



TOWARDS IDENTITY AND THE GALACTIC EMPIRE

Autobiographical Notes

David Myatt

Part One

Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire.

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after nearly forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.

Introduction

It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my past political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how I was described by others or even by myself. Outwardly, my life appears rather strange, and occasionally contradictory. For in the past thirty years I have been a Taoist, a Buddhist, a revolutionary activist on behalf of an ultra-nationalist cause, a Christian monk, a pagan, and a student of Islam.

I have been a vagabond, a writer of pagan poetry and ancient Greek translations. I have been in prison twice for deeds connected with political activity, and am facing possible imprisonment again because of things I have written and am alleged to have written: political writings of which the State does not approve. I have travelled widely around this beautiful, diverse world of ours; watched and sorrowed as my wife died of cancer; wandered through deserts and over mountains; been described variously by dishonourable journalists as "an evil genius", the "most evil Nazi in Britain," and of being the evil mastermind behind a world-wide Occult-fascist terrorist conspiracy dedicated to overthrowing Western governments.

More recently, I have been called a "theoretician of terror" and a "deeply subversive intellectual".

Given such dishonourable and often fanciful allegations, and given the dishonourable rumours and allegations which have been made and which are still being spread about me, I feel it necessary to write, briefly, about myself. For whatever others say, write or believe, I am an honourable man. There was always an honourable purpose behind what I did, what I said, and what I wrote. Not that I believe that what I write now will make a great deal of difference - for dishonourable cowards will still spread rumours just as dishonourable journalists will continue to invent lies and make or repeat baseless accusations and rumours in the knowledge that they will make a better story. And whether these journalists know it or not, such lies, accusations and rumours also serve to support the dismal, dishonourable, un-numinous, and increasingly tyrannical, Establishment status quo.

For years, I challenged some of the people making these allegations and repeating these rumours to face me, man to man, and to fight a duel with deadly weapons according to the etiquette of duelling. Not one of them had the courage, the honour, the decency to accept, just as few people on hearing or reading such allegations or rumours had the honour to contact me in person and ask for my side of the story. Indeed, one of the dishonourable cowards who had made allegations about me even went round spreading the rumour that I had "bottled out" and did not turn up at a supposed arranged meeting(1)), just as others continue to spread their lies and dishonourable allegations in publications, over the Internet and elsewhere. I maintained a dignified silence. Unlike such people, I believe in and uphold honour, and, unlike them it seems, I was prepared to face death to prove it by fighting a duel with deadly weapons. I made my challenge, several times and in public, and it was ignored. These people only show themselves up for what they really are by their behaviour and verbal abuse, and if some people are convinced by their lies, allegations and rumours, then it does not say much about these people either.

Galactic Empire and Future Evolution

Since a very early age I believed that our future evolution depended on us freeing ourselves from the chains of this world and venturing forth to explore and colonize the stars. For I felt that it was this new freedom, brought by venturing forth to the stars, which would give us the great challenges needed to evolve still further, and naturally, into another type of being. And it was the pursuit of this ideal which I believed would create noble individuals and a noble, civilized, society.

It was this great vision of Galactic Empire which has inspired me in my life-long political activity, and it was the great vision of a Galactic Empire created by human beings which has motivated me to do what I have done in politics. I knew even at that early age that two things would be required to make this vision real - the technology to enable us to travel to the stars, and the right type of society, at first here on Earth, to create the will and the means to travel into Space and build an Empire. Soon, however (when I was about fourteen years of age) I came to believe that all present societies were lacking something important and that it would probably be necessary to somehow create an entirely new type of society. Where was the spirit of Empire, of conquest - of the desire to seek knowledge and new worlds? It did not exist anywhere on Earth in any contemporary society, although at first I admit I was impressed by the Soviet Union and began to study its history and politics. But before long, I was disillusioned. Where were the warriors whom I believed were necessary to create and maintain a real Empire? Where their élan, their ethos? All I found was dispiriting Marxian dialectics.

This great vision of a Galactic Empire took shape for me when I around thirteen years of age and interested in Physics and Astronomy. Unmanned probes had already been launched to the Moon and Mars and the Apollo program was in the planning stages. It seemed then that Space was indeed "the Final Frontier" just as it seemed we could be building colonies on the Moon and Mars within fifty years and then venturing forth toward the stars. Surely it was only a matter of time before someone, somewhere, invented some kind of Star Drive to replace the rather primitive rocket and enable us to travel near or faster than the speed of light?

So it was that I began a serious study of Physics, and particularly the theory of Relativity, trying to understand Space and Time, and the very cosmos itself. I also began to study History, trying to find some clues to how to build the new society which would be needed. I studied ancient Empires from Sumeria to Egypt through to Greece and Rome, and from Europe to China. I studied ancient Greek, Latin, Chinese and Sanskrit - but soon had dropped them all except Ancient Greek, even though at the time I was living in the Far East and could easily have continued with Chinese and Sanskrit. For I became more and more enthralled by ancient Greece - the heroism of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, the travels and adventures of Odysseus, the warriors of the Iliad..... For months I carried around with me a copy of Thucydides and often it seemed as if I belonged in those times more than I belonged to the modern world with its lack of adventure, lack of élan, and disrespect for the ethos and ways of the warrior. But always my vision of a future Empire, founded by warriors, drew me back to the present.

One day I saw a demonstration of Martial Arts, and thereafter made a determined effort to learn such warrior skills. Thus I began a study of Taoism, for it was explained to me that this was the basis of the Martial Art I had seen. I began to feel that Taoism might be a way to raise our level of consciousness and so develop ourselves, as human beings, just as I felt that it was perhaps a rational explanation of our human identity and our relation to Nature. For I had been aware of Nature in a personal way since my early years in East Africa - some of my earliest memories are of Africa: sunsets, a dusty track of reddish earth through the bush, wild animals on the plains, snow on Kilimanjaro.

A few years later, my study of this Martial Art led me, through Bushido, to Buddhism and began my life-long admiration for the way of the Japanese Samurai and the Japanese way of life itself. I also came to admire the short-lived modern Empire the Japanese had created and those, like Yukio Mishima, who sought to revive the Samurai spirit. I was at University, I remember, when news came of his warrior death. I understood it at once, even though a friend of his, whom I was with at the time, did not, and if there was one deciding event which moved me away from the academic study of Physics and the technology of Space Travel toward full-time activity in revolutionary politics it was this.

But back in my schooldays, the main focus of my study gradually came to be Physics, and I yearned to go to England to read Physics at a University, believing that I could find or develop some theory which would lead us to travel toward the stars. And it was on arriving in England that I came across National-Socialist Germany for the first time. O level examinations came and went, and the more I learned about NS Germany, the more it seemed to me to be the answer. Here was something inspiring, something surely possessed of élan and warrior spirit. The martial music, the marching columns, flag after flag waving in the breeze of Destiny. I felt there was something incredible here - in the struggle and victory of Adolf Hitler. And there was von Braun, architect of NASA's exploration, beginning his work in Germany.

Surely, had Germany won they would have gone on to conquer and build a path to the stars! And there was the SS - built upon and dedicated to the warrior code of honour and whose motto was "My honour means that I am loyal." What battles they had fought! What sacrifices they had made! Here were ancient Greek heroes come alive again - Degrelle rising from enlisted soldier to General, fighting his way across the battlefields of Russia and finally escaping his enemies by flying across the whole of Allied occupied Europe; a single Waffen-SS man storming a Russian tank with his last grenade as his whole company lay dead around him having fought to the death in the Battle of Berlin.

There were still some things which troubled me, particularly the claim of extermination of the Jews. But revisionism was just beginning, with claims that the extermination was a myth, just Allied propaganda, and that there was no policy of extermination. For months, I busied myself doing my own research. I wanted to believe it was a myth and it was not long before I did accept it was a myth. With that, my conversion was complete. I believed I had found the prototype of the ideal society which was needed to begin the committed exploration of Space, create the Galactic Empire and so continue our evolution as human beings. In particular, I felt an affinity with what I understood to be the ideal of Blood and Soil - that is, a real respect for Nature, for the land, and an understanding of our own place in Nature. And for thirty years - with the exception of a few years - through both overt and covert means, I strived to create, through a revolution, a new society based upon NS Germany believing it was the right, the necessary and the honourable thing to do.

Early Political Activism

My O levels gave way to A levels and I still plugged away at Physics, with less and less enthusiasm as I saw the world forsaking the dream of Space exploration and increasingly forsaking honour. More and more of my time was taken up with politics, and although I did get to University, my heart was elsewhere. For I believed it was my duty to help create the society needed and that while I might personally wish to discover a new theory in Physics or invent a Star Drive, what I personally might wish to do was not important. I was aware that nothing was being done on the practical level to create the type of society I believed was necessary to begin the real quest into Space and then one day build a Galactic Empire. All I saw was the Space program itself being cut-back, and future plans for exploration abandoned. And where were the modern warriors who would create the revolution necessary to build the new society which was needed? So I became more and more involved with practical politics, forsaking my learning of Physics to attend demonstrations, go on marches, meet people and study politics and history. I was optimistic - perhaps in five or at least ten years time we would have the revolution needed and could begin the real work - and it seemed natural, one day, that I leave University and instead help create this revolution.

For several years, I toiled away, doing all I could to help promote National-Socialism, often under cover of various nationalist organizations. Even two spells in Prison did not deter me - a revolutionary activist should expect such things. But, gradually, my naivety and optimism faded mainly because the honour, loyalty and commitment to duty I expected from fellow political comrades was often absent. It was disturbing, for instance, to find people whom you trusted spreading rumours about you behind your back and striving to tell tales just so they themselves appeared in a good light. But I realized even then that all such people needed to change them into honourable,

idealistic, individuals, was good leadership: someone to motivate and inspire them. For a while, I tried to be a leader, and although I did possess some leadership qualities, I lacked some of the basic qualities a revolutionary leader required. In particular, I lacked patience, and was often inclined to react to situations and events with more emotion than was perhaps required, just as I sometimes rushed into things without carefully considering all the consequences. (See Addendum I below.)

One of my terms of imprisonment resulted from me leading a gang of skinheads in a racial attack, for I was not adverse to violence. On the contrary, I regarded violence - used for some supra-personal purpose such as to aid politics - as a purifying, necessary and maturing experience, just as I regarded "skinheads" as healthy young Aryans: as young lads who possessed the right instincts, the right attitude to life. For I understood what came to be called "the skinhead cult" as a natural Aryan, working-class, rebellion against bourgeois values and the anti-Aryan multi-racial society.

But, occasionally, during these violent years, even my own enthusiasm waned, a little, for I was still hoping that a real revolutionary leader would emerge to lead us to victory. Often, it was music which re-inspired me. J. S. Bach, Vaughan Williams, Beethoven. I would stand, or sit, in my garret listening to a sublime piece of music such as the opening of Bach's St. John Passion, and I would be overwhelmed with both sadness and joy, with my very soul reaching out into the blackness of infinite Space. There was, and had been, so much sadness in the world, so much sorrow, so much suffering - and yet: and yet there was greatness, a towering spirit of nobility to cause us to triumph even over ourselves, over our own weakness. And how much there was still to achieve! How much there was to discover, to know, to see - world upon world, star upon star, galaxy upon galaxy.....

But more and more the mundane reality of the world with its lack of genuine revolutionary leadership seemed to obscure this vision.

During these years my studies into how to understand and increase our abilities and consciousness had continued. I read Jung and began to study alchemy, then both the Western and Eastern mystical and Occult traditions. But there was very little substance, and certainly nothing that I could find which offered anything useful in the quest to continue our own evolution, or even explain in a rational way the ultimate meaning of life and the origin of such things as honour and the numinous. Furthermore, with my own scientific background, and my acceptance of reason as one of the foundations of our humanity, I found these traditions ultimately flawed. In my quest for knowledge and understanding I did attend some harmless Occult ceremonies, and even met one modern alchemist who had his own laboratory and was attempting to create the Philosopher's Stone. But I never actually became an Occultist, and certainly not a 'Satanist' as some claim, for I understood even then why and how Occultism and

National-Socialism (the world view and way of life I accepted) were totally incompatible. Years later, I was to write my Occultism and National-Socialism in an effort to explain these fundamental differences, and dispel a little of the anti-Myatt propaganda.

However, I did later on realize how esoteric type groups could be useful instruments in fermenting revolution. At the time, I was associated with the underground National-Socialist group Column 88 and it was this group which gave me the idea of concentrating on covert action. For I was coming round to the conclusion, following the failure of nationalist organizations to gain any real success, that any and all means were justified to undermine and bring down the System - the Establishment, the State itself. I regarded the State and its officials as our mortal enemies. Revolution - and a new society built upon honour and idealism - were the goal, and any means were justified in an attempt to bring about the revolution and create the new society, the New Order, which would build the foundations for a future Galactic Empire. If I or others had to suffer and die to do this, then so be it. I felt the future was slipping away from us.

Perhaps I should add - in view of recent allegations and rumours regarding Column 88 - that I regarded it then, as now, as an organization of dedicated and sincere National-Socialists which was trying to keep alive the National-Socialist spirit and trying to bring together National-Socialists from various countries. On several occasions I tried to persuade its organizer to take a more militant, and revolutionary stand, and a short speech I gave at one of C88's Fuhrerfests about the need for practical covert action was well received. But as far as I am aware, nothing substantial was done.

The unsubstantiated allegations about C88 allege it was the British part of a pan-European network, called Gladio, set up and trained by Special Forces units to act as an underground resistance in the event of a Soviet invasion of the West. Some journalists have even said that the person behind all this was Colonel David Stirling, founder of the British SAS. But as far as I was concerned, C88 was simply a covert National-Socialist organization.

Vagabond and Monk

After over six years of often violent political activism I became disillusioned with politics, and in particular with the leadership of the various "Right-Wing" organizations. Several incidents combined to make me re-think my plans and my way of life. The first was when, at one of my criminal trials following a demonstration and brawl, I surmised, rightly or wrongly, that one of my so-called comrades must have secretly co-operated with the Police in order to clear himself and incriminate me. For that was the only conclusion I could draw from events. The second was when, at this same trial, a Policeman lied under oath when recounting the events that led to my arrest. Perhaps I

should have been angry - perhaps I should have become more fanatical than I was. Instead, I felt rather sad. The Police Officer may well have been put under pressure by his superiors, and put his career before the truth. These two incidents, combined with many others involving dishonourable conduct by people, led me to walk away from active politics, and people. For a while I wandered around, a vagabond. Initially, this was interesting and enjoyable as I aimed to be like the Taoists I had studied and learned from. Then, worn by fatigue, hunger and cold, I became stoical, and then finally accepting in a proper Taoist way. I settled down to live in an unheated caravan, reading about Taoism and Buddhism, and writing poetry. I travelled some, thought a lot about the meaning of life, and lived a while in a Buddhist monastery, trying to gain insight, enlightenment and a higher consciousness - to perhaps open a portal that might lead to the stars. There were moments of great peace; and moments when I believed I understood things. For a while, I considered myself a Buddhist. But there were moments of doubts, and then a restlessness because a part of me always felt I was being selfish, that I was shirking my duty to create a better world. I was torn between trying to live an inner peaceful vision, and striving to create a new society where others might one day understand and share this vision. For a long time I wrestled with questions such as: how can people be motivated to create a better world? In the end, I always seemed to come back to politics, and to motivating people through appealing to what I then understood as their sense of identity: their homeland and "national" culture.

And it was this that led me back toward Christianity and the cultural traditions of my ancestors. I remember listening to one of those programs that Radio Three used to do so well and hearing ancient Gregorian chant, as I remember re-reading for the first time in years the poetry of T. S. Eliot and the writings of Goethe, Boehme and others. But it was a performance of J. S. Bach's Matthew Passion which sealed my fate. For the first time in my life I felt the allegory of the birth, life, and passion of Christ - not read about it, or thought about it or studied it, but felt it in all its numinosity in my heart. Perhaps, after all, there were mysteries here which would bring personal understanding, inner peace and perchance a new world.

Slowly, I came back to the Catholic Church of my family and thereafter it was a logical step to enter the noviciate of Christian monastery and study the mystical and esoteric traditions of the Church. After a while, I thought deeply about my political beliefs and whether they were as I believed a way to create a better world and then a Galactic Empire. After what seemed a long and somewhat anguished time, I decided they might be. I was not a very good monk, for I lacked the humility required and took to running a great many miles through the valley, its forest and around its lakes to try and quell my restless nature. I even tried to teach Martial Arts to one of the monks but he soon decided it was not for him just as I came to the conclusion that monastic life was not for

me. I had a duty to strive for what I believed in and I was shirking that duty by hiding away in a monastery. In addition, I greatly - sorely - missed the company, and the companionship, of women.

Perhaps I should add, in view of recent and older speculation about what some regard as my "change of beliefs" that I even then regarded Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity, classical Hinduism and the many other Ways which I had studied as not being incompatible with National-Socialism - or rather, as not incompatible with the esoteric Hitlerism explicated by Savitri Devi, Miguel Serrano and others.

Covert Action

I left the monastery wanting to do my honourable duty, but unsure of how I might do this duty, or even what this duty really was. For a few years, I worked in various occupations - including a year spent as a Nurse - travelled a great deal, and strove to find answers to the many questions which perplexed me, and as the years went by I came to focus more and more on personal honour and the way of the warrior. This brought me back to my warrior ancestors - then the striving for a new Empire, and National-Socialist politics as a means to create this, or at least begin the quest. I also began trying to make real the ideal of Blood and Soil by creating a small rural community, but nothing came of this - it was just too impractical, given my meagre resources and the lack of interest from others. In respect of more practical politics, I had hitherto followed what had become the accepted strategy within National-Socialist circles - try to work within what was called the 'democratic system' by either infiltrating nationalist organizations, and gaining converts, or creating a National-Socialist political party to win or seize power.

This strategy did not seem to be working. I had yearned, and did again yearn, for a National-Socialist revolution within ten years - perhaps fifteen at the most. My political life began nine years previously. After nine years, the NSDAP of Adolf Hitler had hundreds of thousands of members and was a powerful political force, within striking distance of power. We had a few hundred committed followers, and even the nationalist organizations had only a few thousand members, with no political influence and no prospects whatsoever. Where were the organizations we needed? Where was the leader to lead us to victory? I knew I lacked the qualities necessary to be a leader as I believed I knew that overt political action - working within the System to overthrow the System by winning elections - would not work. It had been tried for decades without any success. Perhaps covert action was the only way to create the revolution?

Remembering my Occult studies of years ago, I conceived a plan to use or if necessary create secret Occult-type groups with several aims. These groups would be allied to and aid a real covert organization dedicated to the overthrow of the System. One of the aims of these Occult-style groups was to infiltrate people into various positions in society where they could aid our Cause; another was to subvert people in influential positions by drawing them into these secret groups and then gradually converting them to the Cause. Another was to try and establish international links and spread the idea of a world-wide revolution and world-wide National-Socialist renaissance. The final aim was to attract people to these groups and gain information from them, using one obvious means which various other intelligence groups had used over the centuries to gain useful information. Since I once again passionately believed that any means were justified in bringing down what I regarded as a tyrannical, oppressive System, I had no doubts about following this strategy and using the tactics necessary. Always I had before me my aim of creating a National-Socialist revolution - the first step toward the conquest of the galaxy.

In pursuit of these covert aims I infiltrated several already existing Occult-type groups and created a new one. For many years, I continued with this strategy and did gain some converts for the Cause, both in this country and in other countries. However the results and meagre achievements were far outweighed by the problems these groups caused, and the time came when I judged this strategy a failure. One of the greatest problems was the lack of a real underground movement planning and organizing a real, practical revolution by force. There were several attempts to form such organizations, but they did not last either because they were soon infiltrated by the Security Services or because the right type of people could not be found. Most who agreed with the aims and methods of such organizations preferred words to deeds, and almost all were not prepared to put their life and liberty on the line for the Cause. Some would agree to do things, but when the time for action came, so did the excuses for not acting.

So, while some converts were obtained, and some useful contacts made by means of the Occult-type groups, there was no sense of any progress toward the aim of revolution. I also came to the realization that such a covert organization would only be useful if it was aiding a proper political covert direct action group whose aim was insurrection and chaos and then a political revolution, just as I came to the conclusion that if a covert direct action group was properly organized, and followed the right strategy and tactics, then it did not really need the support of such subversive Occult-type groups.

Combat 18 and the NSM

After abandoning that particular form of subversive strategy, I busied myself with travel, translating ancient Greek literature, and once again seeking answers to the perplexing questions about life. I veered back toward Buddhism, away from active politics, then after a while back toward political involvement, and began writing about the Cause I believed in. I had originally intended only to write a concise introduction to National-Socialism but on completion of this I decided to write some more to try and express in words what I felt and understood about the way to create a better world. This way was the way of honour, loyalty and duty. In addition, I began to circulate a small newsletter, 'The National-Socialist' in the hope of inspiring others and rousing them remember their warrior heritage and culture. It was around this time that the London-based group Combat 18 was becoming well-known, and it seemed to me that many of those involved with this group were doing what was necessary - revolutionary street-action in the name of National-Socialism. I came to admire them and openly declared my support for them. I also gave a personal pledge of loyalty to Combat 18's leader, Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.

In a short space of time Combat 18 had built up a fearsome reputation and done what no other group had done - gained street power from those opposed to National-Socialism. Not surprisingly, the Press, aided by MI5, began a campaign to discredit C18, as both MI5 and Special Branch sought to infiltrate and disrupt the organization.

In article after article, in letter after letter, in discussion after discussion, I warned of the danger and urged people to uphold the values of honour, loyalty and duty. I also urged them to consider that the best way forward was a proper National-Socialist organization and to forget plans and talk of an imminent armed insurrection, for - as I had discovered from practical experience - the time was not yet right for such plans: we needed the people first, properly motivated, in their thousands, and we had but dozens. But the poison of the State took effect.

People in nationalist organizations began to believe the clever MI5 dis-information about C18 being a MI5 run group, created to disrupt the so-called 'nationalist cause'. Some nationalists even went so far as to describe Charlie and Steve as 'informers'. Perhaps MI5 were also successful in disrupting C18 itself, or perhaps it was only the result of the ego and disloyalty of one individual.

Whatever the first cause, open feuding broke out between the two C18 factions, resulting in one death, and the arrest for murder of Charlie Sargent and his loyal comrade Martin Cross. I was honour-bound to stay loyal to Charlie Sargent, and decided to form and lead the National-Socialist Movement to continue the work he had begun.

As a result, a smear campaign against me began. Rumours of Occult involvement - never entirely absent thanks to a few dishonourable and cowardly individuals - increased. But I believed I could ignore them as I hoped others around me would ignore them and hold fast to honour, loyalty and duty.

The decision for me to come back into public prominence by forming and leading the NSM was easy, even though I knew what would happen with regard to rumours about me, and even though I never intended to stay for long as the leader, lacking as I did the qualities of leadership. Yet, secretly, in my heart, I yearned for a quiet rural life, working on a farm and undertaking Greek translations in my spare time.

However, the decision to form and lead the NSM was easy because I felt it was my duty - I believed I was responsible for what had happened to Charlie as I believed that someone had to publicly support him. I was responsible because in truth I - the exponent of honour, loyalty and duty - should have done something to prevent the situation that arose. I should have tried to bring the factions together on the basis of duty to the Cause first and foremost. I even went to Charlie's committal proceedings, after he had been charged with murder, in the belief that matters could even at that late date be sorted out. For I had a somewhat naive belief that the opponents of Charlie would see reason, ignore MI5 dis-information, and agree to put loyalty and the Cause first.

But the more I found out about what had happened, and was happening, the more I knew there could be no compromise with those who had betrayed Charlie, particularly by giving evidence against him in Court. This betrayal by giving evidence in a Court of Law was totally unacceptable behaviour - totally dishonourable. For we National-Socialists regarded the State and its Institutions such as the Police as our enemies, as we believed we should settle any disputes among ourselves in our traditional warrior way through a fair fight or a duel.

Moreover these people continued parroting MI5 dis-information, and accused both Charlie and Steve of being informers when the truth was that the leader of their faction was the biggest informer of all, helping as he did to convict Charlie and Martin and supporting as he did the State and its dishonourable laws. Twice we who were loyal to Charlie waited for this informer and his supporters to turn up to sort matters out with a fair fight, once at Chelmsford and once in north London - and twice they did not turn up.

Several times I publicly challenged this person to a duel with deadly weapons. He never contacted me, but one of his supporters did send me an abusive E-mail, as this supporter and other supporters of his continued to spread rumours and allegations about me. I decided to try and maintain a dignified silence for I believed the Cause was more important than a personal squabble. But I myself was now in the firing line, being the leader of what was regarded as the loyalist faction of C18. So an intensive campaign was launched against me, of the kind the State favoured because they knew from experience that it worked.

First, they used their informers in nationalist groups to spread dis-information about a person, knowing that the rumours, gossip and allegations would soon spread, given the dishonourable nature of some people. Second, they had a few of their tame journalists sniff around and concoct some sort of expose of the person. Third, they got the Police to raid the dwelling of the person and arrest that person on whatever they thought might result in a conviction, using the raid to sift through political and private documents in an attempt to find anything incriminating or useful to them. Fourth, they tried to use dis-information to drive a wedge between the person and his supporters - using Police officers and Police informers and anyone they could to try and get these supporters to be suspicious of that person, for they knew that true loyalty was a rare commodity and that often people believed the worst on the most feeble of pretexts.

Thus did the Police arrest me and several other members of the NSM in what was a long-running and international investigation into Combat 18, involving MI5, Interpol, the FBI and a Special Operations unit of Scotland Yard.

I weathered all these storms sent by the State, as did our small band of loyal supporters. But it was not long before I concluded that, with me as leader, the NSM was not achieving what it should. I had never intended to lead the organization for very long, aiming only to do what I considered necessary, chief among which was to publicly support Charlie and continue along the path he himself had begun to take before his arrest. Nevertheless, it was with some sadness that I resigned as leader of the NSM. I resigned because I believed it to be the best thing for the Cause I had fought for and because I knew I did not have the qualities of a true leader.

I continued to produce The National-Socialist and other publications, and thought much about the best way to begin the creation of a Galactic Empire. It seemed that another set-back on the road to revolution had occurred. Thirty years on, after years of effort, I had not achieved a great deal. I had achieved a little notoriety, of the wrong kind, which surely pleased my opponents be they in positions of State power or otherwise.

For a while I believed it was a mistake for me to resign - for the disloyal, dishonourable opponents of Charlie had no one to publicly oppose their lies. Such is the nature of these people that they - and others like them - were using as evidence against Charlie national newspaper articles and television programs written and produced by arch enemies of National-Socialism, saying that these articles and these programs "proved" that Charlie was an informer and that the original C18 was an MI5 set-up. And they said and wrote these things despite their past rhetoric and their past beliefs that such newspapers and such programs were tools of the State. In their attempt to defend their conduct they used the dis-information of MI5 and anti-fascist groups, just as MI5 and those groups hoped that they would.

But as the Police investigations following my arrest continued - with me being investigated for incitement/conspiracy to murder and incitement to racial hatred - I began to consider what new strategy might be used to bring about the type of society needed to build a future Galactic Empire: and in particular what tactics might and should be used to overthrow what I still regarded as an evil, tyrannical, System dedicated to everything which I and all National-Socialists loathed and detested.

A New Beginning

For months, I toiled on a farm, doing good, honest, manual labour. I spoke to no one about politics, and wrote nothing about politics. Most of the time I worked by myself, outdoors, in all weathers, and slowly, like Winter changing into Spring, I began to realize how little I knew, and how little I understood, despite some of the rhetoric of my past. I seemed to slip back in time. Decades - to the days spent as a homeless vagabond; further still - to my childhood with my often happy memories of Africa and the Far East.

There was a river near some of the fields where I worked and I would often go and sit there during my lunch-break, watching the clouds, the water, the wildlife (a Kingfisher, for instance), and my own slow thoughts. Here was life, and it seemed to me many times that the distant life of the distant cities and towns was somehow unreal with its speed, its haste, its consumerism based on abstract ideas unconnected with Nature and the cosmos itself..

I was but a speck of life, carried along by a river which began somewhere and ended somewhere else, and I could no more control the river than I could control the star around which the planet I lived on orbited.

What was Nature? A separate being of some kind? Were we slowly, in a painful, harrowing often unconscious way, working our way toward understanding, toward finding and expressing our humanity? Was it right for me - for any of us - to have a

concept of an ideal society, constructed by our own imperfect, fallible, thoughts, and strive for this, whatever the cost in human terms? What were ethics? Were the suppressed, natural, ethics of my own culture really different from the ethics accepted by all modern States? What, really, was the origin of the good? What, indeed, were our own origins, as beings? Evolution - or God? There were many things I did not know, and many ways yet to explore.

So it was that I embarked upon a new quest which led me to seriously study Islam.

David Myatt

(Revised JD2452991.767)

Addendum I:

NDFM - David Myatt and Eddy Morrison

Leeds 1972-1974

Recently, a former political associate of mine - Eddy Morrison - has written his version of some events which occurred in and around Leeds between the years 1972 and 1974. Since his version of events differs from the reality I remember it is only fitting that I present here "my side of the story".

It should be noted that - despite some personal and political differences between myself and this person - I steadfastly defended him for well over ten years, often praising his commitment and dedication to "the Cause". In the 1980's I had occasion to defend and praise him to John Tyndall, then leader of the BNP. This led Tyndall to comment: "your loyalty to him is commendable..." Yet I was to learn that this person - or Street Soldier as he styled himself - had also been in contact with Tyndall, and "warned Tyndall about me", having sent copies of newspaper articles about me containing unproved and dishonourable allegations of involvement with Satanism. Tyndall was one of the very few people, over the past three decades, to have the honour, the decency, to ask me in person for "my side of the story".

However, I still admire Eddy Morrison - for his steadfast commitment to the Cause, and because he was, for several years, a great friend who often went out of his way to help me.

Ok, we thought, if they want trouble we'll go over the top. We booked an open air public meeting for a Saturday morning (1973) and again our blaring red posters announced that our National Leader, Colin Jordan would be speaking. When we arrived (about twenty of us), the whole area was occupied by a veritable sea of reds. Not only IS turned up to stop our speaking, but the Communist Party and a host of smaller groups. We were badly outnumbered but steamed into the reds. In a few seconds, fist fights had broke out all over the Town Hall steps. I was struggling with a Zionist "class warrior". I noticed Dave Myatt was on the floor being kicked by the reds. We pulled him away and with a few cuts and bruises to our credit, we beat a hasty but sensible retreat. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.) Morrison, it seems, is mixing-up two separate events, separated by a year. The only time in those often violent years that I was "on the floor, being kicked by Reds" was during the later outdoor demonstration of the NDFM at Leeds Town Hall steps when I was jumped on from behind by a Red, who was then jumped on by a Policeman with all three of us tumbling down the steps. I landed on my back, pinned down by the Policeman. It was then that some cowardly person kicked me twice in the head after which I was arrested and taken to a nearby Police Station.

From the first it was attack, attack, attack! Our first activities included the turning over (twice!) of an Anti-Apartheid Exhibition in Leeds. Another activity that got us a stack of publicity and our first arrests, was a counter-demo to an Anti-Racist march in Bradford. This one hit the news because some of our lads captured their main anti-racist TUC banner and publicly burned it! (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.) I was the one responsible for both the attacks on the Anti-Apartheid Exhibition (which attacks were my idea), on each occasion accompanied by only one other activist. I was also arrested at the Anti-Racist march in Bradford and charged with destroying the anti-racist banner. It should also be noted that while Eddy Morrison and myself jointly formed the NDFM, I was the one who agitated for its creation, eventually convincing him the formation of such an organization was a good idea.

At this time I had the unpleasant duty of rooting out and expelling a small bunch of "Satanists" who thought that tying our White Nationalism with their weird cult practices would get us front page publicity. It did! But although they say any publicity is good publicity, it isn't always. I had to take a bunch of our inner core harder members and eject about seven of these Cult people from our membership and ban them from our HQ. It was a pity as one in particular whose name I have mentioned earlier was a stalwart founder member. Why he went off the rails I'll never really know, and expelling him was painful but very necessary. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

There was no small "bunch of satanists": just one newspaper article which made sensational claims about me. I had in my naivety decided to give an interview (my first) with a journalist to talk about our new NS movement, the NDFM. I briefly mentioned how it might be possible for chaos to be created by subversive means, and subversive groups, as a prelude to a revolution which an NS movement could take advantage of, just as I made one passing reference to having a theoretical interest in "the Occult" and to having considered investigating it further. The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, which I again naively did. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which he took a few notes (it was not recorded).

I assumed in my innocence that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The whole article was a fabrication, designed to be sensationalist and to discredit me. This whole episode was to be a very interesting, worthwhile, experience for me: a learning from experience, as Aeschylus wrote.

In addition, here, as elsewhere, Eddy Morrison seems rather forgetful. All he did was call round to my garret accompanied by one other NDFM member whom I knew well. Morrison - standing well away from me when I, as almost always, answered the downstairs door, armed - then announced his "expulsion" of me. I did not care - for I was then planning to return to Africa, and enlist in the Rhodesian Army, having already made contact with someone there. So I said nothing, and Morrison went away. This "expulsion" lasted only about six weeks, after which it was "business as usual". Without my violent activism, my public speaking, my fanaticism, the NDFM had become moribund.

We organised a meeting on Leeds Town Hall steps in the Summer of 1974 and I was the main speaker. We had fifty or so NDFM "stormtroopers" protecting the meeting, but were opposed by a bunch of red weirdos including "Transsexuals Against the Nazis". I spoke for about twenty minutes whilst the lads (and some lasses) held back the red filth. There were local reporters everywhere and although the police soon closed the meeting, we got away with two arrests and a few cuts and bruises. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

The "We" who organized this meeting were the Street Soldier and myself, and he was not the main speaker. I was. I spoke for nearly half an hour and managed to control the seething crowd of Reds by haranguing them. I also dealt quite well with many hecklers. Then the Street Soldier began to speak. He spoke for only a few minutes before the Reds surged forward and fighting began. It was then - as I recalled above - that I was jumped on from behind by a Red and then by a Policeman. I and one other NDFM member were arrested and subsequently charged with "Breach of the Peace". Several Reds were also arrested and charged with various offences.

When my case came to Trial, the Prosecution tried to prove that I had "incited the crowd", and there was no mention whatsoever by either the Police or the Prosecution of the "Street Soldier" having spoken or having "incited the crowd". I was found guilty on the lying evidence of one dishonourable Police officer, and one of the Reds was also convicted and sent to Prison.

We were told by London nationalists that NOBODY spoke at Hyde Park Corner. That was an open invitation for us to book a coach and take fifty NDFM down to Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. We set up a stand and three of our people spoke, whilst I controlled the stewards. We soon attracted a large crowd of lefties and for some reason a stack of anti-fascist Jewish taxi drivers. We held them at bay as long as we could. I was knocked senseless by some Zionist wielding a metal object. With blood streaming from quite a few cuts we marched away under police observation singing "We'll meet again" to the Reds. It was only a short meeting but we had broken the taboo. White Nationalists had again spoken at Speakers Corner.

In fact, only two people spoke at this rally: myself and Joe Short. I stood on a rather shaky table and spoke for about half an hour or so, haranguing the crowd and dealing with several hecklers. I then stepped down, and Joe Short (who looked rather like Alfred Rosenberg) began to speak. He did not speak for long - only a few words in fact - before the Reds surged forward and some fighting began. One of our stewards was arrested and later charged with possessing an offensive weapon. I believe part of my speech was filmed by an NDFM member using an 8mm camera. We then proceeded to walk toward Downing Street, followed by the Police, before dispersing. I spent that weekend in London, with a lady friend who lived near the Roundhouse.

In respect of Eddy Morrison himself, we were both once arrested by the Regional Crime Squad and thrown into Prison for several weeks. Before this imprisonment - during my "interrogation" - he came into the room several times and asked me to co-operate with the Police, which I refused to do. I believe he did not, at that time, realize the potential seriousness of the charges which might be against us.

Happy Days

Addendum II:
Combat 18

What exactly was your involvement with Combat 18?

Before Steve Sargent and I formed the National-Socialist Movement (NSM) it was mainly producing propaganda and newsletters such as The National-Socialist although I did try and form a revolutionary cadre composed of committed National-Socialists. This was intended to be the nucleus of an effective covert and insurrectionary group, but it was the usual post-First Zionist War scenario: several people expressed their intention to do something, but when the time for action came, so did their excuses.

Why did you form the NSM?

To continue the work that Charlie Sargent - the founder and leader of C18 - had started. At the time, Charlie was in prison, charged with murder and someone called Browning was helping the State - ZOG - to divide C18 and convict Charlie and send him to prison for a very long time. Charlie's arrest followed an incident when a supporter of Browning was killed.

At the time, there was some feuding within C18 itself, with Browning challenging Charlie for the leadership and accusing him - on the basis of ZOG disinformation - of all sorts of things, such as stealing some funds. As for Charlie, he was convinced that Browning had stolen the missing C18 funds. What was interesting about this particular accusation was that Charlie and his wife were living in run-down Council accommodation for homeless families, while Browning was living in a smart expensive Apartment near the river Thames.

On the personal level, I had given a personal pledge of loyalty to Charlie and this meant that I had a duty to support him: his enemies, were my enemies. This also meant that I ignored any and all rumours and stories about Charlie, most of which were manufactured by ZOG in an attempt to discredit him. Unfortunately, some people involved in C18 believed this ZOG disinformation, and sided with Browning.

As I said and wrote at the time, the National-Socialist, the Aryan, thing to do was for Browning to meet Charlie face-to-face to try and settle their differences, failing which they should engage in either a fair fight, or a duel. Charlie - true to his NS beliefs - wanted to do this, but Browning refused to meet him, and instead just carried on spreading malicious, dishonourable rumours. Then the incident occurred that led to the death of a Browning supporter.

Instead of doing the honourable thing - closing ranks against the State - Browning went to the Police and agreed to give evidence in a ZOG Court against Charlie. Since we all were supposed to regard the Police, the Courts and the whole system of so-called justice run by our government as our sworn enemies, this to me at least amounted to treachery of the worst kind, and so I challenged Browning, in public, to a duel. I did this not once, but twice. But neither he nor any of his supporters ever contacted or met with me in response to this challenge.

I was prepared to put my own life on the line in defence of Charlie, while Browning was aiding and abetting our sworn enemies because he put his own personal vendetta against Charlie before the principles he was supposed to uphold and believe in. This co-operation by Browning with ZOG was even confirmed by a former friend of Browning's, Thomas Nakaba, who said that the information to arrest and convict him on bomb charges could "only have come from Browning."

Why did you resign as leader of the NSM?

Basically because I believed I had achieved all I could, given my own limited leadership abilities, and that it was time for someone else to take over. I never intended to lead the NSM for long, and did hope that someone, some leader, would emerge or make themselves known.

In addition, I desired to spend some time with my family since for well over two years I had been away almost every weekend, meeting people, attending meetings and so on, and spent most of my time, during the week after work, doing things for C18 and the NSM.

So you didn't as some claim, "run away" following an article about you in the Searchlight magazine?

(Myatt laughs). I think the people at Searchlies overestimate the impact of their dis-information. I have never "run away" from anything, and especially not from so -called Media pressure, contrary to the lies of cowards like the Zionist Nick Lowles.

Consider what happened after my so-called "exposure" by BBC's Panorama programme and newspaper article which had a photograph of me on the front page, and a picture of my home together with the name of the village where I lived. What did I do? Tried to reform the NSM on the basis of leaderless resistance. A sort of "up yours!" attitude.

As for the more distant past, if you are involved in covert operations - or striving to organize a covert group or recruiting people for covert operations of different kinds - publicity is somewhat detrimental. Therefore a good "cover-story", or two, are useful, to divert attention.

According to Nick Lowles in his book White Riot: The Violent Story of Combat 18 did you not offer to write anti-racist articles for Searchlight about that time?

Those people have no sense of humour. I did indeed offer to send them a few articles I had written - including Why National-Socialism Is Not Racist - as I did offer to explain how a Muslim could be a National-Socialist. All these articles were published by me, before or shortly after this most generous offer, and most have appeared on various Usenet newsgroups.

As for the allegation that following an article in Searchlies I dropped out of the NSM and converted to Islam, their time-scale once again is completely wrong. I believe the time interval between the article and my conversion was around eight months, just as it was many weeks after the article that I resigned from the NSM.

I issued several rebuttals to the hackneyed "Myatt is a satanist!" lies and dis-information contained in that particular Searchlies article, and no one in the NSM at the time took it seriously or believed any of it anyway. Indeed, I regarded it - just like I now regard all the anti-Myatt lies and propaganda and disinformation in the White Riot book - as something of a compliment, a tribute to the effectiveness of my writings and the NSM itself.

If some people choose to believe the lies about me in such Zionist articles and books, then they do. And if they do, they are acting dishonourably. For the honourable, the Aryan, thing to do is for a person to ask me, personally, for my side of the story, just as you have done.

The fact is that the Zionists - and all those who oppose the aim of a free, independent, Aryan homeland governed according to our unique Aryan laws - have no answer to the Aryan ideals I have propounded and explained over the past twenty or so years. Therefore they continue to smear me using one fabricated so-called "interview" which was printed nearly thirty years ago.

I have explained in clear words - in writings such as my *The Complete Guide to the Aryan Way of Life* - what our Aryan ethics are, what our Aryan way of life involves, what our system of government should be, as I have consistently championed the cause of Aryan freedom and Aryan culture. By trying to discredit me with their lying "black propaganda" about my non-existent involvement with satanism the Zionists - and all who oppose the aim of a free, independent, Aryan homeland - hope that Aryans will ignore my writings and the ideals I have expounded. That so many Aryans, it seems, continue to believe and parrot such Zionist "black propaganda" just reveals how far we, as a people, have strayed from our civilizing ideals of honour, loyalty and duty to the folk.

What happened to your reformed NSM?

It was cancelled after six months or so due to lack of interest, so I decided to concentrate on Reichsfolk and the aim of rural folk communities. Together, of course, with striving to forge an alliance between Muslims, who upheld the true Deen, and National-Socialists.

Getting back to Combat 18, what is your opinion of the White Riot book?

It is basically a piece of Zionist disinformation designed to praise Browning and smear everyone else. The book constantly praises Browning - "fearless fighter"; "revered in Europe"; "loyal" and so on - and makes excuse after excuse for his behaviour, especially for his betrayal of Charlie and his part in getting Charlie convicted by a ZOG court. In addition, it parrots Browning's lies about Charlie - especially concerning the events leading up to the killing of Chris Castle - without giving Charlie's version of events.

In contrast to Browning, the other C18 characters are portrayed as "misfits", weirdoes, outlandish, teenagers who couldn't grow up, and so on ad nauseum.

Why are the Zionists praising Browning?

Because he knowingly or unknowingly did their work for them by disrupting C18 and getting Charlie convicted and sent to prison for a very long time. And because he continued to put his irrational personal hatred of one person before the political ideas he was supposed to believe in thus further dividing the NS cause in this and other countries.

Finally, do you have any regrets about your involvement with C18, the NSM or anything you have written?

I have only one regret, and that is that we did not achieve what we could have achieved and wanted to achieve: a National-Socialist revolution in this country. Many of us have learnt a lesson from what happened, as some of us have adapted or changed our tactics accordingly.

(Interview by JRW, December 112yf)

(1) This lie is repeated in a book, *Homeland: Into a World of Hate*, by Nick Ryan (p.27): "When Myatt later falls out with Will Browning, he insists on a duel... I'm told he backed down when The Beast claims the right to use baseball bats as weapon." The truth is that Browning - through a contact - did suggest such a weapon, to which I replied that the only weapons which could be honourably used were deadly weapons, such as swords or pistols. I included with my reply a copy of the Rules of Duelling, and re-affirmed my challenge to fight a duel using such deadly weapons. I received no reply, and was not contacted in any way by either Browning or his supporters.

It should be noted that I challenged Nick Ryan to a duel - for publishing this lie, and making other accusations about me, in his book. He did not reply, and I therefore concluded that he was a coward, and that my own honour had been vindicated.

TOWARDS THE GALACTIC EMPIRE:

Autobiographical Notes

Part Two

Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire.

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after nearly forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.

For many, many, months after my reversion to Islam, I joyfully immersed myself in the new world I found. I undertook several courses in Arabic (including a residential one for which I took a rather long time off work) and arranged, with my then understanding employers, to work every Saturday instead of Friday so that I could travel to the nearest Mosque and attend Jumma Namaz. I read all I could about Islam, would regularly meet with several of my new brothers to learn about, and to discuss, Islam, and often travelled to and for talks with brothers elsewhere.

During this time it is true to say that I existed in-between two worlds, for I was still on bail following my arrest - six or so months before my reversion to Islam - by Detectives from Scotland Yard who were investigating me for various offences in connection with my National-Socialist, NSM and Combat 18 activities, and several times I was re-interviewed by officers from SO12 at Charing Cross Police Station in London. Hence, there was the possibility of a forthcoming trial and of yet another term of imprisonment, and I was still in regular contact with several of my former National-Socialist comrades. Thus I came to give serious consideration to the possibility of National-Socialists co-operating with Muslims against what I considered were our common enemies.

In particular, there was one verse in the Quran which particularly intrigued me before my own conversion to Islam, and after reflecting upon this verse, I considered it might be possible somehow to bring Muslims and National-Socialists together in the cause of both fighting their common enemies and building a new world based upon nobility and honour, and dedicated to the pursuit of the numinous.

This Quranic verse was (in the Interpretation of Meaning by T.B. Irving - Tehran, 1419 AH - which I had just then acquired): "We made you into different nations and tribes, that you might recognize [and cooperate with] one another." (49: 13) This seemed to me then to reflect the essence of National-Socialism: individual nations, based upon ethnic tribes, co-operating together in the pursuit of nobility, and respecting each other's freedom and culture.

Seeking Co-Operation:

Even before my reversion to Islam, I never lived up to the stereotyped Marxist-Capitalist-Zionist image of a National-Socialist - that is, some sort of rabid so-called "racist" who hated other races, saw them as inferior, and who would want to create "another holocaust". Rather, I loved my own people, valued my own heritage and wished to see the creation of independent homelands where the different races and cultures could live in freedom according to their own customs.

I personally - perhaps naively - had a vision of a new world composed of such homelands, led by honourable, idealistic, rational individuals who also cared for their people. This vision was of such homelands co-operating together for their mutual benefit, with such co-operation being one of the foundations necessary to begin the creation of a Galactic Empire. I understood long ago that the age of Empire solely on Earth was gone, never to return - that it was ultimately a waste of our human potential. Indeed, it was such a noble vision of diverse ethnic nations co-operating together which also inspired many influential people in the Third Reich and particularly in the SS, and which led to the alliance with Japan, the creation of non-Germanic SS divisions, and the plan to create many more had Germany won the war.

In the years before my reversion I saw myself as carrying on this National-Socialist and SS tradition of seeking knowledge, understanding and co-operation while always bearing in mind that my foremost duty was to my own people - to their freedom and their culture. [See Footnote (1) - a quote from Waffen SS General Leon Degrelle.]

So as a new Muslim I studied, learnt and tried to move toward understanding and perhaps useful co-operation now or in the future: co-operation between Muslims and honourable National-Socialists. For at the time I felt some similarity between the idea of a revived Islamic Khilafah and my vision of a new Empire spreading out from Earth, as I came to a better understanding of the wide-sweep of world history itself and those forces which are tearing us apart, despite all the good and often honourable intentions.

I became a Muslim because it seemed to me not only a most honourable and divinely-given way of life but also offered - or seemed then to offer - the possibility of continuing in a practical way my life-long struggle against world capitalism and the perfidy of Zionism. I was impressed by modern Mujahideen such as Mullah Umar - by their simple way of life, their honour, which seemed to me to capture the essence of Islam itself.

Just as, years ago when a Buddhist, a Taoist, or a Christian, I had considered those particular ways of life as not incompatible with my heart-felt belief in what I called honourable National-Socialism, so too did I then consider Islam as not necessarily being incompatible with that particular belief. After all, I knew that over sixty thousand Muslims had joined the SS, and that many National-Socialists - Hitler, Himmler and Leon Degrelle included - had a great respect for Islam. I also knew that Major General Otto Ernst Remer - one of my National-Socialist heroes since the early days of my political involvement - had lived for several years in exile in Egypt and Syria and had made many Muslim friends in those countries.

I was also to find many ordinary Muslims who admired Hitler and the Third Reich, as I found some who understood what he was trying to achieve for Germany and Europe. I myself read some of the writings of Mohammed Amin al-Husseini, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who lived for many years in National-Socialist Germany and who helped recruit Muslims for the SS. He also restored Al-Haram al-Sharif, in Al-Quds (Jerusalem), which contains Al-Aqsa Mosque, and the Dome of the Rock, which is regarded as the third most sacred place in Islam after Makkah and Madinah. It was Mohammed Amin al-Husseini who further beautified the Dome of the Rock by covering it in gold.

Also, I understood both Islam and National-Socialism as striving to create a better world based upon noble ideals and encouraging individuals to change themselves through a triumph of the will. Both upheld the noble ideals of honour, loyalty and duty.

But did not Islam condemn "racism" - and surely National-Socialists were racists? No, and again no. I then still considered that "racism" itself was a modern abstract idea, invented by Marxists and used by social engineers to mentally condition people and so enable those social engineers to construct the modern tyrannical, dishonourable, usury-driven societies I had often written about and condemned. As for genuine, modern, National-Socialism, I then regarded it, and strove to portray it, not a "racist" philosophy at all (according to the definition of racism given by the social engineers) but as a Way of Life which sought to respect the difference and diversity of Nature. Thus had the Reichsfolk organization I had founded years previously - like the SS - accepted members from different cultures, had propagated what I regarded as the "genuine National-Socialism" of people like Leon Degrelle and Otto Ernst Remer, and believed in the development of separate, free, ethnic nations, with their own culture and identity, and in these nations co-operating together, with no one race believing they were somehow superior to, or better than, any other race, but with each striving to achieve their differing Destinies, with there being no hatred of other races but instead a respect, deriving from honour.

I believed then that it was necessary and indeed possible to manufacture noble societies based upon both the Islamic and National-Socialist ways of life, with these societies co-operating together both for their mutual benefit in order to make the world a better place through fighting those forces, of decadence, materialism, and mechanistic "progress", which were and which are taking us back to barbarism and thence toward destruction.

Understanding Islam:

In pursuit of this strategy of co-operation, I strove to bring some National-Socialists and some Muslims together, and also continued to write about the philosophy, the Way of Life, which I had been developing before my reversion to Islam. I called this philosophy, at first, "Folk Culture", then "The Numinous way of Folk Culture", and then, simply, "The Numinous Way". This Way, I hoped, would serve to provide an ethical foundation for all folkish-type beliefs, based upon honour.

As I was later to write, in the Islam, Honour and Duty dialogue:

I did such things because I sincerely believed that it was important - and indeed vital - for as many people and groups as possible to fight in any way whatsoever the Zionist-Crusader alliance, and the so-called "New World Order" which this alliance is creating, and that this fight should be taken to the homelands of the West. I did this because I believed - and believe - that this alliance, and its lackeys and supporters, are dishonourable, and arrogant, and represent a profane, imperialist, materialistic, way of

life which must be fought, since the adherents and supporters of this profane way of life trample upon and desecrate and are seeking to destroy, the numinous, represented as I know the numinous is by Al-Islam, and made real as I know the numinous is by Muslims who submit only to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala.

I did all this work openly, as a Muslim, and this led some of those who adhered to National-Socialism, and even The Numinous Way, to call me a "traitor" for being a Muslim. It also led to some misunderstandings, among some other people, regarding whether or not I was a Muslim, whether or not I had renounced Islam, and whether I still supported the racial beliefs, and the nationalism, of National-Socialism."

This strategy made me - for tactical reasons - refrain from making, at the time, any negative comments about National-Socialism and refrain from making, in public, any pronouncements, as a Muslim, about the idea of racial separation and even about nationalism itself, even though, when asked in private, or when individual Muslims contacted me to enquire about my position, I explained that, as a Muslim, I regarded both nationalism and racialism as 'Asabiyyah, as a manifestation of Jahilliyah, and thus as incompatible with the Way of Al-Islam. (See Footnote 2) Yet, I have never, in my heart and mind, renounced my belief in Adolf Hitler as a good man, an honourable man, who - believing in God - strove to create a just and noble society, and who was destroyed by the ignoble machinations of those opposed to what is good and who have spread dishonourable lies about him, his followers and his Cause. Thus it is that I find I cannot denounce this noble man and those who fought and died for the cause he upheld, as I cannot and will not denounce those who today honourably (and I stress honourably) continue the struggle in his name and who respect the Way of Life which is Al-Islam and who thus see we who are Muslims as allies in the fight against our common enemy. Thus it is that I continued for several years, after my reversion, with Reichsfolk - an honourable organization striving to presence something of the Numen I believe was manifest in National-Socialist Germany and in and through the life of Adolf Hitler. For, although there were indeed differences between Deen Al-Islam and the honourable National-Socialism of groups such as Reichsfolk, it was a question of mutual respect and honourable tolerance and co-operation, of accepting such differences in an honourable way.

However, I gradually came to understand two things. Firstly, that the majority of people involved today with the idea of racial separation, however they described themselves politically, were entrenched with their prejudiced attitudes, with their dislike, even hatred, of Islam and Muslims, but above all with an innate sense of superiority regarding what they called "Western civilization, culture, and values" which many if not most of them regarded as the creation of their own "superior" (or more "intelligent") White race. Thus did many of them support the invasion of Iraq and Afghanistan by the Zionist-

Crusader alliance, and thus did many of them say and write offensive things about Islam, about Muslims and about our beloved Prophet (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam). Hence, the more I pursued this strategy of co-operation, the more I became aware of the wide gulf, the difference, between us: the more acutely I felt, knew and understood, the nobility, the honour, of Muslims (and especially of the Mujahideen) who strove to obey only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, and the hypocrisy, the dishonour, the arrogance, the hubris, the decadence, of the kuffar of the modern West. Perhaps, I thought - remembering what a loyal Comrade of Adolf Hitler once said to me - honourable National-Socialism had indeed died among the ruins of the Third Reich and with the defeat of the SS.

Secondly, I came to understand - as a result of my own deepening understanding of Deen Al-Islam aided by Muslims far more knowledgeable than I - that there really was no need for such co-operation: that my duty, as a Muslim, lay in presenting Islam, as it was, to the Unbelievers, and in personally striving to uphold, defend, and make the Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala supreme. Thus did I cease to strive for such co-operation.

Now, after living for several years as a Muslim, I feel a little closer - Alhamdulillah - to the understanding of life and the Cosmos I enthusiastically sought in my youth. But these years of learning about Islam as a new revert, and mistakenly and perhaps rather arrogantly seeking co-operation, were themselves of course only one more new beginning.

David Myatt
(Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt)
1422
(Revised 1427)

Footnotes:

(1) From: Leon Degrelle - *Epic: The Story of the Waffen SS* (Lecture given in 1982). Reprinted in *The Journal of Historical Review*, vol. 3, no. 4, pp. 441-468.

" German racialism meant re-discovering the creative values of their own race, re-discovering their culture. It was a search for excellence, a noble idea. National Socialist racialism was not against the other races, it was for its own race. It aimed at defending and improving its race, and wished that all other races did the same for themselves.

That was demonstrated when the Waffen SS enlarged its ranks to include 60,000 Islamic SS. The Waffen SS respected their way of life, their customs, and their religious beliefs. Each Islamic SS battalion had an imam, each company had a mullah. It was our common wish that their qualities found their highest expression. This was our racialism. I was present when each of my Islamic comrades received a personal gift from Hitler during the new year. It was a pendant with a small Koran. Hitler was honoring them with this small symbolic gift. He was honoring them with what was the most important aspect of their lives and their history. National Socialist racialism was loyal to the German race and totally respected all other races. "

(2) I strove to express something of this in essays such as Nationalism, Race, Culture and Islam, and The Ignorance of Infidels.

TOWARDS THE GALACTIC EMPIRE:

Autobiographical Notes

Part Three

"Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire."

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after nearly forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.

A Return to the Beginning

The years since my reversion to Islam have been the most rewarding, the most difficult, and the most perplexing of my life. In these nearly nine years, it seems that I have learnt much - especially about myself, and what is often called human nature. I have experienced - again - one personal loss and then another, and then a great personal tragedy; I have been in love, again, several times, and been loved; felt happiness, joy, sorrow and - yes - felt remorse, doubt, and despair. I have undertaken more travels (most to study and learn, but one to visit my daughter, far away, who now has a family of her own); written many, many things - from poetry to articles in praise of Deen Al-Islam and of Jihad, to essays concerning National-Socialism and what I called The Numinous Way (of Folk Culture) with its ethics based upon empathy and compassion, with such essays and items about NS and The Numinous way being written to develop them so that co-operation, between Muslims and others, against the tyrannical, ignoble, un-numinous and mis-named "New World Order" might occur. Furthermore I have, yet again, and possibly out of arrogance, but often from what I believe to be a desire to do what is honourable, tried to inspire people through words and deeds. But, perhaps most of all, I have thought, deeply, about life, my life, my experiences, my beliefs, and come to know not only my own mistakes but also know - to feel - the nobility that is Deen Al-Islam.

Thus, it is true to write and say that I learnt a great deal from my involvement with Islam - about myself, and the world. I also came to appreciate, and know, how unethical, for instance, racism was and is, and to know that Islam expresses, and has expressed, the Numen, the sacred, in the modern world, just as for some people in the West Christianity once did, and occasionally still does - although the people in the West are increasingly losing the sense of the Divine in their personal lives, and in their societies. But was, and is, Islam the answer, for me, the world? I admit there was a time - several times - when I began to doubt it was. Was Islam - for me - just another naïve following of an ideal? A desire, yet again, to re-make the world somehow in an idealized and perhaps unattainable way with all the suffering that such a striving for such an ideal seems almost always to involve? That is, I came to consider, and strove to answer, ethical questions concerning the causes, and the cessation of, suffering; and questions relating to ethics, to the very meaning and purpose of life.

I remember, several decades ago now, my first wife saying before we married that she did not believe in God - except when she listened to some of the music of JS Bach. I loved her for that - for there, in such music, I sometimes felt an intimation of the Divine, an expression of the Numen sufficient to bring us, even if only for a moment, to the feeling of humility we surely need to keep us human, to prevent us from committing the dishonour of insolence, of hubris: that moral crime against reason which the

governments of the West, their officials, representatives, and minions, have committed, and are increasingly committing, and which some of the peoples of the West themselves are also increasingly committing in their prejudice and arrogance and support of a new colonialism.

So it was that I found - and find - this intimation of the Divine, in Islam - in the striving of the many Muslims, world-wide, who sought and who seek to be reasonable and honourable, and who sometimes succeed, bringing thus a civilized way of life into this world, just as many people, of various Ways and faith, and none, did and do, and just as some people of the West did, and still perhaps do, despite the machinations of their governments, despite the loss of the Numen in the everyday life of the peoples of the West, and despite the increasing dishonour and hubris among the peoples of the West.

Furthermore, and on the personal level, some doubts arose because I have for most of my life only ever felt a true inner peace, a harmony, a oneness, when I am among Nature. I feel I belong among the open hills; by the rivers; in deserts; on mountains; in the forests; on the open sea; in small fields, working with my hands. In these and other such places I seem to have my being - having always felt I do not belong in this modern world with its destruction of night by electric light, with its cars and fast transport; its noise, manic pace, intensive farming, consumer ethos, material greed, cruelty to animals and humans in the name of progress and its almost total lack of manners and courtesy.

What I find peaceful is Nature, as I have often felt that our very humanity is defined by our awareness of Nature with its slow, quiet, natural, rhythm which modern life and living has almost totally destroyed. Thus, there was for me - after my discovery of Islam - a joy in, as a Muslim, praying daily according to the rhythm of the Sun, and in following a lunar calendar: an awareness of our connexion with Nature, the world, the Cosmos, made real through Namaz: a realness which touched me very deeply when as a Muslim I ventured on two occasions to travel alone in the desert to feel, to know without words, how slim was the thread by which I seemed to cling to life, and knowing, feeling, the nearness of God, of Allah, and the simple beauty of The Message.

I had felt, known, something of this feeling before, in Taoism, decades ago; and during my time as a monk when, for instance, between Matins and Lauds I would walk outside in the quietness, often the darkness, feeling, feeling a beauty, a wordless ritual of joy knowing the centuries for the imposters they were...

But were such intimations, such moments, enough? What was most important - being-with Nature through a natural spontaneous way of living, and thus wu-wei, or striving for a Way of Life even if, or especially if, such a striving involved causing suffering and a personal detachment from Nature?

A few years ago, and for many months, living alone, in rural isolation, I once again deeply pondered such questions, and many other questions, trying to arrive at some kind of synthesis, perhaps thus confusing some people about my intentions and beliefs as I expressed or attempted to express some of this synthesis, and my own thoughts and experiences through various essays, poetry, and in some of the personal letters I wrote to friends.

But were these doubts of mine - recurring over several years - just the inevitable doubts of faith that should - that must - be cast aside for the sake of loyalty and honour? To me, it seemed then as now that one of the main differences between monotheism (exemplified by Islam) and the way of Nature is that the way of Nature seeks to create a type of Paradise here on this Earth, believing that this Paradise exists in Nature, as Nature is - wild, isolated places where human beings are at best small communities of farmers or nomads, bound by a common cultural and folk ethos, and at worst travellers who are only passing through. In contrast, monotheism understands Paradise as existing in the life-after-death.

Furthermore, the way of Nature sees us as a part of Nature, dependent on it, whereas monotheism sees us as masters of Nature, with Nature existing to provide for us. To attain Paradise, through the way of Nature, we have to care for and protect Nature, and restrain our desire for more comfort, more material things. To attain Paradise, through the way of conventional religion, it seems we can use Nature - build and dwell in large cities; encourage industry and create a modern-type of developed nation with its large farms and meat-producing factories where the urban way of life dominates.

Where can I find peace? Where should I strive or rather hope to find peace? In the Gardens of Paradise after my death - or here, on this Earth, among the beauty of Nature? What, in truth, is peace? Is our mortal life a test given to us by the Supreme Being who can reward us with eternal life and who gave us reason and free will to pass this test? Or is our mortal life - our reason, our consciousness - the product of evolution, with us as creations of, and dependent upon, our mother, Nature? We seem to have struggled painfully slowly over thousands of millennia to transcend our savage animal past - and yet we are still half-savage; still prey to our savage instincts which can overwhelm our reason, our judgement, our fairness, our honour. I myself had struggled for decades through and because of diverse experiences to a certain insight and understanding - and yet, and yet...

In addition, the question of suffering came to occupy me, more and more, and I began to seek answers to what then seemed to be the difficult question of the origin, the basis, of honour itself. Did honour - must honour - derive from God, from Allah, from a supra-personal, divine source? If so, could there be divinity without revelation? Was - could - honour be the basis for ethics? Or did - could - personal honour derive from empathy, and thus have its genesis in compassion? This question was further complicated, for me, by the tragic death of a close personal friend, genesis as this tragedy was of questions concerning, of deep personal feelings about, remorse, redemption, and the very meaning and purpose of our lives. How to respond to such a tragedy? To accept some personal blame? To acknowledge mistakes? To strive to see a wider perspective through belief in a life beyond our causal, mortal, life? And if one does affirm such a perspective, is that - is all such faith - an abnegation of one's personal understanding, knowing, and responsibility for suffering, as The Numinous Way, and Siddhartha Gautama among others, affirm, affirmed and believe?

For many months, after this personal tragedy, there was indeed a great inner turmoil: an asking of difficult and perplexing questions, and a writing of some personal missives, some of which I sent to various friends. There were more travels, more studies; advice sought from those I knew were far more knowledgeable than me - far better persons than I considered myself to be. And slowly, painfully slowly, it seemed, there was a change, in me, Alhamdulillah.

"We shall try you in good and bad ordeals, and to the Unity you shall return." (21:35)
Conclusion:

So it was that I, beyond all my peregrinations and experiences - beyond the recent and tragic death of a loved one - have, it seems, come to a place where, in moments and sometimes for longer periods, there is a feeling of tranquillity born out of the simple submission implicit in Kalimaah Tayyibah, in knowing and feeling the wisdom that one needs guidelines and guidance; and that the Numen can be known, and has been revealed. There is thus a quite simple knowing and understanding of al-qada wa al-qadar just as there is a humility whose genesis is Al-Islam. There is also a knowing, and understanding, of dignity, arising as this does from a striving to follow such noble, such honourable, guidelines as we have been given. A knowing and an understanding of the need, sometimes, for silence.

"He who believes in Allah and the Last Day should either speak honourably or be silent." Muslim, Book 1, 75

Thus, I am what I now am, beyond the words written, the words said; the many deeds of the past, and certainly beyond all the lies, rumours and misinformation that have been spread about me over the decades by dishonourable people and which some other dishonourable people believe.

"It did not concern you when you repeated that about which you had no [personal] knowledge, even though Allah regards this as a dishonourable thing." 24:15

Interpretation of Meaning

As for my dream, my life-long vision, of a Galactic Empire - of the exploration and settlement of Outer Space - there was a time, not that long ago, when I came to the conclusion that we human beings were too ignoble, too barbaric, too uncivilized, to do this, and that, if we did undertake such adventures beyond the Earth, we would only be spreading dishonour: spreading our disease of hubris, spreading our destruction of the Numinous. But now - now as I veer toward the sixth decade of my life - I feel that we can avoid such things: that there is a cure for the disease of hubris and of dishonour, and that were we to be cured - and thus return to our natural fitrah - then we could and perhaps should so venture forth, under the banner of Deen Al-Islam.

Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt

(David Myatt)

27 Rabi Al-Awal 1428

(Revised Yaumul Ahad 3 Jumaada al-Awal 1428)