

Otto Hauser

The Blonde Human Being

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Preface

In my various “race books” I have for the most part laid down the purely objective results of research. Again and again it became clear to me that the individual has a need to gain clarity about himself as a racial being. Often a questioner wanted to know what I thought of his type. What I said in such cases I now summarize in this pamphlet.

It seeks to give the individual the possibility of recognizing himself — something more important than ever in our confused time. The aim is to gather a phalanx of purely Nordic-feeling people around a lofty ideal. In this sense the book serves the idea of renewal. It points out its own particular path, but does not claim that this is the only one. On the contrary: precisely the anthropological view of history on which it rests includes every manifestation of the racial will, and even the mere striving for renewal, for a new ascent out of such deep collapse, counts for it as evidence of existing forces, as their expression.

I should therefore like to see this book above all in the hands of youth. It arose chiefly out of conversations with young people who entered my circle during the war years and afterward. It is full of references to those conversations and draws many examples from them.

Three of my books are attached to *The Blonde Human Being*; they treat racial problems in more novel-like form, likewise based on personal observation and experience:

“I and My Five Boys. Diary Pages of an Educator,”

“Ursel Unknown. A Summer of Wandering,”

and “The Blues,”

the first dedicated to boyhood, the second to young manhood, the third to the question of how purely racial groups can be brought together. These three books, taken as a whole a novel (“New Life”), appeared with Alexander Duncker, Weimar.

Special mention should be made of my book *Pure Conduct of Life* (Georg Westermann Verlag, Braunschweig), which is intended to give full clarity to youth of Nordic stamp. Also *Race and Morality* (Alexander Duncker) and *Racial Breeding* (Georg Westermann) are directed above all to youth. For it is precisely to youth that thoughts such as I express can become fruitful — to youth itself and to the whole people. A people has the future that lies in its youth.

The new edition of *The Blonde Human Being* has omitted some sentences and paragraphs; otherwise only in the first two sections and in the last has more than the occasional expression been altered.

Otto Hauser

Contents

Race	1
Sexual Life	16
Two Souls	30
Beautiful and Ugly ...	42
The Ancestors	57

Marriage	72
Children	85
Friendship	97
The State	110
Religion	126
Renewal	139

Race

The deeper mixed-race people spread — in countless “scientific” works — the assertion that all human beings are equal to one another in endowment and in worth. Especially a certain Jean Finot, who writes in French and has therefore given his original name Finkelstein a more French-sounding form, found much applause with his *Racial Prejudice (Le préjugé des races)*, in which he declares that Negroes and Eskimos would, under white people, in a few generations themselves become white, and that Negroes in fifty years had made advances for which very many white peoples needed five to six centuries.

It is the old Rousseauism, the dream that everything can become everything. But the fact that this dream has already been dreamed for almost two centuries has not made it any truer. Just as long ago Joseph II, a disciple of Rousseau, tried to settle the Gypsies as citizens. Today they stand exactly where they stood in 1780. Of course, where they absorbed white blood they rose somewhat (but only thereby), became settled, fitted themselves into the general social order.

The opinion of the equal worth of all human beings is advocated and carried into the people by mixed-race people of two directions. One group are the ideologists who start from religion and say: Before God we are all equal. They are right: if God is infinitely great, if He is only as great as Gaurisankar, then from His height the cabbage-head and the kraut-head are not essentially different. But put them before you in the bowl and you will notice the difference. One should not approach the race question with

the concept of God. Other ideologists, the true Rousseauists, believe that every human being can be educated. Certainly. But only to the extent that one can, by careful tending, bring a pear tree or an apple tree to bear more and finer fruit — not, however, fruit of another sort, and still less make the pear tree bear apples or the apple tree pears. No amount of eager persuasion will turn a poodle into a pug, a pug into a poodle, a dachshund into a greyhound; nor will one achieve it by clipping the poodle, pasting curls on the pug, or tying stilts to the dachshund's feet. And the fact that the poodle is a poodle, the pug a pug, the dachshund a dachshund and the greyhound a greyhound is not in the least changed if the pug calls himself a poodle or is so called by his entire surroundings.

The very learned men who spread the dogma of the equal worth of all human beings seem to sit so barricaded in their studies that they cannot even see the simplest realities. There is no helping them.

On the other hand, others spread the same dogma — people who look at the world with very shrewd eyes. These are people like Jean Finot-Finkelstein. They are not only Jews but also Social Democrats. For them it is valuable that no one should recognize his better race in contrast to them, that he should not become conscious of it. For they need, in order to reach their goals, a herd that follows willingly.

True, the Jews are extraordinarily proud of their race. For two thousand years they have tried to keep it pure and have in fact kept it freer of foreign admixture than any other people. But that is their secret doctrine. The non-Jew need not know of it, should be deceived about it. Only here and there has one of them, in pride for his people, let slip a remark that reveals their true opinion. Benjamin Disraeli kept repeating to the English that his people was the noblest, the most gifted, and that by its race. He saw it destined to rule. Today, now that it rules, quite a number of Jews openly confess their racial superiority. But from non-Jews they desire the renunciation of all racial pride and mixture with as many Negroes and Eskimos as possible.

For while they spread the dogma of the equal worth of human beings, they themselves know very well how things really stand. The dogma speculated

on the stupidity of the ideologists. It destroyed racial feeling in broad strata. Racial deterioration soon set in. This was partly a consequence of the dogma, which caused many marriages to be contracted that would not have been contracted with stronger racial feeling; partly it itself formed the basis for further spread of the dogma. For even if the high-race man may theoretically hold all people equal in worth, in practice he will choose a high-race spouse.

The German nobility, which in earlier times had been the racial backbone of the German people, in the course of the 19th century married countless daughters of upstarts, Jews and non-Jews alike: the collapse of 1918 therefore showed it completely powerless in the face of circumstances. In France the same clever men brought numerous Negroes into the country (already before the World War) in order to reforest the population. The more mixed-race women are mad about the blacks, from whose virility they expect wonders — the same thing was observed in Germany when Negro colonies were exhibited in the zoos, and thus undoubtedly many bastards are produced whose mestizo blood then continues to flow further. The Jews themselves had the strictest laws against fallen children. Mother and child were taken to a foreign land and counted as dead. The Jewess of today moreover prefers the white man to the black. But she is too clever to let it come to a child even in these cases. So the Negroes were in fact intended only for the non-Jews.

We take up the racial law that has proved itself among the Jews in that they, alone among peoples from antiquity, have preserved themselves to this day as a culture people, as a power people. My *History of Judaism* (Alexander Duncker Verlag, Weimar) treats all important details of the subject in this sense.

I have been able to show how even the Jews remained a culture-capable people only because at all times they had quite a considerable portion of blondes among them and — as with other culture peoples — among them too the most significant talents are strikingly often pure blondes (Heine, Sarah Bernhardt). They themselves have valued blondness extraordinarily highly since ancient times. They are thus one of the most important

examples on which the anthropological view of history is based. This view, on the basis of those examples — which are found in rich abundance in my race books — recognizes that a people is the more culture-strong the more light components it contains, that with their disappearance it falls into decay and finally sinks to a stage of semi-culture. (The brunette Greeks of today compared with the blond ones of the classical period, the brunette Sicilians of today compared with the Normans and Germans in Sicily.)

“Pure” races hardly exist any longer today, not even among Negroes and Eskimos. But a hundred Germans are considerably lighter than a hundred Spaniards, indeed a hundred Holsteiners considerably lighter than a hundred Württembergers, if one does not make a special selection. For otherwise there are Spaniards as blond as “Germans,” and conversely Germans of the deep brunetness of “Spaniards.” The judgment is based on the percentage of blondes and brunettes, not on the possibility of the occurrence of individual types. Even among the Berbers of North Africa and the Syrians of Lebanon blondes have been found — late throwbacks there to the Vandals, here to the Germanic crusaders.

But even if there are no pure races, i.e. closed larger groups of pure-race people, still in every people there is a certain number of substantially purer types. Even the population of a large city as a whole is not of pure race, yet who would deny that there are many “pure-race” individuals in it? And even if the number of street mongrels is a hundred times greater, the pure-bred terriers, Russian greyhounds, collies remain a fact. Of course we humans are not the result of such strict racial breeding as is practiced with animals. We are mongrels and de-mixed ones.

The blonde can have brunette parents, blond parents can perhaps produce a brunette child. Types are uniform only where either stronger foreign components are absent or where in the course of time a once considerable component has been eliminated. The Portuguese, who were once overlain by blond lords of Germanic (Suevic) origin, are today a fairly uniform Negroid people, just as individual Germanic tribes are uniform in their almost complete blondness.

Pure race in the sense explained exists among us only in the individual, if he has it, and then he has it only as an individual, without the certainty of reliably passing it on — even with an equally pure-race partner. The probability that he will pass it on is of course very great and almost certainty. Race in the conceptual sense is only the original Nordic race; the Alpine and Mediterranean are solidified fairly young mixed forms, the Alpine ultimately a mixture of the Nordic and the polar (yellow) race, the Mediterranean of the Nordic and the Negro race.

In my book *Race Pictures* (Georg Westermann Verlag, Braunschweig 1925) I have illustrated the racial conditions of humanity by means of the “race triangle”:

[diagram description: triangle with W (white race) at the top, G (yellow) and S (black) at the base corners; the apex represents the assumed, no longer existing pure ideal type of each race; thinning lines indicate decreasing racial potency the farther from the ideal]

The race triangle was first published in *Race Pictures* (Georg Westermann Verlag, Braunschweig, 1925).

In the corners stand the pure types of the three basic races, at the apex the “pure” race, which today exists nowhere among white, black or yellow. Whoever stands at point a is still close to the basic form of the white race, the Negro admixture is slight, for he stands in the foremost strip; the yellow admixture even slighter, for he stands in their last strip. The Negro admixture may show itself there in somewhat too dark hair coloring, which is perhaps black and perhaps also somewhat too strong and at the same time wavy, in brown eyes and brownish skin, in the narrow skull that widens out at the back above the middle, the slight yellow in the small but otherwise fairly Nordic stature.

Here stands roughly the Mediterranean type. Whoever stands at b holds about the middle between white and yellow, is a tolerably light “Mongol.” His coloring may be a lightened, somewhat dull yellowish-brown such as very many Germans and East Slavs have, the build stocky, the skull knobby. With blond hair, which however tends to be dull, the “East Baltic” type

emerges here, with black hair the “Alpine.” Gustav Kraitschek very happily emphasized the East Baltic type. But it is young and has become little racial, while the Mediterranean and Alpine types, when they marry among themselves, already produce in the children the parental type and have thus become racial. At c one may imagine roughly the Hottentot, whose coloring and facial formation show quite strong yellow admixture; the white, on the other hand, is extremely slight.

The blonde human being of today, the white man, the Nordic, has his place just at the apex of the race triangle. The fewer foreign admixtures make themselves noticeable, the closer he stands to the apex itself. But however much the Nordic race is race in the conceptual sense — namely that marriages among themselves produce only Nordics as children — one must not overlook that in its formation — certainly more than 20,000 years ago — several pre-races undoubtedly came together, among which the Cro-Magnon race, that of the artistically so highly gifted cave men of southern France, was probably the most significant, and that thereby the Nordic race received a greater range of variation both physically and in soul-spirit.

The characterization of the Nordic racial type therefore must not concern itself too much with details, because otherwise it would easily exclude a form that very well still has its place in it.

The Nordic human being is tall (170 cm and above), slender of limb, built according to the golden section so that the pubic bone lies in the middle of the body or somewhat above it, low in pigment so that the hair is blond, the eye blue (green, gray), the skin white and rosy on the cheeks and some other places, of the noble facial cut of the Greek gods, heroes and poet portraits with the richest individual shaping in the features, of elongated skull widening out at the nape. Man and woman have the secondary sexual characteristics strongly developed, the man therefore strong beard growth, the woman a slender waist, broad pelvis, full and firm breasts. Man and woman have well-developed calves, yet narrow ankles. The hair is fine, straight, but when longer somewhat wavy and curled.

We still have quite a number of people among us who correspond to this description. Only one may ask to what limit the concept of the Nordic type may be extended. First, with all other characteristics complete, the small stature (under 170 cm) can hardly be regarded as racial turbidity. Likewise, in my opinion, the somewhat broader skull, which is nevertheless long at the same time and widens out at the nape, does not constitute turbidity. Especially mathematical and musical talent seem to have their seat above the ear and therefore broaden that part of the skull. At least one very often notices that broadening of the skull above the ears in great composers and mathematicians, which is why Gall too located the seat of those faculties there.

The facial formation shows great variety. According to Aristotle it is the soul that shapes the body. That is a fine observation. The variety of endowments, the individualism of the Nordic human being corresponds to his face, which very often at first glance reveals not only the essence but even the occupation, the hobby. Thus many faces, even those we call "beautiful," do not fit into the schema of the standard head. Men of will almost always have rather strong jaws, whereby the face easily appears somewhat broad. In others the chin is thrust forward so that the lower teeth stand over the upper teeth. That leads up to the typical Habsburg mouth (Leopold I), which can no longer be closed at all, but is here undoubtedly already a phenomenon of degeneration, a malformation stabilized by inbreeding. Dante had a protruding chin to a degree that cannot yet be called malformation. The polar and Negro races have only very weak chins, so that racial turbidity that could have occurred only through them is not at all in question here. On the other hand, a strikingly small chin, which is frequent in certain regions, seems to me to testify to an admixture of polar or Negro blood; which of the two is decided by the other characteristics.

The nose, which above all determines the expression of the face, is especially rich in forms. What matters is the height, the proportion between forehead, nose and lower face. Seen from the side, the distances from the hairline to the root of the nose, from the root of the nose to the base of the nose, from the base of the nose to the bony point of the chin are roughly equal. In Polar people and Negroes this nasal height is much less; in

Negroes it is added that the face is not built at right angles but at a more or less acute angle and moreover the teeth still meet at an angle (prognathism). But even a nose that corresponds to the Nordic type in height can have characteristics of polar or Negro admixture. Especially characteristic is the peculiar drawing-in of the nostrils, very often noticed in Jews; it comes from the Negro nose. Sometimes even the groove at the attachment point is strikingly brown-colored on otherwise light skin, whereby the origin of this characteristic is proved beyond doubt. A stronger saddle or even upturned nose and nostrils standing into the air indicate polar admixture. Otherwise, however, the Nordic nose can be curved or straight in the most varied ways. If the cartilage at the lower end projects somewhat over the rest of the nasal line, that is probably not yet to be regarded as saddling. In contrast to the polar and Negro nose, the Nordic nose is very delicate and finely modeled; the others give the impression of a rough draft. Mongrels, however, even with already very dark skin, still often have quite well-modeled noses. I observed this especially in the Malagasy, who are a mixture of Negroes and Malays and combine Negro coloring with Malay facial formation and build.

Hair coloring too is quite varied. Blond is a rather broad concept in the racial sense. When Linné defined *Homo europaeus* he rightly described his hair not as flavus but as flavescens, which can be translated “blondish, blond-shimmering.” Originally the language used “blond” only for the lightest shade — so in the Romance languages and in 18th-century German — distinguishing the somewhat darker from it. In the racial sense “blond” extends from flax-blond through golden-red to black-blond. At these endpoints confusions are possible. Golden-red and fox-red stand very close to each other, likewise black-blond and black. But fox-red lacks the blond shimmer; it is dull. Genuine black is either likewise dull — then it is merely the darkest shade of brown — or has a blue shimmer. Moreover the golden-red and the black-blond always have distinctly blond hair at various places on the body: especially the temples, and in the beard the hairs around the mouth. And in childhood and often up to twenty years of age the golden-reds and black-blonds were still much lighter and clearly blond. Where one is in doubt, let the eyes decide: a very dark blond, a very deep red still belong to the Nordic type if the eyes are blue (gray, green).

Nevertheless black-blond and duller red are based on racial turbidity, which however is slight if they are the only characteristics of it.

Genuine brown hair in its darker shades is a mixed result, namely in the sense of interpenetration, while the often much darker black-blond still keeps the two mixed parts separate. Light brown (*châtain clair* in French) differs from darker blond only by the lack of golden shimmer. Genuine brown hair is always matt. If someone with otherwise Nordic characteristics has brown hair, he still stands very close to the pure type.

Some special mixed forms occur: dark, even black eyebrows with blond (red) hair, light beard with dark hair. Here a slight admixture of darker blood makes itself felt. The admixture is quite strong when the hair, though distinctly blond, is of the Negro-hair kind, hard, rough and kinky. Such blond Negro hair was possessed by the Jew Ferdinand Lassalle, the half-Jew Alexandre Dumas père, who moreover had further Negro ancestry, and Alexander Pushkin, descendant of Hannibal, the Negro of Peter the Great.

The iris of the eyes also shows different colorings. But only in a very few cases is one in doubt whether to regard them still as pure or already as mixed. Pure are all colorings without admixture of brown. I note here that one must look at the eyes from the front; for from the side even purely blue eyes appear brownish, especially against a light background. (Brown eyes not brownish, but brown.) Slight racial turbidity is shown when the iris is brown around the pupil. Goethe had such eyes. Brown spots in the iris are probably always due to disease. Sometimes one eye is brownish, the other blue (gray, green). Actual borderline cases are the “iridescent” eyes that play from brown into green and the gentle light-brown eyes often sung as doe-eyes; they sometimes have a golden sheen and can almost be called blond. In the first the mixed parts (as in black-blond) are still separated, in the second they have interpenetrated. Whoever is blond and has such “blond” eyes is therefore not yet deeply mixed-race.

Skin color too sometimes experiences turbidities that are not particularly serious. Many who are white in winter become quite strongly brown in summer, especially if they like sunbathing. Then all the pigment develops

for which the predisposition exists. The pure-race person remains light even in summer, at most becomes red under the influence of the sun. The white man very often gets sun spots. The somewhat mixed-race person not seldom has an “ivory-colored” skin that remains quite pure even in summer. He may comfort himself for his racial turbidity with this advantage.

Strong perspiration with otherwise good health, especially sweaty hands, is often evidence of an admixture of Negro blood. So among Hungarian Jews. Incidentally, there are people with such extraordinarily sharpened sense of smell that they immediately smell this admixture and are repelled by it; hence the expression that one cannot “smell” someone.

The blonde human being with whom I deal in this book is therefore not a hair-sharp delimited concept. A few closely related borderline forms are included. Nevertheless the concept is clearly defined by the fact that within the so-formed narrower circle of people the common Nordic characteristics by far predominate, the non-Nordic ones are clearly recognized as such and efforts are made to overcome their influence. Every single person who reads this book should first examine himself how far physically he approaches the ideal image of the Nordic human being, wherein he can detect foreign-race characteristics in himself. What I say in the following is the expression of my own racial kind and based on observations of my racial equals. The reader will agree with me to the extent that he himself is a Nordic human being.

But I am convinced that very many will joyfully agree with me who stand somewhat farther from the pure type, who are darker than it demands. The Nordic soul will manifest itself in them, which in individual cases can unite just as well with a non-Nordic body as conversely a non-Nordic soul with a Nordic body. For to the borderline cases on the physical side also belong such on the psychic side. Whoever I do not speak “from the soul,” even if he were physically the very model of the blond Adonis, stands far from the Nordic human being as a psycho-physical unity. Only one thing is certain: in the overwhelming majority of cases white soul is united with white body, mixed-race soul with mixed-race body.

The blonde human being I deal with in this book is therefore not a concept sharply delimited to the last hair. A few closely related borderline forms are included. Nevertheless the concept is clearly determined by the fact that in the so-formed narrower circle of people the shared Nordic characteristics by far predominate, the non-Nordic ones are clearly recognized as such, and efforts are made to overcome their influence. Every single reader of this book should first examine himself how far physically he approaches the ideal picture of the Nordic human being, in what he can detect foreign-race characteristics in himself. What I say in the following is the expression of my own racial kind and is founded on observations of my racial equals. The reader will agree with me to the extent that he himself is a Nordic human being.

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Sexual Life

In no point do blondes and mixed-race people separate so strikingly from one another as in sexuality. The mixed-race person becomes sexually mature earlier than the blonde, just like Negroes, just like Polaroids. The youngest mother in a Vienna maternity ward within sixty years was a ten-year-old Jewess; she had conceived the child — which was born viable — with an eleven-year-old Jewish boy. According to the Talmud a thirteen-year-old Jew is marriageable. Try demanding the sexual act from our blond eleven-year-old or even thirteen-year-old boys. Most of them would not even have a halfway correct idea of it. Where pure-race blond

people had a state order, the age of marriageability for the youth was twenty years, for the girl only a little below it. Caesar and Tacitus report how it was kept among the Germans. Among them it counted as the greatest disgrace to have known a woman before the twentieth year, and they could not conceal it, as Caesar says, because they bathed completely naked together. Evidently the changes in the sexual member that frequent intercourse brings would have been noticed at once. In Albania, which in its world remoteness has certainly not preserved the blond type but has preserved many primitive customs purely, the young man does not have dealings with women before his twentieth year; then he marries. As far as I know the country I found this confirmed everywhere. Indeed such great modesty prevails there that I never saw a young Albanian make an indecent gesture or heard one use an indecent word. When they speak Turkish they say for snow not “kar” but “bejaz,” “the white one,” because “kar” in Albanian means penis.

A small difference already shows itself in the fact that in the former extent of Austria-Hungary, where mixed-race character predominates, all walls are smeared with obscene drawings coming from early-maturing youth, whereas in Germany such drawings occur far more seldom. In Scandinavia they are presumably still rarer. The type of Germans in Germany is indeed generally very bad, but until about 1917 a more Nordic group still predominated there, and their character overwhelmed everything. Hence a certain external decency prevailed, which perhaps will last a while longer, especially where it is supported by the purer Nordic spirit of Protestantism. To what coarseness speech can sink in deeper mixed-race peoples one sees among Hungarians, Serbo-Croats and Spaniards, who use the respective word for penis (lófasz, kurac and even garro) outright as a universal word for all possible replies; indeed among Serbo-Croats merely raising the arm is enough as the sign for it. “Per los cojones de San Juan!” (by the testicles of Saint John!) is a universally customary oath in Spain. All this is merely statements, not at all outbursts of indignation. Those peoples do it that way, the blonde human being does it differently. It is by no means to be said that those Hungarians, Serbo-Croats and Spaniards are utterly shameless goats and the blondes — for whom it offends good taste to use expressions from the sexual sphere — are sexless angels. What is attested by the behavior of

both is only that for the one his sexuality matters very much and occupies him most essentially, while for the other other things are equally important or perhaps even more important.

That puberty arrives in the blonde only at a time when his mind and his feeling are already more strongly developed conditions the restraint for the whole of life. The blond boy, the blond girl, who around the fourteenth year first feel more sharply emphasized sexual stirrings, have long since filled their minds with all sorts of knowledge, perhaps already have definite inclinations toward a profession, are already beginning to be active artistically, dream of inventions, of voyages of discovery, and have mostly already had all sorts of heart experiences that have made them spiritually far more mature than their external appearance suggests. Only whoever is completely intimate with them learns of the great tragedies that play themselves out in their interior: of the passion for a friend, a girlfriend — the first inclinations tend to be same-sex among blondes — of the pain when love remains unreturned, of the despair when the relationship ends, of the doubts in God and everything religion teaches to believe, of the pain of not being “understood,” of finding oneself alone with one’s own nature.

Probably no blond human being whose first sexual sensations do not fill him with disgust toward himself, as though something foreign had entered his life; endless struggles with the drive follow, victories and defeats. The dream of purity that took shape in the holy Virgin stands again and again before the soul and causes the young human child, who feels unholy, desecrated, to be crushed.

While in the deeper mixed-race peoples the drive already expresses itself early in this or that way, the blonde seeks to suppress it and is deeply unhappy, full of disgust, when he has once nevertheless given in to it. One can explain as reasonably as one likes that it is no “sin” when a maturing person frees himself for a time from the constant compulsion of the drive, creates rest for himself before it, that ultimately it is nothing other than when he blows his nose thoroughly so as not to let the mucus flow out by itself — which in regard to the nose has not been custom since antiquity — that he has just as little to fear any harm from it, however many books by

alleged doctors may paint the “consequences” of “youthful sins” in order at the same time to hawk “remedies” for them: the young person again and again comes into conflict with his innermost being, which regards sexuality as something foreign. Cases in which maturing people of purely Nordic build and kind create sexual excitations daily, indeed several times daily, do occur. That is never “naughtiness” but evidence of the existence of a disease. Seldom is a blond human being a real satyr, a real lecher. Then the admixture of dark blood makes itself felt in him. And that usually brings him into particularly severe inner conflicts. I have depicted this in my *Atlantis* in Addon (Canto XI). Addon has entirely the beauty of the pure-race Northerner.

Men who saw him

wept in their souls; had they dared, not feared
to desecrate him,
they would have seized his slender hand
and laid it on their heart, on eyes, forehead
and mouth, so that they would forget whatever
impure thing they had ever felt, seen, thought, spoken,
and would be pure and holy again. Alas,
they did it only in dream and went silently
on their way.

Yet he was still a boy

when the black blood of a distant ancestor stirred in him,
of which no faintest trace showed in his features:
a chance-heard word kindled his senses
and awoke premature heat that first filled him with terror,

then with lust and sudden shame.

From then on he found himself daily besieged,

hourly by words of lustful meaning,

and before his eyes swayed pictures,

still unclear indeed, yet spurring the desire

once awakened. His pure soul fought in vain; it could not drive them away.

And when he lay evenings in the cool pillows,

they swarmed again and made him glow

as though in fever. Then in the dark

he pressed his slender boy-hands

upon his hotly throbbing heart; vainly that too.

Already he knew; lust-entwined bodies

twitched before his eyes in orgasm,

shook his own body with lust and wetted him

with its first immature drops. Disgust at himself seized him, hatred, until at last

he broke into weeping, violent, unrelieving,

and wanted to die. Finally sleep came;

but mercilessly before the troubled soul

it renewed the mad lust-pictures

so that it found no rest, no refreshment.

Addon comes so far that he emasculates himself to be free of the drive. Such self-castrations, as especially the Attis cult practiced in antiquity, still occur

today in the years of development. Origen even castrated himself in mature age.

Precisely in the later years of development many a blond youth also lets himself be seduced into sexual intercourse with prostitutes or other women. One hears the advice of a serious man: when one comes into those years one needs sexual intercourse for health. Self-satisfaction is harmful, nocturnal emissions disgusting, abstinence as such impossible or likewise severely damaging, especially to the nerves. The only natural thing is regular sexual intercourse. Another is driven by curiosity, a third is dragged by comrades into the brothel: if he does not come along he is no man. It usually happens after more or less strong drinking bouts; the influence of alcohol paralyzes the inhibitions. Others again, because they are handsome and fresh and visibly untouched, are seduced by women for whom it is no less lust to enjoy first-fruits than for graying sinners to do so with young girls.

Whoever is a confidant of youth hears the same story again and again. The pleasure was mostly slight. Thus one explained to me: he had tried it once but found there was nothing in it. The serious youths who regard regular sexual intercourse as the natural thing seek it with almost pedantic exactness at definite intervals, just as they take their bath on Saturday or lay their egg every morning. They have little pleasure in it. They merely satisfy a need.

Since they are so careful in general they usually protect themselves from infection by the usual means and otherwise trot along the trot of their life, not made common by enjoyment but nevertheless robbed of their deeper virginity, which for the blond man of course does not lie in the sexual parts but in the soul. They have lost the fire that otherwise can blaze up in such holy flames in the youth and give him the purest bliss. No work of art delights them anymore to complete absorption in it, no personality that enters their life produces the impression it otherwise would have made, no man they can admire, no woman they can love with that love that otherwise would have seized them. It is as though in everyone they see only the one bound to his sexuality and — when they are together with him — imagine

him in the sexual act, not in lewd fantasy but with the contemptuous smile: You have the same needs as I.

The youth who is dragged into the brothel and there — half dazed by alcohol, half to prove himself a “man” before himself and his comrades — has dealings with a prostitute very often immediately contracts an infection. This comes from the fact that in him the delicate skin of the glans is much more easily injured and permeable to the poison than in one already practiced. The poison remains unusually long in the body. I think of a blond Romanian regimental comrade of about twenty-five years whom I — judging by his eyes and mouth — had to consider untouched. Suddenly a severe gonorrhoea broke out in him. At that time I had the sick under me and learned from the fine, amiable man, who was quite desperate, that as a nineteen-year-old technical student he had let himself be dragged into the brothel. He had contracted an infection and since then had not had sexual intercourse again. He was close to taking his own life. In other cases too I saw that the disease broke out again through the greater exertions of war service after years of pause. Also from these brothel visits nothing remains but the unpleasant feeling of having degraded oneself.

It is no different, perhaps even worse, in the fourth case. For mostly the women who seduce the youth are considerably older than he, and he very easily notices that he was regarded and is regarded only as an instrument, that all the caressing of his person was really meant only for his sexual parts. And in this respect woman is rather more cynical than man who seduces young girls. It is mostly not easy to seduce an untouched young man. The scenes of Joseph and Potiphar’s wife repeat themselves far oftener than one thinks. The repulsed woman is always equally indignant, but the man is no less indignant: for he must regard it as the deepest misjudgment of his nature that the woman, whom he perhaps sincerely values, could believe he directed his desire toward her. He never had the thought of it, believes it must be written in his face. I have depicted two such cases in my novels: the purely blond Matthias Harand in *At-Wien* and the brown-haired dear Augustin in the work named after him. Harand is the uneducible one, the dear Augustin lets himself be seduced — but he

lets the woman draw the curtains of the marriage bed, “otherwise he would have been ashamed.”

It was also a brown-blond with brown eyes who told me of his fall, how as a young soldier in the last year of the war he was brought by a woman to do her will. A good meal with wine had preceded it. It was already almost two years ago, yet the young man still suffered from the memory. Meanwhile he had learned to love a girl and had had to tell her of it too; otherwise he would not have felt free before her. But his heart was still oppressed; he confessed it to me, the older friend whom he had known only a short time.

Yes, I said, that is the sin one does not forgive oneself: the sin against one’s holy self. For only that oppressed him — I could explain everything to him — that he had not had the strength of will to resist the woman. Religious or other moral scruples did not speak. I could tell him of another young friend who at nineteen had been detailed by a k. u. k. military authority to brothel patrol in a rear-area town and, handsome and healthy, exposed to countless seductions, had once also experienced a similar scene with a woman but had not given in. To be sure that had been a blue-eyed blond Transylvanian Saxon. In my brown-blond friend the darker mixed part had made itself felt, which otherwise resided only in the darker coloring of hair and eyes; the blond Saxon did not let his will be stunned, neither at the beginning by wine nor later by the lustful talk.

Young people who are not so firm in themselves need a support for their better self in a person of pure Nordic nature. I could ask my brown-blond friend whether he would also have complied with that woman’s will if he had known me at that time, and he told me, as I expected from him: “Then no.” That too, I believe, gave him back calm within himself. The support that his nature needed — the purer Nordic human being to whom he felt esteem and affection — he had not had at that time.

The ideal picture is still today unquestionably that the man should enter marriage as he expects the girl he marries to do. Physically that alone gives the certainty of having remained free from sexual infection. And every sexual infection with gonorrhoea (clap) or syphilis most severely damages the germ tissue in the white human being. Every venereal disease is curable

at least in the white human being only in its external manifestations and even there only to a certain degree. The effects of the poison and mostly the poison itself remain in the body. Not even the absence of external disease symptoms gives assurance that no infection occurred: just as someone can be a carrier of cholera or typhoid germs without being sick himself, so he can be a carrier of venereal disease without having the disease symptoms. Whoever has the feeling of responsibility for posterity — the blonde human being has it — will by that alone refrain from sexual intercourse with a woman before marriage. For where a woman gives herself to him she will already have given herself to another, and given the enormous spread of venereal diseases in Germany and everywhere, especially since the war, the probability is great that she is a carrier of infection. But where the blonde human being is fully conscious of his kind he will from this side too keep himself free from woman. The blonde human being is not sexless, but he stands above his sexuality, does not regard it as the be-all and end-all of his life and experience, struggles with it, sometimes hates it, but also knows it as a necessary part of his organism. The sexual act as such, so long as he is untouched, awakens disgust in him, almost horror. He therefore always dreams again the dream of a human being conceived without “sin,” without “blemish,” the homunculus dream. Basically the sexual act is possible for him only when love is present — the unsensual-sensual love of Faust — while the mere gratification of the drive counts as degradation of himself and of the other party.

If this love is present, breaking down all inhibitions, then carnal union too is something pure, something holy. For from it comes forth the eternal miracle of new life, the child that shall carry on the kind, the sun-like nature of one's own being.

The Nordic man needs the child more than any other; he himself is a child in his soul, wants to be young and remains young only with the child, with his child.

Marriage, which for the Nordic human being is naturally monogamy because personality meets personality and the woman is by no means merely a vessel of lust, allows the full expression of sexuality. Yet even in

marriage the special nature of the Nordic human being manifests itself. Also through marriage his shame is not broken; completely absent is the common look, the conscious smile: I have had intercourse with you, I have “known” you. The spouses remain personalities before each other; respect for the other forms the actual foundation of the marriage. To penetrate into the most secret secrets of the other is not the way of the Nordic human being. Each respects in the other the threshold to the innermost seclusion. It is for the other, in a special hour, to open the door there too, and only with due awe will he enter it and never remind the other that he has ever entered it.

Thus is the relationship of Nordic spouses to each other in everything that concerns soul-life — the relationship of friends, of Nordic friends who are brothers to one another but never pigs.

Yet in every marriage this relationship — the most beautiful that the blonde human being can imagine — is not insignificantly clouded wherever sexual intercourse is maintained but children are suppressed.

The demand that it should cease in a marriage where no more children are to be begotten — Tolstoy put it forward in the *Kreutzer Sonata* — is founded in Nordic feeling. Carnal intercourse that takes precautions counts for him as “filthiness.” Blond spouses who prevent the blessing of children are not so much consorts as accomplices. Between them always stands the secret agreement, the measures, the materialism of enjoyment without higher content. They are like the Romans who at their banquets ate and drank only for the sake of eating, took food and wines into the stomach and then tickled the palate so that they vomited and could eat anew. Basically they are nothing other than brothel visitors and prostitutes; even among these, after all, firm relationships sometimes come about. The woman is then nothing but the whore who is cheaper, carries no danger of infection, and in addition cooks the food and mends the laundry. For the deeper mixed-race such relationships are entirely in accordance with their nature; for the purer-race they awaken aversion. He cannot be completely happy in them.

It certainly also happens sometimes that two pure-race blond people unite in love without being legally bound to each other. I am not thinking of conscience-marriages like Rousseau's with Thérèse Levasseur or Goethe's with Christiane. Those were relationships of mixed-race people. Rousseau and Goethe were certainly Nordic human beings in the highest expressions of their genius, not in their conscience-marriages. Rousseau put his children in the foundling home, and Christiane was never anything but Goethe's concubine; he did not even let her live in his house but in the back courtyard, quite as one used to place privies in the garden. I speak of the more fleeting relationships of two people whom a violent passion drives together and lets unite sexually as well. Such cases are possible, and no Nordic human being would throw a stone at the two — not at the man whom the conventional "morality" of mixed-race people anyway acquits, not at the woman who perhaps has to lead a fatherless child through life. If it was love that brought them together, no Nordic human being finds guilt in them.

But these cases are certainly rare. The purer-race blonde not only knows how to keep sensuality in check with his superior mind, he is even — where he loves, deeply and truly loves — less sensual than otherwise. Every blond has observed in himself — but also many a mixed-race of noble kind — that he was never freer from sensual, more precisely from carnal desire, than when he loved, and it makes no difference whether it was a person of the same or the other sex that he loved. In him the soul-feelings are then so strong that the bodily ones naturally retreat before them; the life-force, so to speak, expends itself in those, so that not much remains for these. I believe that no purer-race blond pictures himself in the sexual act with the object of his love, that he anticipates this in dream. Indeed, if the dream were to fetch the idea up from the unconscious and make it apparent reality, he would feel himself desecrated in his best, purest feeling. Whoever does not feel this as true will not understand why Matthias Harand does not bring out the picture of his beloved Contessina again until he knows the girl is dead who, through her embrace in a sensually heightened hour of memory, caused him an emission.

Therefore it is very rare that purer-race blondes “forget themselves” in their love. In such cases it almost always involves stronger turbidity, where otherwise the Nordic nature predominates but in the hour of “temptation” the inhibitions were too weak. A blond but brown-eyed friend confessed to me more than twenty years ago such a case: he had gone into the woods with the girl he loved — whose hand, however, was refused him by the parents — to die with her; yet they had become “man and wife.” He wept as he told me. He has not approached me again since, not even with letters, although he had great affection for me. I think he became conscious before me, the purer-race one, that he had then committed a sin against himself, that he had shown himself half-worthy although he was a noble, highly gifted, great-feeling, chaste human being.

Two Souls

“Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast!” This perhaps shows itself nowhere so strongly as in sexual life, as I was able to show in the previous section. Here, so to speak, the Nordic soul struggles with the mixed-race body. The pure Nordic human being is in full harmony with himself because soul and body develop in quite the same step. The pure Nordic human being has only one soul. Not, of course, that he would therefore be a static being. On the contrary, his whole life is an incessant becoming and growing, a wrestling, a struggle, but yet not an unfruitful struggle with himself but with the powers that bar him from the ascent to the distant-seen or only dimly sensed peak. He is conscious of the right path, even if for outside observers he seems to stray fairly far from it. No step is without gain for his goal, even if for a time it leads astray. Also in his sexuality the wrestling brings gain. Since he does not go under in it, he soon learns to stand above it and thereby gains freedom.

His wrestling has nothing dull about it. He is a sun-man, even when he stands in the midst of the whirl of black thunderclouds. Nowhere does this nature show itself so clearly as in art as the highest expression of racial genius. Genius as such is something Nordic. Negroes and Polar people have so far produced no geniuses, although they have had long enough time for it. And they are many tens of thousands of years older than the blonde

human being, whom the last Ice Age (down to about 25,000 B.C.) first created. Thus we find geniuses only among the light peoples and their closest mongrels. Moreover geniuses everywhere prove to be considerably lighter than the total population from which they come. The two small volumes of *Genius and Race* (1. Antiquity, 2. Italy; Alexander Duncker Verlag, Weimar) set this forth in detail. Woltmann's two books *The Germans and the Italian Renaissance* and *The Germans in France* gave the first and model examples for this "type research." Nevertheless in many geniuses the dark mixed part is fairly strong, at least in the body, which certainly does not always have to have determining influence on the mind but naturally does in the far greatest number of cases, and as with the non-genial human being so also with the genial, although perhaps not so often in the latter because precisely the Nordic mind predominates.

But it will immediately be clear what I mean when I set the purely blond Johann Sebastian Bach against the deeper mixed-race Beethoven, indeed only the purely blond Schiller against the not so purely Nordic Goethe. I am not speaking of the significance of these geniuses, do not play them off against each other, do not want to value and weigh, but only to show the different kind. Johann Sebastian Bach is always the god on the Olympian heights where there is not only sun-radiant ethereal clarity but also thunder and lightning, and Bach is a lord over thunder and lightning like Zeus Kronion. Beethoven is the Titan who piles Pelion on Ossa to storm Olympus. Only rarely is he too — in rest as in storm — the throning god. Klinger probably set him in the chair of the Uranian, but he gave him the discontent of the well-known life-mask. And likewise Goethe's *Faust* with its brewing sequence of scenes, its many unbridgeable rifts, stands beside Schiller's *Don Carlos*, which certainly does not reach the significance of *Faust* and is not even a work of art from one piece — Schiller reported openly about it in his letters on *Don Carlos* — but nevertheless is far more external and internal unity, comes far more from a single soul.

And to set against Goethe a typically wrestling figure of good Nordic race I name Heinrich von Kleist. Schiller too was a man who always strove, but thereby always a superior, self-assured mind, in life as in poetry. Heinrich von Kleist on the other hand appears scattered, restless. He has no

steadiness, begins various professions, lives now here, now there, is unfit to lead his life with strong hand, and ends in a suicide whose causes remain enigmatic. One even has the impression that Kleist was half mad, not in the sense that every high artistic creation arises in a sweet madness, but in the sober medical sense. His total work shows him in hot wrestling for the goal, but every single one of his poems is a reached goal, is perfection: *Penthesilea*, *Käthchen of Heilbronn*, *The Prince of Homburg*, *The Battle of Hermann*, *The Broken Jug*, *Michael Kohlhaas*. Kleist wrestled for the highest, and where he believed he had not reached it he destroyed what was already created. Thus of *Robert Guiscard* only the mighty first scenes remain to us. Sometimes Kleist gives a volcanic eruption, but what he offers us is the grand spectacle, not the rain of slag that buries us under its debris.

The two souls that wrestle in the mixed-race artist are not Ormuzd and Ahriman, which indeed condition each other like night and day and are a higher unity, but perfection and mediocrity. Goethe wrote countless verses that are wretchedly mediocre. I do not mean the occasional poems for princely personages, the masque processions of the court poet and the like, but his highest creations, which so often are not slag-pure. A Schiller, a Kleist would have very carefully examined *Faust* to see whether weak, useless passages were in it. Goethe left the incidental epigrams of the masques in it, the long-winded speeches of incidental persons — I refer only to the Helena part — and such chancery-style lines as:

A great barge is about

to be here on the canal,

which he does not put in the mouth of some clerk but of none less than the tower-warder Lynceus, who is born to see, appointed to gaze. And even the best lyric and ballad poetry of Goethe sometimes contains weak lines. Read the first stanza of the otherwise so excellent poem “To the Moon”:

You fill bush and valley

quietly with mist-glory again,

at last dissolve also once

my soul completely...

or in “On the Lake” the passage:

Away, you dream! so golden you are;

here too there is love and life!

or in “The Sorcerer’s Apprentice” the twice-repeated:

Walle, walle

some distance,

so that, to the purpose,

water may flow...

In somewhat lesser talents this perhaps shows even more strongly. Take Mörike and Uhland on the one side and Rückert on the other. Mörike and Uhland are almost perfect in everything they themselves published — the posthumous works must fairly be excluded — Rückert mostly infinitely flat; a few good pieces are tiny vases. (Where Rückert followed strong models — Dschelaleddin Rumi ghazals — or translated them more or less faithfully, he was often brilliant.)

For the human being who himself is not endowed with genius, art comes into consideration only as an object of enjoyment. Here one must distinguish the evaluation by the contemporary public and by posterity. Works of one’s own time are judged by the whole broad mass of art-interested people, posterity makes a selection of those not bound by temporal interests but by timeless beauties. A new novel by Sudermann or Heinz Tivote, by Fanny Lewald or Marlitt, was in their time in incomparably more hands than Sophocles’ *Antigone* or even Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, which nevertheless always had many buyers (and therefore also readers?). What pleases the contemporary public is almost always wares from mongrels that calculate on coarse senses: Alexandre Dumas père, Eugène Sue, Balzac, Zola were all brunette and of little noble features. High and lasting art is represented alongside these by Benjamin Constant, Gustave Flaubert, the pure-race blondes. It is comparatively rare that one of

these achieves broad success. Examples are Walter Scott, who admittedly was the creator of the genre he led to success, and Henryk Sienkiewicz.

In verse poetry it is no different from the novel. Georg Herwegh and Robert Hamerling seemed stars of the first order in their time; they have receded into the third or even further. Mörike, whom hardly anyone knew in his time, has become from a scarcely visible spark a great quietly shining fixed star.

One sees this above all in the theater. For there the mixed-race sit in the majority. They will quite naturally prefer the pieces suited to them, because they alone understand these completely. There is no choice at all between Sudermann's *Heimat* and Gerhart Hauptmann's *And Pippa Dances*, just as there was none between Otto Ludwig's *The Hereditary Forester* and Hebbel's *Maria Magdalena*. And I call Sudermann and Otto Ludwig mongrels who already very considerably surpass the general level. How incredibly inferior the people sitting in the theater is as a whole one recognizes fully only when one considers which performances find the most applause. For decades these were the most insipid, most spiritless farces mostly from Jewish firms — the old Nestroy was a mongrel but a man full of brilliant ideas; Raimund, this deep noble poet, one may not even name in the same breath — now it is Jewish operettas of still more brazen flatness.

Posterity makes the decision as the more select group in far purer Nordic sense. Hebbel has definitively triumphed over Otto Ludwig, Kleist over all his contemporaries. Indeed even in the evaluation of Schiller and Goethe the racial judgment shows itself. The German people loves Schiller with the heart — a brief period of disgust was quickly overcome — Goethe with the understanding. In Schiller's *Don Carlos* the listening youth's cheeks grow hot, Goethe's *Iphigenie*, *Tasso* and *Faust* he will admire more as a work of art standing outside him. He feels Goethe is greater, but Schiller stands closer to him.

And this is felt even by whoever is himself stronger mixed-race; for it is the purest Nordic part in us that enjoys art, feels in it, in the expression of Nordic creative power, the kinship. And in times like these it is openly

expressed: Schiller must shine ahead for the people striving for renewal in creation and life, he, not Goethe.

And Goethe recognized in the friend the unconditionally noble and emphasized it repeatedly:

And behind him in the insubstantial shimmer
lay what binds us all, the common.

The “common” here is the “flat everyday,” not merely what we today give the expression as content. Goethe was “bound” by it, he knew it only too well. That is why we see him so unsatisfied, so wavering in many situations of life, fleeing from circumstances that a man secure in himself would have met with calm open gaze. It is difficult for the sincere admirer of his truly great creation to come to terms with the man, to follow him everywhere, to “understand” him. The most general offense is his relationship to Christiane. Not that Goethe had a girl was held against him in his time and still today, but the half-measures toward her. He should have had the courage either to marry her at once or to take another woman despite her. To be bound in such a way to the “common” was found unworthy of Goethe, of the Goethe of *Werther*, of *Götz von Berlichingen*, of *Iphigenie*. Goethe never got free from his relationships to women. With Frau von Stein it was exactly the same, although there not even a “relationship” existed. Certainly his “good heart” was most to blame, but seen from outside it was contemptible weakness. Schiller knew better when a relationship was over, and then he broke it off.

The pure Nordic human being has only one soul. When questions approach him he decides as his nature, which is simple, bids him. Regret, pangs of conscience, afterthoughts he does not know. For under the same circumstances he would in every moment decide again as he has already decided once. Of course it can be that meanwhile he has learned various things that might now let him decide differently. But then he remains conscious that at that time he had not yet learned these moments, that they therefore could not have co-operated. He never grieves for the possibilities he let pass. For either he knew nothing of them or he consciously let them

pass. The human being with two souls, however, is forced in all cases to decide either according to the one or according to the other. The one therefore almost always has reason afterward to be dissatisfied. It was the weaker at the moment of decision; when it is too late it gains more and more strength. And then the unhappy human being would like to tear his hair out in grief over the missed happiness — hair that is probably never blond.

One must therefore not think that the pure-race blonde is incapable of “bad” actions. He stands basically beyond good and evil, since he judges actions not according to the “ten commandments,” not according to what somewhere stands “written” in a civil code of law, but according to the living law that is in him. For him there is only: “one does not do that,” more correctly: “I do not do that,” and in regard to the actions of others: “I would not have done that.” He will also always look more closely at the case, at the persons involved. What matters to him is to act in full agreement with his nature. Whoever acts so acts rightly from his standpoint, no matter how others judge it. Thus he consciously does very much that others call “bad,” that society perhaps punishes with imprisonment or death. That it can end so for him he has very well taken into account in his deed. And then one sees such “sinners” or “criminals” take the “punishment” upon themselves with the noblest equanimity. And the Nordic part in the mass admires them.

The second soul is always the petty, shabby one that whines pitifully after the deed is done: “Oh, forgive me just this once; I will certainly never do it again.” I do not remember ever having said this word, ever having had this thought, not even as a child. And I also know how my noble boarding-school comrades, especially Count O. and Baron v. P., who were often enough punished, took every punishment upon themselves without a tear, without a twitch of the lips. (I emphasize that they were not Reich-German nobles, whose great titles mostly conceal a quite bourgeois or even unfree origin, but one a South Slav, the other a Styrian.) Already the high-race child behaves so, how much more the adult. But most people are mixed-race who cannot stand beyond good and evil in this way, who

themselves can be neither good nor evil, do the good only with half a soul and the evil no differently.

Dante, the blond German, places these people just behind the gate of Hell:

Such a wretched part was won by those sad souls
whose life passed away without blame as without praise.

They are given to the sorry choir of those angels
who remained for themselves, without being true to God
nor raising revolt...

So low is their blind being
that envy of any other lot would be above them.

The world let them pass without any fame.

Mercy and justice disdain this people.

Enough of them: look and pass by.

The Nordic human being feels even a Nero, a Genghis Khan as great, but not therefore every great criminal. What is decisive is personal advantage. The Jewish Bolsheviks who raged so bloodily among the non-Jewish population in Hungary are therefore not great because meanwhile they led a life of luxury in the Hotel Hungaria and carted the plundered treasures abroad for themselves in automobiles. Rather is the blood-man Thomas de Torquemada great, who raged not only against non-Jews but also against his own people — he was of Jewish origin; at least it cannot be said of him that he enriched himself at the cost of his victims. But as regards people like those Hungarian Bolsheviks, one must not perhaps think that they would afterward be seized by remorse. The Nordic part in them is too small for that. They regard crime as a stock-exchange speculation. If it turns out badly they lose their trousers in the process, to stay in stock-exchange parlance. If it succeeded in bringing something safely away, then good; if things go badly one still has the Kahal, the Alliance Israélite, B'nai B'rith

and the League Against Anti-Semitism behind one. And the way Béla Kun-Kohn knew how to get from Germany to Russia is highly characteristic of this. These people no longer have two souls but only a single one, and they are the typical representatives of its kind. They stand for the purer Nordic human being especially also because they base their actions not on the individual but on the clique. There were no personalities among the Jewish Bolsheviks of Hungary; they were journalists. (The Russian Jew Trotsky-Bronstein is perhaps one.) Behind them stood their whole national fellowship in Hungary and everywhere in the world.

The Nordic human being in purest expression is always an individual; his peculiar soul demands it. The deeper mixed-race feel comfortable only in the mass, strong only in the mass. They naturally herd together and, if they still have intelligence from the Nordic blood part, form business associations — stock companies, Social Democracy, Bolshevism etc. — and if the Nordic blood part in them is very small, the slavery used by those for their purposes, the coolies in their enterprises, the dependent and independent voting cattle.

The human being with two souls stands now closer to the Nordic human being, now closer to the deeper mixed-race. The Nordic human being has no difficulty finding out who belongs closer to him. For in the more Nordic two-souled person there is a longing to be free from the blood part felt as foreign, which as such testifies to the strong Nordic part. He admires and loves the pure blond, and his feeling is probably more passionate and often deeper than two pure-race people can have for each other. Such people want only a blond spouse and always lament that they are not blond as they would so like to be.

I have often been able to say to them: they may not have blond hair but they have a blond soul. That was not meant as amiable consolation but quite factually. And there were always enough other Nordic characteristics present: the tall stature, the finely cut face.

Even with Goethe one finds that he loved blondes most deeply: Friederike Brion and Lilli Schönemann. Looking back he even thought he had truly loved only Lilli.

Beautiful and Ugly

“Beautiful” is such an uncertain concept that endless treatises have been written about it; nevertheless they have not clarified it. For the anthropological way of looking at things “beautiful” is simple: true to nature. Quite wrongly people have sought a universally valid fixation of the concept, of the laws, and have not considered that the people judging are anything but equal to one another. What the bald aesthetic professor of the university in Z. declares “beautiful” is therefore not valid for me who have nose, eyes, ears and brain of a blond Greek, and it is not valid for me even if all bald aesthetic professors of the universities from A. to Z. declare it beautiful. Naturally I also do not demand that they should find beautiful what I find beautiful. I am an individualist — they are naturally clique-people; they demand recognition for their opinions which they represent in the unison of a chorus of supernumeraries, I, the individual, do not demand it. I stand beyond their beautiful and ugly as I stand beyond them.

The Madonna of the Abyssinians is a black Abyssinian woman, the Kwannon of the Chinese has slit eyes. And I could establish that the shop-window mannequins in Germany are to a large extent black-haired and dull-blond Polaroids. If in the people the Nordic blood part is still strong they hold to the light beauty ideal. The women dye their hair blond or golden-red and make up white and rosy, put red paste on bluish lips and dye their nails to give the appearance that they are high-race. Even Chinese and Japanese women still make up peach-blossom color although the highest class has long since lost white skin. (For the Japanese this is also attested in that iro “face” originally means “color,” i.e. rosy color, for brown or yellow do not count as such; for the Chinese in special reports. Cf. *Genius and Race, Antiquity*.) Likewise Turkish women make up, of whom some are still light. And in Europe for centuries it was customary for ladies to dye hair and face to the Nordic type. In the last years before the World War, however, it became fashionable to make up brown, and the girls vied to get as tanned as possible in the sun. With their mixed-race nature they succeeded as desired and returned from summer resorts as real Abyssinian

madonnas. For themselves they were first “beautiful” so. And for their equals too.

In painting one can recognize not only the predominant type of the respective epoch — naturally always only that of the culture-bearers — but very often also that of the respective artist in the beauty ideal. For he paints his own ideal to which he mostly, even if not always in color, corresponds. One would not need Sandro Botticelli’s self-portrait and could already conclude from his madonnas and angels that he was a pure-race blonde, likewise with Titian, Rubens. And likewise Anselm Feuerbach’s preference for the deep brunette Nana, whom he painted in all possible disguises, shows that he himself was not pure-race. (He had, with quite good Nordic face, blue-green eyes and light-blond mustache, dark almost black hair and pale yellowish skin.) The more independent of literary side-ideas, the more directly a painter paints, the clearer this becomes. And it goes so far that even Raphael often gives his madonnas the “heavy” eyelids he himself had. Titian and Rubens in this respect are already not so direct. In striving for variety and novelty Titian paints his “Gypsy Madonna” and Rubens beside his light-blond ideal also many darker beauties.

The literary influence shows itself most unmistakably in the Christ figure when the Savior, who according to tradition had hazel-nut-colored hair and was son of an “ear-blond” mother, is painted by Correggio as a black-haired Jewish man and by Ribera as a red-haired Jewish boy. The earlier time did not think of letting the Savior, who was God’s son, myth, be a “Jew.” Incidentally the beauty ideal of the pure-Nordic artists who created it held in art for a long time, indeed partly to this day, and the artists followed it, especially the less significant, craftsman-like ones, no matter what type they themselves had and whether the pure blonde was really their own ideal.

In contrast to the pure Nordic type that the blonde finds “beautiful,” the Polar human being and the Negro count for him as ugly, and the small-statured, short-legged, thick-headed Polar human being far more than the Negro, whom he at least respects in his animal wildness.

The worst are the mongrels from Polar human being and Negro. Such is Thersites, the worst man before Troy. Of these people, the “kinky-haired”

and “brown-skinned,” the Greeks said they were greedy for gain and altogether inferior. Socrates humorously describes himself in Plato’s *Symposium* with the big mouth, the goggle-eyes, the snub-nose of the lower-race, and the portrait busts that are certainly apocryphal have faithfully transmitted to us the type Plato meant. (Socrates was a mongrel although a free Greek. Thersites too was a free Greek.)

Especially pronounced the described bastard type is borne by the Pygmies of ancient sculptures, and there the oversized genitals are not forgotten, which on one side correspond to reality, on the other are meant to characterize the eternal lechery of this race. (In the pure Nordic gods and hero figures the genitals are treated with extraordinary chastity, the lustful fauns and satyrs and especially Priapus are given monstrous sexual members and also un-Nordic race-crossed features.)

The beauty ideal of the Greeks has so deeply influenced all subsequent time that the generality still today judges the shape of people by it: a human being with upturned nose, big mouth, broad cheekbones, square head, short crooked legs counts as ugly. Coloring, however, is already eliminated. But it cannot fail that if the extermination of Nordic people continues further the Europeans will come to press in the nasal bones of children born with straight, downward-opening noses and elongated skulls and to press the skulls into the desired form by suitable apparatus. So did the Huns when through mixture they had absorbed Nordic blood and now saw the children occasionally turn out according to the type of the Whites that was abominable to them.

Already today one finds the most hideous nigger-child with yellow skin, rosy snub-nose, black kinky hair and open Negro mouth “delightful,” and so not only its own mother, to whom it must be true to nature, but also unconcerned people, while a Plato in his *Republic* would undoubtedly and rightly have exterminated such misbirths. Germany is full of such two-legged street mongrels.

Tradition, as said, now works only on the shape, no longer on the colors. There speaks the special taste of every individual; according to it he clothes

his figures if he is a painter, according to it himself. But everything that has color is subject to this taste.

Schopenhauer noted that finer judgment prefers drawing to the colored picture. Thus I myself, many years ago when I was still quite ignorant of racial research and wanted to buy a reproduction of Böcklin's *Sacred Grove*, did not choose the colored one — which was extremely successful — but a dark-green heliogravure. In fact many paintings affect us more deeply, more purely in photographic or collotype reproduction, and our greatest artists have almost always also cultivated drawing (etching, woodcut, pen drawing, lithography). Not a few are greater in it than in color.

In general the Nordic human being will prefer the quieter, the broken colors, the deeper mixed-race the glaring, screaming, unbroken ones. The Gypsy woman hangs herself with yellow and red cloths; the blond Gretchen is almost always depicted in a blue dress. Red velvet “goes with” black hair, not with blond. I had my rooms painted blue, gray and greenish; a black-haired professional colleague chose a dark-red wallpaper for his workroom, another black-haired writer saw it with him and immediately did the same. I could not work calmly in a red room, for them it was true to nature. Deeper mixed-race Jewesses are notorious for choosing conspicuous colors.

One must not object that the still fairly blond Scandinavians, especially Norwegians and Swedes, have a distinct preference for red, paint their houses red, wear red clothing, that the pure blond Greeks painted their marble temples in color and red was the main color. For with Scandinavians and Greeks the strong red stands in the open air and forms only a small color patch in the middle of the landscape with the whole blue sky above, but in those cases it is closed interior rooms and clothing that is to have effect in them. Also the purer blond man will occasionally wear a red tie to liven up his attire a little, though probably never an orange-yellow or aniline-violet one, which one sees so often in shop windows that it undoubtedly meets the taste of very many. Paul Verlaine, the blond Lorrainer, expressed it:

“Pas de couleur, rien que la nuance!”

As with colors so with tones. And here it must be emphasized that newer tonal art far more than newer painting — which after all first followed Byzantine models — is a creation of the last Nordic wave, the Germanic. To the old Greek music, which was undoubtedly very highly developed, only a few connecting threads still lead. Thus European music since Palestrina and Orlando Lasso is essentially expression of the Nordic race, even in the few black-haired composers like Philipp Emanuel Bach, Beethoven and Johann Strauss. On one side the craft tradition in music is very strong, so that lesser spirits submit to it almost completely, on the other side it excludes everything external far more than any other art. It does not work through the eye, which can and does constantly draw comparisons between reality and representation, not through the understanding and imagination to which poetry speaks — in poetry the ear is also occupied — but solely through the ear and thereby on the soul.

That music should reproduce or awaken ideas is something originally foreign to it, carried into it by literature. Program music by Richard Strauss and his successors is to be judged accordingly, not that of Franz Liszt, which is wrongly regarded as the beginning of the genre. Liszt in his “symphonic poems” reproduced what the reading of great works of art — Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, Victor Hugo’s *Mazeppa* — had awakened in him as musical sensations. In the early eighteenth century people strove to let off fireworks in music and similar spectacles “conjure” them to the eye through the ear. Those are the real forerunners of program music and show its completely unmusical basis unmistakably clearly. Beethoven in his *Eroica* and his *Pastoral* already wanted to awaken quite definite ideas in the listener through the title. But Madame de Staël, when she thought she was hearing the *Eroica* while the *Pastoral* was being performed, found in it the whole heroic life of Napoleon. This shows best how useless it is to want to awaken visual ideas through music.

Also Wagner’s sunrises and storms by no means awaken the ideas that accompany them without the stage picture, but they merge with them into a higher unity, heighten in the total work the power of the impressions;

whoever has once seen one of the music-dramas and then hears the music alone probably occasionally has the sensation as though he saw a definite stage picture bodily before him again. But that is conditioned by the preceding stage performance and must not conversely let one assume that music can awaken visual ideas. At most it calls up in the listener various memory-pictures from his own experience; but then at one passage one will think of a sunrise or storm he once experienced, another of a great joy or strong shock, the third of a broad yellow cloth or a fluttering black flag, the fourth and fifth of something else and perhaps quite “nonsensical.”

But to the pure music of the Nordic human being stands that of the blacks and yellows in the sharpest contrast. The black has no tonal music at all but only rhythm music. The drum is his main instrument, originally perhaps the only one. The yellow takes pleasure in wavering squeaking tones. The scale with clearly bounded tone steps that the Greeks already had is lacking in him. Even the music of the mixed peoples of Western Asia, which alone I got to know more closely — it extends in its offshoots to the Romanian and Albanian folk song — cannot be fixed in any notation. I think of the African Gypsies whom I heard in 1916 at the Cyril and Methodius festival in Üsküb. Many German officers, including Mackensen, visited the festival. The group was photographed several times. I described it in a sonnet:

Two zurna-players who squat on the ground,
brown, with the narrow features of Tamils,
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tunes perhaps of Indian snake-charmers:
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But he with the darabukka, still browner,

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Here the music of the yellows is combined with that of the blacks. Again it shows that the deeper mixed-race receives an impression only from the strongest, most glaring sound effects, while our music makes hardly any impression on him at all.

This has hitherto been far too little considered in the treatment of music history, perhaps it was not yet known at all. Once made aware of it one easily recognizes the foreign element in Nordic music, in Meyerbeer's tam-tam as well as in the squeaking and whining of the latest musical Bolsheviks. It is no accident that almost all these composers are deep brunette Jews. Where these Jews want to be Europeans they immediately become sickly sweet, for which Mendelssohn offers countless examples. Gustav Mahler, now pushed by the Jews into a dominant position, is sickly sweet and at the same time Negroid. Arnold Schönberg with his newer creations that want to break completely with tradition already approaches the music of the Balkan Gypsies.

Something else is the expansion of sound possibilities by inserting quarter-tones between the half-tones. The sharp ear can very well distinguish these, and violin and human voice have long achieved the finest effects with them. The blond Willy von Möllendorf, Hungarian through his mother, built a harmonium with quarter-tones and invented a very simple way of indicating them in notation, also composed pieces with quarter-tones and played them publicly several times. The soft transitions, the new harmonies are said — according to reports — to have quite wonderful magic. One remembers that the ancient Indians according to their theoretical writings, which alone survive, also distinguished much finer gradations in tones than our customary notation.

It is no different with the sense of smell. The deeper mixed-race loves scents that are already unbearable to the blonde, count as stench to him. For with smells it almost always depends on dilution. Even a stench can become fragrance in the right dilution, the undiluted scent substances obtained chemically are stench. The deeper mixed-race likes to perfume himself and chooses for it musk, patchouli, Jockey Club, according to fashion. Certain perfumes stimulate sexuality. And that is intended. But the mixed-race also perfume themselves partly to cover their strong body odor. Women seem to need this even more than men. Especially women with dyed blond hair and white and rosy or already more violet made-up faces often walk in a whole cloud of scent so that it takes one's breath away to get into their wake. Here too indignation is out of place, which one still often enough hears expressed. For to love such strong smells is true to nature for them.

Beautiful and ugly in artistic judgment says nothing other. What pleases me or does not please me — and this is ultimately the only immediate judgment, every caviling, conditioning adds the work of the understanding — corresponds to my nature or does not correspond to it. When I was young I aroused the most unpleasant sensation in salons with my rejection of the all-adored Michelangelo and Beethoven. Those who were indignant at my pert impudence had mostly only adopted the judgment, had formed no independent one of their own. In natural cliquishness people make no distinction there. At that time — around 1897 — I still knew nothing of the anthropological view of history, knew perhaps already Gobineau's *Renaissance* and *Asian Novellas* but not the *Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races*, Chamberlain, Lapouge, Woltmann had not yet appeared, and they too could not have brought me a prejudice, for Chamberlain and Woltmann, who mention them, were complete admirers of Michelangelo and Beethoven. At that time I also did not know at all whether and to what degree the two were mongrels. I was guided solely by my feeling. Certainly I regarded Beethoven and Michelangelo as giants of their art, certainly I too had to admire them again and again restlessly in this or that work, yet their total work was not of my kind. They are wrestlers, the great artists of pure race are conquerors. In the former one notices the labor, in the latter not. Johann Sebastian Bach and Mozart, in the 19th century Liszt, Wagner and

Bruckner worked tirelessly until they mastered their art down to the last craft detail, likewise Donatello and Rodin, who can be set against Michelangelo in the same way.

Like flood and ebb follow one another the in their foundations pure Nordic Renaissance, the strongly mixed-race Baroque, the again purer-race 18th century, the mixed-race Storm and Stress to which Beethoven belongs, the again purer-race Romanticism to which beside Liszt, Wagner and Rodin also belong Gustav Flaubert and Verhaeren, and the latest modern with Futurism, Cubism, Expressionism etc., which in music, painting, sculpture and poetry is led mostly by dark mongrels of mostly Jewish origin. The blonde human being, if he has the deeper sense for the respective art, easily feels out what is true to his nature. The traditional judgment of course speaks strongly with many, with all who are not sharply defined personalities themselves. They think they too must find beautiful what the generality finds beautiful, and only in quite crude cases do they openly reject the foreign. Thus the Jewish Viennese and Berlin operetta, Futurism in word, tone, color. But everyone whom inner inclination draws to art will immediately notice in the grouping I offer below which group was purer Nordic and which deeper mixed-race:

1st Group:

Johann Sebastian Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Lanner, Löwe, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, Wolf, Chopin, Berlioz, Rossini, Bellini, Verdi, Puccini, Grieg;

Sandro Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Donatello, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Albrecht Dürer, Holbein, Böcklin, Uhde, Klinger, Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Rodin, Meunier, Reynolds, Gainsborough, D. G. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Walter Crane, Thorvaldsen;

Dante Alighieri, Bojardo, Tasso, Leopardi, Manzoni, Ugo Foscolo, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Pascoli, Cervantes, Camoens, Ronsard, Corneille, Molière, Voltaire, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Benjamin Constant, Musset, Vigny, Leconte de Lisle, Béranger, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Flaubert, Verlaine,

Henri de Régnier, Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Lemonnier, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Walter Scott, George Eliot, D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne, Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Gellert, Schiller, Hölderlin, Uhland, Mörike, Fr. Th. Vischer, Grillparzer, Raimund, Heinrich von Kleist, Hebbel, Scheffel, Storm, Fritz Reuter, Klaus Groth, Gustav Freytag, Frenssen, Gerhart Hauptmann, Multatuli, Couperus, Jacobsen, Björnson, Tegnér, Strindberg, Selma Lagerlöf, Gogol, Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Sienkiewicz, the Jews Heine and Catulle Mendès.

2nd Group:

Johann Strauss, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, the Jews Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Offenbach, Gustav Mahler and Arnold Schönberg;

Perugino, Salvator Rosa, Delacroix, Makart, the Futurist Marinetti, the Jews Liebermann and Picasso;

Ariosto, Carducci, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, Balzac, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas père, Eugène Sue, Zola, Thomas Moore, Campbell, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett-Browning, Herder, Rückert, Freiligrath, Anastasius Grün, Herwegh, Otto Ludwig, Sudermann, Richard Dehmel, Hermann Bang, Johannes Jørgensen, Lermontov, Krasiński, the Jews Börne, Fanny Lewald, Benjamin Disraeli.

Geniuses who were black-haired but blue-eyed are not included in these groups because they would only cause confusion. (Thus were Beethoven, Michelangelo, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Edgar Allan Poe.)

The blonde, I think, will feel that he stands in far closer relation — in proportion — to many more personalities of the first group, and since the feeling for art is itself something Nordic, as I noted, many others who are not so pure-race will agree with him.

Their perfection Nordic art reached in my opinion in the creations of the ancient Greeks and in modern times in Dante, Milton, Flaubert, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Albrecht Dürer, Rembrandt, Rubens, Donatello, Rodin, Johann Sebastian Bach and Richard Wagner. That the works of these geniuses will also count for posterity as so great, so beautiful as for

me and those of my kind is not thereby said. Indeed probably when the blond people have disappeared they will find as little understanding and be as forgotten as the brunette Greeks of today have forgotten Homer, the tragedians, Pindar, Phidias and Praxiteles. The sun of Homer shines only on those in whose veins flows the ichor of his blond gods.

One must not object that the still fairly blond Scandinavians, especially Norwegians and Swedes, have a distinct preference for red — paint their houses red, wear red clothing pieces — that the pure blond Greeks painted their marble temples in color and red was the main color. For with Scandinavians and Greeks the strong red stands in the open air and forms only a small color patch in the middle of the landscape with the whole blue sky above it, but in those cases it concerns closed interior spaces and clothing that is to have effect in them. Also the purer blond man will occasionally wear a red tie to somewhat enliven his attire, though probably hardly ever an orange-yellow or aniline-violet one, such as one sees so frequently in shop windows that it undoubtedly meets the taste of very many. Paul Verlaine, the blond Lorrainer, expressed it:

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That music should represent or evoke representations is something originally foreign to it, introduced into it by literature. Program music by Richard Strauss and his successors is to be judged accordingly, not that of Franz Liszt, which is wrongly seen as the beginning of the genre. Liszt in his “symphonic poems” reproduced what the reading of great works of art — Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, Victor Hugo’s *Mazeppa* — had awakened in him as musical sensations. In the early eighteenth century people strove to let fireworks go off in music and similar spectacles “conjure” them before the eye through the ear. Those are the true forerunners of program music and show its completely unmusical foundation unmistakably clearly. Beethoven already wanted in his *Eroica* and his *Pastoral* to awaken quite definite representations in the listener through the title. But Madame de Staël, when she thought she was hearing the *Eroica* while the *Pastoral* was being performed, found in it the whole heroic life of Napoleon. This shows best how useless it is to want to awaken visual representations through music.

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generality finds beautiful, and only in quite crude cases do they openly reject the foreign. Thus the Jewish Viennese and Berlin operetta, Futurism in word, tone, color. But everyone whom inner inclination draws to art will immediately notice in the grouping I offer below which group was purer Nordic and which deeper mixed-race.

The Ancestors

The blonde human being feels that he owes everything he is to his blood. This leads him to ask after those who gave it to him and to keep them in memory, to recall with well-understood pride especially the praiseworthy among them before others. Especially the nobility cultivated ancestral pride as long as it still filled its essence. In the “degeneration” that was a consequence of taking in inferior blood a ridiculous arrogance toward the untitled developed. Precisely this arrogance has nothing to do with ancestral pride. Its whole wretchedness shows itself when one asks after the mother’s name or the original family name. The German poet Detlev von Liliencron rattled with the baron where he could, but he was of anything but noble origin. His great-grandfather Pauli had received the Danish baronial title and the surname von Liliencron, his grandfather lost the nobility again because he married a serf woman, his father received the title again. It is no shame to descend from serfs — Arndt descended from such — but it is a wretchedness to conceal it and play the baron all the louder. And Liliencron in *Poggfred* again and again speaks of his wife, who was a kind of Christiane, as the “Baroness” and dedicates a canto of it to his son “Baron Wulf von Liliencron.” Exactly so do ennobled Jews do it. Nobility that had real ancestral pride would never have been allowed to unite with non-nobles. An “noble” who descends only from bourgeois or perhaps among his 64 ancestors has only one noble or ennobled one can bear whatever title he wants, he is no more noble than I who descend from bourgeois and have nobles among my ancestors.

The German nobility in this respect lags noticeably behind that of other countries. The princes and petty princes have for centuries “ennobled” all possible people, and the real nobles have unhesitatingly united with the ennobled. How far this goes one sees from the fact that the “Junker”

Bismarck was the son of a non-noble mother, likewise Moltke and Hindenburg. Empress Augusta Victoria was the great-granddaughter of the non-noble Struensee, though only actually, not officially. For officially she is the great-granddaughter of the impotent husband of the Danish Queen Mathilde. (Struensee was beheaded for adultery, Queen Mathilde banished.) But the facts are so generally known that even the Great Meyer notes them. Only the East-Elbian nobility looked to “four-shieldness,” namely that all four grandparents of a noble descended from noble lineage, and since the demand for four-shieldness reaches far back it is probable that here very little non-noble blood has flowed in. Only four-shieldness gave full noble rights. In this nobility too the title did not count but the name. To an old Silesian Herr v. G., who probably bore the seven-pointed crown but not the baronial title, it was suggested that he apply for the baron; he said he would rather be a simple Herr v. G. than a new baron. A lady who through her husband bore the Italian count and the Austrian baronial title, née v. T., told me how coolly she was received at the introduction until it turned out that through her mother she was a Kleist. Only then did they count her among themselves; for her father’s nobility dated only from the 16th century.

Much stricter was it kept in other countries. In Poland, Hungary, among the Balkan Slavs, in Spain and England the nobility until recent times avoided unequal marriages and thus remained a special group. Of course in Spain it came to the absorption of Jewish blood, since the pseudo-Christians gladly married their daughters to influential nobles and spared neither money nor other means. But soon a semi-Gotha was compiled and circulated in manuscript in which every family that had united with “bad blood,” with Jews or Moors, was recorded, and certain orders demanded of those they admitted that they be completely free of such blood. Only under the Bourbons did ennoblements also occur in Spain that in further consequence brought the blood of chaos into the genuine nobility too.

The word “Hidalgo,” which designates the Spanish nobleman, means “son of somebody” (*hijo d’algo*, plural therefore not *hidalgos* but *hijosdalgo*). One had to be the son of an already honorably known man to count as full. And the Spaniard still today places the mother’s name beside the father’s

and connects them with y (and). Several times the mother's name even became the more generally used one. Velázquez, who was prouder of being free from Jewish and Moorish blood and therefore being able to be a Knight of the Order of Christ than of his art, was fully named Diego Rodríguez de Silva (father's name) y Velázquez (mother's name). Also the bourgeois bears both names. If this had been custom in the German nobility many would probably have hesitated to hand on to his son the name "Count X and Winkelhuber" or "Baron Y and Kohn."

One descends not only from the father but also from the mother and furthermore from all ancestors one has at all. Each of them can have taken shape again in the descendant. The probability is quite equal for every case, insofar as he does not perhaps appear several times in the ancestral table and therefore works with so much stronger force. What is ancestral loss in number is ancestral multiplication in force. If father and mother were cousins (siblings' children) they together do not have four pairs of grandparents but only three, for their parents descended on each side from a common pair. This pair now appears twice in the ancestral table of the great-grandchild and therefore works in him with double force. Thereby the probability becomes great that he takes after him, not after one of the other two pairs that work only with single force. The blond noble who married a Jewess thought his children would certainly take after him. This consciousness was not entirely without justification in him. For he came from a narrower bounded group, in him there was undoubtedly in the higher sex rows, perhaps already in the near ones, very great ancestral loss; he was therefore racially very firmly established in himself. In some families it goes so far that they pass on certain characteristics to descendants almost without exception. Think of the Ramsnose of the Bourbons, the protruding lower lip of the Habsburgs. But the Jewess belonged to an even narrower bounded group because the Jews since Ezra and Nehemiah around 430 B.C. have taken in only vanishingly little foreign blood and therefore all descend from the about two million Jews of that time. Inbreeding is greater in no European group than among the Jews, and therefore the Jews could proudly say for themselves and mockingly for the others that in all their unions with non-Jews the children would without exception be Jews. Many blond idealists have noticed this with considerable

consternation in their own children and grandchildren. Only after several generations does the probability become considerably smaller that a descendant takes after the Jewish ancestor. The strong penetrative power of the Jewish "race" comes from the inbreeding. Any other group of the same kind would naturally have it too. But unions with Jews offer the best examples because their various characteristics as those of a foreign race, especially the African ones, can be clearly recognized. The ear position, the attachment point of the nostrils, the hair, the skin, the position of the feet betray the Jewish ancestor extraordinarily easily; the however so blond coloring must not deceive about it. To the external characteristics come the internal ones, and occasionally they are the only ones still present. Mongrels are again drawn to mongrels. Thus the poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who was only one-quarter Jewish by descent, again married a Jewess named Schlesinger. And I also heard it claimed of Ludwig Ganghofer, who had a Jewess as wife, the beautiful Engel, that he already had Jewish blood mixed in from his mother, who bore a French name.

There may perhaps be no non-Jew, however free he otherwise is from every anti-Semitism, who would be pleased about a Jewish ancestor. It is told that the Austrian minister Haymerle, when he had received the baronial title, had his ancestors researched but immediately stopped when he came upon a baptized Jew. In general one need have no special fears in this respect once one gets beyond 1810. Before that Jewish baptisms were extremely rare, at least in Germany. The baptism epidemic only begins around 1820; thus in 1823 half the Jewish community of Berlin converted to Protestantism. It has not yet been exactly researched how much of the blood of the Jews who converted in the 19th century has flowed into the German people. It ought once to be exactly traced in one community.

It is claimed that mixed marriages are less fertile than pure Jewish and pure non-Jewish ones. That may be correct, already because they mainly concern people of the uppermost cultural stratum, which is always less fertile than the lower one. In the 18th century Jews often received names at baptism that reveal their origin: Christ, Christlieb, Treu, Bleibtreu are such. The Jews at that time still had no family names or only in rare cases but called themselves after their city or after their father. Thus Moses

Mendelssohn was called Moses Dessau by his coreligionists but named himself after his father Mendel Mendelssohn. Only the edict of Emperor Joseph II of 1780 required the Jews to bear a family name.

In the Jews themselves racial pride, indeed racial arrogance, struggles with contempt for their own race. To a Jew who had spoken so contemptuously of his people it was said he should rather be proud of it. He said: "And if I am proud of it I am still a Jew." This comes from the fact that the Jews are a mixed people that beside high-race blond components also contains many lower-race ones. The better, nobler among them can only despise these. And "genuine Jewish" designates in this sense the summit of the contemptible.

The Jews, this people with the strongest ancestral power, are therefore also the ones who most easily and most frequently deny their ancestors. Hardly any better Jew is called as he is called. Of the Witkowski family, which after all bears no ugly or even indecent name, only the Leipzig university professor still calls himself Witkowski, one (Isidor) named himself Maximilian Harden, the other Witting. The Russian, German and Hungarian Bolsheviks bear 90 percent names they chose for themselves. Kurt Eisner was called Kosmanowski, Trotsky is Bronstein, Zinoviev Apfelbaum, Radek Sobelsohn, Béla Kun Kohn etc. etc. Often the son already no longer knows how his father was originally called. This is an unfreedom that is truly an expression of mixed-race character. As for me, if I had found a Jew among my ancestors I would not conceal it for a moment. For I am so sure of myself that I myself am not a "Jew." The newly named Jew and the Jew-descendant live in constant fear that one will discover the Jew in quotation marks in him. And in this fear there is already something of it.

In the last decade the pleasure in ancestral research has spread very widely precisely in Germany. It is a pleasing sign beside so many displeasing ones. Whole societies have arisen that help one another in the researches. In earlier times one usually started from one ancestral pair and followed their descendants down to the present. The added spouses were simply attached. These are the "family trees" such as one finds in historical works for princely families. They were important for these because when the main

line died out the next entitled heir had to be found. For our purposes, however, the family tree has value only in the single line that leads directly from us to the first provable ancestor. All other “branches” do not come into consideration for us since we are connected with them only indirectly, through common higher ancestors. In contrast to the family tree the ancestral table starts from the definite personality and follows its ancestors through the two parents and the four grandparents to the eight, sixteen, thirty-two and further ancestors.

Certain noble privileges, claims to honorary offices, foundation places were long dependent on the sixteen or even thirty-two ancestors all having to be noble if the descendant was to receive that honorary office, that foundation place. Thus a k. u. k. chamberlain had to have sixteen noble ancestors, i.e. his sixteen great-great-grandparents all had to be of noble origin. Here therefore the mothers are included as equally entitled quite as in Spain.

The ancestral research of bourgeois people has no external purpose. One researches one's ancestors only because one wants to know whence, from what circles, from what persons one descends. One also knows that it does not matter to oneself whether one descends there from nobles and there from button-makers, whether all were honest folk or not; one remains the same one is and can therefore face any discoveries with complete calm. But often one discovers in the ancestors the root for certain peculiarities, talents, inclinations, or one comes upon relationships to known personalities. Thus I knew well that my family was related to the Hajnóczys but not that I myself had a Hajnóczy as ancestor and therefore the blood of the Magyar “blood witness,” who played a main role in the conspiracy of Bishop Martinovics (1796) and was executed, flows in me through the common ancestors.

I have unfortunately not yet been able to establish with certainty the connection of my family with the poet Seume, since Seume's ancestral table is lacking. A comparison of this with mine would immediately show whether the connection is by blood or only by marriage, which then has no further value. In researching one always comes upon something noteworthy. The past becomes more alive to one than in any other way.

In especially favorable cases portraits of ancestors are also found. One should not fail to take care about them. It is therefore good to enter into relation with nearer and more distant relatives, some of whom one recognizes as relatives only through one's researches. This very often also furthers the ancestral research as such. For with blood relatives one always has the higher ancestors partly in common, and perhaps this or that one has records that one can well use oneself. Portraits of pastors, scholars and higher city and state officials are found in the picture halls of the institutes where they worked. The journey to a place where one knows a portrait of an ancestor always has special charm. And one already sees the place itself with quite different eyes when one feels connected with it through someone who lived here. Coats of arms too should be noted. Not only the nobility bore them, also the "patricians" of the cities have old bourgeois coats of arms that one should bear oneself if one is entitled to them. Most bourgeois coats of arms are of course arbitrary and only adopted in recent times or even painted from his own fantasy by a traveling coat-of-arms painter.

The man of today at best knows the maiden names of the two grandmothers, the names of the great-grandparents usually not at all anymore. He therefore has not even eight ancestors but only four. Indeed I have even found young people who did not even know what their mother had been called. Whoever now sets about compiling an ancestral table will soon come into the row of the 32, the 64, the 128, the 256 ancestors and will have ever greater joy the further he traces his ancestors, no matter in which line, since all are equally entitled, back into the past centuries. I myself began my researches in 1910 and soon came with a large number of ancestors back into the tenth, indeed the eleventh generation that lived around 1600. Almost every bourgeois can get that far — the ennobled are titled bourgeois, not nobles — the ancient nobility goes back to the 13th, sometimes to the 12th century, but also not a few bourgeois families reach with their oldest ancestors near to that time.

One starts the research from the last name whose data one still knows; these are usually the grandparents whose names, birth day and place one knows. Then one turns to the parish office of the respective place and asks for the indication of the ancestors of the grandfather or grandmother who

were born there and then in that community. It concerns the names and data of the parents and the parents and further ancestors of these as far as the church book reaches. Mostly the church books have name indexes so that searching is not too much trouble. Especially valuable are the marriage entries. For there almost always the parents of both parties are given, very often also the grandparents, especially with the bride, and that leads at one stroke two generations back. Also in the baptism entries the mother is usually given with her maiden name so that if everything else fails one still has the possibility of following the trace further. If the mother was Anna Katharina Brunner who had a child baptized in 1720, née Gußmann, one asks at the parish office whether around 1700 an Anna Katharina Gußmann was not born, and then something will probably be found. Very much to be noted are the places of origin that almost never fail in the entries. Then one has to write to the new parish office. It is advisable to enclose with the letters a schema of an ancestral table as one finds it on the next page so that useless searching for names not in question is avoided. For the pastors are not always clear what one wishes to learn. In cases where one comes to an end one should have the exact copy of the last entry given. If it concerns a baptism and neither the mother's parents nor her original name are given, the desired persons and names are not seldom found among the godparents. For one gladly took grandfather or grandmother as godparents. Or perhaps a brother of the father is named and one learns through him whence the father comes of whom one otherwise knows only the name. A certain ingenuity is needed for researching even if the pastor has done his part very well.

From the middle of the 17th century onward the church books are usually kept very carefully. Before that the entries are not complete. Only what seemed especially important at the time is noted. In the 16th century one finds only isolated and very brief notes. But around 1600 — in the tenth generation — one already has 512 or in the eleventh — already 1024 ancestors. It is very probable that one gets stuck earlier in several lines. This is the case when at one place the church books have burned, which could easily happen in wars, or when with a child of illegitimate birth the father's name is not given. In the first case it is only very rarely possible to learn anything further from other sources that may exist, in the second case

one must still research whether the man whom the mother later married was not perhaps the father of the child. Incidentally, by the way, one should not throw stones at one's ancestors if one discovers that one came into the world as a three- or four-month child. For in various regions betrothal already gave all marital rights, and sometimes it may have been waited to see whether a union would also be fruitful before the legal marriage was concluded. That was basically not such a bad custom. Unfruitful marriages were thereby avoided. In many regions among peasants it was kept up almost to our time; decency suffered no harm from it. For it was not a matter of loose whoring around but of the child, of the future of the kind. But in general one will find that our ancestors did not anticipate marriage.

The schema of the ancestral table needs no great explanation. One sees at first glance what it concerns. In the middle below stands the researcher himself. The black lines lead in direct sequence to the father, father's father and so further in the name-bearers; the white lines lead to the mothers. If one designates oneself with 1 and then counts further, one has in the direct paternal row under the names the number of ancestors in the sex row to which the respective one belongs; one sees immediately that the row of great-great-grandparents is that of the sixteen ancestors. One can accordingly also make a list of the ancestors that loses nothing in clarity. If I have data of my ancestor 235, the mere number tells me that it concerns a woman — for these have odd numbers — then that this ancestress belongs to the row from 128 to 255, therefore to the eighth generation, that she stands as in the second half of the row on the mother's side. The child always bears the number of the father (or of the mother, where then 1 remains over) divided by 2, the father always the number of the child multiplied by 2 (the mother the one still increased by 1). Beyond the fifth generation the schema cannot well be extended in the way I have given it since then too many names come to stand side by side.

One can help oneself somewhat by extending the arms accordingly. If one has the good fortune to get so high into the generations one can make the quarter-circle for father and mother into a half-circle each and then place oneself in the middle. That helps again for two or three generations further. In my ancestral table I used gummed round disks just large enough to write

the names and data on them — smaller for marriage data —; these are glued to the respective place. If an indication proves incomplete or incorrect one glues a new disk over it and thereby avoids the ugly crossing out or erasing. If for the researches all sources likely to exist are exhausted one can easily give the ancestral table a pleasing form by pulling the otherwise crowding ancestors of the next branches into the unfilled gaps. With ancestral loss through relative marriage the branches decrease of themselves.

If one has obtained a very complete ancestral table one best forms separate ancestral half-circles of the 16 or 32 ancestors, in whose center one inserts in turn the respective ancestors with number and data.

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Marriage

“Like and like gladly join together.” So said our forefathers. That was the natural thing. Otherwise no pure species would have been preserved in all of nature, all would have united with all, from the ape over the cloacal animals to the turtles and to the birds. But not this; one finds even closely related species sharply separated from one another: tiger, leopard, lion, likewise wolves, foxes, jackals, dogs, also zebras, donkeys, horses. Hybrids are often infertile, so the mules and hinnies that stallion with she-ass or ass with mare produce. Indeed nature allows itself to be forced to mix species only most unwillingly. The fruit, flower, grain breeders know about it. And only very rarely does it succeed in permanently preserving a cross. Even if one artificially pollinates the corn ear with wheat pollen one gets mixed grains only for that one time; in the new sowing splitting occurs again. Also only closely related species are fertile at all. True, almost every spring the news appears in the people that this or that woman has borne young dogs from her dealings with a dog; this opinion is ancient. But probably only with the ape could man produce offspring, and he may in fact in primeval

times have had intercourse with them in his marginal specimens. For again and again obvious ape characteristics appear in humans, above all quite peculiar facial or body hair. Those are throwbacks.

The white man would accordingly have had to unite only with whites. So it will initially have been. Otherwise it would not be possible that we find the Indians still as pure blondes on their penetration into the Punjab, indeed at the border of China such still living as whole tribes in the late Middle Ages. The way there from the European homeland of origin was many thousand kilometers and several thousand years long. The conquest of the dark aboriginal population brought with it that the princes and warriors were allotted dark women; sexual intercourse with these counted as harmless for the race since the children after all fell to the “worse hand.” The charm of novelty, perhaps also sometimes the lack of own women, occasioned it.

The own women will initially have been kept most strictly from intercourse with dark ones. With the light blood of those men higher endowment flowed over into the dark aboriginal population. Even if the lords had perished as a uniform race this blood still remained there. A later Nordic conquest then already found lighter types among the settled inhabitants and united with them especially when their hosts were small in number and the conquest was therefore less a subjugation than a compromise with the earlier lords. Thus the Germans in various regions left the subjugated a third of the property and certain rights in the state. In this way the mongrels came about that we now see predominating everywhere. For as the light blood flowed into the dark aboriginal population so their dark blood also flowed through the marrying-in of individuals that could not fail to happen into the light ones.

The original aversion to people of other color that partly still dominated larger groups deep into the Middle Ages — it is reported that at the Burgundian court no one wanted to be seen beside a black-haired lady who had come there — disappeared thereby, and in place of the saying “Like and like gladly join together” stepped more and more the opposite: “Opposites attract each other.”

There is no doubt that mongrels sometimes have special qualities that make them valuable in certain respects. Crossings between related animal races strive for this. The “police dogs” clearly show in their appearance that they have far more of the wolf than ordinary dogs. With humans it is similar. True, genius power is certainly reduced by mixture: no mixed people can measure itself with the pure blond ancient Greeks in this. But business ability obviously rests on the fact that to the “idealistic” light one a fairly coarse shot of the blood of the “materialistic” yellows and blacks flowed in.

The sense for money-making is lacking in the pure blond; money is to him only a means of shortened exchange, but he does not sell spiritual things himself but shares them without payment, and also does not think of buying them from others. The mongrel believes he can buy “everything” with his money. And where he gives the stamp to a state, a civilization, everything really becomes purchasable. Still the envoy of King Pyrrhus of Epirus found no men in Rome who let themselves be bribed with the bribery money he had brought. In the Germany of Barmat, Kutisker, Sklarek he would probably hardly have had to travel back with his money. In that of Bismarck perhaps still.

The Jews have become the most excellent businessmen through the happy mixture of light and dark. They are so in trade and banking and just as much in literature, art, politics etc. For to them — as a whole — everything is just “business.” Hardly ever have I spoken with a Jewish professional colleague without being asked how much this or that book brought me in. And each was very astonished when he heard that so many of my writings brought me nothing at all, that I had rather worked *pour le roi de Prusse* or, what is the same, *pour le peuple allemand*. The Jews have very carefully preserved their race from perishing in the dark environment, they have also always held the blond beauty ideal high, yet nevertheless the Talmud expressly advises against a white marrying a white and a black a black. Precisely the mixture produced the people most suited to reality.

In the German people the same principle prevailed as soon as the striving for money-making came to the fore. The whole business order of the Germans in earlier time is thoroughly Nordic. Unfair competition that puts

the “decent” completely in the hand of the unscrupulous, the “intelligent,” was eliminated, the Jews were despised for their business conduct, partly even expelled for that reason (so from Nuremberg). The movement from below upward, the “democratism,” let ever more people rise from the chaos, broke down ever more the barriers of the earlier business decency and set all drives to enrichment at the cost of the neighbor free before the law and subsequently before custom. These people who since 1848 ever more strongly got public life in their power had to see their own salvation in the principle that opposites attract. The opposites were: money and beauty. The rich brunette nigger strove to get a blond woman, the brunette niggeress with the full moneybag married the blond man with the title and the manners of the “world.” The “money marriages” multiplied in number. The generation that arose from them let itself in the World War after hundreds of victories finally be ordered to retreat by people whose business was at an end and who were already preparing a new business and still cheered the new “order” because they expected who knows what advantages from it, which countless of them actually obtained.

Precisely this “materialism” also pushed through the opinion that the man should marry only when he has become something and can already offer the woman a pleasant household, that it is moreover quite good if he “sows his wild oats” before marriage. That suits those whose expression of nature it is. The light human being presses toward early marriage, precisely so that he does not sow wild oats but enters marriage pure. And not the already secured household will be the happiest but the one that from modest beginnings comes to ever better prosperity.

The blonde does not adjust his life to money-making; his goal is to lead his life in harmony with himself, to express his endowments in it as far as possible. Can he be happy with a woman who is his opposite? Of course it may be that the opposite attracts him for a time, especially when the brunette little woman caresses him with all her whore arts and he is not firm enough in himself to resist the purely bodily stimulus. If he has once complied with that woman she knows how to catch him forever. He feels obligated because he has robbed her of virginity that she perhaps had bodily but not psychically and in any case did not want to keep, and marries

her. Some also catch him already by making him believe that the bed joys with her must be something quite special. Caught one way or the other he is bound to a being with whom nothing connects him but the bed. That is perhaps enough for the honeymoon but not for the long years of marriage. And when the woman is once ten years older and looks twenty years older — for almost all brunette women age far faster than the blond ones — and marriage for him is nothing but an exchange of bad moods by day and bad smells by night, as Maupassant said, it need not surprise if he seeks the bed joys that are no longer at home in the brothel or elsewhere.

The blonde will be happy in marriage only where he unites with a being of the same kind. Whoever as blonde (or blonde woman) lets himself be attracted by the brunette little woman (or little man) or even by the brunette moneybag usually sees himself bitterly punished for having in such a deeply determining hour given in to a dark mixed part of his blood. The blonde excludes the thought of advantage where he loves. He will hardly come to love a girl far outside his class. He knows and keeps the boundaries. He is no climber who pushes himself with mouth and elbows into higher circles, he seldom comes from the lowest classes, and if so he feels himself too clearly as different to turn his love to an unworthy person of his earlier class. Thus he automatically remains in the circle to which he belongs by origin or into which he has come. His love is less sexual than a deep certainty that he can walk the life path together with the other part without the two paths going too far apart. He does not think of melting with the other part into complete unity — for just as he himself is a sharply bounded essence so he knows the other is too — not on an identical path but on two paths that run parallel. He concludes no “reason-marriages” but conversely also no unreason-marriages. For however deep his feeling for the other may be he has not completely given himself up in his love.

It happens that for the blond man the money his wife brought with her is downright a burden, an occasion to fear that his wife might think he married her for the money. That is mostly unjustified. For the man brings into the marriage, if not money, then at least his labor power that makes the wife’s fortune fruitful or brings him beside the wife’s fortune his own

income often of the same height as the interest on that fortune. The blond woman will well understand that.

It is not without concern when a man of high income marries a quite poor girl who moreover also comes from a lower class. The idealism of the blondes easily leads to it. I even know of cases where a man married a prostitute to “save” her. It is the old opinion that by some external means the essence can be changed. Only very rarely will the prostitute who was by no means forced to her profession become in marriage anything other than the prostitute. I can well imagine that a girl even of the lowest origin in individual cases fully fits into the new class, that she does not — as is so often observed — pursue a parvenu display that ruins the man; that will in itself be the exception. But it is always very easy possible that in the children throwbacks to inferior ancestors of the woman, which are hardly lacking, show themselves. Thus one of my uncles, a wealthy Hungarian noble, married a pretty maidservant who became downright the noblest in the family. She died soon. Her two children, boy and girl, were at ten and nine years kleptomaniacs who knew how to steal hundreds of crowns from the father, then squander them or even hoard them. In firmly established families there prevails such clear class consciousness that not only the higher does not descend into the lower class but the lower has scruples about ascending into the higher. I hear of a master cabinetmaker who works with fifty journeymen, holds an excellent position among his professional colleagues, but still at first did not want to give his daughter to a higher bank official without fortune but from an old respected family. And this took place in Berlin where in general the “new order” has long prevailed.

The blond man can be happy only with a blond woman, she only with him. They have the same valuation of money, the same kind of sexuality. The blond woman will not urge the man to acquire ever more and more so that they can live in ever higher luxury. She cannot go up in that. It is her need to work, to create. One sees women of excellent education and highest spiritual receptivity with restless care keep the house. I think of my mother who was a woman of extraordinary education and finest art understanding, who by origin and upbringing belonged entirely to the upper classes and yet

as lady of the manor and later as housewife did all the work that could be done by her, who when illness made her incapable of it was most painfully affected by it. She had rough working hands but a fresh ever alert mind and an eternally young enthusiasm for everything beautiful, everything great. And again and again I met women whom everydayness has by no means broken the spirit as some think but has kept it fresh precisely through the joy of activity.

The woman must consider that of the long years of her marriage she is only a vanishing fraction bed-companion of her husband but always life-companion. Her own happiness rests on the happiness of the man. If she prepares him a home that testifies to her love in every detail the man will feel at home in it and be happy. She has no higher task, no more beautiful, no more profitable for her than this seemingly so thankless, so little noticed one. Where the woman neglects it that immediately makes itself felt. The man, the good man, always has a loving memory of his mother, always wants to be treated a little as a child. The maternal in the woman, the good woman, meets this.

In Germany in general cooking is horrible, without any care, without love. From the women one sees running around it is admittedly not otherwise to be expected. But from the mass the view has also penetrated into families that could lay due weight on it that eating is something incidental. It is not a matter of filling the stomach with anything and thereby giving it the feeling of satiety and work. Something must be offered to the body that is beneficial to it, that really nourishes it, that heightens the joy of life through its good taste. In Germany for a long time cooking has mainly been done with surrogates. Thereby dishes arise that have the appearance of something but not the content. A good housewife uses no surrogates. These are moreover always paid far too dearly however much cheaper they may be than the genuine material; their nutritive value is mostly = 0. After a "German" meal our kind, who is accustomed to the careful and genuine food of the Germans abroad in Austria, in Hungary, in Croatia, always has the whole day spoiled. One looks at everything with displeasure, does one's work without joy, has hundredweight heaviness on one's spiritual wings.

After a good meal the stomach so to speak laughs and with it the innermost soul.

I should of course by no means like everywhere in Germany to be well cooked. No, it is even a diabolical pleasure to me to know that most people who cause me stomach pressure merely by their appearance are set that barbaric fodder by their like-natured spouses and swallow it down. But I should like to draw the attention of blond women, especially those who have blond men or want to marry them, that they need not let themselves be determined by the way of the generality. Certainly not every marriage is happy just because the woman knows how to cook properly, but it is a wonder if a marriage is happy where the woman brews something unwillingly together with surrogates.

The cultural level of a people as a whole shows itself not in that a few great men who arose from it have achieved extraordinary things but in the conduct of life of the generality, of which a characteristic part is the kitchen. I must immediately meet a misunderstanding: not the peculiarity, costliness, over-spicing of the dishes makes cooking culture but solely and alone the inner value. The simplest dish can therefore testify to higher culture than a ragout of nightingale tongues and peacock livers. A “garnished beef” in a better Viennese restaurant was tastier than the rarest I ever got to eat in Germany in a restaurant of similar rank. Indeed it is something essential to cook simply. Only simple dishes are digestible in the long run. One could write a book about it.

Above all it is also for the woman to give the marriage the friendly, obliging tone of intercourse. She is the more mobile one to whom entering into the peculiarity of another is far easier than for the man. The everyday that for her is filled only with domestic cares does not blunt her so strongly as the monotonous professional work does him. A few good words, signs of attention in the home refresh him more than the cocotte-like “beauty” of his wife or her mostly insignificant art practice or whatever else. The light man at least wants no “theater” at home.

The different kind of sexuality is one of the main reasons for unhappy marriages. The brunette woman is exceedingly desirous. The layman has no

idea what stimulants black women demand. The man must to please them artificially enlarge the sexual member by implanting gold grains, rubbing it with caustic juices, attaching all sorts of objects to it and the like. Among whites such practices, if they occur at all, are exceptions. The black woman and even the deeper brunette mongrel woman (Japanese, Indian, South Italian) wants to be in sexual excitement the whole day and has various apparatuses for it that are likewise unknown among us. Thus the brunette woman thinks far more exclusively of the sexual act, spreads around herself always a sphere of lechery. That makes social intercourse with her so “piquant.” (One finds various things about this in my *History of Judaism* where I speak of the Jewish woman.) For her the man is above all, indeed almost only sexual member. She is the insatiable one, the vampire who sucks the man dry. This certainly corresponds to the brunette man. One actually sees Gypsies, South Italians and similar almost the whole day in sexual play with the little women as soon as they are together with them.

The blond man moreover is not so completely dominated by his sexuality as I already explained. In marriage he suffers under the vampire. It comes to the point that such men for a time leave the woman to come to rest again. But then they must fear that meanwhile the woman has dealings with other men. For the light human being — and I emphasize again that blond hair does not always make the lightness, but above all a somewhat darker person can also feel light — marriage as a permanent state is only with his equal to happiness.

The blond man can be happy in marriage only where he unites with a being of the same kind. Whoever as blonde (or blonde woman) lets himself be attracted by the brunette little woman (or little man) or even by the brunette moneybag usually sees himself bitterly punished for having in such a deeply determining hour given in to a dark mixed part of his blood. The blonde excludes the thought of advantage where he loves. He will hardly come to love a girl far outside his class. He knows and keeps the boundaries. He is no climber who pushes himself with mouth and elbows into higher circles, he seldom comes from the lowest classes, and if so he feels himself too clearly as different to turn his love to an unworthy person of his earlier class. Thus he automatically remains in the circle to which he

belongs by origin or into which he has come. His love is less sexual than a deep certainty that he can walk the life path together with the other part without the two paths going too far apart. He does not think of melting with the other part into complete unity — for just as he himself is a sharply bounded essence so he knows the other is too — not on an identical path but on two paths that run parallel. He concludes no “reason-marriages” but conversely also no unreason-marriages. For however deep his feeling for the other may be he has not completely given himself up in his love.

It happens that for the blond man the money his wife brought with her is downright a burden, an occasion to fear that his wife might think he married her for the money. That is mostly unjustified. For the man brings into the marriage, if not money, then at least his labor power that makes the wife’s fortune fruitful or brings him beside the wife’s fortune his own income often of the same height as the interest on that fortune. The blond woman will well understand that.

It is not without concern when a man of high income marries a quite poor girl who moreover also comes from a lower class. The idealism of the blondes easily leads to it. I even know of cases where a man married a prostitute to “save” her. It is the old opinion that by some external means the essence can be changed. Only very rarely will the prostitute who was by no means forced to her profession become in marriage anything other than the prostitute. I can well imagine that a girl even of the lowest origin in individual cases fully fits into the new class, that she does not — as is so often observed — pursue a parvenu display that ruins the man; that will in itself be the exception. But it is always very easy possible that in the children throwbacks to inferior ancestors of the woman, which are hardly lacking, show themselves. Thus one of my uncles, a wealthy Hungarian noble, married a pretty maidservant who became downright the noblest in the family. She died soon. Her two children, boy and girl, were at ten and nine years kleptomaniacs who knew how to steal hundreds of crowns from the father, then squander them or even hoard them. In firmly established families there prevails such clear class consciousness that not only the higher does not descend into the lower class but the lower has scruples about ascending into the higher. I hear of a master cabinetmaker who

works with fifty journeymen, holds an excellent position among his professional colleagues, but still at first did not want to give his daughter to a higher bank official without fortune but from an old respected family. And this took place in Berlin where in general the “new order” has long prevailed.

The blond man can be happy only with a blond woman, she only with him. They have the same valuation of money, the same kind of sexuality. The blond woman will not urge the man to acquire ever more and more so that they can live in ever higher luxury. She cannot go up in that. It is her need to work, to create. One sees women of excellent education and highest spiritual receptivity with restless care keep the house. I think of my mother who was a woman of extraordinary education and finest art understanding, who by origin and upbringing belonged entirely to the upper classes and yet as lady of the manor and later as housewife did all the work that could be done by her, who when illness made her incapable of it was most painfully affected by it. She had rough working hands but a fresh ever alert mind and an eternally young enthusiasm for everything beautiful, everything great. And again and again I met women whom everydayness has by no means broken the spirit as some think but has kept it fresh precisely through the joy of activity.

The woman must consider that of the long years of her marriage she is only a vanishing fraction bed-companion of her husband but always life-companion. Her own happiness rests on the happiness of the man. If she prepares him a home that testifies to her love in every detail the man will feel at home in it and be happy. She has no higher task, no more beautiful, no more profitable for her than this seemingly so thankless, so little noticed one. Where the woman neglects it that immediately makes itself felt. The man, the good man, always has a loving memory of his mother, always wants to be treated a little as a child. The maternal in the woman, the good woman, meets this.

In Germany in general cooking is horrible, without any care, without love. From the women one sees running around it is admittedly not otherwise to be expected. But from the mass the view has also penetrated into families

that could lay due weight on it that eating is something incidental. It is not a matter of filling the stomach with anything and thereby giving it the feeling of satiety and work. Something must be offered to the body that is beneficial to it, that really nourishes it, that heightens the joy of life through its good taste. In Germany for a long time cooking has mainly been done with surrogates. Thereby dishes arise that have the appearance of something but not the content. A good housewife uses no surrogates. These are moreover always paid far too dearly however much cheaper they may be than the genuine material; their nutritive value is mostly = 0. After a "German" meal our kind, who is accustomed to the careful and genuine food of the Germans abroad in Austria, in Hungary, in Croatia, always has the whole day spoiled. One looks at everything with displeasure, does one's work without joy, has hundredweight heaviness on one's spiritual wings. After a good meal the stomach so to speak laughs and with it the innermost soul.

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person can also feel light — marriage as a permanent state is only with his equal to happiness.

Marriage has as its purpose not bed-companionship but the begetting of posterity. A marriage that does not want the child is, as I already said, a brothel-community; that the whore serves different men and the man in the course of time uses different whores is only an insignificant side-circumstance. There is a great number of “perversities”: the sexual tension is somehow released without the possibility of fertilization coming into question. Men with men, women with women satisfy themselves, men use female animals, women male ones. All this falls into the same order as that unfruitful marital intercourse, however much custom or some paragraphs may taboo these kinds of sexual gratification. Logically the sexual intercourse that takes precautions should likewise be tabooed. The old Jewish people in fact condemned the coitus interruptus, which for that time was the only preventive method, just as it condemned “unnatural” intercourse. One reads in the 1st Book of Moses (Ch. XXXVIII) of Onan, who was to impregnate his deceased brother’s wife to “raise up seed” to him as the so-called levirate marriage among the ancient Jews commanded: “But when Onan knew that the seed should not be his, it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother’s wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother.” This has wrongly been interpreted as self-satisfaction and thereafter given the name onanism. “And the thing which he did displeased the Lord: wherefore he slew him also,” it continues.

Nowadays there are preventive means in rich number. The World War brought them also into regions where they were hitherto unknown. I do not want to inveigh against these preventives as many do. No, those to whom they are true to nature may use them and that in the greatest measure. It can only be of the highest advantage to humanity if this variety somewhat damps its already all-too-great fertility in this way. So it is also right when one who visits brothels and one who has sexual intercourse with another’s wife uses protective means. The blond man will among these certainly be only in vanishing number insofar as he follows himself purely, not perhaps from slight racial turbidity giving in to foreign influences.

The use of preventives has no bad consequences for the man, but for the woman: she bears no children, which her body yet needs for full health. One knows this from animals. Mares, bitches one lets cover when heat shows if one does not want a litter at all. It brings heavy damage to the animal if it remains uncovered through several heats. With the human the damage is even heavier because nature has connected with the twelve-times-yearly egg-shedding processes that attack the body far more than the once or twice yearly heat of the animal. In itself already the tides are connected with considerable blood loss, but also uterine mucous membrane is shed and must be replaced. The woman who goes through all the tides — that is about 500 — stands, reckoning each tide at three days, at least 1500 days under the rule of the fruitlessly laboring ovary. Precisely because the process is completely useless it is soon accompanied by all sorts of other disturbances. No wonder that an unfruitful woman ages disproportionately fast.

The woman who bears seven children, which is the average in a marriage without preventives, has with each child during the nine months of pregnancy and the twelve months of nursing twenty-one tides less, thus of the 1500 illness-days of her life at least 440, almost a third, less. Instead of wasting its forces in that useless struggle the body applies them to the newly arising life. True the birth as such sometimes brings the woman into mortal danger, but just as among domestic animals the bearer very rarely perishes so also among women who have not spoiled themselves by tight corsets or complete inactivity during pregnancy. The pains are often great so that a feeling young husband could tell me he could not survive another birth, but they are in any case far less than the sufferings that unfruitfulness brings: hysteria and early aging, of which hysteria is especially unpleasant to the husband, early aging to him and the woman alike.

Of greatest importance is “pure motherhood,” to which the life-reformer Dr. F. Landmann emphatically points in his book so titled (*Eden-Verlag*, Oranienburg, Mark, 1919): during pregnancy and nursing marital intercourse should cease. Only unwillingly and with displeasure does the Nordic woman tolerate the embrace of the husband in this time. The animal female completely rejects the male. The shocks through sexual intercourse

destroy and influence the fruit and after its birth the milk secretion, very often even bring the milk to dry up prematurely so that the child no longer gets its natural nourishment but must be raised with a surrogate.

Only marriage of like with like gives the guarantee that the children are healthy, pretty and viable. Greyhound and dachshund bitch give a wretched litter even if both are prize-winners. One should have the feeling of responsibility toward posterity, not see two-souled people come into the world where one knows that these are the result of non-harmonizing races of the parents. The son of the mentioned Austrian poet Hofmannsthal and the Schlesinger died in such inner conflicts by suicide. The two-souledness is often its very own cause. Children who have inherited from the father the one race-soul, from the mother the other, live to their own constant displeasure and must curse the parents for giving them life. From the marriage of Nordic-determined people will come forth further de-mixed ones who are even freer of the foreign mixed parts than the parents, therefore more unanimous, more goal-certain, happier. (Cf. *Racial Breeding*, Georg Westermann Verlag, Braunschweig.)

The woman needs children for the sake of her body, the man for the sake of his soul. As for the woman each new child means a renewal of her bodily life, so for him a renewal of the spiritual. As she remains young thereby so does he. Each time his wife is expecting a child again he becomes as it were a bridegroom again, becomes tenderer, more caring for her. And the new child spurs his striving through the new cares it brings. For it too shall have the possibility created that it can unfold according to its endowment.

Here people are thought of who live in orderly circumstances but not in wealth, also less officials who have their fixed salary and beyond it cannot easily earn something more, than free professions that the blond human being prefers. The opinion is widespread that two children can be raised more easily than five. In any case two children can be raised far more easily than one with which the parents usually take such excessive trouble to their own discomfort and to the child's even greater. But I have seen that in a house full of children there reigns a merry, confident life, in one with few children constant worry. I think of a preacher's family in Transylvania.

They were not Saxons — for they have the two-child system — but Landler, descendants of Upper Austrian Protestants who under Maria Theresa were “transplanted” there so that possibly the bears usual in the land would eat the Kekers. The oldest was fifteen, and then one came after the other down to the still unborn. There was poverty in the house, to be sure, but unwavering cheerfulness. The oldest did not learn well; so he was apprenticed to a locksmith. Did he then have to become a preacher or rector or senator? And when we soldiers from Hermannstadt came to visit something was always set on the table. Where only two children are in the house one fears they will starve if a guest gets another piece of bread. The niggers, to whom money is the be-all and end-all of life, are right with their fear for the future of their niggerlings: if not money they could give them nothing else. In this way they want to secure happiness for the offspring. And for him it is happiness.

The blond human being has joy only in the becoming, he wants to create and acquire. To feed on what is acquired gives him no joy. Then he very easily becomes blasé, and there are some whose weariness could easily be removed by setting them on the street in their worst clothes and saying: Begin again from the beginning. The Hungarian nobility was deprived of all its property by Jewish Bolshevism; it immediately began to devote itself to crafts. Likewise the expelled Baltic nobility in Germany. Whoever does not see the end-goal in money does not mourn its loss. And the capable one knows how to push through from all circumstances to the place suited to him. Whoever has a blond child should have no fear that it will go under in the struggle for life if he cannot give it so and so many thousands.

One should not want to make university professors, court presidents and similar high animals out of one’s children. If happiness is oneness with oneself this happiness will nowhere be found where the environment stands in contradiction to the interior. Children often suffer from the ambition of their parents. Almost in all cases where they and even the teachers think the child is gifted, could perhaps achieve something but achieves nothing from laziness, one is mistaken. The giftedness may be there, perhaps also unfold later, but at the time it is bound. The causes can be various. They are mostly not immediately removable. Cleverly did the father of a younger

friend. He himself was an outstanding engineer in high position, his wife from a family that has given technology a whole series of notable personalities, but the three sons progressed so laboriously in school that it seemed unfruitful to let them only take the Abitur. The father gave the oldest, who liked to knead figures out of bread, to a chaser and later to a sculptor as apprentice, the two younger to a mechanic. At about nineteen the first one's head opened, as one says: he prepared himself in one year for the entrance examination to an arts-and-crafts school, passed it, became there the most brilliant pupil and in consequence a capable arts-and-crafts man. The two younger also caught up their preparatory education and became technicians quite as fast or even faster than if they had taken the Abitur after duly sat semesters. The whole family is distinctly blond.

Especially with blond children a strange absent-mindedness occurs not so rarely. Several of the greatest geniuses were mediocre, indeed bad pupils and passed the Abitur with difficulty or not at all. I do not say this to justify myself, for I myself was always a good pupil up to my Abitur, even a prize pupil, though never the first. Ambition was completely lacking in me, I did not really learn but paid attention, did the tasks and occasionally helped myself with my mental skill. The other prize pupils "crammed" diligently to keep their places. They were without exception mediocrities and became officials. Characteristic is the following: in Austria the student who had passed all semesters since the first school year with distinction received at the end of his university studies a diamond ring from the Emperor. Among all the many who received such rings there is no significant man.

It must always be remembered that not school but life proves a man's capability.

More important than good reports is the child's development into a human being closed in himself. I have treated this in my education book *I and My Five Boys* (Alexander Duncker Verlag, Weimar). What I should like to have given the young noble human being, of whom alone I speak here, is: the consciousness of his noble kind. Nothing has been more resented by the guild pedagogues than that I ask one of my five boys who feels himself offended by a teacher how the teacher looked, and when this is described to

me as a nigger I tell the boy: from such a one he really could not expect anything else. I also tell blond boys when they complain of the baseness of their schoolfellows: look at them and judge for yourselves whether you can expect anything else from them than that they throw horse-apples at you. It needs no many hints; boys of fourteen understand more easily than German university professors.

That this is not “education” in the sense of the pedagogues I well know. But I give the young people certainty and clarity, I preserve them from disappointments, I give them pride but at the same time also the feeling that their nobility obliges them; those give them uncertainty in themselves because the preached doctrine does not agree with the nature of the taught, create confusion for them because the world-picture they draw does not agree with reality, and break the pride of the young noble human beings because they tell them all men are equal, thereby rank them in the commonness of the generality and deliver them to its dirty life: since all are so why should we be different?

Youths who came from this doctrine became glad and pure again only through me, through my blasphemous doctrine: man is not man, and from a mule one can only expect kicks with the hind foot, as the Italian proverb says.

Light people see in their children or in those of others always the self-justified essence. They sometimes go too far in this by setting their own essence back before that of the child, giving the child’s essence a scope that causes the child to think father and mother or every older person are only a jumping-jack in his hand. This happens everywhere where the racial turbidity that hardly anyone lacks manifests itself in “ape-love,” and where in face of greater cares the child’s affair seems too trivial for intervention, for “punishment.” I am the last to deny the salutary effect of a good thrashing although I do not beat my “five boys.” This was held against me when I said the boy or that one who causes parents and educators so much trouble is just a Gordian knot that must be cut through. I answered: those “five boys” I had chosen for myself; but children one begets are only seldom pure noble kind like those five. It is also something different to be educator

or father and mother. Toward the educator the child always keeps the proper distance if he keeps it; with the parents it is too intimately familiar, various inhibitions fall away there. From the educator no blond child, no child of light kind ever needed to be beaten. The light child has an inborn reverence for the older human being. It will never take anything upon itself against him of its own accord, not even when he through his nigger-nature gives occasion for rascality and probably also deserves it. At most it comes to a little exuberance and roguish wit whose harmlessness is easy to recognize. So it was with me, so I found it with all blond children I got to know.

Light people also do not treat their children as children in the sense of the brunettes. They do not underestimate the child's capacity for comprehension. Already with a five-year-old one can speak quite reasonably about all sorts of serious things, with ten-year-olds one already has a considerable knowledge as basis, with a fourteen-year-old one can speak about the most important problems as with a grown-up. The child has something genial. It does not need step-by-step procedure, it has underground comprehension. What remains un-understood does not confuse it; it holds to what is understood. Precisely by speaking no other language with children than with adults I have often won the trust of children, above all of boys, and perhaps seen deeper into their souls than their own parents. I think of a whole series of them — only one had brown eyes and one, a Transylvanian Saxon, brown-blond hair — and if I am to sum up my judgment it is this: I had respect for each one. So young these lads were, the youngest hardly eleven, they all had an absolutely sure feeling for what the noble does and what he does not do, and many besides an enchanting freedom and grace. This is lost when the growing one lets the commonness of the generality overgrow everything and sees himself alone of his kind, but it is preserved where he knows a support in an older human being. With several of those boys I was certainly this support; others again whom I got to know only later regretted that they had not known a human being of my kind already in the years of development. Much would have been spared them, above all so many "sins against their holy self."

Thus I should like the light child to be given only this: the consciousness not to be alone with his kind but to have his equals, even if few. Every human being of noble kind can give it to him, the parents themselves and whoever enters their circle. None of us should fail, at the fitting hour, to speak with the child in this sense. This is the most important “enlightenment.” In its train everything else follows of itself. “You are not like the others, you need not be like the others. If they mock you for it beat them if you are strong enough, and if you are not hit them with your mind. To be noble toward the common gives you only into their hand. Show them that you can serve them in their own way and they will let you be. You can always be free of them for you do not need them, neither for your advantage since you do not seek advantage, nor for your happiness since you have your happiness in oneness with yourself.”

The sexual enlightenment may the light human being confidently leave to the usual way with his children and those of others. The light child feels entirely pure and chaste. But the adult may tell the growing one how he himself thinks about these things, and three points seem to me the most important: that self-satisfaction, which anyway the greatest part practices, is only a relaxation that does not degrade or harm insofar as it is not practiced in excess and for mere lust; that sexual intercourse without bond according to the feeling of the light human being is a, perhaps the greatest sin against the holy self, wherefore man and woman will enter marriage free of it; and that only marriage of like with like gives the guarantee of having healthy, pretty, viable children, therefore marriage must be concluded under full responsibility for posterity.

Friendship

Friendship is for the blond human being, where he lives unclouded in a community created and led by him, the holiest bond that binds two human beings. The marital bond, the blood bond often recedes before it. I recall the position of friendship among the ancient Greeks. The *Iliad* has as its starting point indeed the wrath of Achilles over a girl but is, especially in its last third, a high song of friendship. Achilles and Patroclus are one of the great friend-pairs of world poetry. Theseus goes into the underworld for the

sake of his dead Peirithoos. The friendship between Harmodius and Aristogeiton overthrew tyranny in Athens. In Sparta, in Thebes whole armies were bound by friendship, "sacred bands" whose bravery came from the fact that the friends vied with each other before one another in brave deeds of courage. Many stories are handed down that friend died for friend. The poets have sung far more of friend-love than of woman-love, philosophy has occupied itself above all with it. In Plato it is the hinge.

Everywhere where the light human being determines life woman as sexual being recedes. The opinion is wrong that she was banished into the house. Banished there is only sexual intercourse. The blonde avoids showing himself publicly in sexual excitement. For him it counts as the highest to be master of himself, to preserve his dignity. In sexual excitement he is no longer master of himself but "dominated" by the drive. He is this not only in the sexual act but already in all feelings and undertakings connected with it and aimed at it. The man who for hours makes window promenades, who in society inflames himself at the woman with whom he flirts, is just as unfree as Mars caught in the net. The blond woman feels quite the same. As sexual being she therefore does not appear in public.

A clever, significant and in love experienced lady told me the man as such is chaste, the woman is not. That holds for the present time in general since precisely the brunette little woman predominates, but not for the women of the ancient Greeks, the ancient Romans, the ancient Germans. There precisely the woman counted as the chaster and she was chaste because otherwise life would have shaped itself differently than it did. One may not conclude from the fact that woman as sexual being was as good as eliminated in public that the man was not connected with woman by the deepest affection, that she was to him only "vessel" and only bearer of his children. The high role that woman played as mother attests her position in the house, in the total life. Only a woman who stands fully entitled beside the husband, who is loved and honored by him, can be mother in such a way as we find her with those ancient blond peoples. There was also no lack of passion tragedies, only the external occasion was made rarer and likewise the inner one since duty-consciousness was a strong "inhibition"

for the drives, since in general the whole life was far less adjusted to sexuality than is the case with mixed peoples.

I found the primitive conditions of the blond peoples still preserved among the North Albanians into whose midst the war brought me. (I was declared unfit for any military service and thereafter took the guidance of my soldierly fate into my own hand. Through friend-mediation I obtained through Princess A. W. to be commanded to Albania, where at that time only front-service-fit came.) In North Albania, which is mainly Mohammedan, to a smaller extent Greek-Orthodox (Serbian) and Catholic, the population has probably already lost much of its original blondness but in its world seclusion has preserved the old custom in many respects astonishingly purely. Everywhere I found woman extraordinarily honored. Also the Mohammedan Albanian lives almost only in monogamy. But in public woman as sexual being is not spoken of. The Moslem hardly ever mentions her, the Christian Albanian hardly ever uses an obscene or even questionable word. The man marries early, usually at twenty years, since his fifteenth he is usually betrothed, has his Nuse (bride), whereby already in themselves the thoughts about woman get their definite direction. Man and woman enter marriage pure. I had several opportunities in Christian houses to get to know the women too. They were friendly, always very prettily and carefully dressed, clever, according to the way of the country thoroughly educated women, the young reserved toward the stranger, the older completely free. They spoke about everything with wisdom and in noble disposition. Their behavior was that of perfect ladies. Husbands and sons betrayed reverence and love in every word, every look.

Among these Albanians friendship still exists in the old-Nordic way. Two men conclude blood-brotherhood that among the Serbs is often even blessed by the pope in the church and are now bound to each other in unwavering loyalty. It sometimes comes to deep tragic conflicts if for example the law of blood vengeance demands to kill the blood-brother. In my *Albanian Folk Songs* (From Foreign Gardens, 71) one finds examples of this. Quite like among the ancient Greeks also far more is sung of friend-love than of woman-love. It very often concerns the relation of a mature man to a growing one. Also this relation counts as very holy. The

Mohammedan Albanian woman who unveils herself only before the nearest relatives unveils herself before the Ashik (lover) of her young son. More clearly it cannot be attested how highly this friendship is valued and above all how purely it is regarded. One believes — and rightly — the boy can be furthered in all good and noble by no one so much as by a man who loves him and whom he loves. Sexual relations that the non-blond gladly assumes according to his nature occur so good as not at all. The word bythtarë (pederast) is the worst term of abuse. It touched me most painfully when I once used it to inquire about the subject.

The institution of blood-brotherhood is common to the Germans, Slavs, Romanians and Albanians. The sexual life of the two so bound is not further touched. Each marries and begets children. However strongly “erotically toned” the relation may be at times, especially in youth when it is concluded, it by no means leads to turning away from woman, is by no means to be designated as “homosexual” in the usual sense of the word.

Also the Greeks clearly rejected sexual activity between men for the friend-relation although it was known and naturally also occurred. This comes out in the Platonic dialogues, especially in the *Symposium*, in which the young Alcibiades describes how he made all possible advances to Socrates, even slept with him under one blanket; he rose from him as though he had slept with a father or an older brother. In the *Republic* Plato lets the following conversation be led (III, 12):

The right love therefore contains in its nature to love a temperate and beautiful one temperately and musically?

Yes, so it is.

So pleasure (sexual activity) must not be brought into connection with it and lover and beloved must have no part in it insofar as they love and are loved in the right way?

No, by God, that must not be brought into connection with it.

Accordingly you will establish in the state founded by us as legal provision that a lover may love the young man, associate with him and be united with

him for the sake of the beautiful, but only as with a son insofar as he consents to it, in such a way that it never appears the relation goes beyond that, so that he does not fall under the reproach of being unmusical and common?

Yes, in just that way.

In Athens since Solon there was the prohibition that a free man have a closer relation with an unfree one. Men who were proved to have let themselves be used sexually for money were excluded from all public offices. In Sparta it was no different. Plutarch tells of the Spartan king Agesilaus that he did not want to let himself be kissed by the young Persian Megabates according to his country's custom; already this seemed to him to go beyond proper modesty.

No differently did the ancient Germans behave. The Edda transmits the wonderful word *madhr er manns gaman* (man is man's joy), but everywhere we see the sexual rejected in these relations. *Ragr* or *Argr* ("angry," pederast) is just as much a term of abuse as *bythtarë* in Albanian. Of course also here same-sex activity was known and certainly occurred.

In contrast to this it is not only everywhere common among black peoples but often even a cult matter, closely connected with cult institutions and festivals. Whoever leafs through German and English anthropological or ethnological journals comes again and again upon such reports. The black acts above all from drive: "love" in our sense rarely speaks with. He procures himself pleasure as often and with as high stimulus as he can. The other's woman is forbidden to him. If men are together they satisfy themselves with each other. While in European educational homes care is taken that same-sex activity does not occur, in cases where it becomes known even proceeding with severe punishment — the ancient Greeks did the same — even self-satisfaction is dammed up with all means, one finds in educational homes among blacks carved wooden figures of onanists as it were as inscription. The unmarried men very often have special sleeping houses. It is self-evident that the drive there expresses itself same-sexually. Of any perversion of natural disposition there can be no question, at least not with at least 95 per cent. It is always only a matter of the pleasure that

is reached one way or another. Also among Japanese, Chinese, Indians, who are already very much lightened, there are no scruples against friends rendering each other sexual love-services. There are even today partly brothels with boys and young men.

Same-sex activity as cult institution is also still found among peoples whose lords were already light people or close mongrels: among Babylonians and ancient Jews. Both had beside female temple prostitution also a male one. About the Jewish institution of the temple catamites, who characteristically were called “Kedeshen” (dedicated), we are somewhat better informed. I have compiled everything relating to it in my *History of Judaism*. The Jews of the royal period were according to their own reports a white-skinned, red-blond people; they undoubtedly did not bring that cult institution with them but only took it over and soon turned against it from their Nordic feeling. The kedeshen are contemptuously called “dogs” and the share of the proceeds they give to the temple “dog-wages.” Already King Asa (around 900) expels them, then Jehoshaphat (around 800) once more, Deuteronomy and the prophets work in the same sense and actually root out the institution.

In contrast the Nordic Judaism in David and Jonathan (who by the way are both married and have children) presents a friend-pair in purely Nordic sense. David is expressly called blond (admoni). Saul, who yet himself loved the young David, can hit his son no harder than by accusing him of same-sex activity with the friend: “I know well that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and unto the confusion of thy mother’s nakedness” (1 Sam. XX, 30). Jonathan thereupon withdraws and places himself entirely on the friend’s side against his own father. In David’s lament for Jonathan’s death one reads:

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:

very pleasant hast thou been unto me:

thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

We find such a deep feeling already expressed in the ancient Sumerian epic of Gilgamesh. When Engidu is dead Gilgamesh laments:

“Engidu, my young friend, thou panther of the steppe,
what is this sleep that has seized thee now?

Dark thou lookest, and hearest me not!”

But he no longer raises his eyes,

he (Gilgamesh) touched his heart — but it beats no more.

Then he covered the friend like a bride...

Also here it concerns light people. Engidu is described with ear-blond hair.

Hereby the question of friend-love is solved: we find on one side same-sex activity predominantly without love among the blacks and on the other friend-love predominantly without sexual activity among the light ones. I believe I was the first to point this out. At least I find no reference to it in the very detailed work *Homosexuality* by Magnus Hirschfeld. It may be that Magnus Hirschfeld as a Jew of today, therefore belonging to a deeper mixed-race group, did not himself feel this and therefore did not discover it. I recall in this connection a valuable conversation with a likewise Jewish physician who had been designated to me as homosexual. He naturally came to speak of same-sexuality. I told him what I think about it and found his approval. But he could not follow me when I said to him — he was brown like an Arab — I could not understand how there could come to any sexual actions where one loves the other. I meant love just had to exclude everything sexual. He on the contrary, who certainly spoke from experience, sang such a hymn to sexual intercourse with a beloved that I never heard any heterosexual speak so enthusiastically about it with a woman.

I myself have had the great good fortune to have been very much loved several times by boys and men. They were married and unmarried; the youngest were under fourteen, the oldest over seventy. In several cases, where it concerned young people up to about twenty-four, the inclination was undoubtedly “erotically toned”: it went with pleasure in me as a tolerably pretty and at that time very well-groomed man and with the endeavor to please me too. It also bore the surest sign of love: that my

presence made the eyes shine. Nevertheless every sexual excitement, every remotest relation to it was lacking. In my *Five Boys* I have described such an experience essentially faithfully. Just as there between Uncle Ferd and Edwin, so between me and the original the very circumstance that the about fifteen-year-old boy in the military institute where he was educated had let himself be seduced by others to some practices I did not learn. By chance I gathered it from his conversation with a young lieutenant who had alluded to such occurrences usual in cadet houses. The boy noticed my displeasure and when he had elicited from me that that matter really displeased me he gave me his hand on it not to join in again. And I believe he kept his word.

However “erotically toned,” friendship between two blond men, whether of the same age or separated by many years, is in my opinion almost without exception free of sexual actions and even of sexual feelings below the navel. It rather mostly serves to draw both away from sexuality, whether this was homosexual or heterosexual. Thus even a young war comrade in Serbia who as a handsome healthy man was much desired by women and had given in to them for the mere pleasure to the full extent was through his acquaintance with me, which certainly included a deeper inclination, completely withdrawn from sexual intercourse with women, as he wrote me after more than a year. Just now the high ideal of woman arose again for him who had already been a complete cynic. Yet I had done no more than quite casually express my view on sexual life so that the effect was by no means the result of my cramming but solely of association with me.

Friendship just brings such a strong ideal moment into the life of the light human being that the bodily drive naturally retreats before it. This is especially strong where a human being of significance is loved. For the growing one this is often already the slightly older human being who is only somewhat mentally riper and richer in knowledge, even an equal of such advantages. On the adult the really significant man works similarly. From the side of the mentally more significant there sounds in the inclination he feels or returns the clearly conscious endeavor to impart to the younger, mentally not so rich something of his knowledge, his skills, his experiences, to be guide to him to the high goal after which he himself strives.

Very often the relation of two men to each other is that of teacher and pupil, yet not always one-sided; for sometimes one is ahead in this, the other in that. Just as I furthered my mentioned sculptor-friend in knowledge of literature I was furthered by him in understanding the plastic arts. My relation to a Dutch composer was fruitful in similar way. Chopin, whom I had given up as too salon-like, was brought near to me again by him, Brahms opened up to me. And it is just as blissful to teach as to receive teaching. Exactly so did the Greeks understand friendship between man and youth, exactly so do the Albanians understand it.

In all these cases one cannot speak of homosexuality in the now usual sense. Whoever therefore loves an older or younger of his own sex in this way — the same holds for woman as for man — need by no means fear that he is “also that way.” He should also not let himself be confused by the conception of same-sex relations that science has spread among the people for about two decades, not let his pure beautiful feeling be stunted or even spoiled by it. Those scientists either lack according to their nature the ability to grasp the relation as it actually is with him or they speak of the purely sexual relations that are a chapter by themselves.

Homosexuality in this sense has always existed. It is founded in the fact that nature creates countless transitions. Even with not too deeply standing snails every individual is at once male and female, begets and bears; also with man there precedes in the embryo a still undifferentiated one before the sexually differentiated one, and the man bears rudimentary organs of the woman, the woman those of the man. In general no man is only man, no woman only woman, in the individual the inclination to the type of the other sex is now slighter, now stronger. The way of sexual activity certainly is connected with it. There is no reason to despise a human being, man or woman, on account of it, however comprehensible one finds it that the heterosexual majority despises the homosexual sexual intercourse as something unsuited to it and often even regards it as punishable. For the one standing above things it is indifferent in judging a human being whether he “goes to a Lais or to an Antinous,” as Oscar Wilde expressed it.

With friendship in the sense of the blond human being this has nothing to do. Certainly there will be cases where two homosexual people find together not only to love but also to homosexual activity, and one must not doubt that their love for each other is deep and genuine. They will also not have the feeling that they drag their love into the dirt by the sexual actions as also heterosexual lovers do not have it in heterosexual intercourse. But in the far greatest number of cases blond people do not think of performing any sexual action with the friend and not even where one or both feel homosexually. For them through the intervention of sexuality their friendship would actually lose its best, as it were the delicate dust from their beautiful butterfly wings.

The State

In my book *Race and Race Questions* (Alexander Duncker Verlag, Weimar) it is set forth that the genius of the first order, the statesmanlike one, especially tends to be connected with the blond type. Only very few great statesmen and generals have been brunette. Blond undoubtedly were all the great Greeks, Solon, Peisistratos, Themistocles, Aristides, Miltiades, Alcibiades, Pericles, Epaminondas, Pelopidas, Cimon. For in their time the free Greeks still counted as a whole as blond. Blond were according to express testimonies Alexander the Great and his Macedonians, the Ptolemies and Seleucids, Pyrrhus (the Blond) of Epirus, of the Romans Cato the Elder, Sulla, Augustus, Trajan, Theodosius, the mighty British queen Boadicea, the great Germanic kings and leaders, King Henry I, Emperor Otto the Great, Otto II, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick II, Casimir the Great of Poland, Ivan the Terrible of Russia, Elizabeth of England, Tilly and Gustav Adolf, the two greatest generals of the Thirty Years War, Condé, Coligny, Henry of Guise, Henry IV, Turenne, Vauban, Frederick the Great, Laudon his most significant opponent, Maria Theresa, Catherine II, Joseph II, Napoleon, Blücher, Metternich and Talleyrand, Radetzky, William I of Germany, Bismarck and Moltke, Garibaldi and Cavour the two founders of the new Italy, Joffre and Foch the victors in the World War, Mustafa Kemal-Pasha the creator of the new Turkey. Countless others can be named. Black-haired but blue-eyed were Wallenstein and Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Great Elector and Peter the Great, in our time Mussolini.

Here not the number is characteristic but the percentage. Among artists one finds about 20 per cent mongrels, among scholars even more. I could also set forth how with the disappearance of the blondes from a people first its state-forming power ceases while art and especially science still maintain themselves for a considerable time at a respectable height.

The state that the blond human being creates is the expression of his kind. If he forms a racially self-contained group he lets equality, freedom and brotherhood rule among them: equality as among equals, freedom of the individual of this group, brotherhood as feeling of belonging-together of all despite possible oppositions between individuals in smaller things. The unfree living under him and the foreign-born tribes are without state rights, are indeed subject to the criminal law that has to tame their hostile drives, also often fall under restriction to a certain number: in ancient Sparta they organized hunts on the over-numerous Helots (slaves), down deep into modern times there were laws for the number of Jews that might stay at a place or there annually enter marriage. With that the blondes cease to form a self-contained race-group — as this occurs through the absorption of darker components always after a certain time — the state conditions do not essentially change at first. Instead of the born lords now the de-mixed ones determine the state life who through their capability reach significant position, fit themselves according to their kind restlessly into the group of the born lords, work in their sense. This predominates in modern times. Characteristic for the guardians of order among the blondes is that they perform their services whose significance they fully recognize selflessly, demand nothing beyond the power that gives them the possibility to serve their people according to their best powers, strive for nothing, remain simple in their conduct of life even in possession of the highest dignity and power, above all do not enrich themselves. (Cf. for the following *Race and Politics*, Alexander Duncker Verlag, Weimar.)

In Sparta that counts as type for the order of pure Nordic kind the lords, the Spartiates, about 40,000, formed a racially strictly self-contained group. Sparta was a communist republic with two kings at the head. The possession — 4500 lots — had been equally distributed among the entitled clans. Increase through purchase or gift was excluded. Every individual

knew himself a member of the whole. The whole life was determined by it; it was almost entirely directed to the maintenance of order, all endowments were consumed in it. For the circumstances were difficult. First the domestic ones. There were not only the mentioned Helots but also Perioeci, “dwellers-around,” aboriginal population. The Perioeci possessed political rights as little as among us until recent time the Jews; but through the growth of their number that was not checked they could very well demand them and finally obtain them and thereby change the spirit of the previous constitution in their sense. Then Sparta was threatened by the other Greek states where already not so pure Nordic kind ruled, life was far more adjusted to gain. Hostile invasions therefore threatened. Thus the whole education in Sparta aims at the fitness of youth. Marriage itself serves the breeding of a healthy strong posterity. Unfruitful marriages are dissolved, misshapen and weakly children exposed. Celibacy was extremely rare. On the other hand the arts naturally receded. There was no luxury. But poetry was cultivated — it served especially the fatherland and folk idea — and architecture had opportunity to activity in public buildings. Both were in their strict style that avoided everything superfluous expression of the race.

The fairness of the Nordic human being took up into the rank of the Spartiates those of the Perioeci who had proved themselves in war, likewise the illegitimate offspring of a Spartiate with a non-Spartiate, even a slave woman, if he was educated Spartanly. But thereby foreign blood came into the narrow group. Only personally should the individual have been taken up into the rank of the Spartiates, not however with his descendants. I said of this “fairness” in my *Atlantis*:

O fairness,

thou noble deed of the strong, the sure, the free!

Yet in thee lies the rhyme to the downfall

of thine own kind. Thou art like a blossom

that unfolds radiantly, of gentle colors,

and breathes mild fragrance and therewith

caresses the senses softly, but gradually
spins them about as with a veil
and makes them indolent and the beguiled
at last poisons. Now he notices it
and tears open his eyes and sees death,
the grisly one, through the poison, yet can no longer
move his limbs, indeed not even call:
paralyzed is hand and foot and tongue, nothing
but the eye lives and, oversharper
as always with the dying, the ear. Then he still hears
the laughter of the eternal inner foe
to whom his fairness gave the power
to kill him, hears it and dies
agonizing death through days, months, years,
alas, dies and cannot die, still lives
and yet knows that he lives only because he suffers.

In Sparta in time there came phenomena that undoubtedly point to the admixture of foreign kind: striving for power for the sake of power itself, wars of conquest. But for long Sparta remained outwardly firm; in the war with the Persians it was the leading power. But after about six centuries essentially pure Nordic order the state decayed, characterized above all by the fact that around 250 B.C. the number of the Spartiates that had once been 40,000 had shrunk to 700. Thereby the property relations had been completely changed. In 225 4000 Perioeci were taken up and the land redistributed. Attempts of this kind to renew a state are always in vain. For they bring the guardians of order only still more foreign blood.

Plato, who wrote his state around 368 B.C. when Sparta, his obvious model, was already in decline, distinguished as sharply between free and slaves as the Spartan constitution. The slaves counted for him mostly as “two-legged drones” that he saw leading in his Athens quite a similar life to that led by the state-paid unemployed in democratic Germany today. To be sure these two-legged drones were not all stingless like the winged ones. From the stingless became beggars on their old age, from the sting-armed however all sorts of rogues, thieves and cutpurses and temple-robbers and committers of all infamies (VIII, 6, 7). Just as Sparta limited private property to the allotted lot and introduced iron money so that no one should heap up money Plato too wants to eliminate the striving for money-possession as far as possible. If this is the case the lords of the state are no longer wolves that exploit the working people but faithful watchdogs whose only task is to protect the people and lead it to its best. The lords should possess no earthly gold and silver at all (III, 21).

Plato clothes this in the fable: all are brothers in the state but the god when he created them mixed gold into some, silver into others, iron into the third, bronze into the fourth. Whoever has gold and silver in the blood is destined to be “guardian,” whoever iron or bronze to be craftsman and farmer. Whoever has gold and silver as divine in the soul needs the earthly for that very reason not. But the god commands the rulers above all to be good guardians in this that they watch what metal is mixed into the offspring and that if their own should be born mixed with bronze or iron they by no means have pity on him but put him with the craftsmen and farmers, conversely take up the one born mixed with gold or silver to themselves no matter whence he come. For there is an old oracle that the state perishes when bronze or iron guard it. (In democratic Germany today “iron and bronze” officially guard the state but not in reality. Otherwise things would probably still be somewhat better.)

In the marriage constitution Plato goes beyond Sparta. Also the women should be common (V). But this not at all for indiscriminate and immoderate gratification of the sexual drive but for breeding reasons. Plato expressly mentions the breeding of noble dogs and cocks. Care should be taken that man and woman match in age, that further the best men

associate as often as possible with the best women, the worst however with the worst as seldom as possible. And only the children of the first are raised and even there only the well-formed so that the herd remains flawless. The state joins the individual pairs each time; a community of women in the sense of the communists old and newest Plato by no means wants, and his thought has also not arisen from contempt for woman. He places woman equal to man, demands the same education for her, wants offices assigned to her, indeed even her drawn to military service.

War there is according to Plato only with non-Greeks (V, 15, 16). Among Greeks there is not war but only discord that should be legally settled. The Greeks were at that time still pure blondes as a whole; the non-Greeks, at least those in the east and south, darker peoples, therefore foreign-race. The Macedonians and part of the Thracians were already included in Greekdom. The thought that all light ones form one single great people was still foreign to antiquity. Language separated too much. It still separates today for most people of otherwise same kind. Various circumstances make it difficult, however, to call the blond of another people brother when its language-community stands hostile to one's own, most severely injures one's own. That is now especially the case toward the Jews at home and the French and English. Plato rejects plundering the corpses of slain enemies, robbing temples, burning harvests where it concerns Greeks. That expresses the feeling and the German "militarism," which was indeed the most Nordic in the German people, actually still held so during the World War. The opposite was exception and was unconditionally condemned by the whole. The enemies admittedly held it only rarely so. And after one had recognized the spirit that animated them it was commanded to drop one's own practice. That one did not do it was proof of racial turbidity. The pure blond meets the common as it deserves. He follows his inner law. The mixed-race holds to what somewhere "stands written" or even to what he himself — under conditions that have become untenable — once said.

Plato's state is of course utopia, a lofty picture that never was realized, also could not be realized, but therefore no less characteristic for the innermost kind of the Nordic human being. The purer in race a state, a definite group within a state is, the more it of itself approaches that lofty picture. As near

as Sparta stood to it stood the old Dithmarschen, the old Friesland with its almost equally pure blond free population. The narrower group preserved the Germanic nobility, no matter under what peoples, the law of equality among themselves still long at least in some points. To king could be elected in old Germany every nobleman, likewise in Poland still at a time when in Germany a certain heredity of kingship had already set in. In England Henry VIII still married without scruple and without objection noblewomen without any title. Also in France the old nobility felt itself equal to the royal house. The estimation of a man of same rank was independent of his wealth. Persecuted were taken in without asking whether they would ever pay board and lodging.

In general however there is no longer a closed born-lord class in the newer states. For already in the high Middle Ages very many unfree, the so-called ministerials, were taken into the nobility. The “guardians” were therefore formed by the selection of the most capable. This group was now still mainly high-race but through the constant rise of new people a certain unrest came into the life of the states that is easy to notice.

Still however equality prevails among equals of kind and besides a caring benevolence toward the broad population that in clear recognition that this is necessary is kept in tutelage. Still also one serves the great thought of maintaining order selflessly, without striving for advantages, without using the opportunity for it. Down to very recent time one finds whole guardian classes that fulfill Plato’s demand in all essentials: not to ask after earthly gold and silver because they have it as divine in the soul. The Prussian, indeed the whole German officer class was such. There prevailed truly Spartan discipline, Spartan sense of duty, Spartan simplicity. The officers’ mess corresponds exactly to the Spartan syssitia, the common meals, has by the way developed quite independently of them. In the World War communism among equals often went still further. Also the German official class of earlier time felt itself clearly as bearer of a high task. The incorruptibility of the German official was proverbial. Only in the last decades before the World War a lower-race arrogance made itself felt in the German officialdom; in further course it then went over with flying colors to Bolshevism (called democracy in Germany), feels very well in it for the

main part, became permeated with countless “comrades” and enjoys with them the ringing advantages of the upheaval. A minority admittedly does not feel well. In the German officer class the admixture of lower-race components that had come in especially through money-marriages had likewise shown itself in the proverbial arrogance — also in the degeneration of the officers’ messes to banquets. The officer of the time of William II, who himself gave a very bad example, forms downright a contrast to that of the time of Frederick the Great, indeed still of William I. Spartan personalities like Count Schlieffen, Hindenburg were of course not lacking even in these times, and in the war the old spirit broke through again in the generality and enabled the German officer to deeds that the whole world had to admire.

With the further mixing of the upper stratum with darker blood the ambition of individuals comes ever more strongly to the fore. First it happens that ministers enrich themselves through their position in a way that earlier would have counted as not decent — think of the Saxon minister Brühl — then however climbers make themselves advocates of the masses for whom they demand rights, “human rights.” Idealists unconsciously work into their hands at the same time. The deep brunette Genevan Protestant Jean Jacques Rousseau puts forward his demands in this sense; Count Mirabeau, the blond-haired, brown-eyed, broad-faced mongrel plays his highly questionable role now at court, now before the people to be above all the first man in the state. At the same time Freemasonry penetrates with its watchwords freedom, equality, brotherhood into ever wider circles. The Freemasons had formed a selection. For their circle those three words were expression of their own kind. For the mass that was a chaos of most conflicting components they could only bring confusion. Also Freemasonry itself suffered as soon as it won a larger number of adherents and no longer made such strict selection a deep change of its original spirit. Its goal becomes world-domination. When moreover the Jews gain a dominant position in it it becomes tool in their hand to win world-domination for themselves. The Jews as a whole are an unconditionally deeper mixed-race group that therefore must naturally stand hostile to the high-race, moreover one whose peculiarity is more firmly established through the extraordinarily strong inbreeding than that of any other. Their goal is

temporal advantage. In the old-inherited racial pride they hold every means permitted toward the despised “peoples” (Goyim). They above all have brought unfair competition into European business life but also into literature, art, politics. The high-race despises this kind but falls victim to it.

In my *History of Judaism*, especially in the section “Jewish Socialism,” I have spoken in detail about this. Here I only point to a few things. If people of talent made themselves advocates of the third estate, of the proletariat, this did not by any means always happen from striving for personal advantage. Already the “enlightened absolutism” of the 18th century endeavored to “improve” the human groups that it saw on a lower cultural level. What was not done at that time for the “civic improvement” of the Jews! Everyone strove to make them, who were parasites and pests, useful for the common good. Joseph II who issued a Jew-edict aiming at this wanted even to bring the Gypsies to settlement. Also Rousseau wrote from purest idealism and likewise later the three great apostles of socialism Count Saint-Simon, Fourier and Proudhon. The high-race will unconditionally recognize these men — of whom Saint-Simon himself was high-race, the others near to the Nordic type — as geniuses. But these men did not make themselves leaders of the masses to reach power themselves and then exercise terror. They were also fortunate enough to die before they saw practical socialism. That is nothing other than transferred to politics unfair competition. Through the fact that voting is by heads instead of by what is in the heads they, the unscrupulous in every respect, win the votes of the easily determinable mixed-race mass and work as their alleged mandataries for their own interests.

That this “order” could be constitutionally fixed rests on the strong permeation of the upper stratum with lower-race components. The dark blood weakened in all too many the clear recognition of what the “emancipation” of the Jews, of the proletarians had to lead to. In the Jews one let a gifted foreign people gain a power that had to become ruin to the native people, in the proletarians one gave the Jews who knew how to use them with great skill the voting cattle needed for their purposes. From their own ranks not a few joined the new lordship who tended more in that direction. The higher-race saw the scepter wrested from their hand, could

probably still have maintained the earlier order if they had been firm enough in themselves, but were not, let it rest with a few attempts and withdrew in great number quite from politics, did not even exercise their suffrage in the conviction that their single vote anyway changes nothing. That left the field completely to the mixed-race.

The new order, the dictatorship of the proletariat i.e. of the leaders of the proletariat, has under the watchwords freedom, equality, brotherhood everywhere where it was introduced under this or that name — in Russia, Germany, German-Austria, for 133 days also in Hungary — brought the opposite. There was lacking even any honest endeavor if one regards the deeds, not the altogether incidental speeches. Never were so many decrees issued as under this new order, never was so much bribed, so much “shifted,” never was the freedom of speech, of residence, of trade so restricted. Everything aimed only to create a place at the feeding trough for the “comrades” and to win or at least silence all those who could perhaps be used by allocation of insane salaries. Where the new order appeared quite purely — in Russia, in Hungary and in Bavaria — here everywhere the leaders were Jews — the extermination of the “bourgeois” also already began. In Munich only the ten hostages were murdered, in Hungary thousands fell victim to the Bolsheviks, in Russia millions. One tore out people’s tongues and nailed them to their foreheads, slit open their bellies and stuck their hands into the slits so that they “jingled with money,” chopped off their hands and feet and buried them alive, squeezed their eyes out of the sockets “like peach stones.” One drove women and girls together and set up community of women — in Hungary one had to withdraw the law at the last moment — one let the workers perform worse slave-services than ever and starve on top of it.

The mixed-race mass is partly very satisfied with this order. For many now find opportunity to act according to their kind and above all to acquire money, much money for which all sorts of enjoyment can be bought. The continued devaluation of money does not concern them. The state prints banknotes incessantly, raises salaries for its own incessantly. While the Jewish Bolsheviks in Hungary and Russia took the short way simply to take away from the “bourgeois” his possessions, above all his gold and his

jewels, his property, the new state leaders in Germany and German-Austria — from whose ranks the Jews indeed soon began to withdraw from public view without however giving up their actual leadership — preferred the longer but equally sure way: through devaluation of money they forced the one who is not of their kind and therefore could not turn his money into the respective currency through profiteering and similar to sell his entire possessions gradually to those who now came to money so as not to starve. This Bolshevism called itself “inflation.” It completed the upheaval of November 9, 1918.

The state leaders themselves were deeply mixed-race: Reich President Ebert in Germany, Béla Kun-Kohn in Hungary, Trotsky-Bronstein and Lenin-Ulyanov in Russia. That these men who from a higher standpoint were only expression of those who let them reach that place would give their state a condition of prosperous development was to be doubted, but the power to set up a new order of Nordic kind, perhaps after the model of Italy, has so far only led to more or less noticeable “movements.” In Hungary to be sure one has replaced the Bolshevik rule again with the monarchy and a bourgeois order. And despite all hostile efforts Hungary has been able under its Reichsverweser, the Calvinist noble v. Horthy, to maintain itself up to now and through its good bearing to regain the respect of the world.

The high-race has a heavy position in such a time. There is no pleasure for him in living. But his task is therefore only the greater. He must feel it his duty to work for his kind. He is, however shrunk his number may be, not alone and not the last. It is a matter of gathering all forces, forming a phalanx that by knowing among itself discord but not war, by serving its cause completely selflessly, still represents a power and as such can have significance in the state. Unconditional incorruptibility — by ringing coin as by ringing word — makes it a “rocher de bronze.” If it is this the higher-race can again take confidence that the state will “renew” itself. But the process requires its time. Premature expectations lead all too easily to disappointment.

Religion

The pure-blond people of the Greeks expressed that man creates his gods after his own image. The mixed-race Levant (Bible) lets man be created by God and after His image. That is the opinion taught in all Christian and Jewish schools. For the anthropological way of looking it is a matter of course that every human group has the gods that suit it. If their names and forms have come from outside, as often happens, the no longer understood names themselves become magic words that one hardly dares pronounce. (Thus the Jew has not pronounced the holy Tetragrammaton YHWH for two thousand years.) Their form, their content however changed according to the kind of the new believers, which of course is denied and concealed in official god-doctrine (theology) for a fairly long time through tenacious holding to tradition, to what "stands written." By far the majority of southern Christians are fetish-worshippers whose religion differs from that of African and Polynesian fetish-worshippers only by the artistic value of the fetishes used, and many of the more northern Christians are so too. It never concerns the god that is worshipped but always the people who worship him. The blonde makes the fetish into god, the black makes the god into fetish.

If one looks at the ancient religions created by pure blond people one finds two basic traits: as center of religion the worship of the sun, of fire, of light; as position toward other religions tolerance.

The blond human being originated in the north where there are the sharp contrasts between dark winter and bright summer, between winter-death and summer-life. He recognizes in the sun the awakener of all life, the healer of bodily as of soul sufferings while in the south it is at times an evil god that furthers plagues, kills plant growth. He follows her course with attention; the higher north he lives the shorter orbit she describes in winter, the longer in summer. Around December 25 her power is completely extinguished; then her orbit becomes day by day longer again. Near the polar circle where she disappears completely for one day and reappears the next as a small spark one could say she is "born" on that day. For primitive man has no mere concepts but only representations filled with ideas. One also observed the longest day when she as it were turned to draw smaller orbits again. That was the summer solstice. One often saw the sun in

“struggle” with the clouds and always saw her conquer. Moreover one noticed very early that in the course of the year she rises in a definite circle but in different constellations that she leaves behind after some time, “overcomes.” These are the twelve zodiac signs that one still recognizes clearly enough in the twelve “labors” of Hercules, in the twelve disciples of Christ and many other mythical and legendary traditions.

Sun-worship as far as it worships the sun as good god came from the north as Dupuy and Volney already recognized in the 18th century; it is peculiar to the blond peoples. Where one finds it in the deeper south it was brought there by them. The Christian mission of the last centuries has also carried it to the blacks of Africa and Polynesia. Even from the uttermost distortions it is mostly recognizable.

Fire certainly a part of the black pre-humanity already possessed, knew how to produce. Fireless tribes were still found down to our time, likewise others who indeed used fire but could not produce it themselves, therefore acquired it only by exchange from tribes that possessed it. Only the blond human being has brought fire to ever wider use. To him it became a beneficent power since he learned to tame and guard it. He recognized that it was of the nature of the sun. That was a heavenly fire, fire an earthly sun. He consecrated to it as image of the sun adoration.

Primitive man produced fire by friction from two woods, a hard stick of ash-wood and a soft base of elm-wood that easily crumbled and let the spark spring from its womb. The way of production alone already gave occasion to call the stick “father,” the base “mother,” the fire itself the “child.” One went further in humanization: the child lay in the cradle, the tubs with milk and cream placed around it were cows, it was dripped with butter so that it would grow faster, “anointed” and henceforth called “anointed one” — among the Indians Akta, among the Jews Maschiach (Messiah), among the Greek-speaking Levantines Christos, all of which have this meaning —; but it was not son of the earthly stamp made by the carpenter but rather of the sun, the “father in heaven,” for it was of his kind. In the end it flamed up, striking as it were to heaven and uniting itself with

its father. But it could always be awakened anew, “resurrect,” quite as the sun from winter-death.

Into these processes all human feeling was put by the blondes. Mother and child remained in the background as still the carpenter Joseph in the holy families of Rembrandt — both are always blond like the people who worshipped them, like the flame itself.

The father...

Closer relations to the sun’s course through the zodiac signs can be proved for all “saviors.” (The Englishman Robertson spoke outright of “pagan Christs”; *Pagan Christs* he titled his book about it.) I treat this in *Germanic Faith* (Alexander Duncker Verlag, Weimar) and in the two booklets *Race and Gospel* and *Race and Christianity* (Verlag “Der Mensch,” Leipzig).

In Christianity that we have taken over from outside in its external form everything essential is ancient-Aryan. Whoever has familiarized himself more closely with the myth recognizes in it without difficulty the foreign, the Levantine. Foreign above all is the assertion that it alone is the true, the only saving religion. That offends against the natural tolerance of the blond human being who knows that everyone seeks and finds his salvation on a special path. Foreign is the belief in the absoluteness of what “stands written.” Everything ever written, said is human work, expression of the respective group at the respective time. One honors tradition insofar as it is expression of the same kind, quite as one honors an old man of one’s own race, not however every old man, not the Negro graybeard or the Eskimo graybeard or the gorilla that has become ninety years old. In regard to the Bible Old as New Testament: insofar as it expresses Nordic essence, as in the primal stories up to and including the Flood, in the story of Saul, David, Jonathan, in individual poems like the Book of Job, in some prophets’ passages, some psalms, in Ecclesiastes, in the Gospels, in a few passages of the Pauline epistles (1 Cor. XIII), we can very well hold it high, and this of course also as possible “anti-Semites.” For the knowledge that the Jews of today work disintegration in the state life of our peoples has as little to do with the highest cultural creations of the ancient Jews as our valuation of Homer, the tragedians, Pindar and all the great Greek artists and scholars

of the old time with the little high estimation of the Greeks of today. How much the ancient Judaism was still borne by Nordic spirit and even by Nordic race one sees from my *History of Judaism*.

Foreign furthermore is the holding to the temporal and local fixing of the humanized savior-myth. That a Jesus Christ, also called “Lord” — Greek Kyrios, Hebrew Adon-Adonis — ever lived cannot be proved but is also religiously without significance. Testimonies outside the Gospels that are religious, not historical writings do not exist. What Christian theologians say against it is twaddle. And had ever a human being lived who spoke such and such words, performed such and such miracles, died on the stake and become alive again, his veneration would always only have been hero-worship, not however religion. This Jesus Christ would have been a second Socrates, never however “one with the father,” true God. The blond human being at any rate needs no historicity to feel something as truth.

What is for us the “truth” in Christianity? This: that we feel in its holy legend so many relations to our own essence. For the rationalists the picture of the Savior shrinks to that of a teacher who dies for his teaching. And they themselves would certainly also have crucified him and crucify him in the sense of the eternity and constant presence of the Savior still daily and hourly. They choose from the reports those that are “possible.” Thereby the miracles fall away and around the resurrection they cleverly wriggle in old-proved theologistics. For us every miracle is truth and likewise the resurrection. That the Savior calms the storm, that he feeds the five thousand with few loaves and fishes, that he rises again from night and death, each of us has experienced this.

The Christian church down to the 19th century did not regard the Savior as a Jew who had lived in the time of the emperors Augustus and Tiberius but as God-man. Only rationalism grasped the Savior as historical personality. Approaches to it were of course long present. Already in that the myth was humanized a certain rationalism shows itself, still more in that it was placed in a definite and very near time. Further there already appeared the dogma that made him the “true man.” Rationalism however still let the Savior be true man as well as true God. Only the theology of the 19th century made

the Savior into mere man, completely de-deified him, reshaped him completely after the image of its representatives among whom the well-known “German scholar type” with the tadpole-head predominates.

Fortunately this new Savior is preached from the pulpits only in exceptional cases. Tradition is still too strong. I have also got to know a few pastors who completely disregard the Savior of public theology and preach only the Savior of their own breast. And then it does not matter much whether they with their non-religious part regard the Savior as having lived or not. For they do not preach the Jew of the time of Augustus and Tiberius but the myth. The objectification through a certain time-color is likewise unessential here.

For the theologian it very often comes to severe struggles of conscience. He no longer believes what is taught. He stands before the question whether he can still take up the profession of preacher of the word of God as an honest man. Many must answer no to themselves and then go over to another profession. The guilt lies not with them but with public theology, with the basic conception of religion and religiosity. If theology were still pure Nordic every high-spirited man could become a preacher of the Savior. There would come to no discord. For the divine would count as symbol, as higher truth that rests not on historical facts, on conclusions of thought but on feeling. What offends the Nordic-feeling man is the garment, and that because the garment is presented as essence, the content under it in any case almost completely disappears. It is as with a Baroque figure that under its grotesque puffs hardly still shows the basic forms of the human body.

For the one who has recognized the essence a figure can just as well wear the toga of Caesar as the pomp-costume of Louis XIV.

There are just very many religiously seeking, religiously unsatisfied people today. Especially the sects and conventicles standing beside the official church base their activity on that. Quite rightly. I know closely only the Baptists and the Methodists. I have the impression that there the Savior is still alive although they probably would not admit the unhistoricity of the Christian Savior. But the Jew of about 0–33 A.D. has no significance for them. They gather their communities around the thought of personal

religiosity. The quite high-race man indeed needs least of all association just in his religiosity for therein he is most consciously personal. Religion is for him private affair. But how few are so quite firm in themselves! The “seeking God” is nevertheless a testimony of Nordic essence-part.

The Methodists and Baptists find their adherents mostly among the little people. The mixed-race of the upper classes seek their god in various theosophical, anthroposophical, spiritistic, mazdaznanistic associations. Especially Rudolf Steiner, a deep brunette mongrel from Austria, has many adherents in Germany, above all in strongly mixed-race Württemberg, also after his death. Rudolf Steiner knew everything, decided all questions because it was given to him. He decreed that Alexander the Great had been black-haired — one of his adherents, Graevell, conveyed this decision to me. Thereby the question is settled for his disciples. And however undeniable the reports testify to Alexander’s blondness — “HE has spoken.” All these sophists or -ists give nothing other than again a theology only that they like to use Indian expressions (Karma, Atman etc.) that seem to their mixed-race adherents much more magically powerful than the hitherto used Greek or Greek-Hebrew ones like Christ, Messiah. This has since ancient time been a main reason for the successes of new religions. Again and again our kind catches himself at the thought: one cannot grasp how this swollen twaddle can be listened to by halfway educated people. If one then looks more closely at these people one grasps it and finally even feels a certain diabolical joy in it: they fit their new saviors quite as pugs fit an over-pug.

Of course I do not thereby want to deny earnestness either to those or to these. This earnestness itself is moreover a trait that should not be lacking in the picture; it makes it all the droller. But one is yet in a certain respect somewhat unfair. For this herd of Steiner-worshippers and Mazdaznanists belongs by their relative education so very much to one’s own class that one does not feel inwardly obligated to benevolence toward them. Basically however certainly not a few of them are honestly filled with the urge to give their life that they feel as vain higher content.

Very often however one strives not so much after elevation, after religion as to obtain certainty that one will continue to live after death. One wants to “know” that there is immortality. And in fact those sects appear with the claim to be able to give this knowledge. The pure blond believes only temporarily or not at all in immortality. True he wishes it when someone has died who was dear to him, with whom he would still like to be connected at least spiritually, whom he would like to let share in his striving, creating, whom he believes he has not shown enough love in life. He wishes immortality in such a way for the other; the mixed-race however wishes it above all for his own ego that is the dearest to him in the world. And so the mixed-race comes to have even the “most unsuccessful exemplar” preserved for eternity in his religions. For the Nordic human being the all-life is indeed eternal but not the single life. He in any case has no need to believe in it in regard to himself.

Efforts to de-Nordicize the savior-cult handed down to us are not lacking. Already when Levantine Christianity was taken over by the Germans it changed through the spirit of its new bearers. The god of the Bible merged with their highest god, in Germany with Wotan, in the north with Thor, the Christian Savior with the old-Nordic, with Balder. Various festivals passed into Christianity: the light-festival of Christmas, the festival of the spring-goddess Ostara (Austro). Especially magic spells of the first Christian time show how very often only a renaming was undertaken, Christian names set in place of the “heathen” ones. The Savior of the Old Saxon Gospel poem “Heliand” is a warrior-lord like a proper German. The Reformation (cf. *Race and Race Questions*) is to be understood as a rejection of the southern kind by the purer blondes in the north. It is not fulfilled with Luther and the other reformers but first with personalities like Gustav Adolf, John Milton, Hugo Grotius, Leibniz, Pierre Bayle, Christian Wolff, Frederick the Great, Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Kant. In these who at the same time represent a racially pure group the Protestantism reaches the height of religion with the pure blond peoples of antiquity: the striving for the light beyond every dogma is now the “religion” of the high-spirited individual; toward the opinions of others there prevails complete tolerance, everyone can “become blessed after his own fashion.” This religion found its

total expression in the Freemasonry of that time to which the selection of the best belonged.

In the course of the 19th century mixed-race character came ever more strongly to the fore. Its religion is fetishism. And the fetish of the one is money beside which they either do not need another god or with which they can make any fetish they just trust inclined to themselves, for the others some “god” or other. The first stand spiritually higher, the second morally. From the second comes the reproach against efforts to de-Nordicize Christianity anew that one erects a new Wotan and Balder service. That hits the right thing. Every blond German must have figures as god and savior that correspond to his essence. And this his god and this his savior distinguish themselves from those of the mixed-race quite as he himself distinguishes himself from them. And if Christianity had succeeded in completely eradicating the idea of Wotan and Balder the same figures would still be what we would see if we said “God” and “Jesus Christ.”

With the consciousness that this is so various old celebrations have also been revived, especially the beautiful deeply significant fire-festivals at the two solstices. For one such I wrote the “Fire-Saying”:

Sacred flame, embraced by darkness,
rise and blaze with golden shine!
The unborn, the primordial-passed-away,
in thy sign they are one.
Sacred flame, ever renewing thyself,
burning heart in the bosom of night!
Image for all that is high, that fires,
that kindles flames in our soul!
Sacred flame, that consumes all rotting,
all impure purifying,

flame, thou holy blazing in our heart,

extinguish whatever still nourishes anything impure!

Sacred flame, in time when satanic darkness triumphed to Germany's mockery:

Sacred flame, still for Germanic youth

thou art the faith, thou art God!

Thus for us the core of all religion is the ancient light-faith. To see the sunset fills us with the deepest feelings. It is the death of the god. And so every flaming-up fire, the last candle on the old-Aryan Christmas tree. I know nothing that shakes me deeper. Everything high we present as flame, as light. In the strongest moments of our life we feel ourselves as flame, as part of the all-fire.

And this light-faith lets us not despair even in the deepest darkness. The night must pass, day must come again. We ourselves experience our resurrection ever anew. From the others one likes to ask whether this "religion" suffices us. We must answer: Yes.

Renewal

Germany in its deepest humiliation. After fairy-tale victories that its army, its most Germanic part, won, came the time when its inner enemies became so powerful that they could force the retreat.

We Auslanddeutsche of course who had followed all events in Germany with the most painful passion knew from the very beginning that Germany was lost. We were not deceived by the glorious upswing of 1914 when it seemed the whole Germany was one people, we were not deceived either by the rapid victories, not by the tough perseverance in pursuing a goal. We saw Germany very soon give half of the entire war-work into the hands of foreign-born who hitherto had not proved that they loved Germany and now through their sounding words also did not prove it for us. In the German Reich and likewise in the allied Austria-Hungary where the Germans were still far fewer in number not only the real but even the

name-Germans the entire army-supply and through the war-companies the entire provisioning of army and population was transferred to the enterprising Jews whose interest could only be to create the greatest possible profit for themselves not really to supply army and people. Countless court proceedings that however almost all ran into the sand showed their kind. In Austria-Hungary they drove it quite without shame. The soldiers were sent into the Carpathians with paper soles; Hungarian grain-dealers delivered thousands of carloads of grain over Switzerland to enemy Italy etc. etc. Of course it was not Jews alone and not all Jews. But when in Szeged during my stay there the local rabbi Löw, son of the significant Leopold Löw, said from the pulpit it was “shame and disgrace” (szégyén és gyalázat) how the Jews had conducted themselves in the war and after the war the whole religious community was indignant he only expressed what all decent Jews felt. The deeper mixed-race character of the Jews as a whole manifested itself in the way they immediately made the war a business-conjunction. The deeper mixed-race components of our peoples — basically it concerns only Germans and Magyars for the Slavs and Romanians naturally stood on the side of the Entente — held it quite the same as the Jews. And the Jews could scornfully point out that almost in every one of their trials some German or Magyar man, sergeant or higher officer, occasionally also a Catholic bishop, an aristocrat was involved. Their cleverness downright sought out such accomplices who were always of value in case one “found them out.”

Besides three parties in Germany itself were from the beginning the natural enemies of the Germanic part: the Jews with their whole retinue of people related to them, financially dependent on them or beguiled by their humanity-dripping phrases; the Social Democrats from the extremest anarchists to the rightest Berliner Tageblatt liberals; the Catholic Church. Social Democracy was enemy of the German state because it spiritually strove for the world-republic to which the individual state had to fall victim but in reality of course only worked for the interests of its party or rather of its leaders. According to this state of affairs it could easily be used by the Jews for their special purposes, indeed be called by them outright “Jewish protective troop.” Jewry and the Catholic Church have the same goal: world-domination. For that Germanic Germany must be destroyed. For the

Jews because it is the business-competition, for the Catholic Church because it has broken with Rome. Rome and Judah are therefore united although they know that after the common victory there will still be a final struggle between the two.

We Auslanddeutsche saw in the fact that Germany entrusted half the conduct of the war in such a way to the Jews and their race-relatives in its own people, in that it had already previously let those three parties hostile to its state-life reach such high power the testimony that the group of the “guardians” already lacked the actual state-genius. In times like these the motherland has usually exhausted itself on geniuses of the first order; the colony whither the selection of the most active, most striving, most lordly went still produces some. One recalls the late Roman times when almost all significant statesmen came from Spain, from Africa, from the Balkan provinces. One sets the complete inability of the German diplomats, Bethmann-Hollweg at the head, against the with all ointments anointed state-art of the English, French, Americans. Bethmann-Hollweg declared the march through Belgium an injustice. Thereby the matter was settled. Frederick the Great at the beginning of the Seven Years War had also marched through an allegedly neutral country, through Saxony, but he had asserted he had the proofs of the breach of neutrality in his hands and fetched the files for it from Dresden. The Queen of Poland had had the chest brought into her bedroom; one penetrated. She sat on the chest, she was carried away. Frederick the Great was a blue-eyed blond, Bethmann-Hollweg a wretched brunette mongrel whom one could call a Jew-descendant.

Germany would certainly have been able to defend itself against all its enemies, bring the war to an advantageous conclusion quite as Frederick the Great the war begun under very similar circumstances with Austria, France and Russia. Necessary for that was a Frederick at the head of army and diplomacy and as his collaborators unwavering dutiful men. Also Frederick occasionally worked with Jews, used them — the mint-Jews Ephraim and Itzig are still unforgotten — but he did not give himself into their hand. William II “friend” of Ballin, Katzenstein, Rathenau, Schwabach etc. was tool of the Jews.

Germany could have won if it had immediately taken the necessary measures. These were: takeover of the whole provisioning by Germans, extension of the German administration to Austria-Hungary, unified German army-leadership.

Especially important was that a famine could never have occurred if Austria-Hungary had been administered by Germans. Hungary with Bacska and Banat produces so much grain that there would never have been lack of bread. As it was more than a third of the soil remained uncultivated because the administration had no interest in creating bread. The peasants and farmhands were torn from the clod, the Russians who could till the soil were kept back in prisoner-camps; the women, boys and old men alone could not perform the full work. And what grain grew was partly still delivered to enemy abroad as I mentioned, partly dragged around as long as possible so that only many unclean hands occupied themselves with it. Much also spoiled certainly not to the disadvantage of the middlemen.

In the course of the war the Germanic part of the Germans was further weakened. Precisely from these Germans innumerable fell. They knew what victory or defeat meant and if they were already convinced that victory was impossible, that at best it would come to a draw like many of us Auslanddeutsche they yet did their duty and beyond that it was a holy cause for them just now to stand for their people, to set their whole strength, even if it should be in vain. Something of the old inborn spirit of adventure lived up in them and they therefore still count today, perhaps today especially, the war-years with all their hardships and despite the terrible outcome as their most beautiful time. Many of the best remained outside.

Thus came the November 1918. It found an army that was heavily weakened precisely in its best, in its Nordic part, and at home a people that hungered. One can — however hard it falls — hold the starving-out of the Germans for intended. Not on the part of the Entente; there it was means of war. But the enemies within had quite the same interest to weaken the will of the population by letting them hunger. And they had the provisioning in their hand. Also the year 1848 was preceded by a hunger-year. The hungry man

is capable of anything. He believes much more easily in the Fata Morgana that the clever Bolshevik paints in the air for him.

Since November 1918 more than a decade has passed. The events since then are: inflation, Dawes Agreement and Young Agreement — pauperization of the last possessors from before the war and interest-enslavement of the German people for the present and two generations of the future. The work of the upheaval was only thereby completed. It is here incidental which groups of abroad or at home each for itself or in noble community carried out this work to their advantage, only this is to be established that the whole equally failed at the peace-treaty — the Entente had a much milder second ready at rejection of the first as has now become known — as at inflation, Dawes Agreement and Young Agreement i.e. the left groups were far stronger than the right groups. Also today (November 1929) the greater half of the Germans is Bolshevik-minded — I already noted that I see from the Berliner Tageblatt-liberal to the anarchist a closed chain of closely belonging groups — on the other hand the dissatisfied with the present “order” are anything but a well-organized party. True the Germans showed in the World War as far as it concerned the war with weapons a remarkable organizing-power but the so-called Völkische under which I again summarize a series of groups stand far behind the Bolsheviks in organization. Those are bound by their own advantage, by present interest, these by the fatherland-thought, by the thought of the future of the people. Obviously advantage is a much better cement than the fatherland-thought at least among the Germans. For in my state, in Hungary in early summer 1919 in the fatherland-thought all Christian confessions, all parties and both nations Magyars and Germans actually united and carried out the struggle with the inland Bolsheviks successfully, took up the struggle with the foreign Bolsheviks courageously.

During my three-year stay in Germany I admittedly saw little of party-life. But this I saw that intelligent Jews who perhaps had attended the meetings of the German Day in Weimar (1920) would have driven home smiling and fully reassured. The presentation was so bad, the bearing so little closed that they needed to have no special worry before such opponents. Dirty linen was washed and the effect of one speaker nullified by a following

speaker. In recent time some Stahlhelm and National Socialist meetings and marches have indeed succeeded better.

What is most lacking is this: breadth of vision, lordliness. Within a group bound by so great a goal there must be no unfruitful petty wars, there must be no envy, no pushing, no selfishness. All individual goals are justified that lie on the way to the great goal. I should like only to distinguish two parties: the one is that of order, the other that whose members expect advantages in disorder. Within the party of order every direction is justified. Precisely through the exchange of thoughts much becomes clear. The people who made and took part in the upheaval expected advantages from disorder and they knew how to obtain them.

I myself on the instigation of valued völkisch-conscious friends held a whole series of public lectures on the race question, the Jewish question. The impressions I gained were little favorable. It was especially hard for me to say the words about Germany's renewal that were expected. I was to add oil to the many vinegar so that my salad would taste good. I spoke in German-völkisch circles. I had to assume that a racial selection would assemble. But what sat before me was hardly 10 per cent blond. And I said to myself if I spoke before Jews I would certainly have more than 20 per cent blondes before me.

Far better stands it with youth. There the lightest ones gather of themselves around the German thought as the most spiritually significant express it. They form opposite those who expect advantages in disorder at any rate a group of far more Germanic people. Everywhere one finds movements toward it. Especially the various "youth-movements" are German, Germanic, Nordic according to their essential content. The purity of sexual life is one of the main principles. The danger of alcoholism is recognized. The "youth-movement" itself is abstinent. But also the color-students have through the Köseener resolutions recently abolished the drinking-compulsion usual till then.

The renewal of Germany is possible from all these groups. They are young people who are just beginning to build their life. They are as a whole a selection of the most Nordic, of those for whom an idea means more than

money or any other advantage, selection of such kind according to the spirit and at the same time also according to the body although very many among them are not blond-haired and not blue-eyed. Nevertheless the blond ideal picture probably stands before the eyes and in the heart of all and therein manifests itself the striving that can very well become visible in the children. The genuine German is blond, blue-eyed and of delicate skin. Certainly more than three-quarters of the best Germans, the geniuses in all fields had this type. Whoever confesses to the German-thought but is himself darker in coloring or even of foreign (Polaroid) bone-build should openly say to himself that he just does not stand so near to his ideal picture bodily as is desirable and prove through his conduct of life, his bearing that he at least comes near to it psycho-spiritually. The conviction must penetrate that the narrower group of the German-minded will be the more German the more German, the more Germanic it looks as a whole.

It is still far from that today. Naturally. It is only beginning to form itself out of the chaos.

It is my conviction that the children of those young people who find themselves together from these groups of German-minded will already be far purer Germanic than the parents. The choice here does not happen according to the moneybag, according to advantageous connections but in most cases according to agreement in thoughts and feelings, therefore in the spiritual and soul. There the Nordic part is certainly great in both. I have often seen that mixed-race parents who found themselves beyond the "material interests" produced pure blond children. In nature itself as I showed lies the will to separation of the components, to de-mixing. If in two parents the Nordic essence-parts are strong they must strengthen themselves still more in the children and thereby lead quite the same to the extermination of the dark mixed parts as crass materialism that also marries the rich Negro and Eskimo leads to the extermination of the light ones.

Therein I see the salvation: that the noble-kind in young years unites with a noble-kind woman, man and woman "pure" and led by heartfelt affection and with her in pure marriage begets all children that nature gives.

Whoever comes fifty years after me will then find a generation of beautiful, healthy, firm-in-themselves, clearly surveying the circumstances people to whom it is perhaps again given to be “guardians” in Plato’s sense, to maintain order in full selflessness, to form the backbone of the state-being, and if not that then at least among themselves a firm castle in the midst of the mixed-race commonness, defying all assault in blood-brotherly closedness.

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