

Hamsun, Tolkien, the Aryan and Nature
By Parsifal. January 17th, 2012

“I scarcely know but the half of you, and for that less than half, I give even less than half of the affection I owe you.”

Tolkien — The Lord of the Rings

Knut Hamsun and John Tolkien are perhaps the writers who we can best define as “Pagans” over the past 150 years, Pagans and profoundly anti-modern. Others have already done so before us, but we want to pick up some themes that have not been made quite evident.

When we read their books the descriptions really feel so alive they seem life-giving from nature, with her strengths, her elements, so that we see them as forming one entire way of reasoning speaking to us and that speaks to us, in brief, as one Hyperborean blood. It seems as if the Ents or various forms of animal characters, such as the King of the Eagles, might be a dream vision of a Hamsun character. What we mean is that the essence of Indo-Germanic literature is totally drenched in the relationship between man and nature or man and animal, because Nordic man does not feel the division between himself and the environment, does not perceive himself as the chosen one among other beings, but rather remains entranced by the grandeur of nature, in a worship that makes him an active element of the environment in which he resides.

This deep environmentalism, animal rights, naturism, those being things we say without second thoughts about the words, is the most anti-Christian trait, as well as the most Nordic. That is why every Christian interpretation of the two authors is totally misleading, because Christianity does not allow any kind of pantheism, but is based solely on an alleged “salvation” (what?) of man understood as a faceless herd born from the will of a god, from whom men can not escape, and who they can not challenge, can not imitate. We can see just by looking that our two authors belong to the same lineage of the North, perceiving the world in the same way, so that the environment becomes a mirror of their soul, like the solitary hunter in Hamsun’s novel “Pan.”

Compare these authors with the dry descriptions in the Old Testament, or with the sickly writers of modern fiction like Kafka. Compare those with Hamsun and

understand the meaning of our struggle. Certainly today the Talmudic scholars of our Universities are horrified to hear such sacrilegious words, or they laugh, thinking we compare “children’s books” with “minds too deep and complex” to be understood by people having their own culture, but skewed, too tied to the earth. Well, they can have those minds, well lit, deep, complex, incomprehensible, etc. ... We need something very different. And it is this difference that has made those two authors such strong figures in contrast with the modern world, yet also authors that world casts into oblivion, or attempts to turn, in the case of Tolkien, into a Hollywood phenomena, turning them into “science fiction.” They are then subjected to a resistance from the literary world so they now appear to be lost. Unfortunately today Hamsun and Tolkien have been lost, and historical materialism (on which every liberal-humanist theory relies, arguing that social and political changes are due to economic changes) has won. Freud’s psychoanalysis has won with sex.

The division between traditional Indo-Germanic thought and infiltrations from a foreign culture, like allogeneic tissue grafts that then eradicate our popular feeling, seems so clear. And this is also the cause of the division that occurred in this century between the Volk, understood as the ethno-national communities of Europe, and culture. The first type of feeling is unity, the whole; the second is exclusiveness, exclusivism: the jealous god, sex, economics, relativity, i.e., Christianity, Freud, Marx, Einstein, reducing the whole life to materialization as an employee in a single absolute element, and becoming an axiom to justify any theory built on it.

Everything is made absolute at the expense of Volkstum, including the people and their landscape, so that all this does not exist and has no role, because the culture that won was stateless, dirty, sick, hating the sound of beauty, harmony and perfection. While writers like Tolkien and Hamsun were deeply rooted in the tradition of their people, so their writing was for their nation, wanting the soul of the nation to speak through them. Tolkien, among the foremost experts of Nordic languages of his time, teaching at Oxford, began his early stories during World War One, in France, at age 25, when he laid the foundations of that world of Lost Tales that would only much later produce his heroes the Hobbits and the famous Ring.

In a description of the primordial age that was the focus of his interest, as reported by his son Christopher Tolkien, in the writers’ posthumous publications, we find a world of pure English mythology. So the tale begins: “Once upon a time a traveler came to a distant land, a man of great curiosity, prompted by a desire for strange countries and customs and dwellings inhabited by unusual people on a ship that

took him west to the Solitary Isle, Tol Eressëa in the language of the fairies and gnomes, which they call But Faidwen Dor, the Liberation of the World. And here begins a great story, “clearly referring to the British Isles, the Isle of the Angles that will be Elves, Angels. The Isle of the West.

Both Hamsun and Tolkien were singers of the countryside against the City, the real rural world against the artificial world of the materialistic and cosmopolitan metropolis. The first has sung the myths, rewriting, reinterpreting, but not distorting them. This highlighting that such things can not go down well with those who want Tolkien to be a “fascist” of a world clearly made of different peoples and races based on their innate and unique characters, being allies or enemies, until there is the victory of the one or the other.

Hamsun has described the struggle of life in his time. People immersed in the woods and in a solitary life that is the only one possible and appropriate for their blood, that of the free man. It is right that these characters are “asocial” in his works, in the sense they are critical of the social environment in which we find them, taking the roles of literary combatants. Even as they have to leave behind a real plan of cultural renaissance, which must first of all begin with the training and individual self-formation that today stands at the front of resistance.

Men who today want to be on the front lines of the struggle can not do better than thoroughly read these works, especially when he catches their sense found precisely in the connection between the two authors, in their free style and literary sense in their part of the Indo-European world, because this is the immense labour they have done, wanting to put man into his rightful place in the universe, as a member of an ethnic community and as part of the landscape with which their spirit is in constant communication.

There are parts of Hamsun’s books where the protagonist actually appears as both nature and as a human character, as does Tolkien when he makes animals and natural elements decisive in the fates of human characters and Hobbits. The two authors did not know each other and there was no literary partnership between the two, yet both of them, distant in time and space, were so intimately connected that the cause lies in their common blood. They were two modern Vikings, two Bards fighting for the Kalòs kai Agathos.

We can only imagine how different today’s youth would be before us if authors such as these were to be the foundation of their education from the early school years. Every aspect of the life of a young person is influenced by what he receives

through the family and much from through the school and media, so that a Sixties generation is replaced by an artificial bourgeois system, and in so far as that generation was successful, replaced by an equally artificial class though with the addition of the most degrading social styles, including the use of drugs and growing up on “reality shows,” “gay rights,” “openness to other cultures” (all except their own, of course). So we are a totally degenerate European youth, hating our own history, our race, our homeland.

How many times have I found myself in wonderful Alpine Europe only to hear that, rather than continue what had been their fathers to enhance their land and people, the youth “go to Los Angeles or New York, because even London would be too provincial” for “life,” finally killing the last remnants, if they still exist, of a European rural, Indo-Germanic Folk, scattering in a chaotic mixture with all the uprooted of the world, a subculture (aggressive and militant) exciting the lowest aspects of humanity, in which everything is reduced to consumption, everything has to be fouled, every “law” must be broken, all grace offended: such is the art and music of the social and sexual life of young people.

The distortion of the meaning of love and Eros are now reaching the limits that fill with disgust anyone who feels healthy. Love that should mean love for his people as the cause of its perpetuation, not merely extinction. Because that is what modern culture goes looking for: extinction. Such as those who, instead of Hamsun and Tolkien (too reactionary, to be sure!), modelled themselves instead on a degenerate like the alcoholic Kerouac and his bit of the 60’s generation. Some of the “rebels” of today think they still find this to be a fair way of combating the modern world, but do not realize that they do just the opposite, because in them is chaos as the “rhythm” running through their veins.

The rhythm of the drums of Lemuria, advancing, becomes deafening and disorderly in a frenzied dance with the possessed face of voodoo becomes distorted while happily covering up all music, the chirping of birds, each roar of rain or the noise of thunder, without any air conditioning either too hot or too cold, these masses thereby concerned about “in-version,” or “openness” to the modern world for sure. How beautiful the patterns of these “open” people, are they not? Unlike our ancestors, closed people, perhaps suspicious of the stranger, at least in anticipation... Knut Hamsun and John Tolkien: two real Volkisch authors.

Gil-galad was an Elven-king.
Of him the harpers sadly sing:

the last whose realm was fair and free
between the Mountains and the Sea.

His sword was long, his lance was keen,
his shining helm afar was seen;
the countless stars of heaven's field
were mirrored on his silver shield.

But long ago he passed away,
and where he dwelleth none can say;
for into darkness fell his star
in Mordor where the shadows are.

Tolkien – The Lord of the Rings

In recent days I have thought a day of perpetual Nordic summer. I sit here and think about that, and a hut where I lived, and the forest behind the hut.

Knut Hamsun's Pan

I am not worthy to speak aloud of Adolf Hitler, and his life and work do not invite sentimental words. He was a warrior for mankind and a herald of the gospel of justice for all nations. He was a reformative figure of the highest rank, and it was his historic fate that he had to work in a time of unprecedented baseness, which in the end brought him down. Thus, I suppose, must the ordinary West European look upon Adolf Hitler.

Knut Hamsun