road the ancient Aryans followed four thousand years before. I pictured them, as though their coming were a certitude. I pictured them along the Kabul Valley, and then within that haunted solitude of brick-red rocks and bright-blue sky, full of hallucinating beauty, that leads to Jasmrud and to Peshawer. I pictured them, - the same ones who had stood in the great Party-rallies - glad the command of duty had sent them there, singing along their way the well-known song : "We shall march further on, even if all should fall to pieces, for Germany belongs to us to-day, and to-morrow ... the whole world ! " The mighty rocks sent back the spell-like words and the vibrations of the horns of brass mingled their grandeur with the grandeur of the site. And in the dry, transparent air, the red and brown hills seemed more bright, with their chaotic outlines and dark shadows. And in the sunshine fluttered the proud Swastika-flag, red and white. And on they went, Thy soldiers, - my brothers bold and fair - like their forerunners of Antiquity, through the historic Khyber Pass :

They would indeed "march further on," and reach imperial Delhi; and there Thy brave Allies would meet... And war would end, and I would see both Lands of Dawn and Lands of Sunset at Thy feet; - redeemed and free. And between the Far East, extended realm of the Sons of the Rising Sun and Thy extended Realm, the Aryan West, the Wise One, hidden worker of great deeds, and of all Thy allies the best, would rule the South, from Ceylon to the Russian border, in faith and truth, according to the needs of Thy new Order. And under him in spirit no less than name bread Hindusthan, would rebecome again :

And I would stand by Thee in happiness and glory, I, the Link between

West, and East and between North and South, the eternal Aryan Soul in woman's
 earthly form, and in the famous marble hall in which has stood the Peaseck-
 Throne, in the name of strange multitudes unknown to Thee and to people, my
 eyes and heart fixed upon Thee alone, hail Thee as leader of the reborn world
 - my Leader !

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Oh, why did that great dream not become true ? Why did a hostile Fate
 suddenly change the course of things, and, kindling treachery on every front
 abroad, while letting loose the hell of hate over Thy Netherland in streams
 of fire, set out to break Thy eagle's wings ? Thy was it so that before they
 could reach to mastery over the Sunset Lands, Thy beloved people fair and
 bold were first to hold the palm of martyrdom within their hands ?

