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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*

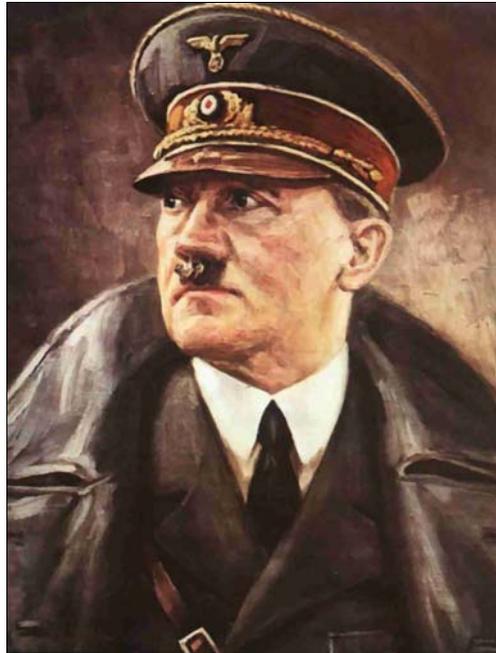


Illustration: Adolf Hitler

If you know the name of the portrait painter, please contact the [Archivist](#).

*Savitri Devi's **For Ever and Ever** . . . is a book of sixteen "prose poems" written in 1952-53. (From this point on, I am going to "modernize" the spelling of the title to **Forever and Ever** and drop the ellipses.)*

***Forever and Ever** is one of three books left unpublished at the time of Savitri's death. The others are **Hart wie Kruppstahl (Hard as Steel)**, written 1960-63, a tribute to German National Socialists before and after the Second World War, and **Tyrtée l'Athenien (Tyrtaios the Athenian)**, a novel set in ancient Greece, written circa 1964-68, but not finished.*

These books were thought lost, but were preserved by a French friend of Savitri, who informed the Archive of their existence on 13 April 2006.

*Still unknown is the fate of a fourth unfinished book, **Ironies et paradoxes dans l'histoire et la légende (Ironies and Paradoxes in History and Legend)**, begun in 1979 but*

abandoned after one and a half chapters due to Savitri's deteriorating eyesight.

On 2 September 2006, the Archive received a photocopy of the typescript of **Forever and Ever**. To be more precise, we received a typescript of 65 pages (three unnumbered front pages, plus 62 numbered pages) comprising the first fifteen of the sixteen poems. Fortunately, multiple copies of the final poem, "1953" ("And Time Rolls On . . .") survive, and the poem has already been **published**.

To celebrate Savitri Devi's 101st birthday, 30 September 2006, the Archive will publish **Forever and Ever** one poem at a time.

The first poem, "1918," is below. But first a few words about the pages that come before it. The title page reads FOR EVER AND EVER . . . By SAVITRI DEVI ([PDF](#)). The second page bears the dedication "To A.H.," which needs no elaboration ([PDF](#)). The third page bears the epigraph of the book: "Wenn alle untreu werden, So bleiben wir doch treu . . ." ("When all become unfaithful, We remain faithful still . . ."), the first two lines of Max von Schenkendorf's 1814 "Treuelied," which was adopted by the SS ([PDF](#)). Then follows "1918" itself.

There may, however, be a page or two missing from the manuscript. After the fifth poem is a page bearing the words "DAYS OF GLORY . . ." ([PDF](#)). After the tenth poem is a page bearing the words "DAYS OF HORROR." ([PDF](#)). These pages divide the book into three sections. There is, however, no corresponding title page before the first poem. If such a page existed, however, judging from the other pages, the title it bore probably began with the words "DAYS OF." It is, furthermore, possible that there was a fourth section of the manuscript, since the final poem, "1953," may have been placed in its own separate section.

In transcribing and editing these poems for publication, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. I provide PDF images of the manuscript for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each poem.

—R. G. Fowler

I.

1918

"Es war also alles umsonst gewesen.
Umsonst all die Opfer und Entbehrungen,
umsonst der Hunger und Durst von

manchmal endlosen Monaten, vergeblich die Stunden, in denen wir, von Todesangst umkrallt, dennoch unsere Pflicht taten, und vergeblich der Tod von zwei Millionen, die dabei starben.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, pp. 223-24¹

Hail, Thou exalted One, Whom I have never seen; maker of a new world—my Leader!

From the dawn of Time, in ceaseless aspiration, I sought Thee, I, the undying Soul of higher mankind, strong and fair. I sought Thee in exile, and slavery and shame, unable to forget the glorious destiny befitting me in spite of all. From age to age, along the path that leads to certain death, I turned around to contemplate an everlasting dream; and all my being leaped towards the Savior and the Lord Who was not there, but Who would come, one day, and set me free, and give me back the wings of youth; towards Thee, beloved Leader, Whose name no one yet knew.

When wouldst Thou come? Hundreds of years rolled by; new Kingdoms rose and fought, and in the mist, of time, slowly withered away; and gods changed names. One thing remained: the unpolluted stream of divine blood within the veins of the Gods' chosen people, and the dim consciousness in these of a great duty to fulfill. When wouldst Thou come? From age to age, in the deep slumber of prosperity, again and again I call Thee. But the bright sky was dead and dumb.

When once more all was lost, when all lay in the dust, when songs of hate echoed across the sacred Rhine, then didst Thou come—unknown; alone; out of the millions who awaited Thee; just one of them and nothing more, apparently; but one of them in whom the betrayed gods of Aryandom lived and suffered and shone; one of them in Whose voice, the voice of the exalted Race of heroes dead in vain was soon to speak; and one in Whom the chosen lords of Earth, brothers of the immortal Youth, Baldur the Fair, were soon to hail their own invincibility. My Leader,—our Leader—Thou was there, somewhere, unnoticed, on a bed of pain. But it was not the torment of the body—the maddening torture of Thy burning eyes, blinded by poisonous gas;—it was not even the atrocious threat of possible unending night, that gripped Thy heart in agony. It was the news of the betrayal of Thy country, the humiliation of surrender, and the thought of all those who had died in vain in four long years. Oh, how the vision of their day to day dutiful sacrifice haunted Thy sleepless nights!

Thou laidst in mental agony a thousand times more horrid than any torture of the flesh. And from Thy blinded aching eyes, tears of powerless rage, tears of shame inexpressible, of boundless love and hate, rolled forth. No heart was torn as Thy great heart over the tragic fate of the millions whose blood was Thine—and mine; for indeed it was the same: Aryan blood.

Out of hunger and strife and devilish deceit, a new tremendous Power was taking shape in the bleak East. While on both sides of

the Atlantic Ocean, the entire West, in childish glee, danced to the sound of drunken tunes, insulting Thy defeated people. Thou feltst the knife-thrust of their spiteful gaiety hundreds of miles away, while all round Thee Thou couldst but see Thy people's hunger and despair, and bitterness in harsh revolt against an unjust fate, against the accusing lies of a whole world.

And at that feeling, and at that sight, Thy ardent, bleeding heart aches with more love and with more hate—love for Thy martyred Nation, Thy greater Self, Whose life mattered alone; fathomless love, to which no sacrifice would ever be too great, no price too high if it could buy freedom and resurrection; hate for the workers of disaster, for those aliens whose cunning and whose wealth had long deceived and bribed the whole ignorant world, and turned the West against the best of its own flesh and blood.

And love and hate made Thee the Man who was to be—the Leader long awaited. The world was soon to see, through Thee, Thy people free; through Thee, the chosen blood protected and united within the growing Realm; through Thee, the god-like youth marching along the highways, with songs of conquest, in the morning sun.

But I, Thy follower, Thy worshipped to be, Thy seeker through the gloom of Time, had not yet heard Thy name. Not far beyond the moving frontiers of the Realm, I awaited Thee unknowingly, deeming myself to be a thirteen year-old maiden, while many centuries of age indeed I was; while before my dark eyes, fair shadows of a radiant past appeared and disappeared, reminding me of a forgotten world; foretelling me the glory of Thy great world to come.

And to the ugly crowd of liars and of cowards, I turned my back instinctively. Not even for a second did I feel happy as I heard the bells of victory. *Their* victory; not mine—I could have said: *not ours*. I knew Thee not. (Who knew Thee, then?) And I knew not Thy people. But at the news of their defeat, my heart was sad, as though the triumph of their enemies were, in my eyes, the triumph of guile and treachery and above all, of sickening mediocrity—of all I hated in the world. I knew Thee not; and yet I sought Thee in my dreams. Thy great Idea was mine; had been from the beginning, the very yearning of my lonely soul. I was already Thy disciple, and Thy lover and Thy worshipper . . .

¹ "So it was all in vain. In vain all the sacrifices and privations, in vain the hunger and thirst of sometimes endless months, in vain the hours in which, gripped by mortal fear, we nevertheless did our duty, and in vain the death of two million, who died thereby."
—trans. R.G. Fowler.



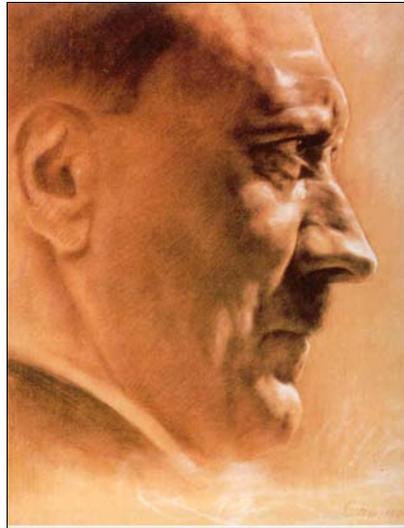
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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the second installment of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of "prose poems" **Forever and Ever**, which the Archive is publishing over the course of this month to commemorate Savitri Devi's 101st birthday, which falls on 30 September 2006.*

This particular poem shows strong indications of being an uncorrected and unrevised draft, even though there are a few handwritten corrections or emendations. First, as I note below, several sentences simply make no sense. It may merely be the case that some words were omitted when the typescript was prepared, but the fact that such omissions were not corrected indicates that the typescript was not carefully edited. Second, the quality of the writing is simply not up to Savitri Devi's standards, particularly her descriptions of natural phenomena, which are wordy and awkward, lacking the polish and symmetry of such passages in her published works.

In transcribing and editing these poems for publication, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of the poem.

II.

1919

“Auch das hellenische Kulturideal soll uns in seiner vorbildlichen Schönheit erhalten bleiben. Man darf sich nicht durch Verschiedenheiten der einzelnen Völker die größere Rassegemeinschaft zerreißen lassen. Der Kampf, der heute tobt, geht um ganz große Ziele: ein Kultur kämpft um ihr Dasein, die Jahrtausende in sich verbindet und Griechen- und Germanentum gemeinsam umschließt.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 470¹

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: the “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 lies²;—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,³ 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 Rock,—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 stormed immortal Troy, three thousand years ago, or of those no less great, and no less godlike, 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, [an] outburst of monstrous glee, the sky and the Sea challenged each other’s might, the tempest howled, the 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 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 ape, 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 dreamers 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 Walhall, where They await thee!”⁴

And I, fourteen, and full of youthful ardor, full of the thirst for sacrifices 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] Aegean all in one, afire with love for Someone who, to me, would be the embodiment of resurrected Aryandom—Someone whom I could deify—⁵I knew never more to return; over the fair-haired warriors in whom their spirit dwelt; over the 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 those 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 wert Thou, eternal One, my Savior. 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 remains calm, and the sky blue, meanwhile in unsuspected heights, slowly, tremendous whirls appear gathering scattered water-drops into dark clouds ready to burst; and just 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 compelling 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 within a day; and young men heroes.⁶ And while the land still groaned under the heels of victors who had made it clear that theirs, in the great councils of the days, in which silly humanity was told to put its hope,⁷ from the breasts of the chosen few burst forth the cry that echoes Thine: “Awake, O nation fated to proclaim the divine right of pure blood; fated to rise and rule: Germany awake!”

Oh, had I heard the marital cry—the call to resurrection—and had I also know that along the way of light, I would be allowed to follow Thee! That I too was invited to the great sacrifice in honor 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, read demi-gods of flesh and blood! Oh, Had I know 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 Savior, Thee its Leader, Thee its uncrowned King! Had I but known? . . .

But greater ones than I knew Thee not yet.

¹ “We should also retain the Hellenic cultural ideal in its exemplary beauty. One must not allow the larger racial community to be torn apart by the differences between individual peoples. The fight which rages today revolves entirely around grand goals: a culture fights for its existence, which encompasses the millennia and includes Greece and Germany together.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Savitri refers here to France, the nation of her birth and upbringing.

³ Savitri refers here to Christianity.

⁴ Leconte de Lisle, “Le Barde de Temrah.”

⁵ From this point forward, the sentence makes no sense. It is possible that when Savitri prepared the typescript, she left out some words. Those who are never more to return are probably the old Greek and Nordic gods.

⁶ Again, some words seem to be missing here.

⁷ Yet again, some words seem to be missing.



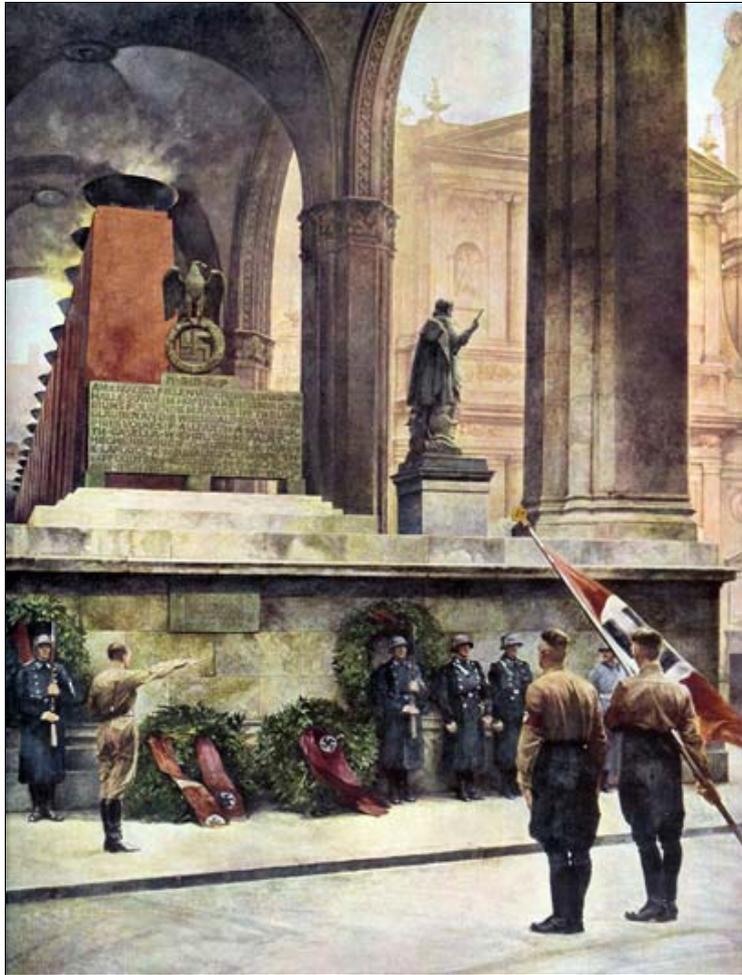
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Forever and Ever

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*This is the third chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of "prose poems" **Forever and Ever**.*

This poem, unlike the last one, seems much more polished stylistically, although, as noted below, there are a number of typographical errors, which crept in when the poem was transcribed from Typescript A to Typescript B. This transcription was prepared from Typescript B. PDF images of both Typescripts are available: [Typescript A](#) and [Typescript B](#).

In transcribing and editing these poems, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor

have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes.

—R. G. Fowler

III.

1923

(9th November)

“Am 9. November 1923, 12 Uhr 30 Minuten nachmittags, fielen vor der Feldherrnhalle sowie im Hofe des ehemaligen Kriegsministeriums zu München folgende Männer im treuen Glauben an die Wiederauferstehung ihres Volkes: . . .

So widme ich Ihnen zur gemeinsamen Erinnerung den ersten Band dieses Werkes, als dessen Blutzegen sie den Anhängern unserer Bewegung dauernd voranleuchten mögen. ”

—*Mein Kampf*, Dedication¹

Then came a day when, confident in Thy increasing might, in Thy devoted followers and in Thy Destiny, Thou stoodst in broad daylight against the public powers, slave of Thy people's foes, challenging them in an unequal fight; a day when boldly facing the threat² of the existing State and its awe-inspiring apparatus³ of repression—its soldiery without ideas, a tool in the hands of respectable authorities without a soul—Thy few and fiery faithful ones marched forth to storm for Thee the citadel [of] undisputed power.

Their countenances bright with joy, their hearts full of that burning love that carries one to the ends of the earth and never turneth backwards; Thy name upon their youthful lips, as in all times to come, already linked inseparably with the holy name of Germany, on they went without fear . . . Sunshine is beautiful, daylight is sweet[,] and yet, more beautiful, and sweeter still is death for Thee, death for Thy great Idea to triumph; for Thy reign to come.

On they went, and no force upon earth or in heaven could stop the impetus of their conquering step; for theirs was Germany's eternal soul after a long time wide-awake and free; theirs, the message of truth, the spell of resurrection; and theirs,—in spite of all; after the coming flash of power and of glory, and following untold years of martyrdom—the lordship of the future; theirs the world, in its new

golden age, after the final crash.

On they went. On its topmost wave, the great unfurling tide of History that none can alter or arrest, carried them to their fated goal: to glory in unending time,—but first, to death. The rifles of the wavering Sate went off, and bullets flew; and on the ground, in pools of blood, lay sixteen men of those who were the very best of Germany's best. Thy faithful ones of early days, Thy chosen few, men of all trades and of all ranks, (there are no social ranks, among us who believe in the nobility of Aryan blood alone)[,] men of all ages too, the oldest over fifty, the youngest just nineteen, but all young men at heart, all looking to the future, all men who firmly felt, that, to begin anew, and build in truth and fervor, trusting one's fate, it is never too difficult, never too late.

In brotherly equality, in pools of blood they lay, the first one of an endless list of martyrs of the Cause of Life in truth, under its modern form; the first to win the honor of giving up their lives for Thee and for new Germany, their resurrected Fatherland—and Thine—and; beyond that, new Aryandom, Thy world-wide dream of beauty,—and mine.

There they lay, while the might that Thou wert soon to overthrow—the might of those authorities in the service of foreign wealth—gripped a few other of Thy trusted ones, and Thee Thyself, and led you all into captivity. On Thee, the heavy fortress doors were shut for several months.

The newspapers mentioned the fact, mentioned also the death of the first martyrs. But outside Germany, few understood how great a happening had taken place; how great a new upheaval, in joyous sacrifice and death was taking shape.

As for me, on the tragic day on which the Sixteen fell for Thee, I was hundreds of miles away, standing alone upon the marble steps of the Parthenon, and gazing at the City at my feet, and at the distant⁴ sea.

I was eighteen, and fair to look upon; yet no womanly sadness brought tears to my eyes. Ardent, but proud, and already before this birth, marked out to love [none] but Godhead incarnate, never was I to know the joys and anguishes of human passion, nor its madness.

I loved a dream, and tears were in my eyes because I was becoming conscious that it was but a dream. I loved eternal Greece—that Greece of long ago, that survives in the lofty columns within the shade of which I stood; also that Greece of yesterday, bulwark of Aryan mankind in the Near East, who, for five hundred years, resisted the victorious Turks. I loved the Prince of Macedon, the fair-haired conqueror, whose march towards the East, resembled the procession of an irresistible god; the Man who led men of my race across the Indus River for the second time. I loved, also the Grecian chieftains who, in 1821, swore to reconquer freedom or die. And tears were in my eyes because of bitter thoughts.

All round me, in the dazzling midday light, my beloved Athens

spread its white houses, in the midst of which, a few cypress trees here and there and rows of pepper trees, put patches of dark green or lines of greenish gray; its white houses that covered the lower slopes of steep Lykabettus, up to the pine tree wood I knew so well. Beyond the outskirts of the town, towards the east, the barren rocks of Hymettus, in light, almost transparent gray, shone against that same fathomless blue background, and, to the south, the sparkling Aegean, bluer still—deep, violet-blue.

Oh, how beautiful it all was: that City, from a distance, so white in the sunshine, amidst its clear-cut hills, and high above all, the everlasting sky; and far around all, the everlasting sea!

And yet, my heart was sad, for out of all that beauty, no Grecian voice had yet answered my fiery call to freedom, and my call to pride. None had agreed with me when I had said that worse than [the] Turkish yoke was slaver to the so-called “great” powers who had just won the first World War. And when, leaving the rest aside, I had recalled the latest blow of fate—the loss of Asia Minor—and had accused the treacherous Allies and had accused the spirit they embodied, (the spirit of Democracy) and accused the alien interests behind their policy, and tried to prompt my brothers to have nothing to do with them and their soul-killing “culture[,]” no one had seemed to share my burning indignation; none had echoed my hate.

Had Greece, then, irredeemably lost every sense of grandeur, and consented to be forever a tool of the western Allies, a docile instrument of their intrigues, exalted when it suited them, and the following day insulted and abandoned? Was she no longer to remain, in opposition to both Turk and Jew, the advanced guard of Aryandom? The treacherous Allies, by doing all they could to help the Turks to win the Asia Minor War, acted as enemies of Aryan blood. But why did not Greece hate them, as I did? Were not the flames of devastated Smyrna, was not the forced exile of two millions of Hellenes enough to stir, in her, that selfsame disgust as I felt for those great money-ridden States that had, six years before, against her will, dragged her into their unjust war? Was all that not enough to make her say, with me: “Away! Away from that hypocrisy, which Democracy stands for! Away, away from the serfdom of the decaying West! Back to national values; back to the spirit of the national Gods of old, heralds of Life undying! Back to ourselves[,] to Hellenism,—to Aryandom!” (The two, in my eyes, were the same.)

These were my thoughts as, on the memorable day, as I stood upon the steps of the Temple in ruins, and beheld in its beauty, under the midday Sun, the violet-crowned City.

My Leader, had I then, but known the deeper meaning of Thy holy Struggle! Had I but understood that the Sixteen, whose death the papers of [the] following day stated within a line, had shed their blood for something more than a new form of government! Oh, had I seen in them, what they already were: the vanguard of an endless host of fighters for the rule of the natural elite of mankind,—the first one in my times to die for my eternal Greek ideal of domination of the *aristoi*,—the best, in body, character and soul!

And had I understood, that, in [the] modern world, the best, according to my heart's conception, according to the everlasting standards of health, and strength, and beauty, set forth by my Greek masters were the elite of Thy inspired countrymen: Thy⁵ best!

In youthful fervor, then and there, I should have flown to Thee!

Oh, why did I not know? In the heat of Thy struggle, I should have been so happy; I should have loved Thee so, from those great early days[.]

Yes, there I was, and Thine already in spirit, and by the Gods themselves chosen to remain Thine, throughout a thousand wanderings. Why did I not guess? Who can tell? All penetrating is the Gods' insight—and strange, and often disappointing, outwardly, are their ways.

¹ “On 9 November 1923, at 12:30 in the afternoon, in front of the Feldherrnhalle and likewise in the courtyard of the former War Ministry in Munich, the following men fell in true faith in the resurrection of their people: . . . Thus I dedicate the first volume of this work to the common memory of you, its blood witnesses, may you shine on before the followers of our movement.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler

² Reading “thread” as “threat.”

³ Reading “apparel” as “apparatus.”

⁴ Deleting a superfluous “the.”

⁵ Reading “thy” as “Thy.”



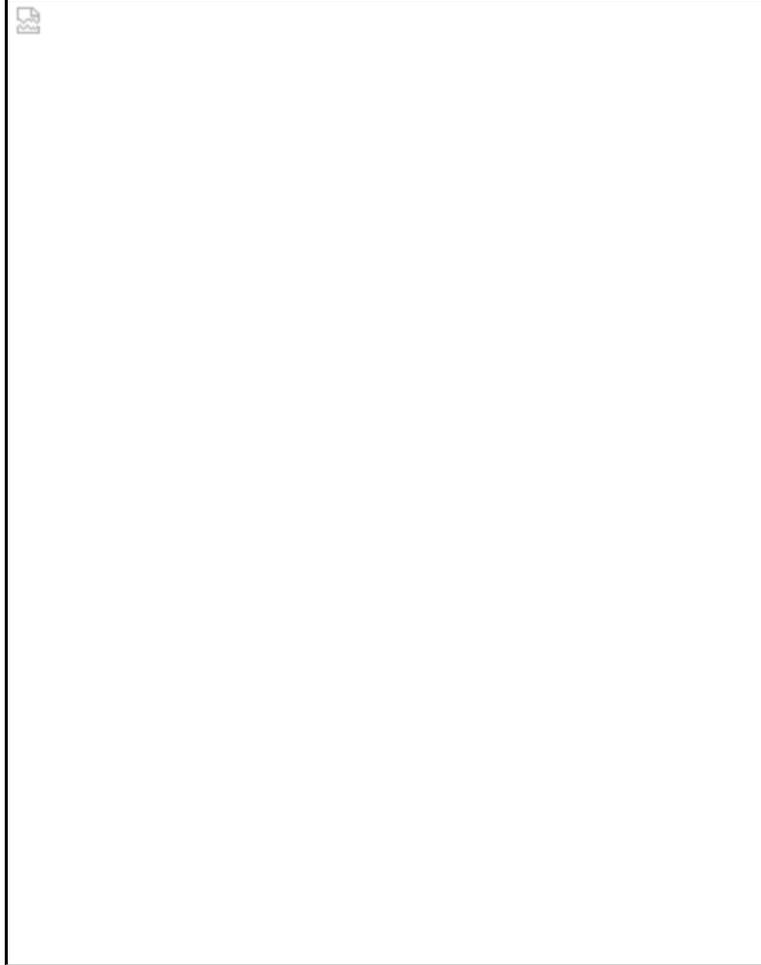
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*This is the fourth installment of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of "prose poems"—in reality a series of autobiographical reflections and rhapsodies—entitled **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my

editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter..

—R. G. Fowler

IV.

1929

“So glaube ich heute im Sinne des allmächtigen Schöpfers zu handeln: *Indem ich mich des Juden erwehre, kämpfe ich für das Werk des Herrn.*”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 70¹

I had never loved the Christian faith; indeed, its contempt of the body, its stress upon the love of man, whichever man he be,—while it forgets to teach love and respect of living nature, ever beautiful—its fear of healthy and violent² pride and of the joy of anyone who needs no comfort in this world, no hope outside[,] had all, and from the start, made me despise it, if not to hate it.

Yet, for long years, I had known what open stand to take, before the eyes of all, for or against it. And I had tolerated it, tolerated it, solely because I had, over and over again, been told that, without it, the speech and soul of Greece would have perished wholesale during the long[,] long night of Turkish domination; because I knew that, before that, the Byzantine Empire bore for a thousand years, the double stamp of Christendom and of Hellenic culture; also because I recognized, within the music of the Eastern Church, the last bond of allegiance of thousands of scattered exiles of the Hellenic Nation, as well as an echo of I knew not what glory of a remoter past, or a more national existence, in the light of national Gods.

I had tolerated it. But never could I love it. Never could I admire that meekness which it taught; nor that propensity to exalt the weak and sick in body or in spirit, the cripple and the unhappy, at the expense of those whom Nature cherishes: the healthy and the strong, the free and the all-round beautiful.³ Nor could I share that tendency to ponder over lust and greed and every sin, delighting in perpetual repentance; that craving to seek out and save what in my eyes was not worth saving; that constant thought of a dull heaven coupled with a constant aspiration to the dust[.]

Whenever, from a distance, I beheld on the top of Areopagus, the church erected on the spot where the Jew taught, for the first time, in Athens, that “God hath made all men out of one blood”! I felt my own blood boil with shame. “Oh, why, why had they listened to him, the proud Athenians of the old days?” thought I. And I remember the story of the conquest of tired Hellas by the foreign creed. It was not they, the people of the Goddess, who had

harkened to the Jewish lie; it was the many ones of the doubtful origin although of Grecian speech, who formed the sweepings of Grecian seaports; it was also the men of Alexandria, and[,] above all, it was the policy of Constantine whom they called the “Great” that helped the new religion to take a hold in Greece, three hundred years after the death of Paul. And I remembered him, more and more dear to me, warrior-like Emperor Julian, who tried to stem the tide. And I recalled the words of despair he is said to have uttered on the battlefield, acknowledging the victory of the Christians, as he died.⁴ And I recalled Hypatia torn to pieces; and also, for beyond the Greco-Roman⁵ world, in that proud North, whose daughter I too was, for centuries on end, the trail of persecution of Aryan Heathendom by zealous Christian knights.

Just as, in this triumphant eastward march from victory to victory, fair Alexander had carried Hellenic might to the hallowed Land of Seven Rivers, through the bright mountain Pass through which the earliest Aryan warriors had come there long before, so had, in the course of time, the sickly Jewish creed, avenging the defeat[s] of Gaza and of Tyre, conquering decaying Greece, through bribery, and the pure-blooded, virgin North, through terror. Its world-wide and lasting success was, in my eyes, the sign of the rise of lower mankind, against the strong, against the fair, against the Gods’ own children, my people, whether from the shores of the Ionian Sea or of the German Ocean.

What link of sheer historical propriety still retained me within that Christendom, which I despised? And was that link a living fact? In spite of all the usefulness the Christian Church might well have had, in the dark Turkish days, were not the spirit of eternal Greece and that of the⁶ Galilean faith forever incompatible? Did not, in spite of all, an abyss gape between them; in time and in eternity? And if so, had I not to choose, once and for all, which path was to be mine? I longed to feel, in its very birthplace, the soul of historic Christianity—to see[,] to hear, to know. I longed to let myself and it.⁷ And so, one April morning in 1929, upon a Christian pilgrims’ ship, I sailed to Palestine.

Upon the glimmering waves between the many golden isles, the ship carried me away from Greece, over many hundred miles; away from Greece it took me straight into another world—into that old Semitic East where the Christian creed was born.

And I beheld the Soul of the Semitic East, itself foreign to me, domesticated and spoilt for centuries and centuries by the influence of those rejected ones of history, for whose unholy might and unseen rule my own decaying continent had toiled unknowingly, from those dark days it had embraced the Christian faith, and made the Christian values the basis of its whole outlook on life; the Jews. And I beheld the selfish, cunning, loveless Soul of Israel behind the serpentine courtesy of the men in long dark clothes who sold in the bazaars, no less than in the fanatical glances of the same ones, whose movements I followed, a few days later, before the Wailing Wall. And everywhere, in churches and in mosques, and in the malodorous⁸ winding streets of old Jerusalem,

where life has never changed, and in the new and vulgar brightly-lighted buildings of Tel Aviv; I saw the selfsame stamp of that beautiful race; the selfsame sign of mankind's fall. Even the nomad dweller has fallen at the contact of the Jews. He had slowly learnt from him to repudiate his age-old tribal pride, founded upon the brotherhood of blood, and to rejoice, instead, in the great unity of all the true believers, whoever these may be, and in their equal right to beget more believers in the Book—in the One God and in the Prophet—never mind by whom. And I thought,⁹ even the Bedouin have decayed; what about us, the children of the godlike men of distant midnight shores, who once¹⁰ had brought the cult of Apollo to Greece and carried to India the worship of the Dawn? What about us[,] when our deluded fathers accepted from the Jew a creed upholding meekness, and charity towards all men and love of peace as virtues? A creed in which the body no longer mattered, and in which, as in Islam, the original ideal of pure blood was looked upon as obsolete?

I gazed at those who had come with me to Palestine—people from Greece—and I measured the distance that separated them from the Heathen Greeks of old, as I had never measured it before in some of them[;] under a skin-deep Christian faith, the eternal Soul of Greece still shone, invincible, and ever-ready to reassert itself. Others¹¹ I beheld, but Christian Levantines, product[s] of long decay. I suddenly recalled the dome of the great church erected to Saint Paul upon the top of Areopagus, under that same blue sky on the background of which the ruins of the old heathen Acropolis appear in all their untarnished splendor. All around me, that same oppressive style, so different from all that real Greece created; all around me, that foreign atmosphere, that mysticism of [the] Semitic East, so different from the spirit of our cult of Rhythm and Form, of our cult of Health and Light—our Aryan cult, faithful to this fair earth. I shuddered at the contrast, more deeply than ever before. And from the inner feeling of my own everlasting Self, of my own Race, of which at last I was fully aware, and from the inner vision of my own dream of an ideal world, [I] formulated in my heart the long-delayed decision on which my whole life was to rest: “Away from Jewry! Away from the Christian spirit, the subtle poison poured out to us by the Jews, well-guided by the instinct of their race [to] emasculate our bodies and kill our Aryan pride! Away from all that, and back to what we would have been today, had Paul never set foot in Athens or, had divine Julian been able to arrest the overwhelming tide! No further compromise with a foreign tradition in the name of the memory of the Eastern Empire: Eternal Greece, and beyond her, indestructible Aryandom of North and South—higher mankind—must pass before the lure of a mere thousand years of history.”

Thus did I feel in those old churches built upon the famous spots holy to every Christian; in the monastery where I remained, and in the glittering mosque of Omar, that I visited, and in the streets of old Jerusalem, and on Mount Zion. Thus did I feel along the roads of Palestine, upon my way to towns and villages bearing biblical names.

Hundreds of miles away, among Thy blessed people, under Thy

leadership, my dream was taking shape. And day by day, in hope and in increasing strength, in confidence and joy, Thy people were growing into a rising tide[.] And Thou wast waiting for the Day when that tide would break down the barrier within which the frightened world was trying in vain to keep it.

And I was soon to understand; and I was soon to admire Thee; and I was soon to love Thee, alone of all the sons of men in our times.

From far, within my heart, I watched the tide gain power. I admired its impetus, and recognized in it the Force that had once given Greece to the Aryan Race, and the East to conquering Greece. Already, in the realm of the invisible, my life-long yearning met Thy masterful will-power, and paid to Thee the tribute that I was one day to express in word[s] of burning faith; the lasting tribute of the brothers of Thy people from the whole world—the love of the whole Race.

¹ “Thus I now believe myself acting in accordance with the almighty creator: *By defending myself against the Jew, I fight for the work of the Lord.*”—Trans. R.G. Fowler

² Reading “violence” as “violent.”

³ Replacing a question mark with a period.

⁴ “*Vicisti, Galilae*” (“You win, Galilean”—or, as it is usually rendered, “Thou hast conquered, Galilean”).

⁵ Deleting a superfluous comma.

⁶ Deleting a superfluous “of.”

⁷ This sentence makes no sense as it stands, which leads me to think that words were either omitted or mistyped when the typescript was prepared.

⁸ Reading “malodorant” as “malodorous.”

⁹ Replacing a semicolon with a comma.

¹⁰ Deleting a superfluous comma.

¹¹ Deleting a superfluous “I” from the beginning of the sentence.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the fifth installment of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of autobiographical reflections and rhapsodies, **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—*R. G. Fowler*

“Alle großen Kulturen der Vergangenheit gingen nur zugrunde, weil die ursprünglich schöpferische Rasse an Blutvergiftung abstarb.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 316¹

“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 resurrected 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 or 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 jellyfish in the dark waters. Gliding between the two gorgeous infinities, I felt my nothingness but also realized the ineffable 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 fulfillment 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 admire 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 post from which my fate had willed that I should fight for Thee, forever near Thee in spirit, for Thy unseen and broader Realm extends above all boundaries to wherever Thy faith in Health and God-made Order, lives in Aryan hearts.

* * *

I reached Aryavarta, the Land of many races, where teeming millions to this day, honor the fair descendants of the ancient bards of my own race, as gods on earth; where neither gold or might, nor learning, nor anything that man can conquer, but purity of blood alone is² treasured 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 jasmine 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 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 sprung from my own lips I could not recognize my voice. I wandered in elation, as in a world of dreams. Music of flutes and kettledrums 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 colors and full of strange serpentine grace, passed by like shadows.³



Entrance corridor of the Rameshwaram temple, watercolor, circa 1849

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 Vaishakha 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[wood] paste 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 they were likenesses of Grecian gods in living bronze.

I watched them pass; I watched them go, further and further away along the echoing pillared corridors and around the moonlit 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, Thou⁴ wast calling Thy people to a new rising of the Aryan spirit, nay to the borth 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 demoralization through the poison of Christian-like equality, the eternal values of my race [are] again being upheld, in broad daylight on my own continent,” thought I, for the millionth time. “But why had they ever been brushed aside? Why did the Jewish teaching ever conquer our fathers?”

And all through these fifteen hundred long years, during which Europe had⁵ 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 was⁶ full during the month of Vaishaka, year after year men had come forth in crowds to honor Rama, the Aryan conqueror of Celyon; here throughout India’s stormy history, through invasions and through wars, and in spite of all the leveling creeds imported by crusaders of equality and sneaking preachers of humanity, the time-honored 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 the scarlet glow. And kettledrums and flutes and clashing cymbals mingled their deep vibrations and their high-pitched notes, in deafening outlandish music under the luminous infinity of the sky. And coils of incense filled 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 godlike Race; to Thee,⁷ 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 fervor, 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 tomorrow, the whole world!”

¹ “All great cultures of the past perished only because the originally creative race died of blood poisoning.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler

² Deleting a superfluous “a” after “is.”

³ Inserting a paragraph break here.

⁴ Replacing “thou” with “Thou.”

⁵ Deleting a repetition of “had.”

⁶ Deleting a superfluous “in its” after “was.”

⁷ Replacing “thee” with “Thee.”



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the sixth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter. In the case of the present chapter, however, the PDF image will have to be released later, because our version of the chapter has been pieced together from two distinct typescripts, and we wish to wait until we can get full copies of both typescripts.

—*R. G. Fowler*

(30 January)

“Für was wir zu kämpfen haben, ist die Sicherung des Bestehens und der Vermehrung unserer Rasse und unseres Volkes, die Ernährung seiner Kinder und Reinhaltung des Blutes, die Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit des Vaterlandes, auf daß unser Volk zur Erfüllung der auch ihm vom Schöpfer des Universums zugewiesenen Mission heranzureifen vermag.

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Then came the Day of days, the Day of joy and power, the birthday of the reborn West; the Day when after thirteen years of superhuman struggle Thou tookest² in Thy hand the destiny of those whom Thou so lovedest—of those whom all the Gods had willed; in our wondrous times, to be the strongest and the best.

There, like an ocean, stood the immense expectant crowd, restless and hopeful,—loving—but not yet daring to be sure; waiting to greet the long-awaited news; waiting to know that Thou hadst won; waiting to live the finest hour in the long life of struggling Germany,—the opening of the New Era, culmination of all the patient daily heroisms of recent years and of all those of yore. Minutes succeeded one another, and each one seemed an hour. Within thousands of breasts, hearts beat faster and faster as time went on. Every man held his breath. As the parched earth awaits the fecundating rain after the long ordeal of the arid season, in lands where rain-failure means death, as the world wrapped in gloom awaits the coming Dawn, so did Thy people on that day, gathered in growing thousands before the Presidential Palace of the Reich await the magic words: the announcement of Thy triumph—and of theirs.

There was a movement in the crowd, and, for a second, utter silence. And in that solemn silence rose the voice of Thy close friend and faithful fighter of the early days, first in the Land after Thyself.³ And the voice said: “Our Leader is in power!” For another second, there was silence,—a different silence; the silence of the thirsty earth communing with the heavens in the first drop of rain, as wind abates, the silence of unutterable joy verging on ecstasy. And then, out of the frenzied human ocean, one thunderous outcry burst forth all of a sudden, echoing the single voice and amplifying it a hundred thousandfold; one long-resounding elemental outcry, one endless roar of joy,—voice of Thy people; Voice of God Who within Nature’s Chosen ones abideth,—: “Our Leader is in power! We are free!” And men⁴ shook hands with one another; and women threw themselves in one another’s arms for joy; and tears of joy ran down their beaming faces.

Then, slowly did the enthusiastic crowd disperse in all directions,

each man or woman, youth or maiden, carrying far and wide the glorious tidings of the Day: "Our Leader is now in power! Germany is risen!" And through the length and breadth of the yet mutilated Land, bells rang, and drums and martial trumpets resounded, and their music had not for centuries expressed such happiness. From every window broad flags hung, bearing the sacred Sign both of the Sun and of the Aryan Race. And along the crowded streets, under those endless rows of waving banners blood-red, black, and white, the now immortal Storm Troopers, whose constant sacrifice and bitter struggle had carried Thee to power, marched full of pride singing the immortal song.

And throughout every land recently torn away from Thy defeated Fatherland, and throughout every land in which Thy people lived, cut off from the main Realm by artificial frontiers, be it for centuries, an immense hope greeted the glorious tidings, by now broadcasted to the world: the hope that soon the brotherhood of blood would be the only link uniting all Thy people in one proud greater Reich; that soon under the impetus of Thy new living faith, all artificial boundaries would fall; that soon, in freedom, strength, and joy, Thy people would expand towards the east, towards the west, in spite of other nations' jealous opposition, fulfilling the great destiny allotted them by Nature, whether in peace or in war.

* * *

The age-old enemies of higher mankind were aghast; for in that loud outburst of frenzied joy that echoes from new Germany throughout the world, as well as in that immense silent hope that they could not suppress, they heard the death-knell of their long-established rule and felt the first signs of the end of their ascendancy—forever. They hated Thee and dreaded Thee. And in their secret councils, they started to prepare the satanic network of lies and of bargains by which they planned to stir against Thee and Thy people the stupid fury of the great unthinking human herd of every race and tongue,—of that dull universal herd that knew Thee not and could not feel the beauty of Thy dream.

A few among the better men of the wide world beyond Thy realm, welcomed Thy rising as the Dawn which they themselves awaited. And fewer still had been awaiting it as long and as consistently as I.

As one salutes from the seashore the Sun millions of miles away, so greeted I from afar the news of that tremendous Day; so welcomed I the announcement of Thy power; so did I worship Thee within my heart, my Leader, Giver of a new pride and faith to every Aryan worthy of this race, now and forever more!

And as the echo of Thy people's joy reached me, I thought of the stupendous dream that had been mine for ages: the dreams of real Aryan leadership throughout the world. Alone in our times couldst Thou make that great dream become a living fact. Alone a world under Thy rule could be that place of order and of beauty, that healthy Heathen world that I so long had craved⁵ for. And in my heart I longed to see Thy conquering spirit smash all the man-made creeds of false equality. And in my heart I longed to see Thy conquering Greater Reich extend, one day, to every shore; the

brotherhood of Aryan blood abolish man-made boundaries; and
Thy inspired followers—the élite of the world—rule the whole
earth, forever more!

¹ “*We must fight to secure the existence and continuation of our race and our people, the sustenance of our children and the purity of our blood, the freedom and independence of the fatherland, so that our people may mature in order to fulfill the mission assigned us by the creator of the universe*” (1939 edition, p. 234)—Trans. R.G. Fowler. (The original text is emphasized throughout.)

² Replacing “tookedst”

³ Hermann Göring.

⁴ Reading “man” as “men.”

⁵ Reading “craven” as “craved.”



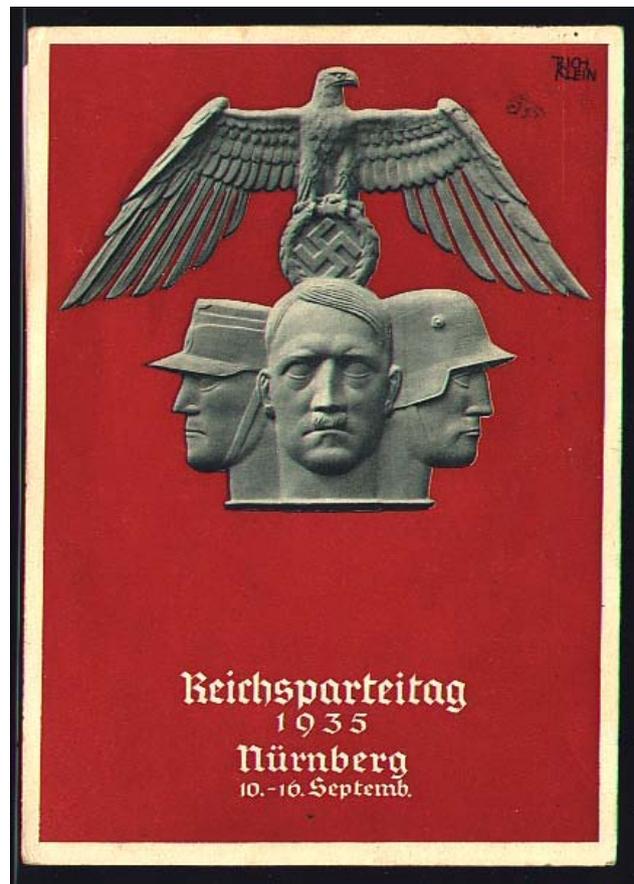
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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the seventh chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**. Unfortunately, our copy of the typescript of Chapter VI is missing a page. Fortunately, the page is still in existence, and as soon as we receive a copy, we will publish the entire chapter.*

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—*R. G. Fowler*

VII.

1935

“... eine neue Weltanschauung und nicht eine neue Wahlparole.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 243¹

A beautiful medieval town, full of the joy and pageantry of our grand new era: old Nuremberg. Houses with slanting roofs, crossed wooden beams, and latticed windows, and flowerpots on every windowsill; 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 bygone 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 today singing triumphantly the song of pride and resurrection—blended in one: the old; the new; eternal Germany; eternal western Aryandom once² 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 splendor, lasting days and nights.

In the sunshine: the sacrament of Labor; 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 miner³ and weapon-maker, and worker of the wonders of the lightning-power, in harmony with [the] ends of life and truth, in harmony with the great purpose of the Sun on earth—the rule in glory of the Sun⁴-born race.

With martial music, songs and flags, bearing upon their shoulders the sacred Instruments of Labor—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 labor-Leaders, and the girls—the healthy working mothers of tomorrow, 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 spoked to them and to the many thousands, my beloved Leader—Our Leader! And [from] thousands of breasts came forth the rhythmic cry of frenzied pride and joy—and love—the cry of Thy new Germany[:] “*Sieg! Heil!*”

* * *



The "cathedral of light," Nuremberg

In the dark night, the Sacrament of Silence—and Thy apotheosis, O my Leader, along with that of Germany, in the Temple of Light.⁵

In the granite immobility, there stood the Brown Battalions, in thick 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;⁶ 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 stepped⁷ forth into the largest avenue that led to Thy exalted Seat, hundreds of blue transparent pillars, columns of dreamlike light—struck the dark sky from countless hidden sources all round the outer walls of the great Stadium, surrounding Thee as Thou walked⁸ on; surrounding Thy motionless Fighters, and all the silent, spellbound 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 reached⁹ Thy place above the crowd—above the broader outer world—and Thou stood¹⁰ 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

primeval 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, bright red streams converging at Thy feet, slowly and silently—streams of the new life-blood,¹¹ irresistibly quickening that immense body lying in the darkness in deathlike immobility. 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 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, forever and forever, 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 bygone, and that long fruitless, hopeless struggle of Aryan man against the Jewish yoke¹² 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?”

* * *



Adolf Hitler consecrating new flags with the "*Blutfahne*" at the 1938 Nuremberg party rally

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 Savior, though 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 flags¹³ 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, forever 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 civilization that I had craved¹⁴ 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 Thy¹⁵ 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 colors, 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!”

¹ “. . . a new worldview, and not a new election slogan.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Deleting a superfluous repetition of “once.”

³ Reading “minor” as “miner.”

⁴ Deleting a superfluous repetition of “Sun.”

⁵ Deleting “(1)” following “Light,” probably the indication for a footnote that was not, however, written.

⁶ Replacing a comma with a semicolon.

⁷ Replacing “steppedest.”

⁸ Replacing “walkedest.”

⁹ Replacing “reachedest.”

¹⁰ Replacing “stoodest.”

¹¹ Reading “live” as “life.”

¹² Reading “joke” as “yoke.”

¹³ Reading a comma as an apostrophe.

¹⁴ Reading “craven” as “craved.”

¹⁵ Capitalizing “thy.”

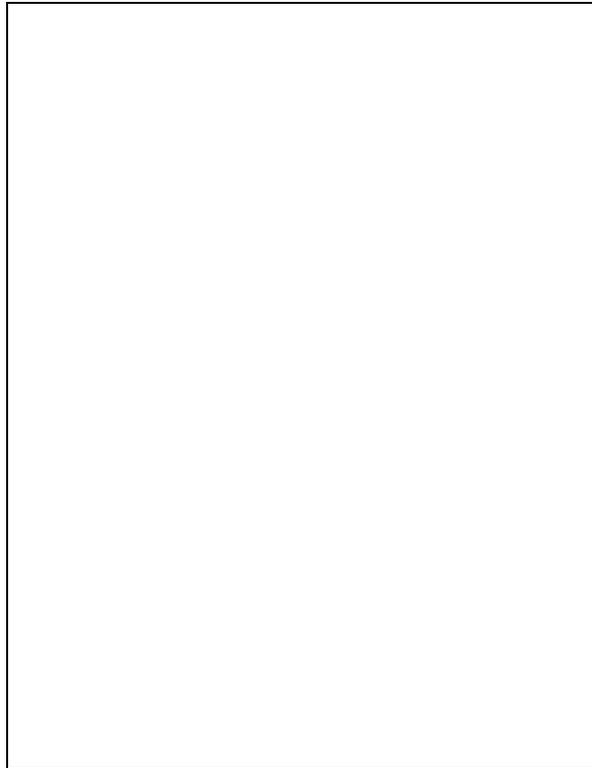


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Forever and Ever

by Savitri Devi

Edited by R.G. Fowler



This is the eighth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book *Forever and Ever* .

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—R. G. Fowler

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 most⁴ 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 Land 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.⁵

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 He⁶ alone your burning faith will fathom, for He⁷ alone your love and hate will welcome and give you all the 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 fulfillment of the age-old dream of Aryan domination; of your great dream of world-wide might!’”

But the wise One replied: “God 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 blinded 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 plans of which no man could know? Plans of the Gods almighty?

¹ “Were we to divide mankind into three kinds: culture founders, culture bearers, and culture destroyers, then probably only the Aryan could be considered as representative of the first”—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² From this point on, the sentence makes no sense. It is likely that some words were omitted when the typescript was prepared.

³ Capitalizing “thy.”

⁴ Reading “mos” as “most.”

⁵ Savitri refers here to her husband A.K. Mukherji.

⁶ Capitalizing “he.”

⁷ Capitalizing “he.”



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editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—R. G. Fowler

IX.

1940

“. . . und da, als der Tod gerade geschäftig hineingriff in unsere Reihen, da erreichte das Lied auch uns, und wir gaben es nun wieder weiter: Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt!”

—Mein Kampf¹

Which one of us does not, today, with tears, remember that great year among all years: glorious 1940? Which one of us does not with bitterness look back to those staggering days, in which the noise and flames and smoke of spreading war answered on Thy behalf the world’s unjust attack?

O great One, Leader of the best, from Thy young Reich, towards the east, towards the West, towards the hallowed North, on land and sea and in the skies, in irresistible formations, Thy men of iron poured forth, for Thee, for greater Germany and all that Germany implies. The song of freedom, pride, and power accompanied their onward march across the boundaries of seven nations. And there was nothing that could halt their godlike thrust . . . And from its northernmost promontory facing the Pole, down to the smiling shores of the great Inner Sea, the continent that had believed the Jewish² lies,—the continent that had rejected Thee—lay at Thy feet within the dust!

Unforgettable days and nights of permanent elation, when every blessed hour brought me through subtle aether-waves, along with Thy beloved voice, the joy of further victory! When both the sunlit earth, so bright in its tropical glory, and all the countless lights of starry space seemed to tell me: “Rejoice! The Western Resurrection that you have waited for so long has come at last; and He, the Savior Whom you loved unknowingly for centuries, and Whom you hailed but yesterday as Leader of his people and of all those who recognize and who welcome his people’s place in history, now rules the Aryan race according to your dream!”

From the other end of the earth, I watched the fire of war spread.

The sky was blue; the Sun was hot; the joy and pride of conquest made my face beam. Stronger and stronger in my heart grew the sweet certitude of Thy invincibility. One day, —I knew not when, but, surely, thought I, “soon”—I would go back and see all Europe

under Thee . . . It mattered little, then, whether I were or not, for the time being[,] on the spot.

I pictured in my mind Thy endless rows of armored tanks, rushing through woods and moors and through deserted towns along the international highways; through mud and sand, along the river banks. I pictured in my mind Thy fleeing enemies under the pouring rain—the roaring sea before them, the angry sky above them, the dark night all around them, Thy battalions behind them—nearer and nearer every second—and in their hearts, more powerful than all, the overwhelming terror of Thy name!³ I pictured⁴ in my mind the famous Arch of Triumph; the no less famous Avenue, pride of the conquered Capital; and under it, and along it, the unforgettable parades!⁵

There stood and marched those who, in Ypres and elsewhere, had fought alongside Thee during the first World War; those whom within the grip of death, had sung along with Thee, the conquering Hymn of love in which echoed the call of joyful Duty: “Germany, Germany above all . . . !” There stood and marched also, like unto living Nordic gods, Thy fair and strong Young men, hope of the resurrected Reich, hope of the Western world, messengers of everlasting Aryan faith.

Moving in incredible order, there they were, the ones I had been longing for[,] ever since the decay of Aryandom—over two thousand years; the ones I had been seeking in the immortal forms of bygone Grecian gods, and the immortal characters of Aryan heroes held as gods in India to this day: the real earthly “shining ones”: my better brothers and Thy sons!

And as they went the music played, and as they went they sang the new hymn of the Strong and Free,—the Song of the young Hero, who, ten years before, had died for Thee: “Along all highways, ever soon, will our banners flutter; slavery is to last only a short time more!”⁶ And there indeed, the holy blood red flags, bearing within their midst in black on white the eternal Swastika, fluttered triumphantly above the glittering helmets, above the cadenced March, above the conquered Continent, in the warm air of June.

* * *

From the Eastern world far away, where I then stood, a cry had sprung—a cry of admiration, for thee, for those who followed Thee; for Thy young resurrected nation.

One day, a dusky youth of the Far South greeted me with amazing words, as though the Gods had chosen to express their unshakable wisdom through his mouth. “Fair Lady, believe me,” he said, “I too within my heart adore your Leader, now Lord of the West!—For He has come to overthrow the money-power in the world; for He has come in order to set up the wisdom of the Shining Ones Who conquered us in Bygone days—the Aryan Wisdom of all times; the Wisdom of the Best—against the Christian way of Life[,] in order to fulfill the words of the most holy Writ: ‘Age after age, I come . . .’; for He is God in human garb, the One Who never fails.”⁷

Another day, a fair-skinned man in orange-colored robes—a man of those who look beyond the Realm of Time—sat by my side and told me: “Your Continent has now within its midst another Incarnation of the great World-Sustaining-One. No longer weep over its long decay! But follow Him, and you shall win, in the long run. The struggle of today is but another phase of the perennial Struggle. And He is Light and Life come down to earth again to lead the Aryan World once more along the glorious Way!”⁸

And in the glaring homage of the village youth, echo of popular insight[,] as well as in that of the serene ascetic, I heard the world proclaim in space and time, that Thou was right, and foreign men on⁹ foreign shores, age after age, in speeches yet unknown, exalt Thy wisdom and Thy might.

And I was happy, even though so far away. And I too sang the conquering Song, with my right arm outstretched, while the¹⁰ Wise One, the truest of our true Allies, now bound to me through solemn mystic ties,¹¹ stood by my side and smiled, as though his eyes could see, beyond six thousand miles of land and sea, the Parade of Thy trusted Bodyguard along the conquered Avenue, the rush of Thy glittering planes across the sky.

* * *

Oh, great days! We were all so happy;¹² then Before our eyes, we saw the map of the expanding Reich unfold itself in all directions; and all our dreams materialize! In the glory of our reborn heathen civilization, ahead of us, we saw, a future of world domination, that was never to fail . . .

Oh, great days! Whether on the spot or far away, we watched the Gods come down from heaven at Thy call, and fight for Thee. We were so happy, then!—And I, the happiest of all!

¹ “. . . and then, as Death, straightforward and businesslike, reached into our ranks, the song also reached us, and we took it up and passed it on: ‘Germany, Germany over everything, over everything in the world!’” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 181)—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Capitalizing “jewish.”

³ Referring to the evacuation of fleeing British and French troops at Dunkirk from 26 May to 4 June 1940.

⁴ Reading “picture” as “pictured.”

⁵ Referring to the German army’s entry into Paris on 14 June 1940, during which they paraded down the avenue des Champs-Élysées beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

⁶ “Die Fahne Hoch” by Horst Wessel.

⁷ The young man was named Khudiram, and Savitri relates his story in her essay “Hitlerism and the Hindu World,” *The National*

Socialist, no. 2 (Fall 1980): 18-20. It is available online under its original title, "Hitlerism and Hindudom" at the Savitri Devi Archive, www.savitridevi.org.

⁸ Probably Swami Satyananda, the leader of the Hindu Mission in Calcutta, who seems to have been the first to suggest to Savitri that Adolf Hitler was an avatar of the Hindu god Vishnu, the sustainer of order. See *And Time Rolls On*, 24, 119.

⁹ Deleting here the superfluous phrase "on foreign man."

¹⁰ Deleting here a superfluous repetition of "while the."

¹¹ Savitri Devi and A.K. Mukherji were married in Calcutta in a civil ceremony on 29 September 1939 and in a religious ceremony on 9 June 1940.

¹² Substituting a semicolon for a comma.



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by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



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—R. G. Fowler

X.

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 dessen Vernichtung noch vor Begründung seiner eigenen Diktatur. So hetzt er heute die Völker gegen Japan wie einst gegen Deutschland”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

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 thousands miles of hostile land, with that of our martial Song, its echo 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,² spreading along their way, through lands that seemed unreachable, the fear 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!³

From faraway Japan, through conquered Indo-China, through the Isles of the Southern Seas, and the thick jungles of Malay 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 hundred⁴ burning ships trying to flee from Pearl Harbor ablaze,⁵ one place after another⁶ had surrendered to those who in the Pacific now fought for Thee.

Hong Kong; Manila, Saigon, Surabaya, Penang, and soon Kuala Lumpur were in their hands[,] and every dawning day brought news of further conquests, until, exactly 2602 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 of⁷ Singapore.⁸

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 out 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 Harbor Night.

* * *

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 hunters⁹ led the chase: the fire¹⁰ 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 Irrawady Valley and beyond; though 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 though a solid chain of trusted men, the Wise One sent them messages, so that more of Thy enemies¹¹ might perish at their hands. And we waited to welcome them as they would reach Calcutta, and past our house march forth on the 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, towards the Volga, towards the endless Lands of Dawn.

* * *

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,¹² 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 Bukhara and Samarkand, and through restless Afghanistan—through unknown regions—down to the heart of Hindustan. I pictured them along the old Conqueror's 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 Jamrud and Peshawar. 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 today, and tomorrow . . . the whole world!" The mighty rocks sent back the spell-like words[,] and the vibrations of the horns of brass mingled¹³ 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 in name broad Hindustan 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 garb, and in the famous marble hall in which has stood the Peacock Throne,¹⁴ in the name of strange multitudes unknown to Thee and to Thy¹⁵ people; my eyes and heart fixed upon Thee alone, hail thee as Leader of the reborn

world—my Leader!

* * *

Oh, why did that great drama 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 Fatherland in streams of fire, set out to break Thy eagle's wings? Why¹⁶ 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?

¹ “Now the Jew knows all too well that he, with his thousand-year adaptation, is probably able to undermine European peoples and educate them into raceless bastards, but in an Asiatic national state like Japan he is hardly in the position to promote this fate. . . . In his thousand-year Jewish *Reich* he dreads a Japanese national state and thus wishes it annihilated even before founding his own dictatorship. So today he incites the nations to hate Japan as he once did against Germany” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, pp. 723-24)—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² The *Einsatzgruppen*.

³ The Jews.

⁴ Deleting a superfluous “of.”

⁵ On 7 December 1941.

⁶ Substituting “another” for “the other.”

⁷ Replacing “to” with “of.”

⁸ On 15 February 1942.

⁹ Probably a reference to two Japanese commanders, whose identity can only be guessed.

¹⁰ Deleting a superfluous “that” at this point.

¹¹ Deleting a superfluous comma.

¹² A few words seem to have been omitted. Their probable sense is that the aforementioned dreams vanished leaving only disillusionment.

¹³ Reading “mingles” and “mingled.”

¹⁴ At the Red Fort in Delhi, the seat of the Mughal Emperors.

¹⁵ Inserting “Thy.”

¹⁶ Reading “Thy” as “Why.”



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—*R. G. Fowler*

XI.

1945

“Was folgte, waren entsetzliche Tage und noch bössere Nächte—ich wußte, daß alles verloren war. Auf die Gnade des Feindes zu hoffen, konnten höchstens Narrens fertigbringen oder—Lügner und Verbrecher. In diesen Nächten wuchs mir der Haß, der Haß gegen die Urheber dieser Tat.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Three more years of desperate struggle against the forces of disintegration²; against the unseen Money-Power; its growing armament and all its lies; three more long years in which the Jew's allies sought in vain to destroy Thy Nation in endless streams of phosphorous and fire; three more long years in which, before the eyes of the bewildered world, Thy people stood the test, and in the midst of smoking ruins, fought the East and fought the West, as only gods could fight, and would have won in spite of all—who knows?—had not increasing treachery given new weapons to Thy foes!

But then,—after those months and months of untold sacrifice—our darkest hour: surrender, with the trail of misery and bitterness that it implies; the desecration of Thy Eagle's Nest by Jews and slaves of Jews,³ and proud Germany torn in four between her persecutors; and Thou—visible Soul of everlasting Germany, the Founder and Head of our new faith of health and pride—with Thy whole life's creation, dead—so the news said!

Oh, who will ever, now or in the future, tell the tale of hatred and of rage of those atrocious days? The tale of mad despair,⁴ of our passage into hell? The tale of the last ones who fell in Libya's burning sands, or on the parched and shattered earth of their own Fatherland, or in the snow and frost of the Russias' Grim, white plains, on every battlefield, in loving faith, thy holy name upon their lips—up to the end—for honor to be safe, while they knew all the rest was lost? The tale of the survivors, of the survivors of the titanic fight, driven into captivity for knowing Thou wast right? The tale of Thy uprooted people of all the eastern parts of the great Reich, fleeing before the Russian host in the cold night only to meet, wherever they would go, the sight of more invaders—more agents of the Jewish might and self-ordained crusaders against our creed of Life and Light? The tale of Thy whole Nation under the horrid fourfold Occupation which then barely began and was to last no one yet knew how long.

* * *

Oh, to sleep—to forget, and never to awake, never again to know that once upon a time a wretched world existed in which out of the slime of mediocre, dull humanity, a godlike Nation had arisen, at the call of a godlike Man believing in her own invincibility, and lived and toiled and sang, in youthful joy and glory, six great years long,⁵ and then, the stupid fury of that mean and jealous world, for another six years resisted? Oh, to sleep,⁶ to forget; never again to

know, that under Thy New Order, firmly set in for centuries, all could have been so beautiful, but that, forevermore,⁷ because in spite of a series of Victories, we lost this war, it would hopelessly be just as before Thy dawning power—and worse, far worse; that this would be a God-forsaken world, full of our persecutors' fame; a world in which, henceforth, men would be taught to hate Thy people and to curse Thy name! A world in which the very children of Thy trusted ones, now full of bitterness like I, would slowly have to learn to love Thy enemies or learn to lie! Or to sleep—to forget,⁸ to die! Of this tragic collapse of Thy splendid great Reich, not to know a thing anymore!

Thus thought I as I wandered, all alone, from place to place as far from crowded cities as it was possible, in order not to hear or read the news, in order not to know when the dark day I dreaded—the last day of the hallowed Reich—would be. Beyond the forms and colors of all things visible, two inner nightmares haunted me: the vision of Thee in the midst of Germany in ruins, and that of my own wasted life away from Thee.

Why had I not been all these long years at Thy side? For Thee and for the truth I had loved all my life, why was I not there now to fight—and die—with the two Words of faith and pride upon my lips, as thousands of my brothers? I who had always seen in Thee the Child of Light; I who from miles and miles away had cheered Thy growing might, but had never seen Thy glory,⁹ now pictured to myself, with tears, Thy tragic face against the background of the crumbling Reich. And like the deep thrust of a knife into my heart, the maddening thought come back, ever and ever more: in this hour of agony when all was lost, oh, why was I not there, to fight, to die, with the Reich's last defenders, for all that I adored?

Oh, to sleep, to forget, now I could do no more! While in the distant West, events would take their course, in definitive nothingness, to lie—to rest—freed from the nightmare of surrender, freed from the nightmare of remorse for not having laid down my life in action at Thy side, in absolute unconsciousness forever to abide!

Thus thought I as, alone, in mountain fastnesses, or on the beaches, I would roam and roam. Facing me with noise and foam, the waterfalls and torrents, and facing me, the swelling Ocean tide, all seemed to say: "Come! Just a step into the depth, and you will be forever free, away from the haunting sight and thought of all your comrades' plight, away from the knowledge of the breakdown of their Nation, exalted home of all you love, away from the torment and horror of this hopeless world: you need,¹⁰ indeed, only to take a step into the roaring depth, in order to sleep—to forget!"

* * *

And yet that step I did not take. For stronger even than despair within my bleeding heart was hate—hated of those who had brought about that awful fate upon Thy beloved¹¹ Nation. And stronger than the horror of the long nightmare was one of great

aspiration: the will to live for sweet revenge's sake.

The will to live, in order that, one day, even if I never should see the resurrection of Thy great Reich in all its might, I should at least admire the coming scenes of the tremendous Play of Action and Reaction—heavenly nemesis, tardy but unavoidable;—in order [that] I should see our persecutors fight among themselves, and set each other's towns on fire; and that, remembering the untold suffering and the dismay their planes had once brought Germany night after night, I should then rejoice at the sight: In order that I should at least watch them—the everlasting foes of Aryan man, the real Killers of Thy people; and all those who now stood on their side, against Thee, against us—weep in their turn, and writhe, and burn, and die to my delight!

Yes, I would live, decided I,¹² though life could only be one long torment for me; I would renounce the blessed peace of endless sleep and of forgetfulness, suffer the horror of defeat and all the hopelessness of a world henceforth ruled by those who hated Thee—suffer it all, be it for years, only wait and see that world in terror reap, in the long run, the fruits of its alliance with Thy foes.

In the meantime, the long-drawn nightmare had begun.

¹ “What followed were horrible days and even worse nights—I knew that all was lost. To hope for the mercy of the enemy, only complete fools could bring that to pass—or liars and criminals. And in these nights, hatred grew in me, hatred of the authors of this deed” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, pp. 225)—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Reading “disintegrating” as “disintegration.”

³ Inserting a comma.

⁴ Inserting a comma.

⁵ Inserting a comma.

⁶ Inserting a comma.

⁷ Inserting a comma.

⁸ Inserting a comma.

⁹ Inserting a comma.

¹⁰ Inserting a comma.

¹¹ Reading “loved” and “beloved.”

¹² Inserting a comma.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the twelfth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—*R. G. Fowler*

XII.

1946

“Wahrlich, auch diese Helden verdienten einen Stein: ‘Wanderer, der du nach Deutschland kommst, melde der Heimat, daß wir hier liegen, treu dem Vaterlande und gehorsam der Pflicht.’”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

In the dull sky, above the greenish sea, out of the mist, appeared a great red Disk. And with their mighty wings wide-open to resist the bitter blowing wind, the screaming gulls passed by. And there stood I, upon the upper deck. As far as I could see: the rolling waves under the rising Sun, bright red and without rays. All I could hear: the howl of the cold wind,² the seagulls’ dismal cry. And there stood I upon the sea, nearing the coast of Europe after days of voyage—after years of absence—and thinking of the horror of existence among the fools and criminals who hated Thee.³

Less than a thousand miles away from where the steamer sailed, I knew Thy Fatherland now lay under the victors’ heel—a stretch of devastated continent; I knew the millions who hailed Thy holy name all through these years, now walked in silence and hunger along the Way of blood and tears. And indignation, hate,⁴ and anger grew at that thought within my heart. For though I could imagine the great inexorable Wheel of Destiny, slowly and steadily, rolling on and avenging us, one day, I knew the blessed hour was yet too far away for me to feel it coming. And I wept. But as I saw the Disk so gorgeous in the midst of wind and fog, above the sea, “The everlasting Sun,” thought I, “has never failed!” And so, while all lies Waste at our persecutors’ feet, the everlasting Truth Thou hast proclaimed remains and shines, although ignored, unaltered above ruin and defeat. And in my heart once more [I] worshipped thee.

Darker and darker grew the mist; dimmer and dimmer grew the sight of railway road and countryside, of suburbs and of city. And night succeeded day. So near and yet so far away, again the blood-red Disk hung in the dull grey sky. And day succeeded night.

The story of my brothers’ humiliation, presented as a talk of victory, was shouted out to me unceasingly, from private and from public places, from morn to sunset and from then to morn, along with nauseating sermons about “rights,” freedom, and human dignity,⁵ and our “re-education,” so that a “better world” could dawn for all men of all races . . . and evil, jewish-looking⁶ faces would grin at me while they insulted Thee. And thus the long nightmare dragged on . . . and on.

The long nightmare . . . the vision of the ruins of thy new Reich that was to us the one inspiring Force of Western Aryandom, its only living Soul; the vision of our foes now able to enforce their lying “liberty” upon the world, from pole to pole;⁷ of our foes, complacent tools within the hand of the almighty Jew, gloating over the charred and blasted walls, the miles and miles of martyred Land, that had been happy Germany, and in the name of

christendom,⁸ inviting us to become fools like they themselves, and to forsake all that we hold as truth now and forever; the vision of the felling of the great holy woods—ten thousand trees a day—and of the factories blown up or steadily dismantled and bit by bit carried away; and above all, more sinister than all,⁹ and more heart-rending, day after day, for months unending, the news of the infamous Trial¹⁰—of the long torture of the Twenty-One, and of the condemnation on that most shameful day in all the long life of the West,¹¹—and then, in the dim light of the following morning, the vision that will stay vivid within our hearts until we die, a thing of indignation and of horror: fluttering in the wind, the bodies of the best of those who, at thy side, had led [the] German Nation along the way of pride!¹² The vision of the end of all we loved and wanted; of all we had been living for; the knowledge that, in the wide world, that we had nearly conquered, there was no hope of our return to power, nay, no place for us ever more!

Our truth might Win, one day, but when? In the meantime, Thy hallowed Reich lay torn and devastated. Thy greatest followers were dead or in captivity, Thy people hated; Rebels against the downward rush of Time, all those who still revered Thee, were foreigners in every clime,¹³ exiles upon this earth, if not, with fury unabated, crushed in the name of “liberty.” How long? How long would all this last? No one could tell. Apparently, for every one of us, this world had become hell, and was to remain so, forever.¹⁴

But when Thy foes cried out to us: “Give up your Leader’s Faith, and take to ours and be free to come and go,¹⁵ to buy and sell,¹⁶ to speak and write!” we answered: “Never! Disciples of the Child of Light whether in ruin or in glory, faithful to Him whatever you might say or do,—‘faithful when all become unfaithful’—we [would] rather die with Him than rule with you! We [would] rather be defeated, knowing we fought for what is right, than share the comforts of the fools whom Israel has cheated; we [would] rather sink into the starless night of dreary day-to-day oblivion, knowing ourselves to be without fault in our Leader’s sight, than yield to you and share your hated might!”

* * *

The long nightmare dragged on and on . . . But in its midst, though no ray of hope had shone,—though we knew not whether we were again ever to rise,—our will to stand in spite of all against the money-power, and to resist; our will never to compromise, was like a ray of fire; a ray of fire in the dark night before dawn.

¹ “Truly, these heroes deserved a monument: ‘Wanderer, you who come to Germany, tell your homeland that here we lie, true to the fatherland and obedient to duty’” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 224)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Inserting a comma.

³ Savitri actually returned to Europe in November 1945, embarking on 2 November 1945 from Bombay and disembarking on 15

November in Southampton, where she took the boat train to London. Savitri relates other events from her return-voyage to Europe in “Heliodora’s Homeward Journey,” chapter 6 of *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, or the true story of a “most objectionable Nazi” and . . . half-a-dozen cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1965).

⁴ Inserting a comma.

⁵ Reading “‘right’ freedom and human dignity” as “‘rights,’ freedom, and human dignity.”

⁶ Not capitalizing “jewish” in accordance with Savitri’s practice elsewhere in the typescript.

⁷ Inserting a semicolon.

⁸ Savitri does not capitalize “christendom,” perhaps for the same reason she does not capitalize “jewish.”

⁹ Inserting commas around “more sinister than all.”

¹⁰ The Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal.

¹¹ Capitalizing “west” according to Savitri’s practice elsewhere in the typescript.

¹² Savitri is referring to the 15th and 16th of October 1946.

¹³ Inserting a comma.

¹⁴ Inserting a paragraph break here.

¹⁵ Inserting a comma.

¹⁶ Inserting a comma.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the thirteenth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions, omissions, and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor.

—*R. G. Fowler*

XIII.

1948

“. . . die Menschen gehen nicht an verlorenen Kriegen zugrunde, sondern am Verlust jener Widerstandskraft, die nur dem reinen Blute zu eigen ist.”

Ruins, ruins, and still more ruins . . . unending rows of crumbling walls; deserted streets in which lay heaps of wreckage;² stations of which the charred and gaping halls open to wind and rain, led out to further sights of devastation; and in the midst of all that desolation, the haggard faces of Thy countrymen: of those who to the bitter end, had fought for Greater Germany her power to retain, for us to behold, under Thy strong protection, the long-awaited Western Resurrection; thus stretched over hundreds of miles before my eyes, the torn and bleeding body of Thy nation. Under the purple glow of dawn or sunset, under the phosphorescent light of the full moon, under the lonely Crescent in the midst of cloudy sky, under the splendor of the starry night, always and everywhere the same heart-rending sight: ruins,³ and further ruins; all that was left of Thy proud Reich;⁴ all that was left of Thy great life's creation; all that was left of Thy astounding might!

My Leader! Thou hadst seen, with Thy own eyes, those town ablaze and Thou hadst seen the charred⁵ walls still smoldering, the twisted iron bars still hot, the very earth itself, soaked through with phosphorus, still burning on, for days and days;⁶ and Thou hadst seen the corpses of Thy people—those who love and trusted Thee, and whom Thou lovest—stuck in the molten tar of Those now long-deserted streets, in which they had just met a most appalling fate;⁷ and from the cellars, thou hadst smelt the stench of death!

Who can, in any tongue, relate Thy immeasurable torment? In a flash, wherever I went, I pictured to myself Thy worn and tragic Face, against the background of that horror brought upon Thy dear Germany by the enemies of our race and their allies, the traitors, slaves of Jews. My heart full of relentless hate, I saw in the very midst of her towns in ashes, their brand new, vulgar “Clubs of Victory,” and, before Thy famishing people, their soldiers reveling and gluttony and luxury. And every day I heard the selfsame news: systematic destruction of everything Thou hadst done; further death-sentences against Thy true disciples, and further misery, and further humiliation for all those who, along with them, had fought under the blood-red Banner, bearing the most-holy Wheel of the Sun.

* * *

“Ruins, ruins, and further ruins,” thought I, as I went by; “Years more of persecution, years more of martyrdom, but resurrection, and sure and terrible revenge, and lasting domination—in the long run!”

Oh, Why had I not come before, and been, along those streets, now desolate and silent, one of the millions who had greeted Thee, in Thy great days of undisputed rule, before the war? Why had I not, at least, arrived in time to fight in Thy own Land, among Thy beloved people, in defense of Thy everlasting Principles and of Thy might?—I, who had loved Thee so much more, than many of those who had seen the glory that was Thine! But now that all lay waste

in mud and gore, I knew I was to be a Sign: a fiery Song of hope amidst despair, a Voice amidst the ruins: within the nightmare horror of the present fall, the Shadow of the unexpected future, and its living call. I was to stand in the sunshine, and tell Thy wounded Germany—The mute⁸ thousands who still believed in Thee, and even those who no longer did—that Thou wast right in spite of all.

And lo, as I obeyed the deep inner dictate of love and faith, and went about from place to place, first-fruits of the religious reverence of distant men of Aryan race towards both them and Thee, and whispered to Thy people at my side, however late, the mystic words of confidence and pride, I saw many a tired face look passionately up to me, as though, beyond the rows and rows of shattered walls and wreckage, and all the humiliation of the passing hour, the ardent eyes could clearly see, thanks to the magic of my message, the unbelievable return of old prosperity and power.

And as I put into their hand my written exhortation to stubborn day-to-day resistance, and quietly went on to do the same, numberless times again, throughout the Land, their glance would follow me with sympathy into the distance, and their heart would be with me wherever I would go. Not one of them betrayed me, even though they knew our persecutors would surely pay them well for doing so. In midst of utter destitution and hunger they had lived already three long years, but even so, there was no such reward, no such temptation, as could prompt them to help the standing foe⁹ against the faithful friend. And lo, brushing aside all fears, they took me under their protection, and I would come and I would go, safe in the midst of hell,¹⁰ and keep on bearing witness to Thy¹¹ glory: of all Thy¹² eighty million countrymen not one would tell the enemy what I had said and¹³ done; and all was well.

How many times have I not then, with tears, standing before the ruins,¹⁴ thought of Thy Reich of recent years! How many times have I not, then, remembered the glorious weeks, when, from the remote East, my mind and heart rushed forth to meet Thy coming host! Now that Thy land in ashes lay dismembered,—four hated victors' prey,¹⁵—now that, outwardly, all was lost, I had arrived at last from far away, to fight and wait amidst the common hardships and the common dangers, I, the least among Thy faithful ones,—day after day. And of Thy starving countrymen,—of those now silent eighty million whose voice had cheered Thee in the past—not a single one had been willing my humble effort to betray!

Even more so than in the days of Glory, I loved them even more so than when, along the way to snow-clad Caucasus and to the Caspian, Thy armies marched in conquering array; even more so than when I had awaited their coming through the Khyber Pass.

For three long years, with fury unabated, the evil jewish force had sought to crush that spirit which had wrought such wonders in Thy name. But I had come and I had fought only to see, erect and free, in faces emaciated, in thousands of proud eyes radiated, fearless

and without blame, the German Soul, always the same.

And suddenly, as in a dream, my mind flew back to one great scene twenty-four centuries ago: on his death-bed in Babylon, I heard the prince of Macedon tell coming generations the Gods' decree that they should know, and give "the worthiest," once and for all, the domination of the world.

And from the bottom of my heart, in boundless admiration, I hailed in those who stood the test, "the worthiest" in the full sense of Alexander's word, and in thy superhuman Nation, the future ruler of the West.

¹ ". . . men do not perish from lost wars, but from the loss of that power of resistance that only pure blood possesses" (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 324)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Inserting a semicolon.

³ Inserting a comma.

⁴ Inserting a semicolon.

⁵ Replacing "calcinated" with "charred." "Calcinated" is not an English word. Savitri was almost certainly thinking of the French adjective "*calciné*," meaning charred, incinerated, burned to a crisp.

⁶ Inserting a semicolon.

⁷ Inserting a semicolon.

⁸ Replacing "dumb" with "mute" to prevent a misunderstanding of Savitri's intended meaning.

⁹ Deleting a superfluous "against" followed by a comma.

¹⁰ Inserting a comma.

¹¹ Capitalizing "Thy."

¹² Capitalizing "Thy."

¹³ Inserting an "and."

¹⁴ Inserting a comma.

¹⁵ Inserting a dash.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the fourteenth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions, omissions, and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor.

—*R. G. Fowler*

XIV.

1949

“Allein unser Denken und Handeln soll keineswegs von Beifall oder Ablehnung unserer Zeit bestimmt werden, sondern von der bindenden Verpflichtung an eine Wahrheit, die wir erkannten.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Of all ambitions in the world there is no higher one than that of being, in these times of trial, one of the few whose self-denial will help to clear the way for Thy return; one of the unknown few who burn with love and hate, as ardently as ever, and stand by thee alone against an evil fate; one of Thy dedicated ones who stubbornly remain upon the field when all is lost, however much they might yet have to learn, whoever much they might have to wait, determined to begin again, by any means, at any cost, knowing it is never too late.

Of all the pleasures in the world there is no greater one than to defy Thy enemies, whether in broad daylight or secret action, and to proclaim, against the overwhelming might both of the Red Front and Reaction, that Thou wast always right. There is no greater satisfaction than to behold the growing misery of that despicable humanity that hated Thee so readily, and fought but yesterday against our creed of life, to feel that their short victory has brought nothing but further strife between Jews' allies. There is at present no delight so thrilling as to see their camp divided, and to hope that, one day, one will look at them fight, and to know that while the fools, who were so long the Jew's best tools, will die during the Third World War, Thy faithful few will lead the Second Struggle for freedom and for might, and rise and rule, upon the ruins of the world—forever, in the glory of Thy light!

Firm in one's faith in Thee, that no power can shatter, when one shows *that*, what can all the rest matter?

And even if our final Day were not to come in one's lifetime, still one would have the holy joy of Duty done and of lasting defiance; still one would be, in spite of all, among the strong, among the free, who scorn the degrading alliance of the Dark forces; still one would feel proud of one's place among the fighters for the honor of the Aryan race—unwavering like any one of them, in one's limitless love of Thee, that nothing mars; free, even behind prison bars.

* * *

Thus did I feel while in my cell I worked and sang, and wrote. My cell was small. The sky, was bright. From its blue aether, so remote, as He pursued His daily course,² The Sun, through the high window, projected slowly moving lines of light, upon the wall. And I was happy. All was well, thought I, as long as I could write, —also, as long as I could see, now and then, the best one of all the women who, with me, were there for having loved and served the truth and Thee.

Beyond the iron bars and the high walls, beyond the heavy prison doors, in the struggling world of the free, men came and went and children played; and fruit trees blossomed and green fields and woods displayed their splendor in the spring sunshine, while, just as beautiful as in the days Thy people greeted Thee with arms outstretched, between its smiling hill, on flowed the sacred Rhine. Over the charred and crumbling stones, that had been walls of happy homes, regardless of the work of strife wrought by the Jewish powers, tender green creeper with pink flowers grew as a glaring Sign of everlasting life. And in the devastated forests, from

the live roots of every fallen tree, new shoots full of fresh sap took birth, and thrived invincibly, out of Germany's holy earth.

But happier, in spite of all, than anyone in the broad outer world—happy in the communion of our unchanging love of Thee—were I and she.³

We talked of nothing but the splendid days in which Thou wast all-powerful, and those even more beautiful in which Thou wilt return. And we were happy in the praise of all Thou art and all that Thou hast done; in the anticipation of the final annihilation of all the forces that stood in Thy way, and brought disaster on thy Nation, in the hope that we shall, one day witness Thy enemies crushed in their turn.

As I beheld the warrior's wife, the worthy daughter of Thy Land, I felt that I had fought and loved and waited all my life, to earn the privilege of holding out my hand to her within that prison cell. In her blue eyes shone all the pride of those who struggled on Thy side for these last thirty years and who have now, in man-made hell, retained unflinchingly their faith in Thee, while in my dark eyes full of fire and tears, forgotten centuries of yearning for living earthly godhead in its strength and beauty, told the martyr of Duty all my unending admiration, while in my voice,⁴ drowning the wail of misery present and past, rang as a hymn of triumph, a whole world's future adoration: the happiness of Aryan man standing by Thee of his own choice, hailing, in Thy fair people, his age-old gods in flesh and blood,—one day, at last!

And we were happy till the day the enemy discovered our secret meetings in my cell, and separated us—for how long? Who can tell?

* * *

For however long it might be, nothing can shake or lessen the faith of both of us in Thee. And nothing also can destroy, nothing can slacken, the holy bond of Comradeship now linking her to me.

Whether still behind iron bars, or wandering upon this sunlit earth that Money owns,⁵ so long as⁶ Thy spirit has not won,—so long as⁷ the Gods invisible have not ordered Thy return,—neither of us, and none of those who, like us, lived and fought for Thee, can now ever again be free, save in the realm inviolate of will and thought, of love and hate.⁸ So long as⁹ our second Day has not yet dawned upon Thy Land, we are all prisoners, whatever we might do in this wide world, wherever we might stand. But prisoners who know that they shall one day be the rulers of a reborn world, with Thee, through Thee, for Thee, and beyond Thee, for that true race of Gods: that coming Aryan mankind which is Thine—and mine.

United in our love of Thee forever and forever, she and I, and all those who walk along our Way, will keep on fighting for the resurrection of the great Reich, and waiting for Thy Day.

¹ "Yet our thoughts and actions should in no way be determined by the approval or disapproval of our time, but by our bound duty to a

truth we have recognized" (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 435)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Inserting a comma.

³ Hertha Ehlert.

⁴ Inserting a comma.

⁵ "Owns" is conjectural. The typescript contains an ambiguous conglomeration of letters: the word "wars" with the letter "o" superimposed upon (or beneath) the "w." Since "wars" makes no sense, and since a typed "n" could be misread as "ar" in retyping a draft, and since "owns" does make sense in the context, I think it a reasonable reading.

⁶ Inserting "as."

⁷ Inserting "as."

⁸ Replacing a comma with a period.

⁹ Inserting "as."



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the fifteenth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions, omissions, and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor.

The photo is of SS Gruppenführer Otto Ohlendorf, 4 February 1907-8 June 1951.

—*R. G. Fowler*

“Die Richter dieses Staates mögen uns ruhig ob unseres damaligen Handelns verurteilen, die Geschichte als Göttin einer höheren Wahrheit und eines besseren Rechtes, sie wird dennoch dereinst dieses Urteil lächelnd zerreißen, um uns alle freizusprechen von Schuld und Fehle.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Full of bitterness of deeds bygone, full of the distant rumblings of the coming storm, six gloomy years had rolled into the past. One could have thought the victors had, at last, renounced their frenzied lure of persecution; that after all the stupid fury that had been released, their lust of murder was appeased. One could have thought that sense of growing danger would incite to reason. One could have thought the men whose treason to their own race had brought about the fall of Thy great Reich, and silenced our conquering war-songs for a time, even if they have not as yet become aware of their delusion, would hesitate before committing their most abominable crime.

And yet, in spite of the outcry of grief and indignation that sprang from every German heart, at the news of the foe's decision; in spite of restless crowds around the Landsberg prison; in spite of my own pathetic appeal to those who should have had more vision, and all I did to win the right to die in the place of the Seven Heroes, nothing could stop the frightful wheel of Destiny from rolling by.

And one by one out of their cells, they walked calm and upright, knowing they were to meet their doom. And with Thy holy Name and that of Germany upon their lips, and with the love of Thee, always the same, within their hearts, and with the inspired flame of pride within their tearless eyes so bright; with the serenity of duty done, and with the awareness of reconquered power, and of the glory they had won during those six long years of gloom, and of the immortality that now began for them in that atrocious hour, one by one they were hanged—in alphabetic order, first six, then five, then four, then three, then two, and at last one, fearlessly waiting for their turn.

And thus they passed into eternal light, last martyrs of the first phase of the Struggle for freedom and for might, and first ones of its second phase; heralds of Dawn, proclaiming Thy return—whether in spirit only or in flesh also, it matters little—form the midst of our present plight, upon that tragic late-spring night.

* * *

Wherever Thou might be on this earth, or in the radiant Dwellings of heroes ever young and strong and free, my Leader—our Leader—dost Thou know the last part of the story of the seven

Martyrs who have loved Thee so? Dost Thou know how they died for Greater Germany to rise out of tomorrow's war and chaos, and rule the West forever in Thy name? Along the path out of these days of trial, once more to domination and to fame, they walk in spirit at the head of us who have been Thine, and Thine remain.

They walk ahead of us and guide us unfailingly to the one goal: the resurrection of Thy Reich as Thou hast dreamed it: one State, one People, and one Leader; one blood, one heart, one conquering will; one super-human Soul.

No more than the Sixteen blood-witnesses of early days and the Eleven of Nuremberg, whom we revere and praise; no more than all Thy faithful ones, who died for Germany to raise the holy Swastika high above every Sign in space and time, did the exalted Seven give up their lives in vain. They died for us to conquer; for Thee to come again; for Germany to live—and reign.

¹ “The judges of this state may calmly condemn us for our previous deeds, but History, as goddess of a higher truth and a better justice, will one day smile as she tears up this verdict and acquits of all fault and responsibility.” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 780)—trans. R.G. Fowler.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the sixteenth and final chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**. There are two versions of this chapter in the typescript. The first is the "prose" version transcribed below. Second is a verse version that Savitri circulated among her friends and that was published in **And Time Rolls On**. Aside from small changes of capitalization and punctuation, the two versions from the **Forever and Ever** typescript are virtually identical, differing primarily in the arrangement of lines. We will publish the verse version in our final installment. As Savitri recopied and recited the verse version over the years, more modifications crept in. Thus I have noted the word differences between the present version of "1953" and the one published in **And Time Rolls On**, but I have not noted changes of punctuation and capitalization.*

*In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and updated the spelling. Although I "Americanized" Savitri's spelling in earlier transcriptions, I abandoned this practice when I decided I would publish **Forever and Ever** as a book with Savitri's original British spellings. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. All notes are mine.*

To view a PDF of the original typescript, click the title of the poem

XV.

1953

“. . . die Menschen gehen nicht an verlorenen Kriegen zugrunde, sondern am Verlust jener Widerstandskraft, die nur dem reinen Blute zu eigen ist.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

“Ein Staat, der im Zeitalter der Rassenvergiftung sich der Pflege seiner besten rassischen Elemente widmet, muß eines Tages zum Herrn der Erde werden.”

—*Mein Kampf*²

And time rolls on . . . and every empty day that slowly fades away, as uneventful as any other one, into the mist of unrecorded history, brings us, along our strenuous way, nearer the heart's desire of the revengeful, nearer the doom of those whom we resist, nearer the unfailing end of this atrocious night, nearer the yet well-hidden goal for which we fight,—the one unchanging³ dream for which we live, while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . and every dreary hour that passes by into eternity, glaringly shows the soundness of our claim, and tells the world the inanity of Thy enemies' victory, while bringing Thy dismembered Nation new strength and new prosperity, new hopes of unity, with the increasing certainty of our return to power, and *both* our persecutors further fears of unavoidable annihilation.

And thus we march invincibly towards our lofty Aim, along the Way of blood and tears. It matters not what price⁴ we gave, it matters not what price⁵ we shall yet give, to see all those who hated Thee descend into the grave after they groan under our whip for years and years,—while⁶ we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . and every passing⁷ second brings us further away from the long nightmare of defeat; nearer the glory of our dawning Day; nearer the time we shall begin again; nearer the morn of Thy unending reign, when Thy adoring People will⁸ repeat the now forbidden words of faith and pride in frenzied spell-like cheers,⁹ and when, for countless scores of years, the nations of the West that have refused to side with Thee, and fight the common

foe, and live, will lie in ruins at our feet,—while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . With us, they had not reckoned,¹⁰ when setting forth their vast utopian schemes. They thought Thee dead, and us also; they thought our faith had slackened; they thought,—the fools—they¹¹ could rely upon our loyalties to values which we hate; they thought they could send us to die, without us ever asking why, while¹² we had grown too weary to say “no.” They thought they had become the masters of our fate; but¹³ here we rise, and here we stand, and give the world to understand that we shall never fight but for our same old dreams:¹⁴ for honour and for might, and what we know is right; for the joy of asserting the privileges of our birth; for Thee, for Greater Germany, for Aryan rule upon this earth—the Gospel of perennial Truth in its new form, which we came to proclaim, and, which is more, to live, while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . Nothing can break our spirit, nor alter our allegiance to Thee and to the German Reich, home of the best, stronghold and hope of Aryan mankind in the West. Of all Thy enemies might¹⁵ say or do to gain our favour that they so require, nothing can shake our faith, nothing can ever mar our loyalty to the old oath; nothing can kill our will to rise again. Every new step the former “great Allies” take towards us we meet with a new grievance; no threat can force us to believe their lies; no bribery can keep our hearts from hating both.¹⁶

Happier as the storm draws nigh, we wait and watch events go by . . . We wait and watch the signs of war—the hopes of liberation; the coming chances of Thy Nation to seize the lead of Sunset Lands once more. And we are confident in our own strength and we are grateful to the immortal Gods who made us free, serene even in hell and loving only Thee, having nothing to lose and all to give—faithful when all become unfaithful, while we never forget, never forgive.

¹ “. . . men perish not from lost wars, but from the loss of that power of resistance found only in pure blood” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 324)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² “A state that, in an age of racial-poisoning, dedicates itself to fostering its best racial elements must one day become master of the earth” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 782)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

³ Later versions: “undying.”

⁴ In later versions “what price” is replaced by “how much.”

⁵ In later versions “what price” is replaced by “how much.”

⁶ In later versions “while” is replaced by “for.”

⁷ In later versions “passing” is replaced by “fleeting.”

⁸ In later versions “shall” replaces “will.”

⁹ In later versions this reads, “when Thy adoring people shall repeat, in frenzied, spell-like cheers, the now forbidden words of faith and pride.”

¹⁰ In later versions “did not reckon.”

¹¹ In later versions a “that” appears before “they.”

¹² In later versions “when.”

¹³ In later versions “and” is replaced by “but.”

¹⁴ In later versions “dreams” appears as “dream.”

¹⁵ In later versions “might” is replaced by “can.”

¹⁶ In later versions “both” is emphasized.

