

hood would approve, since, after all, the lyrics are written by El Morya, the Chohan of the Great White Brotherhood. It is not clear from Tame's text, during which reincarnation El Morya wrote these lyrics. What is clear is that the other esotericists are too willful (not Tame enough?) in their attempt to promulgate their doctrine, and what is desired is a more humble, and graceful, transition into the Aquarian Age.

Quite frankly, in Tame's book, *The Secret Power of Music*, the ear of this uninitiated reviewer hears not music—but the factional brawl among different esotericists over whether the power of the Holy Grail is transmitted by the biological—racial—descent from Jesus Christ, or transmitted simply by non-biological, and more humble reincarnations.

Such has always been the concerns of esotericists, in their internecine struggle over their respective trademark rights. However, these matters need not concern us. Perhaps, what this uninitiated reviewer has been referring to, in polite terms, as “esotericists,” the good reader should simply translate into normal English, as “old-fashioned racists.”

In His Majesty's secret service: Jean Cocteau

by Katherine Kanter

Jean Cocteau et Anna de Noailles: Correspondance 1911-1931

Gallimard Editions, Paris, 1989

In French; 185 pp. with index, paperbound, 120 French francs

Journal 1942-1945

by Jean Cocteau

Gallimard Editions, Paris, 1989

In French; 738 pp. with index, paperbound, 320 French francs

Jean Cocteau, born a hundred years ago this year, is often, abusively, described as “the last Renaissance man.” Playwright, poet, theater designer, as well as a clever and innovative cinematographer, he became a member of the Académie

Française, President of the Jury of the Cannes Film Festival, and enjoyed myriad other honors. Though many have remarked that Cocteau's skills were no more than a seductive and agreeable talent, no one seems to find it strange that this minor craftsman became so powerful, that straight after World War II, having brazenly worked with the Nazis, he became the toast of Europe's glitterati.

To mark the year, two new books have been put out by Cocteau's friends at Gallimard Editions, shedding not a little light on the strangeness of it all: Cocteau's *Diaries* under the Occupation (1942-45), and his *Correspondence* (1911-31) with the Countess Anna de Noailles. Here at last Cocteau shows himself to be, not the reluctant pet of the Nazi Occupation all previous biographies have described, but a full-blown flaming fascist in his own right. Tied by the closest of ties to perfervid ideologues like Arno Breker or Ernst Jünger, Cocteau is rather more discreet about his friends in British intelligence—but not quite discreet enough.

Under the date May 29, 1942, we read in his *Diaries*: “Luncheon *en tête à tête* with Breker on the Champs-Élysées. Finally, we can talk quietly together. ‘Never,’ Breker tells me, ‘will France find herself before so sensitive a man as Hitler.’ . . . Hitler loves Breker. He is his adoptive son. Like Jeannot [Jean Marais, Cocteau's *mignon*] and me. *The Jewish question*. Breker is clear on that (he reflects his leader's thoughts). No possible exceptions. It is a duel to the death. Breker has come here, I think, to see how things are going, and report back to his leader. He explains to me *how I can get in touch with him immediately* if anything serious should happen” (emphasis added).

Breker was Hitler's favorite artist, perhaps also, as Cocteau hints, both a privileged informer, and one of his homosexual *mignons*. Shortly before Cocteau died in 1963, he called Breker to make a bust of him, which now stands on Cocteau's very tomb in Milly-la-Forêt. Strange.

In 1983, a British writer called Michael Baigent published a sort of Gnostic Bible, called *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*, which feeds the Hapsburgs' slathering greed to recover the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, by making the preposterous claim that Christ never died on the Cross, but fled and married Mary Magdalen. Their childrens' childrens' children, says Baigent, were the Hapsburgs, who may therefore ordain what is Christ—and what is anti-Christ. A Gnostic priesthood, called the Priory of Sion, was set up to stir the cauldron wherein the Big Secret has bubbled for centuries; its Grand Master, so says Baigent, was Jean Cocteau. There is much evidence in these two new books to support that.

Anna de Noailles

As today's Hapsburgs, preying on the gigantic crisis in Eastern Europe, see their aim almost within their grasp, how to the point is Cocteau's letter exchange with the Countess Anna de Noailles, who steered the course of his life. She was granddaughter to one of the rulers of Romania; her brother,

Prince Constantine de Brancovan, created in 1902 a magazine called *La Renaissance latine*, to float the idea of restoring the Holy Roman Empire; in France, the movement came to be known as "Synarchism." The Countess's lover Maurice Barrès (1862-1923), was, like her, a monarchist and a fanatical Nietzschean; under her guidance, he became one of the central figures in the French and Italian fascist movements. Through Lucien Daudet, a retainer of Napoleon III's widow, she met Jean Cocteau in 1911.

Anna de Noailles was also a Gnostic priestess who initiated Cocteau, and other young men, into what appears to be a death cult of the Egyptian variety, given the symbols attached to her person. Cocteau's tribute upon her death in 1933 refers to her as "my Sister," as the Nile bird (the anti-Christ Horus); her sarcophagus is "shaped like a gondola," and her embalment "changes her back to her true self." When his friend Prince Jean de Polignac died and was embalmed in October 1943, Cocteau wrote in his diary: "I would like to be embalmed. *I demand it.* The whole horror attached to death fades away." But Cocteau was very careful about revealing the secrets, as he noted in his *Diaries* for 1951:

"Knot and reknit the waves within. Speak not of them. Never speak of our secret methods. Once they have been spoken, they cease to operate."

Cocteau's role in the occult is so important, perhaps the most important part of his activity, that we have to restrict ourselves here to the bare essentials. In 1949, he picked up and shaped a young American filmmaker, Kenneth Anger, engaged already at that time in Satanic practices, who became, through Cocteau's networks, one of the most powerful figures on the shadowy fringes of Hollywood—fringes including, most emphatically, one Charles Manson.

In 1909, three of the Countess's protégés, Gaston Gallimard, André Gide (a professed Satanist), and Jean Schlumberger (scion of the powerful Anglo-Swiss banking group) began to publish a new series of Synarchist authors under the Gallimard aegis, called *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, spooning Nietzschean thought, lightly Frenchified, into the fascist movement.

To read Cocteau's letters and diaries, is to hold in one's hands the proof that the cultural life of France in this century has nothing to do with the ideals of the Republic and the French Revolution, but is rather the plaything of a tiny aristocratic cult, ruthlessly set on grabbing back power no matter how many world wars it takes. "Culture," or what they pass off under that name, is all part of the Grand Game. When Anna de Noailles and Princess Polignac threw themselves behind Sergei Diaghilev's *Ballet russe* in 1909, the Grand Game then was to play Russia alongside France to destroy Germany, and in that, the French aristocracy were one with the British. (Oddly enough, Cocteau's only female paramour, who is said to have borne him a stillborn son, was the niece of Czar Alexander III, Countess Natalia Paley (1905-81)).

The Hitler plan

In the next war, the plan was to have Hitler break the back of Germany *as a nation* forever, and lay by brute force, the foundations of the New Europe which, in fact, we live under today. Neither were the British bluebloods and their French friends especially hostile to Hitler's outlook. Baron Howard de Walden boasted to the London *Sunday Telegraph* on Aug. 13, 1989, that he had studied German "by learning the Führer's speeches by heart," that he had met Hitler, "and found him most agreeable." Another fanatic, the Second Duke of Westminster, who paid Cocteau to write a biography of his dogs, was used to carry about a vitriolic tract called "The Jews' Who's Who"; the Duke is said to have pressed Churchill, both in person and through his mistress Coco Chanel, to sign a separate peace with Hitler. So close to Cocteau was Coco, that she paid him both rent and opium cures in the 1920s.

Privy to things known only by the inner elite, Cocteau wrote that Hitler would not be allowed to win (*Diaries*, Sept. 14, 1943):

"Role of the Rosy-Cross. Wilhelm II was not able to



Jean Cocteau, *The Act of Creation*, 1949. Photograph by Philippe Halsman. Cocteau was no reluctant pet of the Nazi Occupation of France, but a full-blown fascist in his own right.

obtain a High Degree. Hitler, more evolved, was unable to obtain the Degree which would have ensured him rule over Europe. He will disappear like a Myth. (Informed about role of Rosy-Cross in Europe by the Duchess of Vendôme and Nemours). (Horoscopes).”

Rule over Europe! Thus did the French Synarchists, the British bluebloods, Adolf Hitler, and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi (Otto von Hapsburg’s alter ego, founder of the Pan-European Union) all agree on what this rule should be, as another diary entry goes:

“Dinner at the home of Dubois with the new municipal Police Superintendent. A young and very charming man, who speaks of Hitler with grandeur. . . . He thinks, as I do, that it would be very damaging to prevent such a mind from carrying out his task, by choking him off in the midst of his path. Already, the Prefecture has got ready new identity cards, with ‘European’ marked on them: ‘Mr. So and So, European (District France).’ There will be no more Customs. No more borders. . . . With Hitler, you deal with a poet who slips out of the grasp of lesser spirits” (July 1942).

Is the European Unity Act of 1992 anything but this?

That Cocteau was not shot as a collaborator at the Liberation of France, can only be explained by the extraordinary nature of his ties to British intelligence. In September-October 1944, Cocteau hid out from the Resistance in the châteaux of protectors like Count Hubert de Ganay. Suddenly, he reappears in the British embassy, sitting at dinner next to Lord F., head of British intelligence (Nov. 8, 1944), and next we find him driving about Paris in the British ambassador’s private car, dining with Noel Coward at Princess Radziwill’s . . . so was he saved!

Something, there was something that Cocteau had done that was very useful to the British, and that something is not yet known. In his speech of acceptance of an honorary doctorate from Oxford University (1956), Cocteau tore off a corner of the mask:

“It sometimes happens, that during the sessions of the Académie Française, I look furtively to my left, and furtively to my right, and ask myself, whether my colleagues will notice that I sit amongst them as a cheat, as an agent of your Intelligence Service who . . . thanks to false papers, wears the uniform of a Customs officer whose real job is to pass forbidden goods.”

So when Cocteau committed the following “joke” to his *Diaries* (January 1944), he knew whereof he spoke:

“The war is over. Germany, destroyed. Hitler at the Peace Conference Table, watches as everything is taken from him: his provinces, his colonies, his conquests. When nothing remains, he stands up, rips off his swastika armband, and throws it to the ground. He rips off his little moustache and throws it to the ground. He rips off the lock on his forehead and throws it to the ground. Clicking his heels, he salutes smartly. ‘Captain Williams’ he cries, ‘Intelligence Service.’ ”

The ‘great’ Picasso: plain old Satanist

by Nora Hamerman

Picasso: Creator and Destroyer

by Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington

Simon and Schuster, New York, 1988

558 pages hardbound, illus., with index; \$22.95

One merit of this heavily documented biography of the idol of 20th-century plastic arts, Pablo Picasso, is that the author poses the question of whether modern art will endure, and answers it, at least for the case of Picasso: His art, unlike that of Shakespeare and Mozart, will have nothing to say to future generations.

The book ends on a bang. She describes the suicides, following Picasso’s death in 1973, of his grandson and namesake (who took poison on the morning of Picasso’s funeral), of his mistress of 50 years Marie-Thérèse Walter in 1977, and of his widow Jacqueline in 1986 after she had selected the Picassos for a big retrospective show in Madrid. “That was the dark, tragic legacy Picasso left behind in his life. . . . He took to his ultimate conclusion the negative vision of the modernist world. . . .

“From the time that he shook the art world with *Les Femmes d’Alger*, [in 1905] Picasso was out of love with the world. He saw his role as a painter as fashioning weapons of combat against every emotion of belonging in creation and celebrating life, against nature, human nature and the God who created it all,” Stassinopoulos continues.

“There is, of course, ‘no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night,’ yet there is a sense in all great art that beyond the darkness and the nightmares that it portrays, beyond humanity’s anguished cries that it gives voice to, there is harmony, order and peace. There is fear in Shakespeare’s *Tempest* and in Mozart’s *Magic Flute*, but it is cast out by love; there is horror and ugliness, but a new order of harmony and beauty evolves out of them; there is evil, but it is overcome by good.”

Picasso was, instead, the artist of despair and hatred. Stassinopoulos documents, without giving it its proper name, the political definition of this “modernist” vision in Picasso’s biography: Nazi-communism.