

Chapter I.

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE WISE MEN OF ZION

ONE DAY IN THE SUMMER OF 1917 A STUDENT was reading in his room in Moscow. A stranger entered, laid a book on the table, and silently vanished. The cover of the book bore in Russian the words from the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew: 'He is near, he is hard by the door.'

The student sensed the masterful irony of higher powers in this strange happening. They had sent him a silent message. He opened the book, and the voice of a demon spoke to him.

It was a message concerning the Antichrist, who would come at the end of days. The Antichrist is no mythical being, no monkish medieval fantasy. It is the portrait of a type of man who comes to the fore when an epoch is dying. He is a man with a white skin, in everyday clothes, dangerously contemporary, and a mighty demagogue. He will talk with the masses, and at his word the masses will rise up and turn a culture to ashes, a culture which has deserved no better, since it has borne the Antichrist in its own image and for its own destruction. The great Russian philosopher Soloviev described him. The Antichrist 'does not look like what he is,' and therein precisely lies the danger. He is a young man with a strong personality and seductive power of speech and writing. He is an ascetic and a vegetarian. He will win fame first by a book in which 'respect of the ancient traditions and symbols stands side by

side with a bold and thorough radicalism in social and political problems . . . absolute individualism with an ardent fidelity to the common weal. . . . ' Then, in Berlin, he will become ruler of the 'United States of Europe'; he will conquer Asia and North Africa; America will submit to him voluntarily. He is an absolute genius, and he may, says Soloviev, wear a small mustache.

This is the demon who speaks out of the book.

'We shall talk with the people on the streets and squares,' says the demon, 'and teach them to take the view of political questions which at the moment we require. For what the ruler says to the people spreads through the whole country like wildfire, the voice of the people carries it to all four winds.

'We'—the demon always says 'We'—'shall create unrest, struggle, and hate in the whole of Europe and thence in other continents. We shall at all times be in a position to call forth new disturbances at will, or to restore the old order.

'Unremittingly we shall poison the relations between the peoples and states of all countries. By envy and hatred, by struggle and warfare, even by spreading hunger, destitution, and plagues, we shall bring all peoples to such a pass that their only escape will lie in total submission to our domination.

'We shall stultify, seduce, ruin the youth.

'We shall not stick at bribery, treachery, treason, as long as they serve the realization of our plans. Our watchword is: force and hypocrisy!

'In our arsenal we carry a boundless ambition, burning avidity, a ruthless thirst for revenge, relentless hatred. From us emanates the specter of fear, all-embracing terror.'

A gabbling demon, and self-conceited, too:

'We are the chosen, we are the true men. Our minds give off the true power of the spirit; the intelligence of the rest is instinctive and animal. They can see, but they cannot foresee; their inventions are purely corporeal. Does it not follow clearly that Nature herself has predestined us to dominate the whole world?

'We shall not submit the unique greatness of our ultimate plan, the context of its particular parts, the consequences of each separate point, the secret meaning of which remains hidden, to the judgment

and decision of the masses shall not cast the gleam and even in more intricate carped at.

'We shall paint the national garish colors and create peoples would a thousand antecede them peace and order. The peoples will tolerate only to avoid a return to principles and methods sent them in sharp contrast.

'Outwardly, however, an opposite procedure: and co-operative. A study his acts. If we pursue the which we have thus produced they will accept us race.

'If any state dares to cause with it against us

And then the demon the world:

'By all these methods they will be forced to open out our arms like pincers of such violence that all

Who is this 'we'? We

To the student it is not a mere tissue of lies. For all this accursed wisdom out by a group of old Jews in Basel, Switzerland, in the world is a Jewish creation scribed at length, with before this knowledge of

orough radicalism in social and political individualism with an ardent fidelity to the men, in Berlin, he will become ruler of the world; he will conquer Asia and North Africa; he will rule voluntarily. He is an absolute genius, and we wear a small mustache.

He speaks out of the book. He says 'people on the streets and squares,' says that to take the view of political questions require. For what the ruler says to the whole country like wildfire, the voice of all four winds.

He says 'We'—'shall create unrest, struggle of Europe and thence in other continents be in a position to call forth new order to restore the old order.

He will poison the relations between the peoples. By envy and hatred, by struggle and hunger; destitution, and plagues, we will reach a pass that their only escape will lie in domination.

He will ruin the youth. He will bring slavery, treachery, treason, as long as they will follow his plans. Our watchword is: force and domination.

He will have a boundless ambition, burning avidity, and relentless hatred. From us emanates the feeling of terror.

He is self-conceited, too: He is the true men. Our minds give off the intelligence of the rest is instinctive but they cannot foresee; their inventions. Does it not follow clearly that Nature will dominate the whole world?

He will have a unique greatness of our ultimate plan, and the consequences of each separate part, which remains hidden, to the judgment

and decision of the many, even, of those who share our thoughts; we shall not cast the gleaming thoughts of our leader before the swine, and even in more intimate circles we shall not permit them to be carpied at.

'We shall paint the misdeeds of foreign governments in the most garish colors and create such an ill-feeling toward them that the peoples would a thousand times rather bear a slavery which guarantees them peace and order than enjoy their much-touted freedom. The peoples will tolerate any servitude we may impose on them, if only to avoid a return to the horrors of wars and insurrection. Our principles and methods will take on their full force when we present them in sharp contrast to the putrid old social order.

'Outwardly, however, in our "official" utterances, we shall adopt an opposite procedure and always do our best to appear honorable and co-operative. A statesman's words do not have to agree with his acts. If we pursue these principles, the governments and peoples which we have thus prepared will take our IOU's for cash. One day they will accept us as the benefactors and saviors of the human race.

'If any state dares to resist us; if its neighbors make common cause with it against us, we shall unleash a world war.'

And then the demon spreads his wings, conceals the sky, darkens the world:

'By all these methods we shall so wear down the nations that they will be forced to offer us world domination. We shall stretch out our arms like pincers in all directions, and introduce an order of such violence that all peoples will bow to our domination.'

Who is this 'we'? Who is it that brags so absurdly?

To the student it is not absurd. It sounds fantastic, but it is not a mere tissue of lies. He turns back the pages and discovers that all this accursed wisdom, all these diabolical plans, were hatched out by a group of old Jews, who met together in a back room in Basel, Switzerland, in the year 1897. The demon aiming to devour the world is a Jewish club. It stands there in black and white, described at length, with place and date. Twenty years had passed before this knowledge found the right man. And thus *The Proto-*

cols of the Wise Men of Zion, since become so famous, fell into the hands of Alfred Rosenberg.

A mysterious occurrence. Rosenberg himself has often told how the unknown suddenly stepped into the room, laid down the book, and silently departed. To Rosenberg it was a sign from heaven. Both the place and the hour were significant. Moscow, 1917. Far to the west, the German-Russian phase of the First World War was drawing to an end in crumbling trenches; in the streets of the capital, the Russian Revolution was ebbing and flowing. Alfred Rosenberg, the son of a shoemaker, born in Reval (Tallinn) on the Baltic, was then twenty-four years old; he was of German descent but as an Estonian, he was a subject of the Russian tsar. He had been raised in the German and Russian languages; he had first studied engineering and architecture at Riga, also on the Baltic; then, when the German army occupied Riga, he had fled. Now he was studying in Moscow.

The globe was afire. The tsar's empire was crumbling. Perhaps there would never again be peace. Perhaps this book would tell him why. The demon, who had incited the nations against each other, had spoken. Perhaps he, Alfred Rosenberg, understood him better than others; for in his own soul he could feel more strongly than others the mesh woven by hatred and love between the nations. He came from the tsar's Baltic, German provinces. He could scarcely say whether he was more Russian or more German. But today there were greater things concerning which he must achieve clarity. Here in Russia's holy city, in Russia's language, he had received a message. Judah, a book has brought forth thine innermost thoughts! He, the student, would close his eyes and believe it all his life, as firm as a rock. Was a new epoch of world history beginning in Moscow at that hour? Surely one of the most astounding, far-reaching, and bloody conspiracies of all time was bound to that hour. He who could read would go far.

'The nations,' says the demon, 'love and honor audacity in statesmen. Faced with an act of violence, they say: that was vile but clever! A scoundrel's trick, but wonderfully executed! With what insolence! Our leaders must move toward their goal with unparalleled boldness. Then we shall break all resistance in our path.'

The vision sends forth an icy

The demon of world domination, the great secret: the world of nations, the peoples demand subjugation, tamed by terrible blows and with a magical current which The masses expect great things, great things are easy.

This is the true sense of the vision as *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* them develops from the basic principle in our time: with sovereign ease it can be achieved. These profound thoughts were forged in forgeries and purposeful lies. The whole document to the point that condition it could be read by millions of readers, and this

Today we are in a position to read the document. Its content is help—and abuse—of democracy is described. We are to reach the conclusion, provides furthermore, democracy, in the hands of a dictator, who has firmly established the possibility of world domination. Famous *Protocols*.

Three generations ago a man was born for the achievement of his life. He was a Jew. He was, at the time he was born, a Jew and monarchist. He was a Jew; on the contrary, he was a Jew, then emperor of the Russian Empire. He was leaving behind him a Jew. He ever guessed that his boy would be a shaking force, we do not know.

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The vision sends forth an icy chill and a breath of deadly truth.

The demon of world domination has spoken. He has proclaimed the great secret: the world can be dominated. Bowed with weariness, the peoples demand subjection. And those who resist will be tamed by terrible blows and sufferings. Modern society is charged with a magical current which in all men creates the same thoughts. The masses expect great things of their rulers. And for that reason great things are easy.

This is the true sense of the secret writings which we today know as *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*. Everything else in them develops from the basic idea that world domination is possible in our time: with sovereign contempt it is shown with what relative ease it can be achieved. Later, at third, fourth, and fifth hand, these profound thoughts were woven together with a figment of forgeries and purposeful lies which confused and obscured the whole document to the point of unintelligibility. But precisely in that condition it could be swallowed without understanding by millions of readers, and this gave it its great effect.

Today we are in a position to re-create the original content of the document. Its content is how to establish dictatorship with the help—and abuse—of democratic methods. The genesis of Caesarism is described. We are told that democracy, if carried to its extreme conclusion, provides the usurper with his best weapons. Furthermore, democracy, in the international field actually offers a dictator, who has firmly entrenched himself in one country, the possibility of world domination. This is the true content of the famous *Protocols*.

Three generations ago a brilliant thinker wrote this secret formula for the achievement of world domination. We know little concerning his life. He was a French lawyer named Maurice Joly. He was, at the time he wrote his little book, a conservative, legitimist and monarchist. He had no thought of writing a secret document; on the contrary, he had in mind a satire against Napoleon III, then emperor of the French. Whether he ever perceived that he was leaving behind him the prophecies of a great seer; whether he ever guessed that his book embraced a political doctrine of world-shaking force, we do not know.

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Is this the truth? Who has spoken? Perhaps it is only a half
truth, but even in its halfness it is of enormous import, which is
not seen by most men. The demon has spoken—or shall we say
the spirit of the age—or, in still other words—the new type of
man, who is imprinting his features on this age. History is the
most skeptical of all sciences; it knows no absolute truths. It does
not matter whether things really are as the demon says; what mat-
ters is to know whether there are men who see them that way; and
whether these men are important.

This is the meaning which our age breathes into the teachings
of Machiavelli. At its base, however, lies an eternal pessimistic wis-
dom which teaches that men are easily satisfied, hence easy for a
clever mind to dominate. These two elements, the modern truth
and the timeless wisdom, give the book a terrifying power which
shines through the varnish of superimposed lies.

Maurice Joly had understood the meaning of domination. He
knew the modern mass and its state of mind. He had seen a master
guide it. The master was Napoleon III, conspirator, usurper, and
for nearly twenty years emperor of the French; at once nationalist
and socialist, democrat and tyrant, pacifist and conqueror, dictator
by virtue of bayonets and the plebiscite; applauded by the masses
whom he had politically raped. Joly had written his book with him
in mind. He was meant when the demon spoke: we shall stultify
the people, we shall promote disturbances in Europe and elsewhere,
we shall create a mighty central power, we shall commit crimes,
and the people will admire us for them. If gallstones had not made
a wreck of this third Napoleon, he might have died in power and
glory.

Joly's magnificent portrait of modern tyranny underwent a
strange fate. After thirty years of oblivion, its great day came. It
was discovered by a group of Russian conspirators. Not, to be
sure, by the Russian revolutionaries of that day, the Nihilists, Social
Democrats, or Social Revolutionaries; but by a few crafty agents
of the counter-revolution, members of the Ochrana, the tsar's secret
police. They wanted to frighten the tsar and drive him to blood-

shed. To this end they persuaded him that the Jews of the whole world had devised a secret conspiracy to achieve domination, first over Russia, then over the whole world.

Claims of this sort were not new; they lay to a certain extent in the air. In the nineteenth century the Jews had nearly everywhere—though not in Russia—achieved civil equality and thus taken their place in modern society. Some had amassed great wealth, a few—for example, the house of Rothschild—had even attained real influence, and inspired a venomous anti-Semitism. Solovicv, for example, quotes a French priest who wrote 'that he lived by anticipation of that glorious day when, the skin stripped off . . . the Jews will be used for making cheap carpets.'

This epoch lies behind us. Today Rothschild is a memory, no longer a power. Anonymous, massive concentrations of power in industry and finance have relegated the Jewish bankers and big merchants—once so impressive—to second or third rank. There is a Jewish problem; this book will not attempt to deny it. As a modern Jewish leader, Theodor Herzl, said, 'The Jewish question exists wherever Jews live in any considerable number. . . . The longer anti-Semitism lies dormant, the more furiously it must break out.' Nevertheless, painful as it is, it principally concerns the Jews themselves; it is not and never was the chief problem of society as a whole, which has other and graver worries. But in the nineteenth century, it was possible for imaginative minds to be frightened by the aura of political power surrounding certain Jewish names. In 1868, Hermann Gödsche, a German signing himself Sir John Retcliffe the Younger, wrote a novel entitled *Biarritz*. In it twelve rabbis from all corners of the earth meet in the Jewish cemetery in Prague. There they set up a cry of Satanic glee, for through accursed gold, through its mighty bankers, Judah has conquered the world, bought kings and the princes of the Church; Judah is wallowing in vice and glory. The rabbis represent the twelve tribes of Israel and speak Chaldaean. Subsequently this chapter, somewhat revised, was printed in pamphlet form and translated into foreign languages. And now, lo and behold, we have an 'authentic document,' proving the existence of a Jewish world conspiracy.

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self-indictment of modern dictatorship. This presumably is why the material appealed so strongly to these conspirators of dictatorship. They were confronted with their own image.

They could scarcely have pondered the matter very deeply, but it is precisely in the unconscious acts of men that history is most clearly revealed. The Ochrana men knew that this was good material, that they could make use of it. That was enough. In one or two evenings, over a pipe and a cup of tea, you could adapt this colorful but rather anonymous document for any purpose, put any label on it. Where Joly speaks in the first person singular, puts his speeches in the mouth of Machiavelli, means Napoleon III, and is actually denouncing modern Caesarism as such — just substitute 'We Jesuits,' 'We Freemasons,' 'We Englishmen,' or 'We Jews' — the result would be a fragment of perverted truth, hence not entirely incredible. As for Ratchkovsky and his clique, they were interested in the Jewish angle.

Their plan was more than a simple palace conspiracy. It was the first great attempt at a mighty national counter-revolution against the democratic and socialist revolution of the nineteenth century. The plan was to fuse the passion of the people and the cold power of the state into a mighty, counter-revolutionary force that would shake society to its foundations. If the movement had succeeded, it would most likely have transformed the old autocratic tsarism profoundly from within, made it a hundred times more powerful. In Holy Russia, at the beginning of the twentieth century, it would probably have created a new phenomenon in many respects resembling the later fascist dictatorships. Society in Russia was further advanced in its spiritual disintegration, inwardly more prepared for revolution than anywhere else in the world; at the same time the state power was stronger than anywhere else. Hence, it is understandable that this first attempt at a state-directed revolution should have been made here. It is in any case worth thinking about. Through this conspiracy, Russia became the spiritual mother country of modern fascism, as it later became the world center of communism.

As nucleus of the counter-revolutionary popular movement, a new party was formed. A certain Butmy was its leader. This party was

military in organization. try, performing 'propaganda' was a bloody persecution to the Jews as the ostensible minority was punished, it is guilty in the movement was 'The Black Guard.' The program of this movement they grew. Even the priortal conspiracy of rabbis widely, and in 1903 gave which several thousand Jews

By its very nature every the people and the state power the *Protocols* wanted not take in the credulous tsar political timeliness. A first end of the nineties by Golo the service of Ratchkovsky. pressive bits. For some reason used for a few years. It was offered a particularly grateful refurbished as an attack on the interior, and Count Wit liberal for the Ochrana. A tain Sharapov, attacking Count to the unfortunate Russo-Japanese peacemaker were woven in. thin trimming of a Jewish represented the Jews as warned to be peacemongers; for if he did so — say the *Protocols* were opposed to a Russian victory, because it would have

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lutionary popular movement, a new try was its leader. This party was

military in organization. Its storm troops rode through the country, performing 'propaganda by action.' Chief among their activities was a bloody persecution of the Jews, the aim being to call attention to the Jews as the ostensible cause of bad conditions. Always strike the minority was their principle—for when a minority is punished, it is guilty in the eyes of the masses. The name of the movement was 'The Black Hundreds,' which meant simply: the black guard. *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* became the program of this movement; with it they were born, and with it they grew. Even the primitive version, based on Gödsche's nocturnal conspiracy of rabbis, had a terrible effect. It was circulated widely, and in 1903 gave the signal for the Kishenev pogrom, in which several thousand Jews were massacred.

By its very nature every fascist movement strives to harness both the people and the state power to its will. The men who cooked up the *Protocols* wanted not only to stir up the masses, but also to take in the credulous tsar. To this end, they gave the book a political timeliness. A first version had been prepared toward the end of the nineties by Golovinski and Manuilov, two journalists in the service of Ratchkovsky. This version included Joly's most impressive bits. For some reason or other the bombshell was left unused for a few years. It was not hurled until political developments offered a particularly grateful target. In 1904-05, the pamphlet was refurbished as an attack on Prince Svatopulk-Mirski, minister of the interior, and Count Witte, the finance minister, who were too liberal for the Ochrana. A pamphlet on financial policy, by a certain Sharapov, attacking Count Witte was appended. References to the unfortunate Russo-Japanese War and to Witte's rôle as peacemaker were woven in. All this, of course, beneath the paper-thin trimming of a Jewish conspiracy. Other propaganda works represented the Jews as warmongers; now, on the contrary, they had to be peacemongers; for if Witte made peace with the Japanese, he did so—say the *Protocols*—on the instigation of the Jews, who were opposed to a Russian victory. They did not want a Russian victory, because it would have thwarted their plan for world domination.

This is the origin of the supposed textbook of Jewish world dom-

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At first the concept of conspiracy is purely symbolical. The human mind, with its tendency to personify great objective phenomena, interprets surprising objective contexts as a personal plan. World history becomes a moral drama; the eternal struggle between man and society becomes the struggle between good and evil; the lofty ruthlessness of history seems bearable only when it is humanized. Thus we give it a mythological form: the great hereditary enemy, the Antichrist, the destroyer, and finally, the conspirator. The nineteenth century in Europe was indeed full of conspirators, from the German Burschenschaften, the Italian Carbonari, the Irish Fenians, to the Russian Nihilists and Socialists. Behind all this, our imagination seeks a world context, a world conspiracy aiming at world domination. Where is the kernel of historical truth in the fantasy of a Jewish world conspiracy? It lies in the great world struggle for human equality to which the Jews owe their admission to modern society; this is the historical fact standing in the broad daylight of truth, whence it casts weirdly magnified, indistinct, and unfathomable shadows into the background of fantasy. On the opposing side, the great principle of inequality fights to preserve its rule; the ruling class philosophy of a natural hierarchy, of innate differences between men. Once this principle is expressed in the form of historical events, it also soon assumes an aspect of conspiracy. The coup d'état of Napoleon III on December 2, 1851, and *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* were not hatched out by the same mind. But they are acts of one and the same psychological type; only this made it possible for history to combine one with the other by the thin red thread of a documentary connection.

The spirit of the *Protocols*, therefore, contains historical truth, though all the facts put forward in them are forgeries. Hence its influence on such varied times and peoples. When they were published, their deeper, genuine content beneath the varnish of falsification found a receptive mood in many sections of the Russian people—a mood of decadence and despair. The Russian literature of the period from Tolstoi to Sologub bears witness to this mood. The superstitious tsar permitted himself to be frightened and influenced by wonder-working monks. Serious religious people were

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ie Black Hundreds, also published in 1917, during the World War published the last edition of his adix. This time it was: 'He is this edition which was placed is from this edition that the world domination spoke to the

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against the Jewish intellectuals—the lawyers, doctors, government officials, and others who had made themselves, by their share in modern education, so influential a part of society.

We are living in the age of technology. Technology is more than the transformation of heat into power. It is, in general, the domination of brute force by trained intelligence. Natural scientists have studied the soul, and vaudeville 'professors' have demonstrated the power of hypnosis. The fakirs are not the only ones who can cast a spell over the masses. Here, this book shows what great things are possible, even with the simplest methods. Alfred Rosenberg is an engineer and architect, a young man who in a few months will take his examinations for registered engineer. The powers have laid this book on his desk and thereby given him the watchword that was to govern his life, the open sesame of technology: everything is possible.

With the book in his bag, he fled at the beginning of 1918 to his native city of Reval, later called Tallinn. German troops took the city. Rosenberg remembered that he was a German. He volunteered for the German army, to fight against the Bolsheviks who for some months had been in the saddle in Petersburg and Moscow. The German commandant distrusted the German Russian and rejected him. He remained a civilian, earning his living as a drawing instructor at the Gymnasium. His eyes were still fixed on Russia. The Bolsheviks had disbanded the Constituent Assembly, proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat and the advent of socialism, but at the same time had given the poor peasants land, or rather summoned them to take it; they had brutally suppressed all political freedom, all opposition parties. Those affected resisted; there were plots and assassinations. The Bolsheviks, in a desperate life-and-death struggle, always in power but always on the brink of catastrophe, struck down their enemies by ruthless, barbaric terror. They acted in accordance with the recommendations of *The Protocols of Zion*. Were they not themselves the Wise Men of Zion? Hadn't they Jewish leaders? Isn't Lenin, their top leader, a Jew? In this, to be sure, Rosenberg was mistaken. Lenin was no more a Jew than Rykov, Kalinin, Krassin, Bucharin, and other Bolshevik leaders of the old guard; but Trotzky, Zinoviev, Radek were Jews.

* Hitler, Edvard, Rosenberg
a Jew

book of the hour. A respectable British *ast*, devoted a series of articles to it. n investigation to determine what truth he same occurred in France. In Poland commended the book's dissemination. d in America, in Italy, in Hungary, in istory of the circulation of *The Protocols* would seem to indicate the existence of f secret connections and co-operating which did not become known to the ter. And yet this network is described *cols* themselves.

prepared to act. They decided to kill er was a Socialist writer, the leader of On November 6, 1918, he was virtually than a few hundred supporters, more gure. He was a small man with a wild an immense black hat. On November 7 y of Munich with his few hundred men, roclaimed the republic. As though by e princes, the generals, and ministers When the news came, the minister of , oh, my God, and here I am, still in

lly was a Jew. Like Lenin, he had the is side, but all the educated classes, the gainst him; in such a case, there is no an and Jew. Belatedly the intellectuals vardice; they grew ashamed when they o danger. Their radical hatred found its e the Thule Society. While the Resen- arts, and others whose names have been ig — such an act, after all, was dangerous nsulted and cast aside got ahead of them. ount Anton Arco-Valley, a young officer, t on one side. Determined to shame his

insulters by an example of courage, he shot Eisner down in the midst of his guards on the open street. A second later he himself lay on the ground, with a bullet through his chest. Eisner's secretary, Fechenbach, sprang forward and saved the assassin from being trampled by the boots of the infuriated soldiers. A mass insurrection broke out, a soviet republic was proclaimed. The Communists seized power — without bloodshed. In the place where Eisner fell, his picture was pasted to the wall; a Red Army man stood beside it, and all passers-by had to salute the picture. The members of the Thule Society soaked a bag of flour in the sweat of two bitches in heat, someone 'accidentally' dropped the bag in front of the picture, the flour clung to the ground and the walls; dogs gathered by the dozens, the picture and the guards silently vanished. This repulsive story is told here only because those responsible publicly boasted of it.

An army marched against revolutionary Munich. It was a motley troop; remnants of disbanding regiments; free corps, newly formed of unemployed soldiers and young people eager for adventure. In a village south of Munich a labor battalion of Russian war prisoners, forgotten though peace had been signed with Russia months before, fell into their hands. Russians? Must be Bolsheviks. What else would they be? Fifty-three Russian prisoners met their death in a sandpit over this misapprehension. In another village, a lieutenant asked the priest on whom he was billeted if he didn't know a few Red suspects in his community. Oh, yes, he knew some, and he named twelve, all of whom, as came to light in a later trial, were quite harmless individuals, who in the troubled times had somehow frightened the priest. On its march the troop dragged along twelve workers, drove them into the courtyard of the Munich slaughterhouse, and shot them against a wall with several hundred other unfortunates. The slaughter lasted for several days.

For on May 2, 1919, Munich had fallen to the White Army, the so-called government troops. The Red régime had survived but a few weeks. With a single exception, its record was free of blood. This exception regards the Thule Society, which had formed a small underground free corps of its strongest members, to work behind the Red lines. The free corps was armed and thus constituted what since

the Spanish civil war (1936) has been called a fifth column. The conspiracy was discovered, a number of Thulists arrested; according to martial law, they were liable to the death penalty, but the Red government could not make up its mind to sentence them. In the last hours of the collapsing régime, news came that the White troops were shooting prisoners. Munich was embittered. In vain the army commander, the poet Ernst Toller, intervened. A fanatical subordinate, to whom the prisoners were entrusted, had a number of them shot, among them a woman; with them a few others who had nothing to do with the Thule Society and who had been arrested for tearing down government posters and other trifling offenses. Those shot included—in view of the subsequent legend, this is not unimportant—a Jew; all in all, ten persons. It remains a hideous deed, but the fifth-columnists of Thule were only bearing the consequences of their conspiracy; it is not true, as Rightist propaganda later claimed, that any hostages were murdered. In the courtyard of the Munich slaughterhouse hundreds of victims paid with their lives for the shooting of the Thulists. Many, if not most of them, were innocent. The drunken soldiery arrested, by mistake, Catholic workers, loyalists, enemies of the revolution and the republic; they murdered twenty-one persons in a cellar by order, or at least with the connivance, of their captain. 'The soldiers,' an eye-witness said later in court, 'many in a drunken condition, tramped around on the prisoners, struck them down indiscriminately with their side-arms, and thrust about so wildly that one of the bayonets bent and the victim's brain splattered all over. In this way they killed fourteen more people and then looted the corpses. Five prisoners were severely wounded. The corpses looked ghastly. The nose of one had been bashed into his face, half of another's skull was missing. If one of the wounded still showed sign of life, the soldiers beat him and stabbed him. Two soldiers grasped one another around the waist and carried on an Indian dance beside the corpses, screaming and howling.'

When the White troops entered Munich, they went to the Nineteenth Infantry barracks and found a body of soldiers which an eye-witness later called 'a wild Red rabble.' Every tenth man, chosen at random, was stood up against the wall and shot. Only one was

set aside from the very too clear. When the high before the radical uprising and report. A dangerous. A few months previous, officers in a strange way, recollected, 'because his s' 'cative' in those revolution defiantly refrained from troops stormed Munich, city; he made a speech expected him of being a s' escaped arrest. Now he examining commission s' wall. This man soon cam used him as an informer later boasted of them. 'V' commission,' wrote one c less clarity upon the un- practiced by the Jewish c rank this stool-pigeon wa an Austrian. His stated name was Adolf Hitler.

For these men the We recognize defeat. In an back. But we do not ac- selves to this revolution. Every period has its metl at an inn, watch the p them and win their conf war. Two armies are fi public; they are building war of position is to st greatest danger is that t out what is going on, fo their hands. Hence we : know anything about hi

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funich, they went to the Nine- l a body of soldiers which an able.' Every tenth man, chosen e wall and shot. Only one was

set aside from the very first to be spared. His position was only too clear. When the high officers of the Munich Reichswehr fled before the radical uprising, they had left this man behind, to observe and report. A dangerous commission, requiring courage — but ugly. A few months previous, this man had attracted the attention of his officers in a strange way. 'They all noticed him,' one of them later recollected, 'because his salutes were so punctilious as to be provocative' in those revolutionary months when most of the soldiers defiantly refrained from saluting at all. When the government troops stormed Munich, his comrades wanted to help defend the city; he made a speech dissuading them. His comrades had suspected him of being a spy, and during the soviet régime he barely escaped arrest. Now he became the executioner. After May 2 an examining commission sent hundreds of men to the slaughterhouse wall. This man soon came to the attention of the commission, which used him as an informer. He delivered his reports in writing and later boasted of them. 'When he was ordered before the examining commission,' wrote one of his friends, 'his indictments cast a merciless clarity upon the unspeakable disgrace of the military treason practiced by the Jewish dictatorship of Munich's soviet period.' By rank this stool-pigeon was a corporal; by nationality, strange to say, an Austrian. His stated profession was painter and architect. His name was Adolf Hitler.

For these men the World War was not at an end. They did not recognize defeat. In any case, they said, we were stabbed in the back. But we do not accept this peace, we shall not reconcile ourselves to this revolution. The German army fights on in Germany. Every period has its methods. The thing for you to do is to sit down at an inn, watch the people, listen to them, get acquainted with them and win their confidence. It is a strange period of silent civil war. Two armies are fighting one another, almost unseen by the public; they are building up secret arsenals, and the problem in this war of position is to steal the enemy's arms by bold forays. The greatest danger is that the Allied victors of Versailles should find out what is going on, for then the weapons will inevitably fall into their hands. Hence we must sound the people out, find out if they know anything about hidden arms; and if they do know, whether

mean admission to the noble caste. If this officers' corps combated the revolution, it was not fighting for an existing social order. A professional soldier was defending his profession. It was the officers' class struggle.

The German Revolution of 1918 to 1923 was not the great experience of the German people, but it was the great experience of its officers. A strange gray terror rose from the trenches and overpowered them. They began to study this terror and turn it to their own ends. Army and revolution entered upon a struggle for the source of power in modern society: the proletariat.

The educated worker, the intellectual of the fourth estate, is the strength of present-day armies. This proletarian worker, who more and more is becoming the actual intellectual of the technical age, is the human reservoir of modern society. Any militarism which does not want to die of malnutrition is dependent on him. The modern army is an army of technicians. The army needs the worker, and that is why it fights against the revolution; not for the throne and not for the moneybags, but for itself.

The army devours the people. A fatherland rises up within the fatherland. Germany: it is no longer the soil on which Walter von der Vogelweide, Luther, or Goethe trod; it is not the Cathedral of Bamberg, the *Nibelungenlied* or the Rhine, the people on the wharves of Hamburg or the learned men of the Prussian academy of sciences; Germany is: a tank park, a line of cannon, and the gray human personnel belonging to them. 'I find,' wrote one of those two hundred thousand officers in his autobiography, 'that I no longer belong to this people. All I remember is that I once belonged to the German army.'

The words are by Ernst Röhm. This Röhm, more than any other in his circle, is the key figure we were seeking when we asked: Who sent out the murderers, who gave the judges their orders? A young officer in his mid-thirties, a captain like a thousand others, the kind who might gladly and easily disappear in the mass, he stood modestly aside in the dazzling parades where generals and marshals, personally responsible, perhaps, for the loss of the war, were applauded by a misguided patriotic youth. Röhm was only an adjutant to the chief of the infantry troops stationed in Bavaria, a

certain Colonel von Epp. in defiance of the law at Berlin and Munich, a vol calling themselves mode fense). When this armed above, he formed new nuclei with all sorts of names, all having ostensibly nothing all were an extension of Röhm.

Röhm was a professional father was a middling railway. Ernst Röhm was born on an excellent soldier, the embryo joined the army, in 1908 because in the war, he returned easily shot away, he had a bullet tatters, and patched, he was captain. He was more a soldier condemns the cowardice, secretades; his revelations were

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certain Colonel von Epp. But from this modest post he established, in defiance of the law and against the will of every minister in Berlin and Munich, a volunteer army of a hundred thousand men, calling themselves modestly the *Einwohnerwehr* (citizens' defense). When this armed mass was finally disbanded by orders from above, he formed new nuclei. New organizations kept springing up, with all sorts of names, under constantly changing official leaders, all having ostensibly nothing to do with the Reichswehr. Actually all were an extension of the Reichswehr, under the command of Röhm.

Röhm was a professional soldier of petty-bourgeois origin. His father was a middling railway official in Ingolstadt, Bavaria, where Ernst Röhm was born on November 28, 1887. The boy became an excellent soldier, the embodiment of personal bravery. In 1906 he joined the army, in 1908 became a lieutenant. Three times wounded in the war, he returned each time to the front. Half his nose was shot away, he had a bullet hole in his cheek; short, stocky, shot to tatters, and patched, he was the outward image of a freebooter captain. He was more a soldier than an officer. In his memoirs he condemns the cowardice, sensuality, and other vices of many comrades; his revelations were almost treason against his own class.

A gigantic arsenal had been left behind by the fallen German army. In the peace treaty Germany had promised to destroy it. The Allies supervised the process by control commissions, sitting in the large cities of Germany and traveling through the country. These arms had to be saved. In Bavaria Röhm undertook this task.

He was able to persuade a few of the Allied officers that these old armored cars and rusty machine guns could be of no use in serious warfare, but would come in handy for combating the world revolution which was moving, through Germany, toward the Rhine. This strange collaboration with the Allied organs must have been very close; in his memoirs Röhm indicates as much in passing, praising certain British officers and mentioning an Italian, Major Grammacini. He succeeded in surrounding the Allied officials with a dense net of counter-spies; men wishing to report a secret arsenal were prevented from reaching the foreigners; they fell into the hands of a German, masquerading as an officer of the

scene

Entente, who with a straight face, stammering broken German, listened to their reports, and then delivered the traitors to eager assassins.

'We will transfer them from their rascally lives to death,' Röhm used to say in such cases. 'That is the soldier's law of self-defense.' Many years later, generals might from time to time appear as witnesses before courts and parliamentary committees, raise their right hands and swear that they had known nothing of the murders, and had no idea who the murderers were. The job was done by Röhm and his henchmen, the Heineses, Neunzerts, Schweikharth, and Ballys — to mention only a few of all those who have been half or totally forgotten. He was not the only such leader in the Reich. There was Lieutenant Rossbach in Pomerania, Captain von Pfeiffer in the Ruhr; there was Captain Ehrhardt who marched through the whole of Germany with his armed band, and at the height of his career instigated the *putsch* which was stifled by the general strike. Röhm was more conscious of his goal than any of the others; his career was the most successful, his end the most tragic.

* In any case, it was the officers of middle rank, captains, or at most majors, who relieved the generals of their responsibility, ostensibly without their knowledge, often actually against their will. They shoved their generals aside, in the end openly combated them, and during the whole period grimly despised them for their cowardice and inertia. The officers' class struggle became the struggle of the lower against the higher officers. When the German Republic disbanded the army, more generals retained their posts than the English army has in peacetime; those who were discharged received pensions they could live on. The well-paid generals became easily reconciled to the republic; they were not grateful enough to admit it openly, nor courageous enough to deny it. But the lieutenants and captains saw no place for advancement in the tiny army of a hundred thousand men; they saw themselves reduced to the level of armed elite proletarians; many, with no official position at all, marched through the land at the head of mercenary bands, subsidized by heavy industrialists and landowners to protect their factories or estates from the specter of communist revolution.

This seemed the end of the lordly life to which the German in-

* *Ehrhardt & Hitler discuss*

tellectual youth had grown school course had been broker had been made easy for them. they were sent to an officers' lieutenants with a monthly salary was a dangerous existence, The material level of life was when, as Röhm put it, 'peace biography: 'Since I am an ir me more than peace.' But pe

These armed intellectuals with its spirit, upheld its tradition it had ceased to be the army held it to be. Its most brilliant was Erich Ludendorff, a most important German general; von Kensen, von Kluck, Groener Kaiser offered him nobility, I to bear the same name as his lower officers gives an army in World War could be called a these intellectuals in uniform breakdown after the peace, the high point of their existence days remained their secret code

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tellectual youth had grown accustomed during the war. Their school course had been broken off ahead of time; their examinations had been made easy for them. After a short period of active service, they were sent to an officers' training course and soon they were lieutenants with a monthly salary of three hundred gold marks. It was a dangerous existence, but one full of pride and pleasure. The material level of life was high enough to permit of a hard fall, when, as Röhm put it, 'peace broke out.' He adds in his autobiography: 'Since I am an immature and bad man, war appeals to me more than peace.' But peace had come.

These armed intellectuals were the German army, they preserved its spirit, upheld its tradition. Even before the First World War, it had ceased to be the army of Prussian junkers, which foreigners held it to be. Its most brilliant mind, its leader in the World War, was Erich Ludendorff, a man of bourgeois origin, like most of the important German generals in the World War, such as von Mackensen, von Kluck, Groener, Max Hoffmann, Scheer. When the Kaiser offered him nobility, Ludendorff declined, saying he wished to bear the same name as his father. Since the broad mass of the lower officers gives an army its character, the German Army of the World War could be called an army of armed students. And since these intellectuals in uniform found no career and no bread in the breakdown after the peace, their officer days remained for many the high point of their existence; the hope for a return of the golden days remained their secret consolation.

Among these bright-colored, though plucked birds, Röhm was conspicuous by his simplicity; he had the nature of a leader, not of an aristocrat. This freebooter captain was inspired by an almost worshipful love for his subordinates; he was the type of superior officer who lives and dies for his troop and is constantly fighting his superior officers in their behalf. 'Respect and affection for your subordinate, not the praise of your superior, is the highest ideal,' he wrote as a young lieutenant. In general, obedience was not his strong point. 'The thinking subordinate is the natural enemy of his superior,' is another of his maxims.

And this fatherly soldier was a homosexual murderer.

We shall not go into the apparent contradictions in Röhm's

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nature. He was the secret head of a band of murderers. For his arsenal, he had men killed without the slightest qualm. In his inconspicuous position, he spent four years in Bavaria, secretly building up an army; or, more accurately, he kept building up new armies, for this secret army often disbanded. It was scattered by commands from above, torn by internal struggles. It allowed itself to be used for different purposes by political leaders who the next day abandoned them. But somehow Röhm always kept his army in hand, for he disposed of the arms and maintained a bloody guard over them.

It was this atmosphere that led him personally astray. Many sections of this secret army of mercenaries and murderers were breeding places of perversion. One of these was Rossbach's free corps. Rossbach and his adjutant, Heines, seem to have brought Röhm to the path which ultimately led to his destruction.

It is no contradiction that this misled leader should have been attached to his soldiers and thought more about them than most of his comrades did. Röhm was the type of officer who fights with the revolution for the soldier's soul. He grasped the great truth that the new army should not destroy the revolution but use it. "The revolutionary school of communism prepares the German worker for the struggle for national freedom," he writes. He never wearies of praising the communists and their military qualities. Once he had him in his company, he assures us, he could turn the reddest communist into a glowing nationalist in four weeks.

Att
listen
to
this.

The future workers' army passes through the school of civil war. These freebooters do not complain about the inner conflict in their fatherland. There are too many soft and rotten elements among the people, wipe them out! Röhm calls them the 'philistines,' and by that he means everything mediocre: in spirit, in passion, in possessions; sometimes he seems to mean everyone who has a family. He praises the have-nots without office and property, the raw warriors. They are the stuff the new army needs, for the new army must wage war in Germany, to wean the workers from the parties.

To this end, Röhm founded the National Socialist German Workers' Party. It might be said to have existed before him, first under the simpler name of the German Workers' Party. But that was a

club, sitting in the back room events, a mere idea. And an idea to win over the German workers was Röhm's work. He disco among workers! And not he soldiers, with pleas he drove him came a political troop. Who through the streets in civilian arose the formation which late formation.

They hunted down the Jew: Black Hundreds of southern fifteen years? At all events, the thought the same thoughts; *the Protocols of the Wise Men of And, indeed, they were practicing*

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club, sitting in the back rooms of little restaurants, talking. At all events, a mere idea. And an idea it remained until the club, seeking to win over the German workers, became the party of soldiers. This was Röhm's work. He discovered the club, joined it—an officer among workers! And not he alone. With commands he forced his soldiers, with pleas he drove his comrades into it. Thus the party became a political troop. Whole Reichswehr companies marched through the streets in civilian clothes as National Socialists! Thus arose the formation which later, as the SA, became the basic party formation.

They hunted down the Jews and beat them. Were they not the Black Hundreds of southern Russia, risen from the dead after fifteen years? At all events, they employed the same methods. They thought the same thoughts; for all these soldiers had read *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*, or read about them at least. And, indeed, they were practically the same men.

A colony of Russian émigrés — aristocrats, generals, industrialists, scholars, artists, students — had settled in Munich as in almost every other big city throughout the world. They stood as martyrs of the great Bolshevik terror which kept the post-war world a-tremble, and made Europe skip a heartbeat when in 1920 a Bolshevik army appeared before Warsaw and nearly changed the course of history.

From this Russian legion, Rosenberg stepped forward. With his new friends of the Thule Society, with Dietrich Eckart, with Rudolf Hess, with an engineer named Gottfried Feder, he approached the German Workers' Party. First he delivered lectures about the Wise Men of Zion, the Jewish peril, the Jewish wirepullers behind Bolshevism. This was still a far cry from an organized party. Rosenberg repeated the same lectures before a dozen similar groups and grouplets, all in obscure back rooms and small beer halls. But then Röhm sent in his soldiers from the other side. The grouplet became a piece of that German Reichswehr which then was a gigantic political party under arms, though without a program and without a leader.

Rosenberg supplied the program. It had already been tested, the idea of the Wise Men of Zion had gripped millions throughout the world. Rosenberg pointed eastward. From Russia the Antichrist

was sending forth his new armies, after moving his cannon to the Rhine under the tricolor of France.

The German Army was undergoing a revolution, a profound spiritual and physical metamorphosis. The impact upon this army of a foreign, supra-national world policy, conceived in gigantic Russian images, gave birth to the great movement which has been known ever since as National Socialism. A captain from the German provinces and a Russo-German student had to meet before the power of Germany and the world-embracing fantasy of the East could combine into an explosive mixture. Personally Röhm always rejected Rosenberg's distant perspectives and probably never took them seriously. 'Europe and the rest of the world,' he says, 'can perish in flames. What is that to us? Germany must live and be free.' Such a sentiment is the antithesis of any broad world policy. From the outset the two men sensed that they were foreign to one another; they hated one another throughout their collaboration. But their work was stronger than they.

The Röhm type surely did not recognize the ironical textbook of world domination in the *Protocols*. To him it sufficed that it was an effective pamphlet against the Jews. The defeated German officers' corps needed such a book. For an army that wants to maintain its prestige among the people must not be defeated. For forty years this army had been trained to defeat the French; it could not accustom itself to failure. The *Protocols* offered consolation: 'It was not the French who defeated us but the Jews.'

At all times and among all nations, crafty and strong personalities have recognized the simple secret of rule by violence. Four hundred years ago, an Italian gave it the theoretical form which today seems to us the most valid. A Frenchman adapted these thoughts to the modern age. But it took a band of Russian conspirators to transform the theories into a practical program. And in Germany the program was to be consciously applied for the first time. German officers took the idea of world domination seriously.

Those who wish to transform the world must be able to transform themselves. Every real revolutionary deed begins with one's own person. After his last unsuccessful *putsch* in 1923, General Ludendorff, for long years the idol and leader of all national revolutionary

movements in Germany it pains me to own, though capable of giving the C

Röhm says it more so has ideals.'

A broken people, a movement rises out of wrecks to be shattered, could be born. For this it was frightful. Rose type which now fell in strength, had nothing.

The gilded troop in cold smoke. Officers be alone—that was the deal. Not with the main be from the factories, but fringe of their class, the The declassed of all the lower classes made the way of counter-revolution in society seeks the pe out to find a demagog worker. They would follow.

In their class struggle to create a workers' mass of their subordination. The spirit of history, in an apter figure. It was slaughterhouse wall a human nothing, a grand and for that very reaterized him; not even Viennese melting-pot, charged with energy,

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movements in Germany, said in court: 'Events have taught me, and it pains me to own, that the leading stratum of our society is incapable of giving the German people the will to freedom.'

Röhm says it more simply: 'Only he who is without possessions
has ideals.'

A broken people, a broken army, broken men. The new movement rises out of wreckage. Ideals had to fall into the mire, destinies to be shattered, characters to sicken, before something new could be born. For this thing was new, and from the very beginning it was frightful. Rosenberg lost his home, Röhm his people; the type which now fell in with them, bringing them their greatest strength, had nothing to lose.

The gilded troop met in feebly lighted beer halls, smelling of cold smoke. Officers became conspirators. And they were no longer alone—that was the decisive factor. Now they were with workers. Not with the main body of the workers, with the mighty masses from the factories, but with the flotsam, the stragglers living on the fringe of their class, the workers at odd jobs and the unemployed. The declassed of all classes came together; those of the upper and the lower classes made common cause. In all times this has been the way of counter-revolution: an upper layer that has lost its hold in society seeks the people and finds the rabble. The officers were out to find a demagogue, of whom it could be said that he was a worker. They would cry out to him: Leader, command us, we shall follow.

In their class struggle the officers were forced by circumstances to create a workers' army; they found their leader in the lowest mass of their subordinates, and commanded him to command. The spirit of history, in its fantastic mockery, could not have drawn an apter figure. It was the man who had sent his comrades to the slaughterhouse wall after the overthrow of the Munich soviet. A human nothing, a gray personality even among soldiers, 'modest and for that very reason inconspicuous,' as a superior has characterized him; not even a German, but a homeless derelict from the Viennese melting-pot. The army in which he was a soldier was charged with energy, laden with possibilities, but he descended to

ASO = DER FUEHRER → $\alpha + \omega$

the most dubious level, that of *agent-provocateur*; even in that field he was no leader, but an unsavory tool of the political counter-espionage; an *homme de main*, entrusted with necessary but loathsome tasks; happy when he could obey and, by his own admission, knowing no higher goal than 'to follow his superior blindly and contradict no one.' His exterior was without distinguishing marks, his face without radiance; there was nothing unusual in his bearing. He was one of those men without qualities, normal and colorless to the point of invisibility. They can be forgotten beneath the broadest spotlight, even while they are present. The void, it might be said, had disguised itself as a man.

the
man's
shell

The leadership of the new military party in Munich was given over to this human object. The officers wanted a tool. They sent him through the country on speaking tours, used him in their press bureau to write releases, sent him into political meetings to hear what he could hear. At length, as propagandist orator for the German Workers' Party, he seemed to have found his niche in the world. He was a man of the people, at home amid the most sordid poverty, hence familiar with the heart of the poor. To speak in the language of his employers, accustomed to the military trade and embarrassed in the presence of the people: that trap of his will come in handy.

For in this unlikely looking creature there dwelt a miracle: his voice. It was something unexpected. Between those modest, narrow shoulders, the man had lungs. His voice was the very epitome of power, firmness, command, and will. Even when calm, it was a guttural thunder; when agitated, it howled like a siren betokening inexorable danger. It was the roar of inanimate nature, yet accompanied by flexible human overtones of friendliness, rage, or scorn.

The contradiction between the lamentable appearance and the mighty voice characterizes the man. He is a torn personality; long reaches of his soul are insignificant, colored by no noteworthy qualities of intellect or will; but there are corners supercharged with strength. It is this association of inferiority and strength that makes the personality so strange and fascinating.

Adolf Hitler, the man, is portrayed here as most of his contem-

poraries and many of his and the picture is basically as a political mind, one of world history — this is a of genius, from the stute glamorous artillery captain so many contradictions, human strength.

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THE ARMED INTELLECTUALS

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poraries and many of his own supporters saw him in his beginnings;
and the picture is basically true. As a human figure, lamentable;
as a political mind, one of the most tremendous phenomena of all
world history — this is a contradiction which occurs in every man
of genius, from the stuttering Moses to Bonaparte, the strange, un-
glamorous artillery captain; but few of those historic figures united
so many contradictions, such lack of distinction, and such super-
human strength.

D. T. : They are the ~~stuff~~
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"I will give him a voice."
understood at once. Radio
and its new powers were in his
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Chapter III

'HE IS BOTH TERRIBLE AND BANAL'

FM - Fresh material

ADOLF HITLER CAME FROM A REGION ON THE north shore of the Danube, about fifty miles above Vienna, an impoverished out-of-the-way section. His father was the illegitimate son of a poor peasant girl. The family relations, so restricted as to border on incest, may be somewhat clarified by the accompanying genealogical chart. It shows how the present form of the name Hitler developed comparatively recently from a medley of different sounds and spellings. There are Jewish Hitlers, though the name is rather rare. This has led to a search for a Jewish strain in Adolf Hitler. There is no proof, however; all the facts and internal evidence at our disposal argue against the idea.

Adolf Hitler's maternal line is settled and stable. From its first appearance the name remains unchanged in the form of Pölzl, and down to Hitler's mother the family stayed four generations on peasant holding Number 37 in the village of Spital. The paternal line, however, is unsettled almost to the point of vagrancy. The spelling of the name varies; and the residence changes three times in three generations: Walterschlag, Spital, Strones, Leonding; and the lives of the individuals show a deep unrest.

Johann Georg Hiedler, grandfather of the future chancellor, wandered without steady residence through Lower Austria, in one place leasing a mill, in another officially inscribed as an 'unemployed

Johann Pölzl, b. ca. = Therese Ledermüller,
1731, at Spital; peasant; d. 8/7, 1803, at Spital

Laurenz Pölzl, b. = Juliana Walli, b. ca.
ca. 1788, peasant, 1797, at Gross-Wolfs-
at Spital gers

Sepphan Hiedler, b. 1672, = wife Agnes

peasant, at Walterschlag

Johann Hiedler, b. 5/11, = Maria Anna Neuschwandner at Walterschlag
1725, at Walterschlag

Martin Hüttler, b. = Anna Maria Göschl,
11/17, 1762, at Walterschlag; d. 1/20, 1854, at Spital
1829, at Spital

FM miller's apprentice'—an artisan with obvious bohemian leanings, wandering from one small, poor village to another. In 1824 he married for the first time; five months after the marriage a son was born, but mother and child died (all this according to the church registers). Thirteen years later, in 1837, the church registers find the wandering miller in the village of Döllersheim. In the neighboring village of Strones, Anna Marie Schicklgruber, a peasant's daughter, bore a son by the name of Alois on June 7, 1837. Five years later, in 1842, this woman, now 47 years old, married the still vagrant Johann Georg Hiedler, now a man of fifty, who had again changed his residence and was living in the village of Dörenthal as a miller's helper. The laconic entries in the church registers are all that we know of these grandparents of Adolf Hitler—supposing both sides to be his real grandparents. Whether the two lived together as man and wife and kept a household, we do not know; we are rather inclined to suppose the contrary. After the death of his wife (1847), the vagrant miller vanishes for three whole decades. For many years Alois, the son, did not legally bear the name of Johann Georg Hiedler, but his mother's maiden name of Schicklgruber.

FH Alois Schicklgruber grew up in the village of Spital in the house of a brother of Georg Hiedler's. The name of this brother is written as Hütler; and in accordance with the local custom conferring even the strangest names from the holy calendar in full, this uncle and foster-father of Alois was called: Johann von Nepomuk Hütler. Johann von Nepomuk is the national saint of the Czech people; this indicates a possible Czech strain in Adolf Hitler's forebears, who actually did reside in a German-Czech border section. In this Johann von Nepomuk Hütler we observe a trait which sharply distinguishes him from his brother: while Johann Georg seems to have lived without discipline and done pretty much as he pleased, never settling down or assuming any firm ties, Johann von Nepomuk, after leaving his native Waltersschlag, married a peasant girl fifteen years older than himself in the village of Spital and remained a peasant in Spital till the end of his life.

FM It was here that Alois Schicklgruber spent his childhood. He learned the shoemaker's trade from a relative by the name of Leder-

müller. A little and the temperament of man threw his whole pocket money more money than either.

It will probably be considered by those who of the village he a Hütler family. To documents, it is probably Lower Austria as a the odd man who la It has also been suggested Johann von Nepomuk and thus the grandly defying proof. But away: the later National one desiring to pass a if brought before 'str proving the identity

The young Alois happy in his home. child and was witho related that his father to return 'until he h things,' in accordance fession of command: border policeman in He guarded the nation word, he became a scarcely friendly to m poor, out-of-the-way c and contempt of humi gitimate son of a sma borders for human pre looked on him with ti

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village of Spital in the house name of this brother is written : local custom conferring even dendar in full, this uncle and Johann von Nepomuk Hütler. il saint of the Czech people: i in Adolf Hitler's forebears, Czech border section. In this erve a trait which sharply dis-e Johann Georg seems to have tly much as he pleased, never ties, Johann von Nepomuk, married a peasant girl fifteen ge of Spital and remained a 2. xer spent his childhood. He relative by the name of Leder-

mtiller. A little anecdote has come down to us which characterizes the temperament of the whole family: one day in a rage the young man threw his change purse out of the window. It contained his whole pocket money consisting of a kreuzer. If he didn't have any more money than that, he cried out, he didn't need the kreuzer either. FK

It will probably be impossible to find out whose son he was considered by those who knew or should have known; but in the eyes of the village he apparently passed as a child of the Hiedler or Hütler family. To judge by his character as we see it in the meager documents, it is probable that the odd man who wandered about Lower Austria as a miller's helper actually was the grandfather of the odd man who later became a scourge and mystery to the world. It has also been suggested that not Georg Hiedler but his brother, Johann von Nepomuk Hütler, was the father of Alois Schicklgruber, and thus the grandfather of Adolf Hitler. This is an hypothesis defying proof. But there is one curious fact which cannot be argued away: the later National Socialist racial legislation requires everyone desiring to pass as an Aryan to prove four Aryan grandparents; if brought before strict judges, Adolf Hitler might have difficulty proving the identity of his paternal grandfather.

The young Alois Schicklgruber does not seem to have been happy in his home. Apparently he was not treated as a legitimate child and was without expectation of inheritance. His son later related that his father left his native village fully determined not to return 'until he had made something of himself.' This 'something,' in accordance with small peasants' conceptions, was a profession of command: the police career. At eighteen he became a border policeman in the Austrian customs service near Salzburg. He guarded the national border and hunted smugglers—in a word, he became a man-hunter. An honorable profession, but scarcely friendly to man. In many countries it is the children of poor, out-of-the-way country sections who, from inborn hardness and contempt of humanity, choose the police profession. This illegitimate son of a small peasant took up his rifle and stalked the borders for human prey. The people in his native village must have looked on him with timid amazement when they first saw him in FOM

FA his shiny gold buttons, stamped with the imperial two-headed eagle, his pistol at his belt. The records show a young border patrolman: 'Alois Schicklgruber, surnamed Hitler.' At the age of twenty-seven he was well enough established to found a family. Eleven days after his promotion, in 1864, he married Anna Glasl-Hörer, adoptive daughter of a customs collector — distinctly a higher station in life. She brought him some money and was fourteen years his elder — he was twenty-seven, she forty-one years; the same pattern as with his foster-father (or father?), Johann von Nepomuk Hütler: marriage to a wealthier, much older girl. The woman was sickly and bore him no children; in 1880, after sixteen years, the marriage was dissolved — in so far as this was possible according to the law of Catholic Austria. Three years later, the woman died of tuberculosis at the age of sixty, when her husband was forty-six. Alois Schicklgruber spent sixteen years of this unfertile and presumably melancholy marriage as a customs official in Braunau am Inn, a little city on the German-Austrian border. According to the accounts of contemporaries, he must have been an impressive personality in his way, 'hungry for education and well versed in words and letters'; his wife's means, it seems, had procured the ill-paid official the luxury of books and travel.

Apparently convinced that he had 'made something of himself,' he resumed, after his marriage, relations with his 'native village.' Johann von Nepomuk Hütler was still alive. All parties may have reckoned with the approaching end of Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler's first wife. Johann von Nepomuk's daughter, Johanna, who was married to a certain Pölzl, bore him in 1860 a granddaughter by the name of Klara; for Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler this child was the daughter of a cousin — and conceivably, if rumors are correct, the daughter of a half-sister, hence a niece. His own marriage was childless and so he took little Klara into his house in place of a daughter.

The developments in the internal relations of this family can only be presumed; but these presumptions are based upon events which really took place — though years later. We can assume that Schicklgruber's marriage with the sick woman fourteen years older than himself finally ceased to be a marriage; and that, as he approached

his forties, the man slowly ce foster-daughter as a wife as s was to be expected in a rea those days, a separation woi death made it possible and le cerned were agreed on the parents and grandparents exj Alois Schicklgruber told a fri — that is, his own foster-fath father — had wanted to men will; but had demanded that Alois was legally entitled to or Hitler — as the names of sometimes in fact the name c the carelessly kept church re; matter of the will fall in the s Whoever Alois Schicklgru been, it was definite that Geo And thus the vagrant mille. This event is mentioned in a most interesting is a memora Poelten (Lower Austria) of M show, an old man who call longer Hiedler — appeared t Weitra on June 6, 1876. But and the same man to whom t gruber, had in 1837 borne the who five years later had mar recognize Alois expressly as l now declared to the notary, the name of Rameder, Breite father of the illegitimate child 1837. Why he had failed to mother does not appear froi stances he did so in 1876, wha then leading, on what terms sioned this tardy legitimation

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his forties, the man slowly conceived the idea of taking his growing
foster-daughter as a wife as soon as his first wife should die—which
was to be expected in a reasonable time. In the Austrian law of
those days, a separation would not have allowed remarriage, but
death made it possible and legitimate. It is conceivable that all con-
cerned were agreed on the question and probable that Klara's
parents and grandparents expected this solution. Many years later,
Alois Schicklgruber told a friend that Johann von Nepomuk Hütler
—that is, his own foster-father and at the same time Klara's grand-
father—had wanted to mention him, Alois Schicklgruber, in his
will; but had demanded that it be established beyond any doubt that
Alois was legally entitled to bear the name of Hütler, or Hiedler,
or Hitler—as the names of brothers and sisters, fathers and sons,
sometimes in fact the name of one and the same person, appear in
the carelessly kept church registers. This change of name and the
matter of the will fall in the year when Klara Pölzl became sixteen.

Whoever Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler's natural father may have
been, it was definite that Georg Hiedler married his mother in 1842.
And thus the vagrant miller's helper rises again from obscurity.
This event is mentioned in a few existing documents, of which the
most interesting is a memorandum of the Diocesan Court of Sankt
Poelten (Lower Austria) of March 29, 1932. As the Bishop's archives
show, an old man who called himself Georg Hitler—hence no
longer Hiedler—appeared before the notary in the little city of
Weitra on June 6, 1876. But according to his statement, he was one
and the same man to whom the peasant maid, Maria Anna Schickl-
gruber, had in 1837 borne the illegitimate son, Alois, and the same
who five years later had married the mother, but had forgotten to
recognize Alois expressly as his son. At the age of eighty-four, he
now declared to the notary, in the presence of three witnesses by
the name of Rameder, Breiteneder, and Pautsch, that he was the
father of the illegitimate child, Alois Schicklgruber, born on June 7,
1837. Why he had failed to legitimize Alois when marrying his
mother does not appear from the records. Under what circum-
stances he did so in 1876, what sort of life Georg Hiedler-Hitler was
then leading, on what terms he was with his son, and what occa-
sioned this tardy legitimation are also absent from the records. The

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act of legitimation went into actual force in the parish office at Döllersheim whither Georg Hiedler-Hitler's declaration to the notary was sent from Weitra. In Döllersheim on November 23, 1876, Josef Zahnschirm, the parish priest, in a rather irregular form which later gave rise to doubts, changed Alois Schicklgruber's name to Alois Hitler in the baptismal record. Legally the whole occurrence was the repetition of an act which should have occurred when the marriage was concluded in 1842; in the official language of the Austrian Church it was called: *'legitimitas per matrimonium subsequens.'*

Thus, from 1876 on, Adolf Hitler's father bore the name of Hitler; the future chancellor was thus entitled to his name from birth. Georg Hiedler acknowledged paternity in legally adequate form; and Alois actually bore this name during most of his life. His famous son, Adolf Hitler himself, was never called Schicklgruber. The obscure spot in his ancestry indicates in all likelihood not a strain of outside, hence conceivably foreign origin, but an incestuous mixture within his own family. The degree of this incest can only be surmised.

Apparently the ailing life of Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler's first wife dragged on much longer than her husband had expected. He took up relations with a young hotel cook by the name of Franziska Matzelsberger, and this broke up his marriage and family. His wife obtained a separation in accordance with the Austrian 'bed-and-board' law of the time, and moved into a dwelling of her own; his relation with Klara Pölzl was also severed; the twenty-year-old girl left the house and went to Vienna as a servant. Alois Hitler lived with his new wife in a relation similar to marriage; she bore him, during the lifetime of his first wife, a son, whom he likewise called Alois. When his first wife at last died in 1883, he married the second; after a few months she bore him a daughter named Angela. After a marriage of one year, in 1884, this second wife died, also of tuberculosis.

In the last months of her life she, too, moved away from her husband. Klara Pölzl reappeared and kept house for Alois Hitler — her stepfather or fiancé. Half a year after the death of his second wife, on January 7, 1885, Alois Hitler married his third: his ward, twenty-three years younger than himself.

In the first marriage, a woman fourteen years older than he took a wife twenty years his senior. In accordance with church law, it was a marriage of the third degree dispensation was necessary in five children, three of whom were born in 1885, died in 1888, son, Edmund, born in 1889, born in 1896, survived, 1 daughter, born in 1897, life in Vienna; the only sister to survive. A half sister, Franziska Matzelsberger, also married to an official by the name of Alois, lived in Vienna as a cook and then as a housekeeper in a Jewish charity kitchen; she was born in 1882, later legitimate than troubled life. He was married five months in jail for theft. Later he went to the provincial court in Hamburg for bigamy. Then he disappeared and later left it. In the meantime he was taken up by National Socialists, in a position of honor and distinction to one of the most fashionable.

The family life in the years is described by acquaintance and friendly. An old inhabitant girl in Alois Hitler's household; the sole note of laziness, and not quite normal, came to help out.

Could this 'unpleasant' mentioned matter of inheritance in Alois Hitler suddenly born near Weitra, and gave it

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In the first marriage, a young man of twenty-seven had married
 a woman fourteen years his senior; now, at the age of forty-eight,
 he took a wife twenty-three years younger than he. According to
 church law, it was a marriage between relatives ('collateral relation-
 ship of the third degree, bordering on the second'). An episcopal
 dispensation was necessary for the marriage. This marriage resulted
 in five children, three of whom died at an early age: a son, Gustav,
 born in 1885, died in 1887; a girl, Ida, born in 1886, died in 1888; a
 son, Edmund, born in 1894, died in 1900. Another daughter, Paula,
 born in 1896, survived, learned applied art, and later led a modest
 life in Vienna; the only one of Adolf Hitler's full brothers and
 sisters to survive. A half-brother and a half-sister, children of Fran-
 ziska Matzelsberger, also survived: Angela, born in 1883, later mar-
 ried to an official by the name of Raubal, after his death lived in
 Vienna as a cook and housekeeper, and for a time worked in a
Jewish charity kitchen; and the half-brother, Alois Matzelsberger,
 born in 1882, later legitimized as Alois Hitler. Alois, Jr., had a more
 than troubled life. He was a waiter by profession. In 1900, he re-
 ceived five months in jail for theft; in 1902, eight months, again
 for theft. Later he went to Germany; on March 7, 1924, the pro-
 vincial court in Hamburg sentenced him to six months in prison
 for bigamy. Then he disappeared to England, established a family
 and later left it. In the thirties he opened an inn, much frequented
 by National Socialists, in a Berlin suburb; later he moved his estab-
 lishment to one of the busiest squares in Berlin, and it became
 fashionable.

The family life in the house of Adolf Hitler's parents in the first
 years is described by acquaintances and neighbors as harmonious
 and friendly. An old inhabitant of Braunau, who worked as a serv-
 ant girl in Alois Hitler's house, spoke of harmony reigning in the
 house; the sole note of unpleasantness was created by a 'haughty,
 lazy, and not quite normal sister of Frau Klara,' who frequently
 came to help out.

Could this 'unpleasantness' have been connected with the above-
 mentioned matter of inheritance? It might seem so, for in 1888
 Alois Hitler suddenly bought a farm in the village of Wörnharts,
 near Weitra, and gave it to his unmarried sister-in-law, Johanna

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Pözl, to run. The farm was situated in his home village of Spital, more than a hundred miles from Braunau, his place of service. Thus Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler was apparently preparing his return to the home sod.

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On April 20, 1889, at half-past six in the evening, at the Hotel zum Pommer in Braunau, another son was born, in the fifth year of his third marriage. Two days later, at a quarter after three in the afternoon, this child was baptized by the name of Adolfus. This was Alois Hitler's fourth child, the second from his marriage with Klara Pözl. The godparents were a couple by the name of Prinz (possibly of Jewish descent) from the Löwengasse in Vienna. The little son of the Austrian border official spent his first years on German soil in the border city of Passau, not far from Braunau.

Then some quarrel must have broken out in the family and Alois Hitler abandoned the idea of returning home. He had himself transferred to Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, and there he retired on pension at the strikingly early age of fifty-eight (1895). There now began a restless period. He bought and sold farm after farm in the little townships around Linz; it looked more like land speculation than any idea of settling down. At length he established himself for the last years of his life in Leonding, a suburb of Linz.

The school reports of his son, Adolfus, have been preserved from these years. On April 2, 1895, the six-year-old entered the public school in the village of Fischlham; two years later he was sent to the cloister school at Lambach; then followed a year at public school in Leonding. His report cards from these years show only marks of 'excellent,' with an occasional exception in singing, drawing, and gymnastics.

A six-year-old boy — a sixty-year-old father. A thirty-seven year-old mother. Adolfus grew up in a violently, unnaturally divided world. To his mother — this we can feel from his own account — he was deeply devoted, and she in turn was devoted to the point of weakness to the self-reliant, stormy son. Was he self-reliant? Light and shade alternate strangely in this character. Reports of teachers, fellow pupils, and neighbors concur in their description: a big 'Indian chief,' a rough-neck, an eloquent, loud-voiced ring-

leader in children's games: his comrades, bringing him gets a licking from his father, but must show how he forces his way and exploits her — and he apart when he finds him age has made hard and st

His father was a short-inactive. He had fought a hardest sacrifices, and in this his will. He goes walking gold-bordered velvet cap against the fence, chats and looks on as a friend erects: are the times, the little fell down. His lungs are affected blood. In political conversation the Prussians': he is of extr

Not so his son. He was he was not loyal and obedient devoted to the Catholic religion relates that at the age of fifteen joined the Young Men's Union in protest. Though fits into the period and its political human type, enraged against rebellion against the authorities among the intellectuals of Austria outside Vienna. The old empire for decades; the it, with their rebellious battle 'Home to the Reich!' which the new Prussian German Reich gold, the old German colors colors from the days when it with Hegel's world spirit, sometimes on the black, red,

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leader in children's games, planning a trip around the world with FM
his comrades, bringing knives and axes to school with him; if he
gets a licking from his comrades in school, he may not complain 1897
to his father, but must help himself. His own narrative again
shows how he forces his will on his weak mother, lovingly uses her
and exploits her—and how completely his victorious nature falls
apart when he finds himself face to face with his father, whom
age has made hard and stern.

His father was a short-tempered old man, grown prematurely
inactive. He had fought a bitter struggle with life, had made the
hardest sacrifices, and in the end things had not gone according to
his will. He goes walking about Leonding, usually holding his
gold-bordered velvet cap in his hand, looks after his bees, leans
against the fence, chats rather laconically with his neighbors. He
looks on as a friend erects a little sawmill and sourly remarks: such
are the times, the little fellows are coming up, the big ones going
down. His lungs are affected, he coughs and occasionally spits
blood. In political conversations it develops that he 'can't stomach
the Prussians': he is of extremely Austrian mind, a witness relates.

* Not so his son. He was not Austrian, he was not a dutiful son,
he was not loyal and obedient, he was not even very conscientiously
devoted to the Catholic religion of his country; a persistent legend
relates that at the age of fourteen he spat out the Host at com-
munion in protest. Though this sacrilege has never been proved, it
fits into the period and its passionate atmosphere, and jibes with the
human type, enraged against the god of his fathers. An embittered
rebellion against the authority of Church and State was simmering
among the intellectuals of Austria, particularly in the country sec-
tions outside Vienna. The European national revolution shook the
old empire for decades; the Germans of Austria also had a part in
it, with their rebellious battle-cry and banner; the battle-cry was,
* 'Home to the Reich!' which meant, away from the Habsburgs to
the new Prussian German Reich. The banner was black, red, and
gold, the old German colors from the Napoleonic period, dream
colors from the days when the educated classes of Germany, drunk
with Hegel's world spirit, dreamed of their future state. And
sometimes on the black, red, and gold background a strange sign

appeared; a kind of wheel with an axial cross in the middle, but the circle is cut in four places so that four scythe blades seem to swing in a circle around the cross. Anyone who sees this strange shape involuntarily recognizes the Swastika.

FM This movement was closely related to a second one, the battle-cry of which was 'Los von Rom!' (Away from Rome!) It was the same rhythm as 'Heim ins Reich' (Home to the Reich). And that was exactly what it meant. It was a spiritual uprising against the Pope in Rome, but at the same time a rebellion against the Catholic Emperor in Vienna, his 'Apostolic Majesty,' the old man who, on Corpus Christi, walked in the procession with a candle in his hand. These German intellectuals in Austria were rising against the Italian Vicar of God in the foreign country beyond the mountains and against the emperor of the Czechs, Poles, and Hungarians. Sunday after Sunday, German and Czech students fought in Prague, and in the German provincial cities of the empire bands of students, encouraged by a part of their professors, marched through the streets with black, red, and gold caps and insignia; in Linz, for example, they paraded across the Franz Josef's Platz and the Landstrasse. 'I, too, bore the black, red, and gold insignia and was often beaten for it,' Hitler later related.

Beaten by whom? By political adversaries? Only by them? It seems that he was beaten by his father, too. He himself hints that this occurred in the struggle over his future profession. But his father's image runs like a dark shadow through his whole self-portrait; an authority which always harshly intervened when contradicted. This father had been proud to be an Austrian official and he wanted his son to be an Austrian official, too. But his son wanted to be a painter.

FM Why a painter? Was Hitler a visual mind? At the end of the nineteenth century, the painter or the poet was a kind of kíp; the Renaissance figures of the poet-prince and the royal artist dominated society. Makart in Vienna, and Lenbach in Munich—two painters little known abroad and by now half forgotten in their own country—were in their time more impressive rulers than the true princes, giving laws to society and form to human lives, and in return receiving fame and earthly goods in abundance. Young

Adolf Hitler wanted to suspicious paternal eye of the youthful plan in a serious profession.

This was the source and probably all the of a twelve-year-old son a ler's first great struggle. with great fears, with I scheming that was alm glorious, but it did bri drew the short end, th enforcement of his authori He avoided blows. An later: 'I had, to some ex to myself; I did not al My own firm determinat to give me complete inn tradit immediately! He but this does not seem Hitler when he inscribed of self-praise and self-pit decided, so he tells us, to and lazy: 'What gave m wise unattractive to me, true; it is certainly true t soon reversed. In 1900, h in the very first year ma promoted. To judge by I greatly grieved. One son y was doing badly. But h disquieting good-for-nothi On the morning of Jan Alois Hitler suddenly colla ing walk. A friend found the hostess ran into the k his mouth, and Alois died

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Adolf Hitler wanted to become something of this sort. The sharp, suspicious paternal eye may have penetrated the lack of seriousness of the youthful plan and wanted to anchor his son's frivolous mind in a serious profession.

This was the source of the fights between father and son — this, and probably all the other conflicts which can create strife between a twelve-year-old son and a father of sixty-four. It was Adolf Hitler's first great struggle, and by his own admission he conducted it with great fears, with lies and secretiveness, and with a degree of scheming that was almost suicidal. The struggle was not exactly glorious, but it did bring some success: '... since, of course, I drew the short end, the old gentleman began the relentless enforcement of his authority. In the future, therefore, I was silent ...' He avoided blows. And why not, he reflected twenty-five years later: 'I had, to some extent, been able to keep my private opinions to myself; I did not always have to contradict him immediately. My own firm determination never to become a civil servant sufficed to give me complete inner peace.' He did not always have to contradict immediately! He fought his father with lies and trickery; but this does not seem to have been clear to the mature Adolf Hitler when he inscribed the story of his childhood in pages full of self-praise and self-pity at the beginning of *Mein Kampf*. He decided, so he tells us, to punish his father by becoming frivolous and lazy: 'What gave me pleasure I learned; what ... was otherwise unattractive to me, I sabotaged completely.' Perhaps this is true; it is certainly true that his brilliant beginnings in school were soon reversed. In 1900, he entered a secondary school in Linz, and in the very first year made such a poor showing that he was not promoted. To judge by his son's story, the father must have been greatly grieved. One son was already in prison and now the second was doing badly. But his weak mother took the son with the disquieting good-for-nothing propensities under her protection.

On the morning of January 3, 1903, shortly before ten o'clock, Alois Hitler suddenly collapsed in the street while taking his morning walk. A friend found him and brought him to a near-by inn, the hostess ran into the kitchen for wine and water, blood filled his mouth, and Alois died quickly and peacefully in the arms of

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* D.T. I was instructed to
 48 *clear up the mind of*
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his neighbor, Ransmaier. The Leonding death records report: 'Died suddenly of pulmonary hemorrhage.' Later his son sadly accused himself: 'His most ardent desire had been to help his son forge his career, thus preserving him from his own bitter experience. In this, to all appearances, he had not succeeded.' Alois Hitler died in melancholy doubts concerning the future of his son.

When Alois Hitler died, it seemed as though his line—rich in uncommonly strong temperaments and characters, violently bursting forth from narrow circumstances and striving upward—had fallen into sudden decadence. Children upon children—but most of them had died, and most of the others had turned out badly. The sudden shift into city life seemed to be bad for these small peasants.

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 *

The 'Waldviertel' in Lower Austria, from which both the Hitler and Pözl families came, is a gloomy, remote, impoverished section; like many such regions, it has no lack of superstitions and ghost stories. The ancestors were mostly poor peasant people; 'small cottager' often stands in the church registers. Then comes the strange break in the series with the gypsy-like character of Georg Hiedler, the grandfather; a break which continues in the person of Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler and drives his children in turn on the most unusual and varied paths. In a picture, old Alois Hider strikingly resembles the aged Field-Marshal Hindenburg; not only the same mustache, but also the same lurking eyes, the same cheeks, mouth, and chin; the head represents the same unmistakable square. There must have been something avid and speculative in the man who in his old age sold farm after farm, and in his youth had married a well-to-do woman fourteen years older than himself—a case which occurs no less than three times in Adolf Hitler's ancestry.

A lavish yet destructive vitality dominates the paternal line. Children appear and die *en masse*. The number of Alois Hitler's legitimate children is seven, only four survive; but already, with regard to Georg Hiedler, the meager data permit all possible suppositions in addition to his legal offspring. The striking mortality in the third marriage indicates a predisposition to weakness, originating perhaps in the mother's blood; her picture shows a young woman of delicate type. The same sickness creeps strangely through the whole family: Alois Hitler's first and second wife die of consumption, he too succumbs to a lung ailment.

Adolf Hitler
Adolf Hitler's lung

HE IS BOTI

Is any other hereditary nor Alois Hitler was more the abnormal. A sister or a neighbor as 'lazy and Schicklgruber-Hitler's sheep. Eccentricities enough to cast a somewhat sharp we already know it.

With the death of Alois Brother Alois already happens his father in dying. And Adolf for the moment was now free from the pressure of resistance. He spent his 'ness' and 'in the hollowed there is a note of smugness; laziness remained unchanged class of the *Staatsrealschule*, may give an approximate

- Moral conduct
- Diligence
- Religion
- German language
- Geography and history
- Mathematics
- Chemistry
- Physics
- Geometry and geometrical drawing
- Free-hand drawing
- Gymnastics
- Stenography
- Singing
- External form of written work

• Repetitive examination period.

Is any other hereditary taint discernible? Certainly neither Georg nor Alois Hitler was mentally balanced; both clearly bordered on the abnormal. A sister of Adolf Hitler's mother is characterized by a neighbor as 'lazy and not quite normal.' A son from Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler's second marriage turned out to be a black sheep. Eccentricities enough for one family; yet they suffice only to cast a somewhat sharper light on the picture of Adolf Hitler as we already know it.

With the death of Alois Hitler the family begins to disintegrate. Brother Alois already has his prison terms behind him, and perhaps his father in dying feared that Adolf had his ahead of him. And Adolf for the moment did little to dispel such a concern. He was now free from the paternal discipline, and his mother offered no resistance. He spent five more years with her in 'downy softness' and 'in the hollowness of comfortable life' — in his own story there is a note of smugness in his self-reproaches. He changed his school, attended a secondary school in the near-by city of Steyr; his laziness remained unchanged. His last school report for the fourth class of the *Staatsrealschule* in Steyr, issued on September 16, 1905, may give an approximate picture of Adolf Hitler, the scholar:

	First Semester	Second Semester
Moral conduct	satisfactory	satisfactory
Diligence	unequal	adequate
Religion	adequate	satisfactory
German language	inadequate	adequate
Geography and history	adequate	satisfactory
Mathematics	inadequate	satisfactory
Chemistry	adequate	adequate
Physics	satisfactory	adequate
Geometry and geometrical drawing	adequate	inadequate*
Free-hand drawing	laudable	adequate**
Gymnastics	excellent	excellent
Stenography	inadequate	
Singing		satisfactory
External form of written work	displeasing	displeasing

* Repetitive examination permitted.
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It would surely be meaningless to draw up a case against Adolf Hitler, the 'poor scholar.' We desire only to know how this strident soul gathered the brutal strength which it later poured forth on the world. All the documents and personal records indicate that during the first thirty years of his life this power lay positively dormant. He took fright at the thought of work, bent aside like a feeble stream in the face of obstacles, hid from any serious responsibility beneath a beggarly existence. If we look into his laziness, it seems to have concealed fear of his fellow men; he feared their judgment and hence shunned doing anything which he would have had to submit to their judgment. Perhaps his childhood furnishes an explanation. The data at our disposal show Adolf Hitler to be a model case for psychoanalysis, one of whose main theories is that every man wants to murder his father and marry his mother. Adolf Hitler hated his father, and not only in his subconscious; by his insidious rebelliousness he may have brought him to his grave a few years before his time; he loved his mother deeply, and himself said that he had been a 'mother's darling.' Constantly humiliated and corrected by his father, receiving no protection against the mistreatment of outsiders, never recognized or appreciated, driven into a lurking silence—thus, as a child, early sharpened by hard treatment, he seems to have grown accustomed to the idea that right is always on the side of the stronger; a dismal conviction from which people often suffer who as children did not find justice in the father who should have been the natural source of justice. It is a conviction for all those who love themselves too much and easily forgive themselves every weakness; never are their own incompetence and laziness responsible for failures, but always the injustice of the others.

In any case the outward circumstances are not responsible. The young Adolf Hitler had sufficient material means for an adequate education, provided he lived modestly. After his father's death, his mother lived with her two children, Adolf and Paula, in simple but comfortable circumstances in the suburb of Urfahr, near Linz. For three years Adolf worried his way through school, sullen and unsuccessful; his tuition was paid regularly by relatives in Spital, no attempt was made to obtain a scholarship. At the age of sixteen,

the young man fell violently ill. His leg was broken off, and the patient was sent to a village, to recover; there he lived with a peasant woman. He was described as a youth. A Doctor Karl Keiss, from the city, said to his Aunt Theresa: 'A dangerous sickness.' Yet his father, from his youth, had lived to be sixty.

Whether it was his sickness or his studies—in any case in September 1891 he went to school ahead of time without an episode which—like many others—appears in his autobiography: in 1892 he went to Germany for a few months to attend a private art school in Düsseldorf, where he met the professor Gröber, and studied drawing. His sketches have been preserved, showing a smallish head; the nose and eyes are unmistakable, however. According to the accounts, he was quiet, reserved, almost shy, with breaks in which he made much of his hands, and the short, dark hair was more conspicuous—characteristic of the generation later by comrades in Vienna.

But he spent most of the time in Linz he was often in the house of a high government official. Here he discovered Richard Wagner's first thundering accusation against his own views on *Decay and Regeneration*. Wagner's picturesque condemnation of modern civilization's oppression on him, and perhaps also of his own history has been a tragedy of the past, not having known anything about a daughter in the house; the father, but ventured no utterance. For, she was the daughter of a high official.

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the young man fell violently ill with a lung ailment, his schooling was broken off, and the patient sent to Spital, his mother's home village, to recover; there he lived with his aunt, Theresa Schmidt, a peasant woman. He was described at that period as a big, pale, lean youth. A Doctor Karl Keiss, from near-by Weitra, treated him and said to his Aunt Theresa: 'Adolf will never be healthy after this sickness.' Yet his father, from whom he had inherited the pre-disposition, had lived to be sixty-six with the same disease.

Whether it was his sickness or his constant lack of success in his studies—in any case in September, 1905, Adolf managed to leave school ahead of time without any final examination. Then follows an episode which—like many others—for unclear reasons he conceals in his autobiography: in the fall of the same year, 1905, he went to Germany for a few months, his first visit. In Munich he attended a private art school in Blütenstrasse, directed by a Professor Gröber, and studied drawing. Photographs from this time have been preserved, showing a sickly figure with a soft, round, smallish head; the nose and eyes and even the famous hair lock are unmistakable, however. According to accounts of fellow pupils, he was quiet, reserved, almost shy; but occasionally there were outbreaks in which he made much noise and fuss. He spoke much with his hands, and the short, angular, brusque motions of his head were conspicuous—characteristics which were noticed a few years later by comrades in Vienna.

But he spent most of the time at home, doing absolutely nothing. In Linz he was often in the house of a comrade whose father was a high government official. Here he found a well-equipped library, discovered Richard Wagner's prose writings, read the master's thundering accusation against the Jews in Music, his gloomy views on Decay and Regeneration. Perhaps it was then that Wagner's picturesque condemnation of meat-eating made its first impression on him, and perhaps also his doctrine that the whole of history has been a tragedy of the noble races; yet Hitler denies having known anything about anti-Semitism in Linz. There was a daughter in the house; the young man admired her in silence but ventured no utterance. For, he later told a friend in Vienna, she was the daughter of a high official, and his father had been only

1907

a middle customs officer; on the whole he was somewhat surprised that these people admitted him, the poor boy, to their house.

18 1/2 After October, 1907, he lived in Vienna, supported by his mother and other relatives, preparing himself to attend the Academy of Fine Arts and for the rest enjoying the city in his own boyish way: theater, museums, parliament. He registered with the Vienna police, sometimes as a student and sometimes as a painter. Once he indicated that he 'was studying to be a writer.'

To gain admission to the Academy's school of painting, one had to submit a number of drawings. If they were halfway acceptable, the candidate had to take an examination in drawing which was held each year in October. Freshly arrived from his province, young Adolf, apparently with great self-confidence, headed straight for his goal; the result was shattering and unexpected. The classification list of the Academy for the school year 1907-08 contains the following entry:

Composition exercises in drawing. First day: expulsion from paradise, etc. Second day: episode from the deluge, etc. . . . The following took the test with insufficient results, or were not admitted: . . . Adolf Hitler, Braunau a. Inn, April 20, 1889, German, Catholic. Father civil servant. 4 classes in Realschule. Few heads. Test drawing unsatisfactory.

1924 He was rejected. He does not seem to have mentioned this failure at home; in his autobiography he passes it over in complete silence. He remained in Vienna as an art student, rejected but still self-confident, lodging in attics looking out on palaces; certainly despising the teachers who had failed to appreciate him; measuring the imperial city of Vienna with the eye of a conqueror. For he did not give up, but prepared to begin anew, the royal artist still unrecognized, scorned, and insulted, but confident that victory would come. Thus began his struggle against the city of Vienna; after his struggle with his father, his second big conflict with life.

For the first year he lived on the money sent to him by his mother and relatives and practiced drawing. Then, in October, 1908, another examination at the Academy's School of Painting; the result was even more crushing. This time the classification list reads simply:

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The following gentlemen per-
sufficient success or were not a
Hitler, Braunau, a. I. Twentieth
civil servant, 4 Realschulein. N

In other words, the drawings he had that the examiners did not regard

This was the second and final rejection even in his own account he could not bring himself to bring up his version, he went to the Academy and asked the reasons for his rejection. He told him that his drawings showed his knowledge of architecture and advised him to attend the Architectural School. But the road to the Academy goes on to say, was closed to him by the lack of a diploma, and this he did not have.

At that time perhaps he felt some guilt. He had dodged this diploma, nothing, and not even attempted to get it. He had regarded himself as an artist and sweated. This was the same misfortune he had always had. And this was the reason of these people, he was no artistic person, says, by telling him that he was gifted but had only studied more! And even now does not give an honest account of his entry into the Architectural School even without a diploma; the school regulations call for a case in which examination and the case of 'great talent.' Did he lack the confidence that the professors fail to recognize and make the attempt.

At home his mother was dying of grief. His previous father had died in the war, and now was a good-for-nothing. Now the dying mother that actually five years of laziness and floundering had led him to the

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This time the classification list reads

HE IS BOTH TERRIBLE AND BANAL

1905³

The following gentlemen performed their test drawings with in-
sufficient success or were not admitted to the test: . . . 24. Adolf
Hitler, Braunau, a. I. Twentieth of April, 1889. German, Catholic,
civil servant, 4 Realschulein. Not admitted to the test.

In other words, the drawings he had brought were of such a nature
that the examiners did not regard a test as necessary.

This was the second and final rejection. It was such a blow that
even in his own account he could not pass it over in silence. Ac-
cording to his version, he went to the director of the Academy
and asked the reasons for his rejection; the director allegedly told
him that his drawings showed him to be much better suited for
architecture and advised him to apply for admission to the Archi-
tectural School. But the road to this Architectural School, Hitler
goes on to say, was closed to him because it required a high-school
diploma, and this he did not have.

At that time perhaps he felt something akin to consciousness of
guilt. He had dodged this diploma, had shunned work, learned
nothing, and not even attempted his final school examination, but
had regarded himself as an artistic genius, far above hard work
and sweat. This was the same mistaken idea of genius that idlers
have always had. And this was the punishment. In the judgment
of these people, he was no artistic genius. They consoled him, he
says, by telling him that he was gifted for architecture—yes, if he
had only studied more! And even this story is not true. Hitler
does not give an honest account of his failure. He could have
entered Architectural School even without examination and
diploma; the school regulations contained a loophole. There was
a case in which examination and diploma could be disregarded:
the case of 'great talent.' Did he lack confidence in this talent? Or
did the professors fail to recognize it? Probably he did not even
make the attempt.

At home his mother was dying of cancer of the breast. Five years
previous his father had died in the conviction that his son, Adolf,
was a good-for-nothing. Now the son was forced to confess to his
dying mother that actually five years full of artistic dreaming and
lazy floundering had led him to the edge of nothingness. On De-

never told her

ember 21, 1908. Klara Hitler died, and was buried in Leonding beside her husband. In Spital, Adolf took leave of his relatives. As his father had done, he declared to his aunt, Theresa Schmidt, that he would not return to Spital or even write until he had made something of himself. This was to require thirty years. A spoiled boy who learned nothing, achieved nothing, and could do nothing, was facing the void. *

For four years he strove to prove to his relatives at home, to the haughty professors of the Academy of Art, to the heartless city of Vienna, and above all to himself, that in spite of everything Heaven had chosen him to be an artist-prince. He drew and painted—for the shopkeeper on the corner he made a poster in oil, advertising a talcum powder; a Santa Claus selling bright-colored candles, and Saint Stephen's Church over a mountain of soap. For four years he carried on these and similar anonymous art exercises with unchanging meager success. Hundreds of his art products from these days are probably still available in the houses of Vienna citizens or in tradesmen's shops—their owners unaware of their treasures. Makers of wooden furniture in those days used to attach little 'works of Art' to the backs of sofas and chairs, often a floral goddess or two little angels on a cloud. Hitler could not furnish this kind of thing; he was not able to draw a human form or even a head from nature. But sometimes, instead of the flower girls or angels, there was a view of Vienna with stiff, angular lines—and these he could make; though not directly from nature, but painfully and fussily copying from other pictures. His products are precise stereotypes, rather geometric in effect, not always with a very happy distribution of light and shade. The human figures sometimes thrown in are a total failure. They stand like tiny stuffed sacks outside the high, solemn palaces.

With such pictures he made the rounds of furniture-makers and dealers and manufacturers of picture frames, who bought his products to fill their empty frames. Some of them could remember him years later. He was always terribly unshaven, they reported, ran around in a long coat resembling a caftan. His conduct was shy, almost crawling—in his own account he calls himself 'earnest and still.' It struck one witness that he seldom looked people in the eye

1909
*Det. * a big choice - the end of softness, the end of Kallisch.*

except when he was in 'ecstasy'; and the conversation turned to politics. Then he said: One cannot vouch for every word of the: visualize the young Adolf Hitler of those eccentric and unkempt saint. There also:

A year after his mother's death, he said: He had no more money and was obliged to give up his last real lodging, a furnished house at Gasse. For a few nights he wandered sleeping first in cafés, then on park benches, until he was awakened by policemen and chased. One night in despair he begged a well-dressed drunk raised his stick and wanted to strike him; but he was so drunk that he did not know his own strength. He had experienced deeply embittered him; later he told his comrades, who simply asked him if he wanted to beg of a drunken man. *see*

The downward path of the twenty-year-old Hitler began in the morning of November, 1909, in a lodging-house at Erdberg. A light blanket on a hard spring, a pillow, his shoes wedged beneath the legs, stolen, to left and right of him his comrades passed the next months. In Erdberg Strasse he had free soup every day. The landlady in the lodging-house gave him a piece of crust of bread. When the first snow fell, he had to go out barefoot a few times to shovel snow on the sidewalk, but the hard work in the cold soon proved to be no overcoat. He trudged through the snow to the suburb of Erdberg or the district of Erdberg hung around the 'warming rooms' where people sought refuge from the cold and found soup and bread. These warming rooms were a charity of the city, run by a man of Jewish origin. Occasionally Hitler went to the warming rooms, and carried travelers' suitcases for them. He wanted to apply for some digging work, but he was not in the right section. But a newfound friend told him that once he took to manual labor, the upward path would be open. Hitler followed his advice.

1910. He goes out and finds him up.

FUEHRER (808

died, and was buried in Leonding. Adolf took leave of his relatives. As to his aunt, Theresa Schmidt, that I or even write until he had made as to require thirty years. A spoiled child, and could do nothing,

He proved to his relatives at home, to the dismay of Art, to the heartless city of Linz, that in spite of everything Heaven is just. He drew and painted—never he made a poster in oil, advertising Claus selling bright-colored candles, over a mountain of soap. For four similar anonymous art exercises with hundreds of his art products from available in the houses of Vienna citizens—their owners unaware of their furniture in those days used to attach backs of sofas and chairs, often a floral pattern in a cloud. Hitler could not furnish a picture able to draw a human form or even a landscape, instead of the flower girls or Vienna with stiff, angular lines—and not directly from nature, but painfully from other pictures. His products are metric in effect, not always with a sense of light and shade. The human figures are a total failure. They stand like tiny figures in solemn palaces.

He knew the rounds of furniture-makers and picture frames, who bought his products. Some of them could remember him as a terribly unshaven, they reported, wearing a caftan. His conduct was shy, and account he calls himself 'earnest' and that he seldom looked people in the eye

—the end of
of Khrushchev.

HE IS BOTH TERRIBLE AND BANAL (909/55

except when he was in 'ecstasy'; and this occurred as soon as the conversation turned to politics. Then he went up 'like a flame.' One cannot vouch for every word of these reports, but it is safe to visualize the young Adolf Hitler of those days going about like an eccentric and unkempt saint. There also are more precise reports.

A year after his mother's death, he sank into the bitterest misery. He had no more money and was obliged, in November, 1909, to give up his last real lodging, a furnished room in the Simon Denk Gasse. For a few nights he wandered around without shelter, sleeping first in cafés, then on park benches. He learned how it felt to be awakened by policemen and chased away from your bench. One night in despair he begged a well-dressed drunk for money; the drunk raised his stick and wanted to beat him. This experience deeply embittered him; later he told the story several times to comrades, who simply asked him if he didn't know better than to beg of a drunken man. *seine*

The downward path of the twenty-year-old ended in the beginning of November, 1909, in a lodging-house in the suburb of Meidling. A light blanket on a hard spring, his own clothes for a pillow, his shoes wedged beneath the leg of the bed lest they be stolen, to left and right of him his companions in misery—thus Adolf Hitler passed the next months. In the cloister of Gumpendorfer Strasse he had free soup every day; in the evening his comrades in the lodging-house gave him a piece of horse sausage or a crust of bread. When the first snow fell, he hobbled out with his sore feet a few times to shovel snow on one of the Danube bridges, but the hard work in the cold soon proved too much for him. He had no overcoat. He trudged through the snow with his comrades to the suburb of Erdberg or the district of Favoriten; there they hung around the 'warming rooms' where the homeless took refuge from the cold and found soup and bread to still their hunger. These warming rooms were a charity of Baron Königswarter, a man of Jewish origin. Occasionally Hitler stood outside the West Station, and carried travelers' suitcases for a few pennies. Then he wanted to apply for some digging work, advertised in the Favoriten section. But a newfound friend told him not to, saying that once he took to manual labor, the upward path would be very difficult. Hitler followed his advice.

→ 1910. He goes away, once
gives him up

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The man who characterized himself by this shrewd warning was Reinhold Hanisch, later an artist; somewhat older than Hitler, he was living in the same misery, and he was an expert in the ups and downs of life. At that time he thought fit to conceal his real name, calling himself Fritz Walter. Like Hitler he had been on the downgrade for several years; but Hitler had come to a turning point. The vagabond scholar, the artist-prince of his childhood dreams, had reached the hopeless depths in which bitter self-knowledge scornfully announced to him: now nothing can help you but work. Hitler nevertheless decided not to work. This may be called character.

He himself, it is true, related that he made a living as a hod-carrier. People who knew him well at that time later expressed certainty that the sickly young man lacked the strength for hard work; a fragile little fellow whom any foreman would have sent away at once; they also said that at that time he never spoke of this work. These doubts do not suffice to refute his own version entirely, but he may at any rate have embellished it. According to his own report, if for the moment we accept it, his attempt at manual labor could only have lasted a short time. Then—and this can be seen from his own report—such quarrels arose, through his belligerence and inability to get along with the other workers, that he had to leave the job.

No, the unrecognized artist-prince did not work, and his new friend, Hanisch-Walter, only strengthened him in this determination. Wasn't his half-sister, Angela, married in Linz? Wasn't she drawing a monthly pension as the daughter of the late customs official, Alois Hitler? Adolf in his pride ('you won't hear from me until I've made something of myself') wanted no part of the money, but Hanisch, with his worldly cynicism, told him not to be foolish. He pressed him for several days, Adolf struggled, and finally gave in. A letter was sent to Linz, and at Christmas fifty kronen (about ten dollars) arrived; what a treasure in the lodging-house! Hitler had spent two months in this dreadful hole; now with his fifty kronen he moved into a 'Home for Men' in the Meldemann Strasse; also a poor dismal place. 'Only tramps, drunkards, and such spent any time in the Home for Men,' said Hanisch later, and

* D.T. I was under orders not to let him work. Build the leftists. All the party rules are

he must have known, Adolf Hitler stayed on

For three years and confided that he was amazing and wonderful he had made the great pictures could always be into money if the artist answered that he was Hanisch replied with a ashamed, etc.' Yes, he but what good was that show himself anywhere too shabby. Hanisch e works of art, but of me peddled in taverns and business was to work over. But for that, Ado the police, and he didn and put in jail. He wa well have thought that learn in the hard school and let me worry about lifeless, rather dark per Roman ruins in Schön about permit or police, j

A profound hostility of this young man. It is strength, but from excess of great exertions; but breathed, the water he e in, with the constant se enslaving himself to labor of life by regular activi had hated in the society hatred and pride he had at last achieved his roy.

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he must have known, having spent a few months there himself; Adolf Hitler stayed on for three years.

For three years an unrecognized artist-prince. To Hanisch he confided that he was an 'academic painter.' Hanisch found this amazing and wonderful and seems to have believed that in Hitler he had made the great find of his life. It had business possibilities: pictures could always be sold, for small sums, perhaps, but it ran into money if the artist worked quickly and conscientiously. Adolf answered that he was tired and wretched, and wanted to rest. Hanisch replied with an outburst of rage: 'Lazybones, aren't you ashamed, etc.?' Yes, he could paint beautiful pictures, said Hitler, but what good was that? To whom could he sell them? He couldn't show himself anywhere as an artist, because his clothes were much too shabby. Hanisch explained that it wasn't a question of great works of art, but of modest little picture postcards which could be peddled in taverns and fairs for a few cents; the secret of this business was to work very hard and sell cheap with a big turnover. But for that, Adolf objected, you had to have a permit from the police, and he didn't have one; he would certainly be arrested and put in jail. He was looking for difficulties, and Hanisch may well have thought that the fallen artist-prince still had much to learn in the hard school of life. Just paint your little cards, he said, and let me worry about the rest. Hitler painted or rather drew his lifeless, rather dark pen-and-ink copies of the Burgtheater, or the Roman ruins in Schönbrunn Park; and Hanisch, little worried about permit or police, peddled them around in the taverns. *seem*

A profound hostility toward work runs through the whole life of this young man. It is a hatred of work arising not from lack of strength, but from excess of passion. At great times he was capable of great exertions; but the idea of having to pay for the air he breathed, the water he drank, the bread he ate, the room he lived in, with the constant sacrifice of his own person and abilities, of enslaving himself to labor, deeply wounded his pride. The purchase of life by regular activity—this is basically what Richard Wagner had hated in the society possessed by the economic ideal; for this hatred and pride he had forgotten duties, led a vagabond's life, and at last achieved his royal triumph. Every great creator has once

self-sufficient for this one.

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1921
ventured this risk, but it seems to have been the example of the venerated Wagner which particularly strengthened the young Adolf Hitler in his decision to look on economic society as his enemy, to regard the need of working as a disgrace, and to take his strong inclination for doing nothing as a proof of his higher calling. He hated the whole great sphere of human existence which is devoted to the regular transference of energy into product; and he hated the men who had let themselves be caught and crushed in this process of production. All his life the workers were for him a picture of horror, a dismal gruesome mass, and his thoughts about the working rabble were not far different from those of a Shakespearean aristocrat; everything which he later said from the speaker's platform to flatter the manual worker was pure lies. 'The workers are an indulgent mass, they know nothing but their belly, booze, and women,' he said to Hanisch; and those unwilling to accept Hanisch as a witness need but to glance through Hitler's later public utterances, and they will find confirmation enough.

not said by AD
Observe, for instance, how he portrays the workers, whom he supposedly knew on the building; how at first he kept aloof from them, for 'my clothing was still more or less in order, my speech cultivated' — what an illusion! — 'and my nature reserved,' and if it had been up to him, he would 'not have concerned myself with my new environment.' With the horror and revulsion of the man regarding himself as a higher type, he here saw for the first time the 'human dragon,' the human mass monster of manual labor, which knows no ideals, which 'rejected everything' that young Adolf has learned to honor: '... the nation as the invention of the capitalistic classes, the fatherland as an instrument of the bourgeoisie for the exploitation of the working class; the authority of law as a means for oppressing the proletariat; the school as an institution for breeding slaves and also slave-holders; religion as a means of stultifying the people and making them easier to exploit; morality as a symptom of stupid, sheeplike patience.' In Hitler's opinion the worker had such thoughts because he was the embodiment of materialistic selfishness; and though in his public utterances he usually adds that this is purely the result of seduction by Jewish Marxism, he privately owns that in his conviction the baseness of

* D. T. says Hitler Anti-Semitism as a boy - his original contribution

human nature is to blame twenty years later (1930) 'wants nothing else but standing for any ideals.' those words and Hitler did know what he thought and advisers, Gottfried Fein, embarrassment that 'the c to have been made, must in 'No false humanity!' Intellectual thirsting for power self to be the 'new master race has the right to rule secures this domination over stand the rise of the young student to the master man taste divides the master man: Hitler remembered Reinhold as a mature man he called men who either possessed time have grown alien to civilization of working beast: more years later, when he necessary only to give the not demand more.

Consequently, all Hanisch hostility to work are credited also sound genuine. Did it who himself had formerly that workers had proved the revolutions. Hitler answered didn't seem to know that ample, had been made by friend of not knowing the him in the Home for Men respectable workers, however seeking family connections

UEHRER 1910/1924

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1912 Jan 1950⁵⁹
HE IS BOTH TERRIBLE AND BANAL

human nature is to blame. 'The whole mass of workers,' he said
twenty years later (1930) to his rebellious follower, Otto Strasser,
'wants nothing else but bread and games; they have no under-
standing for any ideals.' Otto Strasser triumphantly publicized
those words and Hitler did not deny them, for all his companions
knew what he thought and they felt the same. One of his friends
and advisers, Gottfried Feder, when challenged, wrote in profound
embarrassment that 'the core of this utterance, supposing it really
to have been made, must in a certain sense be recognized as correct.'
'No false humanity!' Hitler added. Thus thinks the intel-
lectual thirsting for power who, again in Hitler's words, feels him-
self to be the 'new master class' which 'on the basis of its better
race has the right to rule, and which ruthlessly maintains and
secures this domination over the broad masses.' In order to under-
stand the rise of the youth, Adolf Hitler, from the vagabond art
student to the master man, we must understand what inborn dis-
taste divides the master man from mere physical labor. All his life
Hitler remembered Reinhold Hanisch's advice; fifteen years later,
as a mature man he called the Socialist movement a 'movement of
men who either possessed no clarity of thought or in the course of
time have grown alien to all intellectual work. A gigantic organ-
ization of working beasts without intellectual leadership.' Ten
more years later, when he was Chancellor, he asserted that it was
necessary only to give the 'primitive' mass enough to eat; they did
not demand more.

Consequently, all Hanisch's little anecdotes about young Adolf's
hostility to work are credible and convincing. The conversations
also sound genuine. Did the worker know no idealism? Hanisch,
who himself had formerly been a worker, was hurt and objected
that workers had proved their idealism by making many European
revolutions. Hitler answered contemptuously that some people
didn't seem to know that the European revolution of 1848, for ex-
ample, had been made by students. Hanisch bitterly accused his
friend of not knowing the real workers, since those he saw around
him in the Home for Men were mostly idlers and drunkards; the
respectable workers, however, preferred to live in furnished rooms,
seeking family connections; they liked to tinker on their nights off,

1926

new to try and invent something; they liked to read and try to improve their education. How many of the great engineers and industrialists had started out as workers! Hitler: 'Well, those are the exceptions, master men . . .'

new In the age which had invented the 'religion of labor,' the young artist-prince wouldn't let himself be fooled. That was a sugary swindle for the masses who didn't want to and had no right to improve their lot; but a young artist waits in princely idleness for the dream-gift of inspiration, and 'can't work like a coolie after all.' This is his answer to his partner, Hanisch, when he comes running impatiently for new merchandise and finds the artist with his nose deep in the newspaper. Newspaper reading was his favorite occupation; there he sits in the gloomy reading-room of the Home for Men, bending over the page, gripping two other newspapers fast under his arms; and if for a change he really does start to work on a drawing, someone only has to leave a fresh newspaper on the table beside him—he snatches at it and his work flies under the table. Artist, cries Hanisch, you an artist? A hunger artist, at most, a dauber, and a lazybones in the bargain. And he didn't even know how to take care of his few pennies, Hanisch reproached him; if he earned a few kronen, he didn't do a stroke of work for days, but sat around a cheap café reading newspapers, eating four or five cream puffs one after another. Yet he spent next to no money on alcohol, none at all on tobacco; even his critical friend had to admit that.

new The young man with the affected lungs had never smoked and had almost never taken drink. His father had drunk and his son's abstinence may be regarded as an unconscious protest against his father, just as his protest against work was a conscious protest. Yet all external influences, accidents, educational methods do not bring out of a man what was not in him to begin with; when Hitler father and son fought, the personality type lying at the base of the whole family was fighting with itself; the self-dissatisfaction, expressed in abrupt restlessness, which we suspect in Georg Hiedler, clearly recognize in Alois Schicklgruber, and can literally touch in Adolf Hitler, is the real source of the quarrel. They all broke out of the traditional life. Georg Hiedler led the life of a gypsy; Alois

Schicklgruber took his gun in hand to make himself 'something better.' Hitler didn't want to work, it was a notion that the higher man just does not. He is a stubborn and frightened creature, a world of order and service into which he wanted to drive him with a big disposition, he distrusted this weak man and cuts him up for it; he paralyzes the spirit. In this world and this had a deep significance: a herd-beast prepared for obedient dawning, the time of the intellectual by the ideal of 'it works'—a cast-iron soul, there must never be anything which does not let itself be adapted; obeys only itself and commands.

Idlers all about! In the Home for Men, certain Neumann, a Jew from Greiner, with Hanisch. Work? For instance, something to prevent over; some ointment that can be sold; the purchasers would notice the to be got rid of in summer, an gift of gab. Hanisch claims to be any case it fits in with his whole life; he always lacked the small amount of anything with his discovery. As his comrades at that time, and Neumann, a Hungarian Jew and with shirts and the caftan-like blue goodness in warm tones. When Germany, Hitler nearly went and escaped the drama of Hitler making side of a Hungarian-Jewish old-c
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Schicklgruber took his gun in hand and went on the man-hunt, to make himself 'something better'; and if, as a young man, Adolf Hitler didn't want to work, it was with the half-conscious realization that the ^{1912 - Hanselmann} higher man just does not work. His youthful failure is a stubborn and frightened protest against the whole normal world of order and service into which his gray-haired, alien father wanted to drive him with a big stick. From deepest natural predisposition, he distrusted this world of toil and sweat which breaks the man and cuts him up for its purposes, disfigures the body and paralyzes the spirit. In this world young Adolf became an idler, and this had a deep significance. If the time of the 'intelligent herd-beast prepared for obedience'—as Nietzsche puts it—is dawning, the time of the intellectual with the cast-iron soul, dominated by the ideal of 'it works'—then high above the herd and the cast-iron soul, there must nevertheless be the soaring master soul which does not let itself be adapted or stamped into shape, which obeys only itself and commands only the others.

Idlers all about! In the Home for Men, he finds himself with a certain Neumann, a Jew from Hungary, a man by the name of Greiner, with Hanisch. Work? The thing is to invent something! For instance, something to prevent window-panes from freezing over; some ointment that can be sold to shopkeepers. In the winter, the purchasers would notice the swindle, so the merchandise had to be got rid of in summer, and besides, 'you've got to have the gift of gab.' Hanisch claims to have heard this from Hitler. In any case it fits in with his whole nature. His imagination helped him to find the unusual beneath the rubble of his daily life; but he always lacked the small amount of sober ability and skill to do anything with his discovery. Apparently he fascinated several of his comrades at that time, and himself was fascinated by some: Neumann, a Hungarian Jew and old-clothes dealer, furnished him with shirts and the caftan-like black coat, Hitler praised Neumann's goodness in warm tones. When in 1910 Neumann left Vienna for Germany, Hitler nearly went along. By a hair's-breadth history escaped the drama of Hitler making his entry into Germany by the side of a Hungarian-Jewish old-clothes dealer.

He learned to know humanity from the dregs; the lodging-house

FM

schooling him for the world. He copied his pictures from other pictures and studied society in its caricature. In this world of the declassed and fallen, he also encountered the declassed peoples and the fallen races. For this human scum was at the same time the scum of the twelve nations which made Imperial Austria a mouldering heap of disintegration; each one in itself a fragment of national revolution with wings of freedom, but within the empire a corrosive poison. The stubble-bearded drunken human wreck at the next table is a Czech; the crook who came in yesterday evening and sold us a used razor blade for a new one was a Pole; the fellow over there with bedbugs crawling down his neck in broad daylight—an Italian, of course! Unwashed scoundrels, the whole lot of them, these South Slavs and Slovaks; but the most unwashed and malignant of all are, of course, the thirteenth race: the Jews.

Accu
1910

For in this Austria filled with hostile nationalities the Jews, too, are a kind of nationality, or stand in the place of one. In the western parts of the country, to be sure, they disappear as inconspicuously among the population as in many other countries, and even the suspicious eye of the young German patriot, Adolf Hitler, could no longer detect them among the other inhabitants of his home city of Linz, because 'in the course of the centuries their exterior had become Europeanized and human'; later he finds this very surprising. But the Jews from the eastern Polish section of the country have their own strange culture, clothing, speech; great masses of them had settled in Vienna, and the sight of them seems to have pursued the newly arrived artist from Linz like a bad dream: 'Wherever I went, I began to see Jews, and the more I saw, the more sharply they became distinguished in my eyes from the rest of humanity. Particularly the Inner City and the districts north of the Danube Canal swarmed with a people which even in their exteriors had lost all resemblance to Germans.'

As a national minority among twelve other national minorities, the Jews of Austria had their full part of the seething hatred with which these minorities, or at least their radical, intellectual strata, battled with one another. This is something different from the 'Jewish question' as it exists throughout the world. The anti-Semitism of Austria was wilder and bloodthirstier than that of Ger-

many. In the Czech and Hungarian torneys willing to prosecute Jews for German deputy in the Vienna parliamenting the liberty to shoot at Jews. In A of the many national hatreds and that power.

Among the Germans of Austria, t 'Home to the Reich' and 'Away from 'Out with the Jews!' This move Toward the beginning of the centur Semitic group broke loose from it, 'German Workers' Party.' In 1913, t call itself the National Socialist Party. A much greater development was t movement embracing the mass of t and parts of the working class, but among the numerous Czech popular Christian Social Party, led by an inte modest circumstances: Doctor Karl L a powerful tribune of the people, a j self the all-powerful mayor of Vienna greatly, handed out leaflets for the on street corners and made speeches. J his supporters parade through the str the beginnings of a uniform, and Hi was right, the youth could not be enough.

Later, Hitler was regretfully force German mayor of all times' for not question despite his anti-Semitism; f Christian—what folly! Lueger was a securing the enemies of Christ as he sa ing Peter's Rock, obedient and dev. Rome whom young Hitler already c was always an Italian and hence an c Lueger was a loyal subject of the o great paternalistic Austria; with his C

ied his pictures from other picture. In this world of the degraded the declassed peoples and hum was at the same time the de Imperial Austria a mouldering in itself a fragment of national but within the empire a cor-drunk human wreck at the who came in yesterday evening a new one was a Pole; the wling down his neck in broad washed scoundrels, the whole ovaks; but the most unwashed he thirteenth race: the Jews.

the nationalities the Jews, too, the place of one. In the west they disappear as inconspicuous in any other countries, and even German patriot, Adolf Hitler, the other inhabitants of his curse of the centuries their ex-and human'; later he finds this the eastern Polish section of the ture, clothing, speech; great and the sight of them seems a artist from Linz like a bad see Jews, and the more I saw, guished in my eyes from the er City and the districts north a people which even in their Germans.'

live other national minorities, of the seething hatred with their radical, intellectual strata, something different from the out the world. The anti-Semitism is thirstier than that of Ger-

many. In the Czech and Hungarian sections there were state's attorneys willing to prosecute Jews for alleged ritual murder, and a German deputy in the Vienna parliament demanded a law 'granting the liberty to shoot at Jews.' In Austria, anti-Semitism was one of the many national hatreds and that is what gave it its murderous power.

Among the Germans of Austria, the party with the program of 'Home to the Reich' and 'Away from Rome' had a third slogan: 'Out with the Jews!' This movement called itself Pan-German. Toward the beginning of the century, a small, radical, and anti-Semitic group broke loose from it, and in 1904 called itself the 'German Workers' Party.' In 1913, this group debated whether to call itself the National Socialist Party of Austria and in 1918 did so. A much greater development was that of a second anti-Semitic movement embracing the mass of the German petty-bourgeoisie and parts of the working class, but also having many supporters among the numerous Czech population of Vienna: this was the Christian Social Party, led by an intellectual who had arisen from modest circumstances: Doctor Karl Lueger. A strong personality, a powerful tribune of the people, a party despot who made himself the all-powerful mayor of Vienna. Young Hitler admired him greatly, handed out leaflets for the Christian Social Party, stood on street corners and made speeches. Lueger had the young sons of his supporters parade through the streets with music, banners, and the beginnings of a uniform, and Hitler said to Hanisch that this was right, the youth could not be given political training early enough.

Later, Hitler was regretfully forced to criticize this 'mightiest German mayor of all times' for not having understood the racial question despite his anti-Semitism; for himself a baptized Jew was a Christian — what folly! Lueger was a good Catholic Christian, persecuting the enemies of Christ as he saw fit; an armed sentry guarding Peter's Rock, obedient and devoted to the Holy Father in Rome whom young Hitler already consciously hated, because he was always an Italian and hence an enemy of the German people. Lueger was a loyal subject of the old emperor, a true son of the great paternalistic Austria; with his Christian Social movement he

P4

1911?
scm

hoped to breathe new strength into the sickened empire. He was not interested in nationalities; he was no Pan-German; he wanted neither to go away from Rome nor home to the Reich. And yet one could learn from him. How well this unknown, nameless man had fought his way to power, almost to omnipotence! With his 'rare knowledge of men' he took — as Hitler describes him — good care 'not to see people as better than they are' — the young student of life from the lodging-house could agree with a burning heart. And Lueger had put his profound knowledge of human affairs into a form 'corresponding to the receptivity of the broad masses which is very small'; yes, Lueger knew the great brainless working beast. There were in particular two secrets of success which Hitler thought he had learned from him: Lueger put the chief emphasis 'on the winning of classes whose existence is threatened' because only such classes carry on the political struggle with passion; secondly, he took pains in 'inclining powerful existing institutions to his use.' In Lueger's case, this was the all-powerful Catholic Church; in another case, it might have been the German Army or the Bank of England; and no one will ever have any success in politics who overlooks this obvious fact.

But whatever Hitler learned or thought he had learned from his model, Lueger, he learned far more from his opponent. And this opponent, whom he combated from the profound hatred of his soul, is and remains plain ordinary work. Organized, it calls itself labor movement, trade union, Socialist Party. And, or so it seems to him, Jews are always the leaders.

The relatively high percentage of Jews in the leadership of the Socialist parties on the European continent cannot be denied. The intellectual of the bourgeois era had not yet discovered the workers, and if the workers wanted to have leaders with university education, often only the Jewish intellectual remained — the type which might have liked to become a judge or government official, but in Germany, Austria, or Russia simply could not. Yet, though many Socialist leaders are Jews, only few Jews are Socialist leaders. To call the mass of modern Jewry Socialist, let alone revolutionary, is a bad propaganda joke. The imaginary Jew portrayed in *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* ostensibly wants to bend the

nations to his will by revolting Socialist of France, Germany, who had to rebel against his class before he could come.

Karl Marx, the prototype came of a baptized Christ. Judaism can only be characterized: he understood the sharply masses of Western Europe despised.

The Jewish Socialist leader the most part a type with infant motive was just what despised, 'a morality of pity and in the trampled human alist, as a rule, has abandoned frequently is a strong believer type, idealistic and impractic was often unequal to the test aside by more robust, more from the non-Jewish masses in the top Socialist leadership 1926 and 1937 when the large period (Trotzky, Zinoviev, by a dominantly non-Jewish great example of the human of Jewish origin was Léon I

It was in the world of work Hitler encountered the Jews. city did not attract his attention Jewish 'money domination' upon him at that time. But proletarian figures from the he felt them to be foreign — to be foreign. With amazing not stand up against either that the workers knew more

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nations to his will by revolutionary mass uprisings; the real Jewish Socialist of France, Germany, and Italy, however, is an intellectual who had to rebel against his own Jewish family and his own social class before he could come to the workers.

Karl Marx, the prototype of the supposed Jewish labor leader, came of a baptized Christian family, and his own relation with Judaism can only be characterized as anti-Semitism; for under Jews he understood the sharply anti-Socialist, yes, anti-political Jewish masses of Western Europe, whom as a good Socialist he coldly despised.

The Jewish Socialist leaders of Austria in Hitler's youth were for the most part a type with academic education, and their predominant motive was just what Hitler at an early age so profoundly despised, 'a morality of pity,' an enthusiastic faith in the oppressed and in the trampled human values within them. The Jewish Socialist, as a rule, has abandoned the religion of his fathers and consequently is a strong believer in the religion of human rights; this type, idealistic and impractical even in the choice of his own career, was often unequal to the test of practical politics and was pushed aside by more robust, more worldly, less sentimental leaders arising from the non-Jewish masses. An historic example of this change in the top Socialist leadership occurred in Soviet Russia between 1926 and 1937 when the largely Jewish leaders of the revolutionary period (Trotzky, Zinoviev, Kamenev) were bloodily shoved aside by a dominantly non-Jewish class (Stalin, Voroshilov, etc.); the last great example of the humanitarian but impractical Socialist leader of Jewish origin was Léon Blum in France.

It was in the world of workers, as he explicitly tells us, that Adolf Hitler encountered the Jews. The few bourgeois Jews in his home city did not attract his attention; if we believe his own words, the Jewish 'money domination' flayed by Wagner made no impression upon him at that time. But he did notice the proletarian and sub-proletarian figures from the Vienna slums, and they repelled him; he felt them to be foreign — just as he felt the non-Jewish workers to be foreign. With amazing indifference he reports that he could not stand up against either of them in political debate; he admits that the workers knew more than he did, that the Jews were more

adept at discussion. He goes on to relate how he looked into this uncanny labor movement more closely, and to his great amazement discovered large numbers of Jews at its head. The great light dawned on him; suddenly the 'Jewish question' became clear. If we subject his own account to psychological analysis, the result is rather surprising: the labor movement did not repel him because it was led by Jews; the Jews repelled him because they led the labor movement. For him this inference was logical. To lead this broken, degenerate mass, dehumanized by overwork, was a thankless task. No one would do it unless impelled by a secret, immensely alluring purpose; the young artist-prince simply did not believe in the morality of pity of which these Jewish leaders publicly spoke so much; there is no such thing, he knew people better — particularly he knew himself. The secret purpose could only be a selfish one — whether mere good living or world domination remained for the moment a mystery. But one thing is certain: it was not Rothschild, the capitalist, but Karl Marx, the Socialist, who kindled Adolf Hitler's anti-Semitism.

No justice, no equal rights for all! One of Hitler's most characteristic reproaches to the labor movement is that in Austria it had fought for equal rights for all — to the detriment of the master race chosen by God. At the beginning of the century the Austrian parliament was organized on the basis of a suffrage system which for practical purposes disenfranchised the poor. This assured the more prosperous German population a position of dominance. By a general strike the Social Democrats put an end to this scandal and twenty years later Hitler still reproached them for it: 'By the fault of the Social Democracy, the Austrian state became deathly sick. Through the Social Democracy universal suffrage was introduced in Austria and the German majority was broken in the Reichsrat' — the Austrian parliament.

The power and strategy of this movement made an enormous impression on the young Adolf Hitler, despite all his revulsion. An impressive model for the power-hungry — for the young artist-prince in beggar's garb will never let anyone convince him that the labor movement owed its existence to anything but the lust for power of Jewish wirepullers. A new labor party would have to be

founded, he told Hanisch, copied from the Social Democrats taken from all parties, for saw with admiration how with the masses, for him Democrats as well as their

Adolf Hitler was born strong and dexterous hands philosophers, and artist type he inherited a gypsy-like also a tendency toward sly from humiliation. In his with a sure instinct the true were barred, and that the leaves the most lasting im learned that the right of by the right of the craftier. he was hurled into the abyss the worst qualities of the w of unhappy souls, the best of this community into the ol far from one another. A cla was the only thing that kept whether former counts or fr each one looked up to his ow characteristic of this class pectedly found himself. He in the class of the declassed human species. He had piti class. But the great virtue o he had not understood; he out to him. In his narrative us that the building worker had sharply refused, and th To be sure, there is groun whole fine story with small later political friend, Anto:

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founded, he told Hanisch, and the organization would have to be copied from the Social Democrats; but the best slogans should be taken from all parties, for the end justifies the means. Adolf Hitler saw with admiration how an unscrupulous intelligence can play with the masses, for him this was true of the Austrian Social Democrats as well as their opponent, Karl Lueger.

Adolf Hitler was born to regard men as base matter for the strong and dexterous hands of — to quote Nietzsche again — 'power philosophers, and artist tyrants.' From his father and grandfather he inherited a gypsy-like trait of disloyalty and human coldness; also a tendency toward sly calculation which did not shrink back from humiliation. In his struggle against his father, he discovered with a sure instinct the truth suited to his own nature, that no holds were barred, and that the end justifies all means; in the school which leaves the most lasting impression — that is, his own family — he learned that the right of the stronger prevails, contested at most by the right of the craftier. Having achieved this gloomy wisdom, he was hurled into the abyss where broken, uprooted men develop the worst qualities of the wolf and the fox; into a mass community of unhappy souls, the best of whom long passionately to get out of this community into the old life which formerly divided them so far from one another. A class consciousness of pathological intensity was the only thing that kept many of these declassed individuals — whether former counts or former workers — afloat. From this abyss each one looked up to his own stars; the lack of solidarity is the great characteristic of this class in which the fallen artist-prince unexpectedly found himself. He had a sharp eye for this lack of loyalty in the class of the declassed; it jibed with his previous idea of the human species. He had pitilessly discerned the faults of the working class. But the great virtue of the worker type, proletarian solidarity, he had not understood; he had only been insulted when it reached out to him. In his narrative, which is not above suspicion, he tells us that the building workers wanted to force him into a union; he had sharply refused, and this had been the beginning of hostility. To be sure, there is ground for suspicion that Hitler copied this whole fine story with small changes from the autobiography of his later political friend, Anton Drexler, *Mein Politisches Erwachen*

an introduction
by A. H.

1924

1924 ^{accept} (My Political Awakening), which appeared in Munich in 1920; but the attitude it expresses is nevertheless genuine and his own.

1910 It was not among the oppressed, but among the shipwrecks, that Adolf Hitler came to know the people. The class concepts of the labor movement can be regarded as true or false; but beyond a doubt they are based on pride, self-respect, and sense of strength. But in the lodging-house there is no self-respect or sense of strength, but only unreliability and distrust. A common striving for contradictory aims is the way of this degenerate community; to help one another up and then push one another down; to hold together and then cheat one another. This human chaff molded the precocious Hitler's conceptions of human worth. Here for the first time he saw the mass, the later object of his politics; and yet this would have no decisive significance if it could not be said of this disloyal, loveless man that in it he saw himself.

1924 In his own self-portrait Hitler uttered not a word of this oppressed, impotent vegetating life amid the human wreckage; and in general this self-portrait is a masterpiece of unreliability, concealment, occasional false claims, self-praise and self-pity. Neither the lodging-house nor the Home for Men is found in it, neither the advertising drawings nor his friend Hanisch, not to mention his Jewish friend, Neumann. The melting-pot of Vienna at that time teemed with sub-proletarian Jews, and Hitler, whether he liked them or not, belonged among them. He wore the long coat given him by Neumann, and a stiff, greasy, black derby; his matted hair hung down over his collar, his fuzzy beard formed a thick ruff around his chin — if we may believe Hanisch's report and the drawings which Hanisch later did from memory, he constituted 'an apparition such as rarely occurs among Christians.' Cynically his comrade said to him, 'Your father must have been out when you were conceived,' and your shoes are also 'of the nomad brand.' Neither in Adolf Hitler's physical appearance nor in the history of his family is there any serious suspicion of Jewish strain, and yet among the unkempt Jews of Vienna, he looked like an unkempt Jew of Vienna. Such is the force of environment. On the basis of these few who outwardly resembled him, he formed his opinion about them all. From these figures of the Vienna slums, unwashed like

1910

Just two pages — one for 1924
" " 1910

himself, he derived it with one's eyes shut by opinion; from the wrecks (like himself), the picture of the whole (self) shared their lot, he

And through this struggle against the city recognized the artist-primitive shy of humanity. He called himself — he was. This little peddler, who was out to develop a reading-room of the unfinished drawing in and roaring speeches at a deep impression, soon then Hanisch would evening. When the sh and ordered quiet, the Hitler would pull down a model child. He was other was clearly the street the police which he hit.

The friendship between quarrel, grave accusation accusing him of embezzlement precise about his account. Hanisch, in turn, not of having injured him and megalomania. Lamenting of the Vienna police copy; but he was firm bring in a hundred kronen brought in ten kronen ago — it was certainly to seven days' imprisonment

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himself, he derived the opinion that one could recognize a Jew with one's eyes shut by the smell—supposing this was really his opinion; from the wretched suspender peddlers (like himself), failures (like himself), petty swindlers (like himself), he formed a picture of the whole race—as from the non-Jews who (like him- self) shared their lot, he formed his picture of the common people.

And through this whole dismal, vicious life runs the desperate struggle against the city, the fatherland, the world which has not recognized the artist-prince in him, and whose judgment has made him shy of humanity. With Hanisch—or Walter as he actually called himself—he constantly argued about his rank as an artist. This little peddler, who later learned to draw better than Hitler, was out to develop a thriving picture trade; but Hitler sat in the reading-room of the Home for Men, paying no attention to the unfinished drawing in front of him, wildly brandishing his ruler, and roaring speeches at an astonished audience. Sometimes he made a deep impression, sometimes people simply laughed at him, and then Hanisch would have to console the weeping boy in the evening. When the shouting grew too loud, the porter rushed up and ordered quiet, threatening to throw the disturber out; then Hitler would pull down his arms and crouch over his drawing like a model child. He was always quiet and well-behaved when the other was clearly the stronger; in Vienna he acquired a wild fear of the police which he has never lost.

The friendship between Hitler and Hanisch finally ended in a quarrel, grave accusations and a lawsuit. Hitler denounced Hanisch, accusing him of embezzlement, and perhaps Hanisch was none too precise about his accounts—so the court in any case decided. Hanisch, in turn, not quite so effectively, accused his former friend of having injured him and prejudiced his clientèle by his laziness and megalomania. Laboring several days, Hitler had done a drawing of the Vienna parliament, a stiff and insignificant copy of a copy; but he was firmly convinced that such a work of art must bring in a hundred kronen. Actually, when Hanisch sold it, it brought in ten kronen and—the piece was still extant a few years ago—it was certainly not worth more. Hanisch was condemned to seven days' imprisonment; later he called this an injustice, but

1910

same

- one for 1924
u. 21 1910

today there is no way of getting to the bottom of the matter. In one thing he was certainly right: that Hitler thought too highly of his pictures and expected far too much money. For us the lawsuit is interesting because the record of it is one of the very few remaining documents concerning Hitler's youth; because its few details confirm the main points of Hanisch's story and strongly indicate its credibility. Since Hitler himself conceals and falsifies the story of his youth, a few extracts from the records of this little trial may not be amiss here.

At Hitler's request one Löffner, a Jewish inmate of the Home for Men, had located the vanished Hanisch, and had him arrested. His testimony is preserved in the records; the passage important to us runs:

Royal and Imperial District Police Commissariat of Wieden

Z 18370

August 4, 1910

Reinhold Hanisch

Embezzlement, False Registration.

Siegfried Löffner, Salesman, XX Meldemann Strasse 27, declares:

I have learned from a painter in the Home for Men that the arrested party sold pictures for him and embezzled the money. I do not know the painter by name, only from the Home for Men, where he always sat with the arrested party. . . .

Thus Hitler (the 'painter') 'always sat' with Hanisch (the 'arrested party'). The close friendship which Hanisch boasts is no invention.

One more record:

Royal and Imperial District Police Commissariat

Brigittenau

August 5, 1910.

Adolf Hitler, artist-painter, born in Braunau, 20/4, 1889. Permanent address, Linz. Catholic, single. Now resident XX Meldemann Strasse 27, declares:

It is not correct that I advised Hanisch to register as Walter, Fritz. I knew him only as Fritz Walter. Since he was destitute, I gave him the pictures I painted to sell. He regularly received fifty per cent of the proceeds from me. For about two weeks Hanisch

has not returned picture of parliament valued at nine thousand was the working I know Hanisch met him.

The record bears from that time. Today it does confirm that in the Home for Men past over which he generalities and highly added: In a trial oath partly changed money for the second

The lawsuit and the pressure on Hitler. Yet the Jews in Vienna of his labor. Hanisch Sudeten Germany.

Hitler spent three Twentieth District remained unchanged; meager indications of by chance acquaintance have had no closer friend in Munich, he seems Hanisch in the most superficial contacts with family in Linz and thought him dead.

Was there no won chapter. All sorts of from perversion to in sense, he is as normal.

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n me. For about two weeks Hanisch

has not returned to the Home for Men, and stole from me the
picture of parliament, valued at fifty kronen, and a watercolor;
valued at nine kronen. The only document of his that I ever saw
was the working booklet in question in the name of Fritz Walter.
I know Hanisch from the lodging-house in Meidling where I once
met him.

(signed) Adolf Hitler

The record bears the same signature as his numerous drawings
from that time. Today the case does not especially interest us; but
it does confirm that Hitler lived in the lodging-house and later
in the Home for Men, and thus offers an interesting trace of his
past over which he later in his autobiography spreads a veil of
generalities and high-flown unlikelihooods. One detail must be
added: In a trial taking place on August 11, 1910, Hitler under
oath partly changed his testimony; he admitted he had received
money for the second picture ostensibly purloined by Hanisch.

The lawsuit and the whole affair with Hanisch made a great im-
pression on Hitler. Years later he told new friends in Munich that
the Jews in Vienna had wanted to defraud him out of the fruits
of his labor. Hanisch came of a Catholic working-class family in
Sudeten Germany.

Hitler spent three whole years in the Home for Men in the
Twentieth District of Vienna, and the style of his existence re-
mained unchanged; so much can be gleaned from the extremely
meager indications of his own version, and the sparse data provided
by chance acquaintances. For in those terrible years he seems to
have had no closer friends. According to what he later told friends
in Munich, he seems to have spent the years after his break with
Hanisch in the most terrible loneliness; totally limited to the most
superficial contacts with room neighbors and business friends. His
family in Linz and Spital heard nothing of him; for years they
thought him dead.

Was there no woman during all this time? This is a special
chapter. All sorts of abnormalities have been attributed to him,
from perversion to indifference. In the purely biological or medical
sense, he is as normal as anyone could wish; but here, as in all other

1920
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* *seem in front of same*

72 (904/27 1905) DER FUHRER

with a milkmaid
human relations, his distorted soul tormented and thwarted him. Hanisch in his simple way has perhaps come closest to the truth when he says that Hitler was basically so shy that he simply didn't dare to approach women. He tells us that in conversations Hitler described at length how easily women were to be 'had'; among the most effective tricks, according to the wisdom of the youthful man of the world, was to pull your hat far down over the back of your head, leaving your face free—this was fascinating and seductive. Just because it was so easy, it was wrong to take advantage of the poor things' weakness; the man of mature mind must have himself in hand. As an example he relates a rural experience of his own in a cow barn: at the last moment he mastered his passion, so that the damage was limited to an upset milk pail. In listening to these stories, Hanisch had the impression that Hitler was quite decent in this respect. And Hitler's principles really were decent; their chief basis, however, seems to have been timidity.

*
1908

After three wretched years he left Vienna forever. He was a total failure, nothing had turned out right. He had proved to no one that he was a future prince in the realm of art; no one had taken any notice of him. The imperial city had not surrendered to him; he himself later attested that it had grown 'repugnant' to him: 'Repugnant this whole national mixture of Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croats, etc.; and above all, as the eternal disintegrating fungus of humanity—Jews and again Jews. This giant city seemed to me the embodiment of blood outrage.' He does not tell us the exact cause of his departure; but if we believe that no accidental causes but deep unconscious necessities guide men, the case of Adolf Hitler takes on a clarity transcending all possible details: he had to leave. Vienna was his failure, and he was faced with the choice of total destruction or flight.

1910
*refers in
memoirs
later*

Perhaps flight saved him from ruin; it did not bring him forward.

1913

Early in the summer of 1913, a young student of technology from Vienna rented a room in the station quarter of Munich. The landlady told him that she had had to put out the former lodger because he had not paid his rent for a long time. During this conversation the poor dismissed lodger came in; he, too, was an Austrian. He

HE IS BOTH

took courage and asked his least one more night in his was good-hearted, took the they arranged that for the p he should have money eno. The two remained roomma from Vienna and his guest ments, Adolf Hitler from L

According to the police 1913. Until then he had s by selling his watercolors a fare much better; here he des wardly his existence was pe. an intimidated stranger amic of twenty-four he made a sick first positively repulsive, som he was described by an obsce

Here, too, he was without contact with women almost i of youth. With his insisten bittered the mood of others. several girl friends, and wante for Sunday. Hitler exploded : certain terms, flinging violent it wasn't right to turn the poor and afterward felt betrayed.

He had no girl friends, but i others mention any closer hun boasted of having been so lon at all. He was unfit to be a h

But with uncanny certainty l to the masses; even then whe were closest to him; in taverns and with almost playful ease to go to a Social Democratic : not restrain himself from sho conversation in a small circle to

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did not bring him forward.

student of technology from arter of Munich. The land- it the former lodger because a. During this conversation too, was an Austrian. He

took courage and asked his compatriot for permission to spend at least one more night in his room—on the sofa. The new lodger was good-hearted, took the poor devil out for a glass of beer, and they arranged that for the present he should sleep on the sofa until he should have money enough to pay for his share of the room. The two remained roommates for over a year: the young engineer from Vienna and his guest on the sofa, the designer of advertisements, Adolf Hitler from Linz.

According to the police register, Hitler left Vienna in May, 1913. Until then he had scraped along in the Austrian capital by selling his watercolors and drawings. In Munich he did not fare much better; here he designed posters for business houses. Outwardly his existence was perhaps even lonelier than in Vienna—an intimidated stranger amid the bustle of a gay city. At the age of twenty-four he made a sickly, haggard, unathletic impression. 'At first positively repulsive, somewhat nicer on further acquaintance,' he was described by an observer in this period.

Here, too, he was without friends. And here, too, he avoided contact with women almost fanatically, he had none of the gaiety of youth. With his insistent seriousness, he oppressed and embittered the mood of others. His roommate, who enjoyed life, had several girl friends, and wanted to saddle Hitler with one of them for Sunday. Hitler exploded and rejected the proposition in no uncertain terms, flinging violent reproaches at his astonished friend: it wasn't right to turn the poor girls' heads, they took it all seriously, and afterward felt betrayed.

He had no girl friends, but no men friends either. Neither he nor others mention any closer human relationship; later, in fact, he even boasted of having been so lonely that no one bothered about him at all. He was unfit to be a human being.

But with uncanny certainty he found his way out of his loneliness to the masses; even then when totally unknown. The unknown were closest to him; in taverns he spoke from behind his beer mug and with almost playful ease created his public. It was impossible to go to a Social Democratic meeting with him because he could not restrain himself from shouting interruptions. As soon as the conversation in a small circle turned to politics, he began to scream

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and hold endless lectures; and a certain precision and clarity were apparent in his style. He loved to prophesy and predict political developments; he was convinced of the impending downfall of Austria. His new Austrian roommate made the same observation as Hanisch had made: as soon as there was any mention of politics, Hitler abandoned any work, however urgent. He sat in the 'Schwemme,' the low-price room in the Hofbräuhaus, made speeches to anyone available and soon had many listeners.

1914
recon
An eccentric, screaming in taverns, a hermit among six hundred thousand people; without wife, friend, family, or home. In Austria, for a time, the military authorities regarded him as a deserter; for three years he simply did not report for the prescribed supplementary examinations; he was entered in the list as 'illegal' and 'address unknown.' Then he seems to have become aware of the dangerous and ambiguous aspect of this conduct; on February 5, 1914, he went to the Austrian border city of Salzburg and had himself examined. To his relief the doctor's findings were: 'Too weak for armed or auxiliary service, unfit to bear arms.' 'Not fit for service' was the verdict of the commission. Now he was through with Austria.

Now he had achieved what had been his unconscious goal through all the years of misery in Vienna: obscurity. He had disappeared from his family, shunned close friendships, shyly avoided the eyes of people he spoke with; then he had left the hated land of his fathers and dissolved his last relations with it. Now he was living in Germany, the land of his longing, yet only tolerated, not actually belonging to it. He went about his beloved city of Munich like a visitor in a museum on Sunday when the admission is free. He was a stranger in his world and his time; and even if he had asked himself honestly, he would always have had to answer: this alien condition was the only one in which he felt secure against life. It was the haven of his failure. Since he could not have been great, the only tolerable thing for him was to be nothing. The greatness of the historical phenomenon which was one day to step forth from this human shadow cannot be contested; but human nonentity is actually the premise and one of the explanations for the superhuman power of the phenomenon. It

HE IS BOTH T

was not lack of success and such an overpowering nonentity the contempt of outward success. Success in his eyes is the yet what a minute particle he is. And as a nonentity he is by nature he has been filled with an excitement but he pays dearly for these his in himself which attacks him strange people. He is not modest and therefore not insisting on finding everything within him, himself to be nothing. And this obscurity which has become a man's excitement, this obscurity expressed his physical aspect. In good times that give him life and energy exertion to him; every new thing that must be conquered his terrible failure in youth, he for his finer feelings—tender votes them chiefly to himself.

Here, be it noted, we are speaking of his private aspect; this private aspect that robs his relations to men of their power. He had written that the study of life is kind, and in exactly this sense only as a fragment of current history is for him nothing, consequently a shadow of hostile nothingness, invisible. Hence his unconscious as he himself expressed it, he but 'respect his superior, contrary to nature.'

Heaven sent this new world in August, 1914. In Berlin, Vienna, masses, filled with a sense of triumph, marched through the streets,

1914

God keeps us, God protects
Marceillaise, Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze; shouting, 'A bas l'Alle-
 magne!' 'Nieder mit Serbien!' 'Es lebe der Krieg!' This stormy
 mass exultation at the outbreak of the World War of 1914, ob-
 served in all the capitals of Europe and repeated in America in
 1917, is totally strange to the generation of 1942; nowhere, not even
 in Germany, was anything similar seen at the outbreak of the
 Second World War. In 1914, if Hitler is to be believed, the war
 'was not forced on the masses, but desired by the whole people.'
 There must have been many Hitlers who, enclosed in the mass, felt
 relieved from a painful and issueless state of peace, and, like Hitler,
 'overpowered by stormy enthusiasm fell down on their knees and
 thanked Heaven from an overflowing heart.'

In Munich, on August 1, 1914, such a mass overpowered by en-
 thusiasm stood on the Odeons Platz in front of the ornate Feld-
 herrn Halle and listened to the reading of a proclamation an-
 nouncing the declaration of war. The people sang patriotic songs;
 at a window stood a photographer. Ten or twelve years later, this
 photographer ran across one of the pictures taken on this occasion
 and published it. Among the many hundred heads he discovered
 a face which, despite the conspicuous ordinariness of his features,
 seemed illumined by an emotion unusual even in this crowd. It
 was a haggard, sickly face; the broad bushy mustache gave it an
 artificially wild look; the protruding, hyperthyroid eyes sent forth
 an exaggerated gleam, as though the face were addressing someone
 in Heaven and saying: Take notice of me, O Lord! The man to
 whom this face belongs stands apparently alone in the crowd; even
 in this hour of mass frenzy he seems solitary; the mouth is opened
 to sing, and we may believe that the words of the song are the first
 that have crossed his lips that day.

Thus Adolf Hitler experienced the outbreak of the First World
 War. In this World War he at last found his home. He volun-
 teered for the Bavarian Army.

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HITLER FIT

ON APRIL 26, 1896, IN
 was born to Friedrich Hess,
 was named Rudolf. Friedri-
 came from the town of Wuns-
 of the Hess family is resident
 of those numerous Germans
 connected with foreign coun-
 son lived with him in Alex-
 gifted boy was sent to a Ger-
 He studied business in Ham-
 he would rather have gone in-
 the war in 1914, he voluntee-
 passed through his lung. He
 achieved his aim against gre-
 in which he fought until 1918
 sisting in large part of stu-
 volunteered for service. In (1918)
List Regiment, after its first
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1914. The flower of Bavaria
and the List Regiment achie-
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Chapter IV

1914

HITLER FINDS HIS HOME

Hess

ON APRIL 26, 1896, IN ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, A SON
was born to Friedrich Hess, a wholesaler and exporter. The boy
was named Rudolf. Friedrich Hess was a German; his family
came from the town of Wunsiedel in northern Bavaria. One branch
of the Hess family is resident in Switzerland. Friedrich Hess is one
of those numerous Germans who, by origin or career or both, are
connected with foreign countries. Up to his fourteenth year, his
son lived with him in Alexandria. Then the apparently not too
gifted boy was sent to a German school in Godesberg on the Rhine.
He studied business in Hamburg and French Switzerland, though
he would rather have gone in for mathematics. At the outbreak of
the war in 1914, he volunteered. He was twice wounded; a bullet
passed through his lung. He wanted to become an aviator; and
achieved his aim against great difficulties. The infantry regiment
in which he fought until 1916 was a special kind of troop, con-
sisting in large part of students and other intellectuals who had
volunteered for service. In German war history it is known as the
List Regiment, after its first commander, Colonel von List. Under
incompetent leadership the regiment incurred staggering losses in
1914. The flower of Bavaria's intellectual youth was mowed down,
and the List Regiment achieved a mournful immortality. Everyone
who escaped with his life could consider himself fortunate, en-
joying the special protection of Providence. Hess came out alive.
One day he reported to the regimental commander who succeeded
List, a Lieutenant-Colonel Tubeuf. Beside Tubeuf stood his orderly.

Hess and the orderly looked one another in the eye, two survivors of the great hecatomb. How could they have suspected the adventurous future? The orderly's name was Hitler.

In the world of peace Hitler had been a foreigner. In the world of war he felt at home. Later he recalled that he never received presents from home. This is not literally true; half-strangers sometimes sent him something out of sheer pity and then complained that he was slow in thanking them; he once answered with the lame excuse—the postcard still exists—that his letter 'probably got lost.' But it is true that he had no real friend; no sweetheart. When the war came to an end, he tells us, he wept for the first time since the death of his mother. Now this is an outright lie—tears came easy to him; but it is true that, since the death of his mother, he had loved only one thing, war. How he loved it, we shall see from a letter addressed to a near-stranger, a tailor from whom he had rented a room in Munich. It is a lively letter, effusive and often passionate; it describes—one might almost say it rejoices in—the terrible slaughter of the List Regiment:

1914
Honored Sir . . . I am glad that you received my last card and hasten to thank you heartily for the kind letter you wrote in answer. I should have written you a long letter before, but will now try to catch up. First of all, I must tell you that on December 2, I received the Iron Cross. Thank God there was plenty of opportunity. Our regiment was not, as we had expected, assigned to the reserve. Early in the morning of October 29 we were sent into battle; since then we have been in those fellows' hair without interruption; if not as attackers, as defenders.

The letter describes the journey to the front, the unloading of the troop near Lille, and goes on:

. . . We passed the night in the courtyard of the stock exchange. A pretentious building, not yet completed. We had to lie down with full packs—prepared for an alarm—I couldn't get a wink of sleep. Next day we changed our quarters. . . . During the day we drilled some, took a look at the city. We were filled with admiration for the tremendous army apparatus which has put its imprint on all Lille, and rolled before our amazed eyes in its gigantic forms. At night there was singing, for many it must have been

the last. At two o'clock or three we left our assembly came. We were far outside had grown a little stronger twined its way forward. . . . regiment had vanished, disappeared in the companies had taken; we pitched camp. I couldn't straw lay a dead horse. T sides, there was a battery every fifteen minutes it set off into the black night. T and then far in the distance of us listened. We had never

Just as we were getting carried by: 'Tomorrow we're man of us was overjoyed. / the head of the column, on

Out there the first shrapnel edge of the woods, and tear wood. We looked on curiously. None of us was afraid. Each command: 'Forward!' The We heard that some men brown as clay suddenly broke into a cheer: six E shouted to the escort. They catch. The rest of us had foggy, seething witches' call rang out: 'Forward!'

We swarmed out and ch To left and right the shrapnel English bullets sang. But we lay there, and then we went out in front, ahead of our: hit! Good God, I had barely hit. But since we were in the captain was at the head. The English had set up machine crawled slowly forward thr

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the last. At two o'clock on the last night, the alarm came, and at
 three we left our assembly point in field step. . . . Then morning
 came. We were far outside of Lille. The thunder of the cannon
 had grown a little stronger. Like a giant snake our march column
 twined its way forward. . . . We went on till eight at night. The
 regiment had vanished, dissolved into its companies, and each man
 in the companies had taken cover against planes. At nine o'clock
 we pitched camp. I couldn't sleep. Four steps from my bundle of
straw lay a dead horse. The beast was already half decayed. Be-
 sides, there was a battery of German howitzers right behind us;
 every fifteen minutes it sent two grenades flying over our heads,
 off into the black night. They howled and hissed through the air,
 and then far in the distance you heard two dull thuds. Every man
 of us listened. We had never heard that sound before. . . .

Just as we were getting our marching orders, Major Count Zech
 rode by: "Tomorrow we're attacking the English!" At last! Every
 man of us was overjoyed. After this announcement the major took
 the head of the column, on foot. . . .

Out there the first shrapnel were flying over us, bursting at the
 edge of the woods, and tearing apart the trees like so much brush-
 wood. We looked on curiously. We had no real idea of the danger.
 None of us was afraid. Each man was waiting impatiently for the
 command: 'Forward!' The show was getting hotter and hotter.
 We heard that some men had been wounded. Five or six fellows
 brown as clay suddenly appeared from the left, and all of us
 broke into a cheer: six Englishmen and a machine gun! We
 shouted to the escort. They were marching proudly behind their
 catch. The rest of us had to wait. We could hardly see into the
 foggy, seething witches' cauldron before us. At last the command
 rang out: 'Forward!'

We swarmed out and chased across the fields to a little farm.
 To left and right the shrapnel were bursting, and in between the
 English bullets sang. But we paid no attention. For ten minutes
 we lay there, and then we were again ordered forward. I was way
 out in front, ahead of our squad. Squad-leader Stoeber had been
 hit! Good God, I had barely time to think, now things are start-
 ing. But since we were in the open, we had to dash forward. The
 captain was at the head. The first of our men began to fall. The
 English had set up machine guns. We threw ourselves down and
 crawled slowly forward through a gutter. From time to time a

1914

man was hit and couldn't go on, and the whole column was stuck. Then we had to lift the man out of the ditch. We kept on crawling until the ditch stopped, then we were in the open field again. We ran fifteen or twenty yards, then we came to a big pool of water. One after another we splashed into it, took cover, and caught our breath. But it was no place to lie still. So we dashed out quick, and double-quick, to a forest that lay about a hundred yards ahead of us. There we found each other after a while. But the woods were beginning to look pretty thin.

By this time we had only a second sergeant commanding us: that was Schmidt, a big tall splendid fellow. We crawled on our bellies to the edge of the woods. Over us the shells were howling and whistling, splintered tree trunks and branches flew around us. And then again grenades crashed into the wood, hurling up clouds of stones, earth, and roots, and stifling everything in a yellowish-green, stinking, sickening vapor. We couldn't lie there forever, and if we were going to be killed, it was better to be killed outside. Then our major came up. Again we went forward. I jumped up and ran, as fast as I could, across meadows and turnip fields, jumping over ditches, over wire and living hedges. Then I heard someone ahead of me shouting: 'Everybody in! Everybody in here!' A long trench lay before me; a moment later I had jumped into it. Before me, behind me, to the left and right others followed. Beside me were Württembergers, under me dead and wounded Englishmen.

The Württembergers had stormed the trench before us. And now I knew why I had landed so soft when I jumped in. Between 240 and 280 yards to the left of us, there were still English trenches; to the right, the road to Leceloire was still in their possession. An unbroken hail of iron was whistling over our trench. Finally at ten o'clock, our artillery opened up in the sector. One—two—three—five—and so on. Again and again a shell burst in the English trenches ahead of us. The fellows swarmed out like ants, and then we rushed them. We ran into the fields like lightning, and after bloody hand-to-hand fighting in different places, we threw them out of one trench after another. Many of them raised their hands. Those who wouldn't surrender were knocked down. In this way we cleared trench after trench.

At length we reached the main highway. To right and left of us was a young forest. Forward we went, straight into it! We

drove them out in whole packs. The forest ended and the open several farms, they were suffering from withering fire. One man at major came up, fearless as Lieutenant Pilet. The major ordered us to assemble to assault. We had no more than last one of us, that was still get reinforcements. When troop of scattered Württembergers with his breast torn open.

By this time there was a boiling with fury. 'H' shouted. So then we went to the road we could not advance: were forced to retreat; of no left aside from myself, and whole left sleeve of my tunic touched. Finally at two o'clock time we occupied the edge of the afternoon we assembled on the road.

For three days we fought. Britishers were finally lured back to Werwick. Only then. In four days our regiment away to six hundred. The whole regiment. Four companies all proud of having licked in the front lines the whole Cross, the first time in Meuse by Lieutenant-Colonel Et Four others were proposed finally got it.

I am now carrying dispatch conditions are a little better. In Wytschaete alone, on the were shot off, and one badly wounded man were cited.

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drove them out in whole packs. Then we came to the place where the forest ended and the open road went on. To the left of us lay several farms, they were still occupied, and we went through a withering fire. One man after another collapsed ahead of us. Our major came up, fearless and calmly smoking, with his adjutant, Lieutenant Piloty. The major took in the situation at a glance and ordered us to assemble to right and left of the highway for an assault. We had no more officers, hardly any non-coms. So every last one of us, that was still more or less in one piece, ran back to get reinforcements. When I came back the second time with a troop of scattered Württembergers, the major lay on the ground with his breast torn open. A heap of corpses lay around him.

By this time there was only one officer left, his adjutant. We were boiling with fury. 'Herr Lieutenant, lead us at them!' we all shouted. So then we went forward and leftward into the wood; on the road we could not advance. Four times we went forward and were forced to retreat; of my whole detachment only one man was left aside from myself, and finally he too fell. A shot tore off the whole left sleeve of my tunic, but by a miracle I remained untouched. Finally at two o'clock, we advanced a fifth time, and this time we occupied the edge of the forest and the farm. At five in the afternoon we assembled and dug in a hundred yards from the road.

For three days we fought on like this, and on the third day the Britishers were finally licked. The fourth evening we marched back to Werwick. Only then did we see what our losses had been. In four days our regiment of thirty-five hundred men had melted away to six hundred. There were only thirty officers left in the whole regiment. Four companies had to be dissolved. But we were all proud of having licked the Britishers. Since then we have been in the front lines the whole time. I was proposed for the Iron Cross, the first time in Messines, the second time in Wytschaete by Lieutenant-Colonel Engelhardt, our regimental commander. Four others were proposed at the same time. On December 2, I finally got it.

I am now carrying dispatches for the staff. With regard to dirt, conditions are a little better here, but it is also more dangerous. In Wytschaete alone, on the day of the first attack, three of us eight were shot off, and one badly wounded. We four survivors and the wounded man were cited for distinction. And this saved our lives.

For while the list of those proposed for the 'Cross' was being discussed, four company commanders came into the tent, or dugout. Due to lack of space, the four of us had to step out. We hadn't been outside for five minutes when a grenade struck the tent, gravely wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Engelhardt and killed or wounded all the rest of the staff. It was the most terrible moment of my life. We worshipped Lieutenant-Colonel Engelhardt.

I am sorry, I have to close now. . . . Day after day we are under the heaviest artillery fire from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon. In time, that shatters even the strongest nerves. I often think of Munich, and every man of us has the single wish that the gang out here will soon have their hash settled once and for all. We want an all-out fight, at any cost, and we hope that those of us who have the good fortune to see their homeland again will find it purer and more purified of foreignism. That through the sacrifices and sufferings which hundreds of us go through every day, that through the stream of blood that flows here day after day against an international world of enemies, not only Germany's enemies abroad will be crushed, but that our internal internationalism will also be broken. That would be worth more than any territorial gains. With Austria it will come as I have always said.

Again I express my heartfelt thanks and remain your most devoted and grateful

ADOLF HITLER.

*Entirely
D.T.?*

This is the letter of an impassioned warrior. In it there is not the slightest soft spot. He sees only the enemy whom he hates, and strikes down in a true frenzy. He is brave and attaches no value to his life, as his regimental commander later attested. But there is also, clearly expressed, the belief that he owes his own life to a miracle or rather to a chain of miracles; that the bursting shells spared him, time and again; that, while three quarters of his regiment were sacrificed, he really enjoyed the special protection of Providence.

In March, 1932, Hitler brought a lawsuit in the Hamburg provincial court, as plaintiff against a newspaper which had accused him of cowardice as a soldier. His attorney submitted a number of written affidavits, attesting the contrary. Lieutenant-Colonel Engelhardt, mentioned in Hitler's letter, wrote:

As commander of the Battle of Ypres in the 1914, I came to know brave and conscientious. As our men were storming as Bayer-Wald), I stepped a better view of developing another battle orderly for me to protect me fire to which I was exposed. Engelhardt, Major General

The Iron Cross referred to, but on August 4, first class, one of the highest in the German army could it for an astounding feat; above-mentioned trial:

On his way to the battle, he was caught in a trench behind a hill, ran over by Englishmen, who at armed only with a pistol. Englishmen at bay, but regimental staff. An officer

A comrade named Schuler somewhat differently:

. . . In the spring of 1918 for his extraordinary action big offensive of 1918, encountered a French officer and ran into while carrying his decision and presence

In this version they are French contradiction does not necessarily seem strange that none of his dramatic exploit. The officer

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HITLER FINDS HIS HOME

83

As commander of the 16th Regiment of Bavarian Infantry at the
Battle of Ypres in the period from November 10 to November 17,
1914, I came to know Adolf Hitler as an exceedingly brave, effec-
tive and conscientious soldier. I must emphasize the following:
As our men were storming the wedge-shaped forest (later known
as Bayer-Wald), I stepped out of the woods near Wyttschaete to get
a better view of developments. Hitler and the volunteer Bachmann,
another battle orderly belonging to the 16th Regiment, stood be-
fore me to protect me with their bodies from the machine-gun
fire to which I was exposed. . . . Munich, February 29, 1932, signed,
Engelhardt, Major General (retired).

The Iron Cross referred to in Hitler's letter was of the second
class, but on August 4, 1918, he was awarded the Iron Cross
first class, one of the highest distinctions to which a common soldier
in the German army could aspire. He is supposed to have received
it for an astounding feat; a witness described it as follows in the
above-mentioned trial:

On his way to the battalion staff, Adolf Hitler, regimental or-
derly, was caught in a barrage. He thought that the battalion was
behind a hill, ran over the top and fell into a shell-hole occupied
by Englishmen, who at once demanded his surrender. Hitler was
armed only with a pistol. He drew it out and not only held the
Englishmen at bay, but took them prisoner and led them to his
regimental staff. An officer, a sergeant and thirteen men!

A comrade named Schmidt, it is true, describes the episode
somewhat differently:

. . . In the spring or summer of 1918, Hitler received the I.C.1
for his extraordinary accomplishments as a dispatch carrier in the
big offensive of 1918, especially for having personally taken pris-
oner a French officer and about fifteen men, whom he suddenly
ran into while carrying dispatches, and who, as a consequence of
his decision and presence of mind, laid down their arms. . . .

In this version they are Frenchmen instead of Englishmen. This
contradiction does not necessarily disprove the story. But it does
seem strange that none of his superiors had apparently heard of the
dramatic exploit. The official history of the List Regiment does,

During combat, D.T. saves him,
makes him to himself. D.T. rescue

7
07

was never before to look. I make as many as the other one.

JEHRER

ailors spoke to Hitler. It would
— later he was not squeamish in
do so in Pasewalk is not quite
denounce them, for even then I
he did not write this unusual ad-
ed in his defense plea in the 1924
to inactivity, he looked on at the
his fatherland.

Chapter V

THE BURNING HEAVENS ARE REFLECTED IN A MUD PUDDLE

THE GAS SLOWLY VANISHED FROM LUNGS AND EYES, but its traces remained. A strange hoarseness of the voice seems to be an inheritance the war has left to Adolf Hitler, an obstacle in the throat which has to be overcome by an effort when he talks a long time. Speaking was to mean fighting to him from now on, and this fight against his acquired weakness penetrates the whole man— a fight he had been unable to put up against his natural weaknesses of laziness and timidity. The amount of force he has now to put into the simple action of speaking may at least have contributed to the impression of power which seems to stream even from his insignificant utterances. Although the power of this thundering voice certainly was there before the gas enhanced it, hidden sources of his personal strength probably have been brought to life by the almost deadly touch of the poison. The experience of war and defeat stirred up qualities in Adolf Hitler which peace had left slumbering; the physical remnants of the gas in his body were at least an everlasting memo of this experience.

After his discharge from the hospital, Hitler went to Bavaria, lived for a time with the replacement battalion of his regiment in

Hess

the Upper Bavarian town of Traunstein, and later in the Munich infantry barracks, where on May 2, 1919, every tenth man was stood up against the wall. He lived, struggled, killed, with these soldiers simply because he had no other place to go; no other job to do.

Meanwhile, that other remnant of the vanished army, spared by fate from the blood-letting of the List Regiment, tried to find his way back. In the fall of 1918, Hess had passed his aviator's examination. Just as he seemed to have reached the climax of his military career, peace broke out. Hess was neither a professional soldier like Röhm nor a man without home and family like Hitler, but he felt the downfall. He was just twenty-two years old.

The consequence: Thule Society. Conspiracy. Plans for murder. Remember the club which had planned to shoot Premier Eisner, and Count Arco who had fired the shot. One day leaflets were handed out, the next day grenades were thrown. A young officer in the civil war, he took part in the punitive expedition which overthrew the Red régime in Munich on May 2, 1919. While Tubeuf's old orderly, the gray *agent-provocateur*, was sending his victims to the slaughterhouse wall, Hess lay in the hospital with a bullet in his leg. They must have met in the small circle of armed conspirators in Munich, for everyone knew everyone else. But an unknown in his own circle, Hitler was so inconspicuous that Hess retained no memory of him from those days *no clear memory*

No, the war had not perished completely. There was an army that was still carrying it on at home, and to this army Hitler belonged. He was now a so-called civilian employee with the District Army Command in Munich, the authority governing all troops stationed in Bavaria. It was a military authority, but also far more; it was a center of that armed political grouping which had turned against their own people the war lost on the battlefield, with the aim of overthrowing the new state to which they had just pledged loyalty. We are looking for the mysterious circumstances that transformed the unknown prince of art, the inconspicuous gray soldier into the best known and most conspicuous figure of this disloyal army. After the experience of poison and defeat, here is another reason: the very disloyalty of this army; an army the loftiest aim of which it was to disobey. This at last was the kind of world in

which Hitler could follow him since childhood: — hate

In those months a transfusion that time he had acted only when he should have acted, denounce the revolutionary: was the same crime that W put down the revolution and, such a thing would not

He worked in the political Command. This office called was tantamount to propaganda; as a employee of this bureau he attempted the Munich Reichswehr's projected political movement with Ernst Röhm, to an official itself 'The Iron Fist,' tried to replace the republican régime, and very profitable murders. The real reason for this was clear to most of the men in the command. During this activity among a small group called 'The Iron Fists'; it was so much that it eventually became its leader.

In the year 1919 — he had a handful of men who held the German Workers' Party, the party's employee. There was no party stamps were lacking. The party consisted of a briefcase, in which were kept, and a cigar box, the party office in the form of a party comrade Harrer, or a hall and café, in which the party was the party itself — me

The grouplet at this time the members, and even

speaking, nobodies, the grouplet itself had been something more in its time. It was now a remnant of a large movement which, during the war, had counted hundreds of thousands of followers: the pan-German movement of the 'Fatherland Party,' favored by the High Command, paid by the big industrialists, pleading for a 'strong peace' with conquests and annexations. The German Workers' Party had tried, as part of the Fatherland Party, to win the workers for the idea of the 'strong peace,' but this had been a perfect failure as the founder of the small grouplet, Anton Drexler, frankly admits in his autobiography.

Thus the German Workers' Party, although the influence of its members amounted strictly to nothing, had preserved, from old days, the backing of several more important outsiders. When he first entered the party Hitler does not seem to have known that (for instance) Ernst Röhm had become a member some time before. Now Dietrich Eckart, the journalist and poet from the Thule Society and a friend of Röhm and his superior, General von Epp, also joined. For months he had been going around with the plan of forming a new 'middle-class party,' and looking for a leader.

The fourth to join them was Gottfried Feder, the engineer, a man with a real, though questionable, political idea: he wanted to do away with 'big money' or high finance. It was a time of Socialist ferment; for the broad masses capital was the root of all evil, and for the purposes of the new party, Feder had a very fitting answer to the great Socialist question of the day: yes, abolish that part of capital which is totally superfluous, to wit banking capital, which creates no values, but only lays its clutches on interest; but productive capital, expressed in objective values, mines, factories, machines, must be retained. These four men, Röhm, Eckart, Feder, and Hitler, now took the German Workers' Party in hand. With their help Hitler made his way, rather arduously at first, against the resistance of the timid and unimaginative little men who constituted the party leadership. Looking back on this period at a later date, he forgot the entire plot, except for the personal bickering and irritations, made picturesque by their dwarfish dimensions.

'In this year of 1919 my first struggle in the Party began. After long negotiations I put through the acquisition of three rubber

stamps. I also succeeded in hectographing. When, in meetings, Harrer couldn't find a free path. . . .'

Imagine that thundering. And the speeches in behalf just thirty years old. To those of others, he was a historical career as a politician to describe the tininess of directly admitted that a stiff fellows — because only then never has he uttered so many formed all this political weakness; that as a paid 'politician' of his soldier-party.

'We ourselves were horn-be able to speak in this hall to stammer after the tenth down? That is why this memory, because we did stammer hall was full of opponents, but actually all enemies. Then I had the honor of saying I hadn't been talking ten minutes at me from all sides. porters intervened from the gleam of side-arms. After myself. I will never forget the first time and flung the dare, come out against it! . . . hard as this first step. . . .'

This is his own later rejection of the party. It took place on Munich. Hitler was not a physician, Johannes Dingeldey. The leader, after the retirement

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 int of a large movement which, dur-
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 'Fatherland Party,' favored by the
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 ough the acquisition of three rubber

stamps. I also succeeded in having our little invitations to meetings
 hectographed. When, in addition to all that, I pressed for larger
 meetings, Harrer couldn't follow me. He retired, and that gave me
 a free path. . . .

Imagine that thundering voice, demanding three rubber stamps!
 And the speeches in behalf of hectographed invitations! Hitler was
 just thirty years old. To judge by all of his own accounts and
 those of others, he was a human nothing; consistently, he began his
 historical career as a political nothing. All his life he has loved
 to describe the tininess of those beginnings. He himself has in-
 directly admitted that a sure instinct led him among the smallest
 fellows—because only there could he hope to be greatest. But
 never has he uttered so much as a word to the effect that he per-
 formed all this political work as a political employee of the Reichs-
 wehr; that as a paid 'political soldier' he started the first mass meet-
 ing of his soldier-party.

'We ourselves were horrified at our boldness. Would one of us
 be able to speak in this hall? Would we get stage-fright and start
 to stammer after the tenth sentence and be shouted and whistled
 down? That is why this hall is holy to us and eternal in our
 memory, because we did succeed that time. When we came in, the
 hall was full of opponents, Red trash and some so-called "neutrals,"
 but actually all enemies. The first speaker was Doctor Dingfelder.
 Then I had the honor of speaking to a big crowd for the first time.
 I hadn't been talking ten minutes when they began to yell interrup-
 tions at me from all sides. A small troop of my most faithful sup-
 porters intervened from time to time; here and there there was a
 gleam of side-arms. After two hours we managed to assert our-
 selves. I will never forget the time when we read our program for
 the first time and flung this challenge at the people: Now, if you
 dare, come out against it! All that happened since then was not as
 hard as this first step. . . .'

This is his own later report of the first public meeting held by
 the party. It took place on February 24, 1920, in the Hofbräuhaus in
 Munich. Hitler was not the chief speaker, but the homeopathic
 physician, Johannes Dingfelder. Nor was Hitler the party leader.
 The leader, after the retirement of the above-mentioned Harrer, was

Anton Drexler: a bespectacled, modest man, by trade a toolmaker, but without doubt the intellectual father of the whole movement; for it was he who, in the middle of the war, had been inspired with the idea of founding a nationalist-minded workers' party, which would be 'at the disposal of the general staff.' The party did not yet bear the name National Socialist, the term was still unknown. But the most revealing item in Hitler's report is that he was surrounded by a body of personal supporters; that these supporters 'intervened' against interrupters, and that they had side-arms. In other words, a troop of armed soldiers founded the National Socialist Party. The employee of the political bureau of the Munich District Army Command had come with a squad of Reichswehr soldiers; according to reports from a hostile source, they belonged to a company of mine-throwers. First he had his political opponents driven out with cold steel—this is the meaning of 'intervention,' as everyone knows who ever attended a National Socialist meeting in those years. Then he shouted at the terrorized crowd: If anyone else dares, let him speak up against the program. Before the meeting, he was not sure whether he was an orator or not, but he did feel sure of his side-arms.

Later he said aptly: 'When I finally closed the meeting, we were not alone in feeling that a wolf had been born which was destined to break into the herd of the swindlers and misleaders of the people.'

Heerwolf

Thus the National Socialist Movement was born, under the sign of the sword. Its program, which Hitler put forward on that February 24, 1920, consisted of twenty-five points. It was written by Hitler, Anton Drexler, Gottfried Feder, and Dietrich Eckart.

The first point is Hitler's. It expresses his revolt against his Austrian fatherland; shows the new National Socialist Movement as a belated descendant of the great European revolt of nations: 'We demand that all Germans be gathered together in a Greater Germany on the basis of the right of all peoples to self-determination.'

This is a demand without end. There are Germans all over the globe—that is, people of German language and descent, for that is how the word is meant. In some places they live densely settled, as in southern Russia, South Africa, southern Brazil; not to mention

Milwaukee or Cincinnati. The earth, large parts of which lie in the mother country: Indians, and finally, Germans. The 'self-determination' has transferred throughout the earth its intense peril whenever a people tries to use them as slaves. National Socialists were later to add thirty-three millions of slaves to this figure by placidly counting

The idea of self-determination for Germans, Hungarians, Italians: nationality, lived under one flag. After the war it became a world of it up; it had served as a yardstick for European nations the same as granted—except to defeated nations had been given to forego subsequently without self-determination. Italy, the so-called Sudeten Germans, the desire for union with Germany of Austria in 1919 had been granted the right of self-determination and most effective weapons in aims went far beyond any right.

The program goes on demanding 'abrogation of the peace treaty,' 'land and soil [colonies] in Africa had been taken away.'

'Only a racial comrade'—a citizen. Only a person of German blood without regard to religion. Only a comrade.'

Here the program shows the 'Jewish' capital when it demands to come obtained without world broken.'

modest man, by trade a toolmaker, equal father of the whole movement; of the war, had been inspired with socialist-minded workers' party, which he general staff.' The party did not socialist, the term was still unknown.

In Hitler's report is that he was equal supporters; that these supporters were, and that they had side-arms. In armed soldiers founded the National of the political bureau of the Munich I come with a squad of Reichswehr from a hostile source, they belonged to

First he had his political opponents this is the meaning of 'intervention,' as ended a National Socialist meeting in and at the terrorized crowd: If anyone against the program. Before the meeting, was an orator or not, but he did feel

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Wuef
Movement was born, under the sign which Hitler put forward on that of twenty-five points. It was written by Friedrich Feder, and Dietrich Eckart.

It expresses his revolt against his Austrian National Socialist Movement as a great European revolt of nations: 'We gathered together in a Greater Germany of all peoples to self-determination.' end. There are Germans all over the German language and descent, for that is some places they live densely settled, as Africa, southern Brazil; not to mention

Milwaukee or Cincinnati. There are six great nations on the earth, large parts of which live outside the political jurisdiction of the mother country: Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Spaniards, Italians, and finally, Germans. The principle of the 'right of nations to self-determination' has transformed these national splinters scattered throughout the earth into political dynamite, charged with intense peril whenever a power-loving and belligerent mother country tries to use them as a weapon for its world policies. The National Socialists were later to maintain that in Europe alone there were thirty-three millions of such Germans, though they arrived at this figure by placidly counting foreign peoples such as the Dutch.

The idea of self-determination originated in old Austria, where Germans, Hungarians, Italians, and Slavs, of different language and nationality, lived under one crown and fought one another bitterly. After the war it became a world slogan. Woodrow Wilson had taken it up; it had served as a yardstick for the Peace of Versailles. To all European nations the same right of self-determination had been granted — except to defeated Germany. Regions inhabited by Germans had been given to foreign countries without plebiscite, consequently without self-determination — German South Tyrol to Italy, the so-called Sudeten Germans to Czechoslovakia; and even the desire for union with Germany expressed by the German parts of Austria in 1919 had been coldly rebuffed. From the democratic right of self-determination Hitler forged one of his sharpest and most effective weapons in a struggle for power, whose ultimate aims went far beyond any right of self-determination.

The program goes on demanding 'equal rights for the German nation,' 'abrogation of the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain,' 'land and soil [colonies]'; for the former German colonies in Africa had been taken away by the Versailles Treaty.

'Only a racial comrade' — so the program goes on — 'can be a citizen. Only a person of German blood can be a racial comrade, without regard to religion. Consequently no Jew can be a racial comrade.'

Here the program shows that it means business. And it means 'Jewish' capital when it demands in point 11: 'Abolition of all income obtained without work or pains; interest slavery must be broken.'

Points 11, 13, and 17 can be called the Socialist part of the program. They embrace two central ideas: the destruction of finance capital and the protection of the creative industrial personality.

The program then coined some fine-sounding slogans. It affirmed that the party upholds the standpoint of a positive Christianity (few people realized that this meant a non-Biblical, non-ecclesiastical Christianity); and that the ethical principle of the movement was: 'The common good before the individual good.' Finally: 'In order that all this may be carried out, we demand the creation of a strong central power in the Reich, unconditional authority of the political central parliament over the whole Reich and its general organization: chambers representing the corporations and trades shall be constituted. . . .'

During the next three years of life and death for C
propaganda he unscrupulous
but in his politics he comb:
but his thoughts were Pan-
many fellow members and
he would demand a strong
be that central power his
though a sentence from T
had been ringing in Hitler
with feet of clay, we shall
which will unite all power

raphs. Point 13 runs: 'We des [trusts] be taken over by the a passage of a law for confiscation for communal purposes, abolition of all speculation in soil.'

and the Socialist part of the proceeds: the destruction of finance creative industrial personality. A tendency to attack large property at the power of finance capital capital interest originated with this plan made a tremendous approved it from the economic re admittedly understood nothing all finance capital as Jewish small business. 'Taken over t, but the main emphasis is not clause is that the corporations business and replaced by small say, none of these points ever

re-sounding slogans. It affirmed t of a positive Christianity (few non-Biblical, non-ecclesiastical principle of the movement was: ual good.' Finally: 'In order that nd the creation of a strong cenal authority of the political reich and its general organization corporations and trades shall be

; Apparently the founders of yet agreed concerning one of of democracy by dictatorship. and Harrers, actually did not Soviet Russia was too terrifying their party as a 'party of the

But in demanding a strong central power in the Reich, Hitler impressed his absolute will on his comrades. In the next few years this became one of the decisive party problems. Up to 1918, Germany had consisted of relatively independent federative states; formally, only foreign policy and war came within the sphere of the Reich. When the princes fell, taking with them the historical glamour of the old political subdivisions, the republic ruthlessly broke the old independence of these subdivisions, particularly in the realm of tax and finance. Of course, this aroused violent local opposition; in parts of the Reich an embittered discontent against Berlin arose, particularly in proud and volatile Bavaria. The German counter-revolution consciously exploited this local discontent. An armed uprising was organized amid the tumult and trumpets of national festivals. Rheumatic old officers still regarded themselves, not as leaders of the Reichswehr, but as colonels in the Royal Bavarian Army. A deep-seated, often humorous hatred for the more progressive, more industrial, far larger, richer, more powerful, and predominantly Protestant Prussia, which for generations had been leading Germany, was one of the oldest national sentiments of Catholic Bavaria. There were influential political figures who wanted it under certain circumstances to secede from the Reich altogether, perhaps to join Austria; some even wanted to form a new Danubian state under French protection; at the very least, these men wanted to restore Bavaria's king and its old independence of Berlin.

During the next three years, the future of Bavaria became a question of life and death for Germany and for Hitler. In his personal propaganda he unscrupulously exploited all opposition to Berlin. but in his politics he combated it. He spoke Bavarian at meetings, but his thoughts were Pan-German. In this respect he differed from many fellow members and sympathizers. It was self-evident that he would demand a strong central power, some day he wanted to be that central power himself. Therefore, point 25 sounds as though a sentence from *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* had been ringing in Hitler's ears: 'For modern society, a colossus with feet of clay, we shall create an unprecedented centralization, which will unite all powers in the hands of the government. We

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shall create a hierarchical constitution, which will mechanically govern all movements of individuals.'

Three weeks after the party's first public meeting the goal seemed reached, the struggle won, the new party already obsolete. The military *putsch* of March, 1920, which failed in the greater part of the Reich, succeeded in Bavaria; the Reichswehr overthrew the government, put in a new cabinet enjoying their confidence, under Premier Gustav von Kahr, installed their own men as ministers and police presidents. During the *putsch*, Hitler flew to Berlin in a small plane to entreat the Prussian generals to hold out, as Bavarian assistance would soon be forthcoming. For Berlin it was too late; but in Munich events seemed to have gone almost ahead of Hitler. The Reichswehr, a short time before a rebellious faction, now had become the state; Hitler, still a rebel, had to give up his desk in the District Army Command (April 1, 1920).

Nevertheless, the Reichswehr went on supporting its child and, if possible, guiding its steps. There was a little weekly in Munich, originally nothing but a rather suspect, scandal-mongering enterprise, called *The Munich Observer* (*Münchner Beobachter*); a gossip sheet, not more. After the war it slowly turned anti-Semitic, changed its name into *Racial Observer* (*Völkischer Beobachter*); on account of internal and personal quarrels the paper was rather cool toward Hitler and his friends. Now Major-General Franz von Epp, commander of the Bavarian infantry troops, and the body to which Röhm was the right hand, bought the *Völkischer Beobachter* for the National Socialists; rather he raised a fund among wealthy persons and gave it to Dietrich Eckart to buy a paper. To be sure, the rich men were little inclined to support a party calling itself Socialist. But Hitler publicly set them straight:

'For National Socialists it goes without saying that industrial capital, since it creates values, will remain untouched. We combat only Jewish international loan capital. . . .'

As a matter of fact, it was, above all, the material and financial organization of the new party that kept Hitler busy in these first months, when the Reich was shaken by tremendous uprisings. All his life he has had a possessive sense, as far as his party was concerned; far more than for his own person. This is how he tells the story:

'At the beginning of 1919, chamber of the Sternecker office. It was a small, wallpapered, about six yards long, everything was dark.

'We brightened up the windows, and for the first time held a meeting, it was still maintained always before our eyes.

In this dark back room, several times a week to fifteen comrades and the friends they the cigarmoke in his gray his gas-corroded throat, and banner of our movement within Berlin, yes, over every German.

Among the audience was formerly a war aviator, and of the twenty men, he saw the as he later reported: Was there would save all Germany? I voice shook Rudolf Hess, a member and soon a close friend.

Hess was originally a painter, broken figures in this armed termination to think his war violence was not an urge, but to be the mirror and slogan his approval where strong lending encouragement without tion to flag; and finally lending had transformed his ideas in.

This flying, shooting, leaf and later geographer embodied intellectual who is becoming engineer stands in his controlling machine; he presses a button.

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ove all, the material and financial at kept Hitler busy in these first ken by tremendous uprisings. All ense, as far as his party was con- a person. This is how he tells the

'At the beginning of 1920, we succeeded in renting the council chamber of the Sternecker brewery in Sternecker Alley as a business office. It was a small, vaulted, dark room with brown wooden paneling, about six yards long and three broad. On overcast days everything was dark.

'We brightened up the walls with posters announcing our meetings, and for the first time hung up our new party flag. When we held a meeting, it was spread out on the table—in short, it remained always before our eyes.'

In this dark back room, Hitler delivered his hour-long speeches several times a week to fifteen or twenty persons; a few party comrades and the friends they brought along. There he stood amid the cigarmoke in his gray soldier's uniform. He coughed out of his gas-corroded throat, and shouted: the day will come, 'when the banner of our movement will fly over the Reichstag, over the Castle in Berlin, yes, over every German house.'

Among the audience was that twenty-three-year-old student, formerly a war aviator, a volunteer in the List Regiment. He saw the twenty men, he saw the gray speaker, and he asked himself—as he later reported: Was this man a fool, or was he the man who would save all Germany? He decided the latter. The thundering voice shook Rudolf Hess, and carried him away. He became a party member and soon a close friend of the speaker's.

Hess was originally a purer type than most of the avid and broken figures in this armed Bohemia. All the greater was his determination to think his way into their life and activity. To him violence was not an urge, but a principle. Nature had created him to be the mirror and sloganizer of other men's savagery; lending his approval where strong men entered upon dubious ventures; lending encouragement where difficulties caused their determination to flag; and finally lending even his hand, when a harder man had transformed his ideas into a command.

This flying, shooting, leaflet-distributing student, mathematician and later geographer embodied in his longing and his attitudes the intellectual who is becoming the new ruler of our age. A lone engineer stands in his control room, high above the mighty gleaming machine; he presses a button, and the machine begins to roar

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with its hundred pistons. He pulls a lever, and it stands still as a rock. We want a state that can be regulated as smoothly as that, a state for mechanics. *Heil* the chief engineer!

Hess drew up a political program for the German intellectual, and at the same time drew his portrait. A wealthy South American had endowed a prize at the University of Munich for a thesis entitled: 'How must the man be constituted who will lead Germany back to her old heights?' Hess wrote the thesis and won the prize. He had drawn a picture of his beloved Hitler and described his future path.

The Wise Men of Zion had prophesied:

We shall speak with the people in the streets and squares. . . . Our Right lies in might. In a state where might is badly organized, we will create a new Right, by seizing the government in accordance with the Right of the stronger. . . . An autocratic personality will assume the leadership. Without unlimited power no civilization can survive; this power does not repose in the masses, but in their leader, whoever he may be. The mass consists of barbarians. . . . By effective executions, we shall uphold the reign of terror and force blind, unconditional obedience. The knowledge that we are merciless will suffice to eliminate any disobedience. . . . The highest principle of every successful political art is the strictest concealment of all undertakings. . . . Our leaders must move toward their goal with unparalleled boldness. Then we shall break all resistance in our path. . . . Imperceptibly the last traces of all constitutional justice will vanish, and finally the time will come when we can openly seize all state power in the name of our autocracy. . . . We shall arouse ferment, struggle and enmity in the whole of Europe, and thence in other continents. . . .

Hess writes:

For the sake of national salvation the dictator does not shun to use the weapons of his enemy, demagoguery, slogans, street parades, etc. Where all authority has vanished, only a man of the people can establish authority. This was shown in the case of Mussolini. The deeper the dictator was originally rooted in the broad masses, the better he understands how to treat them psychologically, the less the workers will distrust him, the more supporters he will win among these most energetic ranks of the people. He himself has

nothing in common with the personality. . . . When necessary before bloodshed. Great quantities of iron. And the question: 'stroyed?'

Parliament may go babbling, that despite his many speeches haps his own supporters are in order to reach his goal, he is friends. . . . For the sake of be willing temporarily to appear the eyes of the majority. hardness. . . . He knows individuals. As the need arises, of a grenadier, or with caution reaching as far as the Pacific of enslavement will fall. Once Germany, embracing all those

The portrait culminates in an u

The work must not be a builder, or the whole will be Frederick and Bismarck. Not the steed of Germania remove the dictator. Therefore, he is drinking his power to the death as a loyal adviser.

This is Hitler, drawn by his flattering self-portrait, painting but for that very reason authentic exposes his most secret aspirations of a magnificent career, as the graceful acts excused by patriotic true program of that particular the armed bohemian.

Dietrich Eckart had introduced fugitive from Russia, to the recognized spiritual leader of

He pulls a lever, and it stands still as a t can be regulated as smoothly as that, a the chief engineer!

d program for the German intellectual, v his portrait. A wealthy South Ameri- at the University of Munich for a thesis can be constituted who will lead Ger- ghts?' Hess wrote the thesis and won a picture of his beloved Hitler and de-

had prophesied:

the people in the streets and squares. . . . t. In a state where might is badly organ- new Right, by seizing the government in ht of the stronger. . . . An autocratic per- leadership. Without unlimited power no this power does not repose in the masses, ever he may be. The mass consists of bar- e executions, we shall uphold the reign of unconditional obedience. The knowledge ll suffice to eliminate any disobedience. . . . every successful political art is the strictest rtakings. . . . Our leaders must move to- aralleled boldness. Then we shall break all . . . Imperceptibly the last traces of all con- ish, and finally the time will come when state power in the name of our autocracy. ment, struggle and enmity in the whole of other continents. . . .

sal salvation the dictator does not shun to enemy, demagogu, slogans, street parades, / has vanished, only a man of the people This was shown in the case of Mussolini. was originally rooted in the broad masses, ds how to treat them psychologically, the rust him, the more supporters he will win etic ranks of the people. He himself has

nothing in common with the mass, like every great man he is all personality. . . . When necessity commands, he does not shrink before bloodshed. Great questions are always decided by blood and iron. And the question at stake is: Shall we rise or be destroyed?

Parliament may go babbling, or not — the man acts. It transpires that despite his many speeches, he knows how to keep silent. Perhaps his own supporters are the most keenly disappointed. . . . In order to reach his goal, he is prepared to trample on his closest friends. . . . For the sake of the great ultimate goal, he must even be willing temporarily to appear a traitor against the nation in the eyes of the majority. The lawgiver proceeds with terrible hardness. . . . He knows the peoples and their influential individuals. As the need arises, he can trample them with the boots of a grenadier, or with cautious and sensitive fingers spin threads reaching as far as the Pacific Ocean. . . . In either case, the treaties of enslavement will fall. One day we shall have our new, Greater Germany, embracing all those who are of German blood.

The portrait culminates in an unexpected perspective:

The work must not be cut to the towering dimensions of its builder, or the whole will totter at his decease like the state of Frederick and Bismarck. New independent personalities, to guide the steed of Germania remounted in the future, do not thrive under the dictator. Therefore, he performs his last great deed: instead of drinking his power to the dregs, he sets it down and stands aside as a loyal adviser. .

This is Hitler, drawn by himself, for Hess is his *alter ego*; a flattering self-portrait, painting more his wishes than his features, but for that very reason authentic, though not entirely true. He exposes his most secret aspiration: a carefree private life as the goal of a magnificent career, as the reward for joyous struggles and disgraceful acts excused by patriotism. Just in this weakness it is the true program of that particular variation of the armed intellectual: the armed bohemian.

Dietrich Eckart had introduced Alfred Rosenberg, the young fugitive from Russia, to the party. But for the time being the recognized spiritual leader of this small group was Eckart, the

journalist and poet, twenty-one years older than Hitler. He had a strong influence on the younger man, probably the strongest anyone ever has had on him. And rightly so. A gifted writer, satirist, orator, even (or so Hitler believed) thinker, Eckart was the same sort of uprooted, agitated, and far from immaculate soul. Born of well-to-do parents in a little town of northern Bavaria, he had been a failure as a law student because he had drunk too much and worked too little. Then in Berlin — already in his forties — he had led the life of a vagrant who believes himself to be a poet. He could tell Hitler that he (like Hitler himself) had lodged in flop houses and slept on park benches because of Jewish machinations which (in his case) had prevented him from becoming a successful playwright. He had grown to be a morphine addict and had spent some time in an asylum for the mentally diseased, where his theatrical gifts finally found a haven, for he had staged plays there and used the inmates as actors. Now he was the grand old — and often drunk — man of the young Nazi Movement. It would be interesting to know how and in which member of the circle the realization dawned that *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* was not a pamphlet at all, but a secret textbook of world domination. Nothing contradicts the assumption that, in any event, Hitler secretly and with sealed lips conceived the idea that he himself would become the 'king' and 'ruler' of the world prophesied in the *Protocols*. He was now — 1921 — in his thirty-third year, exactly the year in which the diabolical vocation, preceded by a short blindness, comes to Soloviev's Antichrist.

The Antichrist first appeared in the form of an utter ne'er-do-well. He is the human scum of all classes. He is the sort of man who in a normal civilized world is totally useless and unsuccessful, but who in a disintegrating society conquers and seizes all. The burning heavens are mirrored in a mud puddle. A world revolution has blown these uprooted existences from all directions to a table in a Munich beer hall; from the wreckage of dead classes arises the new class of intellectuals, and at the head march the most ruthless, those with the least to lose, hence the strongest: the armed bohemians, to whom war is home and civil war fatherland.

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Chapter VI

'ARYANS OF ALL NATIONS, UNITE'

THE NEW ARMY SOON WENT INTO BATTLE; AND
had there not been a war, this army would have created it. The
army might have been called Röhm's army, if its actual builder
and military leader at that time had been mentioned; and the
name of the war, Hitler's war. For it was the war of the new
army against their own people, and nobody defined the necessity
of this war so clearly and sharply as Hitler did.

Bavaria was the center of this military enterprise and, with some
ups and downs, remained so until the end of 1923. The sullen hos-
tility of this southern country against Prussia in the north created
an atmosphere in which all preparations of the counter-revolution
matured faster than elsewhere. The régime of Prime-Minister
Gustav von Kahr and his Police-President Pöhner was already the
counter-revolution in power. Many of their Prussian leaders had
taken refuge in Bavaria; the first of them General Ludendorff.

Thus, in the summer and fall of 1920, an illegal but by no means
secret army was established, chiefly by Röhm. On paper this army
numbered as many as 200,000 men, and it may have had more
than 100,000 actual effectives. Although it was based on Bavaria,
it had ramifications through the whole of Germany and even in
Austria, and a loosely knit organization connected the Bavarian
nucleus with the more clandestine organizations in northern Ger-

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many. The name of the army, 'Citizens' Defense' (*Einwohnerwehr*), stated clearly that this body was directed only against the 'Red' enemy within; against the Communists first, but possibly also—this was more secretly whispered—against the republican régime of the Reich.

1920 But many of the leaders would not admit this, would not even believe it. They claimed that the real purpose of the Citizens' Defense was to be a protection against the enemy without; not just against the far superior French army on Germany's western frontier, but against Bolsheviks in the northeast; against Lithuanians, who wanted to take away the German city of Memel and later really did; especially against the Poles. If the Berlin government tried to do away with these illegal troops and 'free corps,' their leaders would have accused the government of depriving the country of its last remnants of protection; and quite a few of them would have been sincere. Even a man like Röhm, as much as he hated the new state, expected that one day his army would fight the enemy on the border of the Reich.

1921 It was Hitler, and almost Hitler alone, who had a much clearer conception of the political situation and the immediate issue. He insisted on the absolute necessity of fighting the new state first, of overthrowing the republican government before undertaking any ventures against the foreign enemy. 'Civil war — no foreign war' — this formula of Hitler's policy shows that he really was a man with a political idea. The foreign enemy itself, to be sure, did not want to take any risks. The Allies demanded that this army be dissolved, as contrary to the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. With the consent of England, French and Belgian troops occupied the cities of Duisburg and Düsseldorf on the Rhine, March, 1921, and England subjected Germany to a killing export duty. A great English paper, the *Morning Post*, wrote that this policy would tear the German Reich apart once and for all, and prevent it from ever again becoming a menace to all Europe. The so-called London ultimatum (May 5, 1921) set the total sum of the political debt to be paid by Germany as indemnity for war damage to the Allies, at 132 billion marks. Lloyd George, the British premier, said: 'We wish to state clearly once and for all that the German responsibility for the war will be treated as a "cause jugée."'

At the same time a bl of German and Polish on the Polish border. To decide whether Upper provinces, should belong, Upper Silesia gave (M (707,000 to 479,000), the man-Polish border province. Poland sought to army (the so-called 'insurgal army against them, Bavarian Citizens' Defense coal province, the Saar French; we shall lose it within the range of Upper Silesia, must be lost unfends it.' But he added possible only if the pig risy, and Marxist deception.

An internal crisis within government, under Fe outstanding jurist but home crisis by a solution strength for the solution the home crisis. Simor treaty, regarded the economic in the scores of billion government had the solution British economist. It did not want to obey definite time. In other feated, and, therefore, ment wanted to be treated peace—although unjust one.

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Almost Hitler alone, who had a much clearer political situation and the immediate issue. He understood the necessity of fighting the new state first, of the republican government before undertaking any foreign enemy. 'Civil war — no foreign war' — Hitler's policy shows that he really was a man with a foreign enemy himself, to be sure, did not want the Allies demanded that this army be dissolved, provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. With the French and Belgian troops occupied the cities of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, March, 1921, and England to a killing export duty. A great English *Post*, wrote that this policy would tear the country once and for all, and prevent it from ever becoming a menace to all Europe. The so-called London Conference (1921) set the total sum of the political debt to be paid as indemnity for war damage to the Allies, at £100,000,000. Lloyd George, the British premier, said: 'We must not forget for all that the German responsibility created as a "cause jugée."'

At the same time a bloody war was being fought between bands of German and Polish volunteers in the province of Upper Silesia on the Polish border. The peace treaty stipulated that a plebiscite decide whether Upper Silesia, one of Germany's three great coal provinces, should belong to Germany or Poland. The plebiscite in Upper Silesia gave (March 20, 1921), a clear German majority (707,000 to 479,000), though by far not so pronounced as in the German-Polish border provinces of West and East Prussia, one time before. Poland sought to seize the province by means of an illegal army (the so-called 'insurrectionary leagues'). Germany sent her illegal army against them, among them the most active groups of the Bavarian Citizens' Defense. Hitler cried: 'We have lost our first coal province, the Saar on the German French border, to the French; we shall lose the second and largest, the Ruhr, for it lies within the range of French cannon; the third and last, Upper Silesia, must be lost unless our illegal army [Citizens' Defense] defends it.' But he added — and this is his true political line: 'This is possible only if the pigsty of Jewish corruption, democratic hypocrisy, and Marxist deception is swept out with an iron broom.'

An internal crisis was approaching in the Reich. The German government, under Foreign Minister Doctor Walter Simons, an outstanding jurist but less of a diplomat, tried to overcome the home crisis by a solution of the foreign questions, and to gain strength for the solution of the foreign questions by overcoming the home crisis. Simons, willing in principle to carry out the peace treaty, regarded the economic section, providing for an indemnity in the scores of billions, as impracticable; in this view the German government had the support of John Maynard Keynes, the eminent British economist. It wanted to negotiate with the Allies; but it did not want to obey commands and suffer penalties for an indefinite time. In other words, the Allies treated Germany as a defeated, and, therefore, still reluctant, enemy; the German government wanted to be treated like a party that had concluded a negotiated peace — although, in their eyes, a definitely unfavorable and unjust one.

Thus, the German government agreed, though only half-heartedly, to the dissolution of the illegal army, thus hoping to gain

better control also over the legal army, which still was too closely connected with that illegal army, especially in Bavaria. It also tried to force, upon these bands of legal and illegal soldiers, recognition for the new black, red, and gold flag of the republic. Any of these great and petty causes seemed likely to touch off the explosion which would send all Germany up in flames.

In March, 1921, the worst of all happened: the Communists succeeded in starting a revolt in central Germany. This seemed to give Simons some justification for the illegal army. But the majority of parliamentarians regarded resistance against the combined will of France and England as hopeless. On May 10, 1921, Simons and the whole government fell. A new government, led by Reich Chancellor Doctor Joseph Wirth and Foreign Minister Doctor Walter Rathenau, made a new, almost heroic attempt to arrive at a true peace with France and England. Rathenau tried to convince German public opinion that France really had some claims for a German indemnity. The new government accepted the London ultimatum. It demanded that Bavaria dissolve the Citizens' Defense. The menace of civil war hung like a black cloud over Germany. Hitler was exultant; he believed that his hour had already struck:

(1921) We will incite the people, and not only incite, we will lash them to a frenzy. We will preach struggle, the inexorable struggle against this parliamentary brood, this whole system which will not cease before either Germany has been totally ruined or else one day a man with an iron skull appears. His boots may be dirty, but he will have a clear conscience and a steel fist, he will put an end to the speeches of these matinee heroes and show the nation some action.

But his hour had not struck yet. The civilian elements were still too strong. Bavaria herself was not united. The leaders of the bourgeois parties began to be horrified at the illegal army, and for this Hitler's threats may have been partly responsible. Bavaria gave in. On June 29, the Reich government dissolved the Citizens' Defense, and the Bavarian government looked on in silence. This was the political death of Premier Kahr; he finally resigned on September 21, 1921.

Civil government was strove to exclude the Reich parties and patriotic men have succeeded, but not its existence could not be destroyed only by force secret army's spokesman made him one of its leaders.

Thus far, we have viewed of the German counter-bubble that slowly swelled to regard him only as a merely a great adventurer would be to undertake something much more bold his acts he is an image, a solution, which has spread greatest probably since the modern sociology we have the organization of modern social type has a different Europe, broken by the I by a soldier's cap.

In the maelstrom of hitherto nameless figures and led so-called defense and provinces. Hitler distinguished himself from control of the key point clearly than any other source of power lies in can create authority, say advice of the Wise Men. streets and squares' the house. None took so much a wife, profession; he circle of three, sullen and

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Civil government was trying to take over, even in Bavaria. It strove to exclude the Reichswehr from power; disbanded the armed parties and patriotic murder clubs. On the surface, it seemed to have succeeded, but not in actuality. This secret army fighting for its existence could not be destroyed by decrees; such a force can be destroyed only by force. Up to this point, Hitler had been the secret army's spokesman, its attorney before the public; the crisis made him one of its leaders.

Thus far, we have viewed Hitler as a piece of his element, a part of the German counter-revolution, a flake amid a mighty foam, a bubble that slowly swells up and becomes strangely iridescent. But to regard him only as the political *enfant terrible* of our epoch, as merely a great adventurer, a great demagogue, or a great dictator would be to underestimate the significance of the man. He is something much more basic. In his qualities, in his destiny, and in his acts he is an image, a product, and an executant of a social revolution, which has spread in great waves throughout the globe; the greatest probably since the fall of the Roman Empire. In terms of modern sociology we have attempted to interpret this revolution as the organization of modern society by the intellectual. This new social type has a different face in every country; in the lands of Europe, broken by the First World War, his face is always topped by a soldier's cap.

In the maelstrom of the German counter-revolution, dozens of hitherto nameless figures suddenly rose to the surface, founded and led so-called defense leagues, and with them conquered cities and provinces. Hitler started out as one of these, but soon distinguished himself from all the others. All of them strove to gain control of the key points of power. But Hitler recognized more clearly than any other that in time of disorganization the true source of power lies in public opinion. 'Only a man of the people can create authority,' says Hess. No one has better understood the advice of the Wise Men of Zion to speak with the people 'in the streets and squares' than this man from the Viennese lodging-house. None took so much pleasure in just that. Others had friends, a wife, profession; he had only the mass to talk to. Silent in a circle of three, sullen and sluggish in conversation, without interest

* He; therefore, will be the least celebrated.

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talks
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Hitl.

1921
 D.T. keep him that way.
 in his own private life, this miserable human nothing could think only in public terms, feel only the feeling of the mass, and when the nothing spoke with the people, it was as though the voice of the people were speaking.

What Hitler told the people about the depravity of the Jews, he could say just as effectively about the Prussian junkers, the Pope in Rome, or the high English nobility. His revelation of a world conspiracy of Jews achieved its extraordinary effect, not because of the Jews, but because of the world conspiracy. The sentiment that our modern society had arrived at a breaking point, that millions and millions would be crushed in the impending collapse, tormented every man's soul. With unerring sureness Hitler expressed the speechless panic of the masses faced by an invisible enemy and gave the nameless specter a name. He was a pure fragment of the modern mass soul, unclouded by any personal qualities. One scarcely need ask with what arts he conquered the masses; he did not conquer them, he portrayed and represented them. His speeches are day-dreams of this mass soul; they are chaotic, full of contradictions, if their words are taken literally, often senseless, as dreams are, and yet charged with deeper meaning. Vulgar vilification, flat jokes alternate with ringing, sometimes exalted, phrases. The speeches begin always with deep pessimism and end in overjoyed redemption, a triumphant happy ending; often they can be refuted by reason, but they follow the far mightier logic of the subconscious, which no refutation can touch. Hitler has given speech to the speechless terror of the modern mass, and to the nameless fear he has given a name. That makes him the greatest mass orator of the mass age.

He grew in the decay of his own cause. Röhm set out to reorganize the suddenly broken army with the greatest possible speed. Things had to be done less openly than before. Clubs with harmless names were founded; they were all private armies of varying sizes. Hitler himself was given a private band, Röhm producing the personnel, the arms, the officers. In place of the little group of soldiers from the Hofbräuhaus, Hitler could soon muster companies and even regiments. The troop was given (August, 1921) the supposedly harmless but quite transparent name of 'Gymnastics and Sports Division.' Its first recruiting proclamation said:

The N.S.D.A.P. (National Socialist German gymnastics and sport divi-
 zation. It will embody a nation. . . . It will instill a of our young members, I history does not make me who lends himself defense slave's yoke. In it, we w comrade and comrade, and

It was at this time that I first met the man who one This occurred in the thick of fense, at one of those great which raise passions to fever I captain of the *Luftwaffe*, at th with politics, was an onlooker and a center of much contro pillar, not far from the form drawing to an end. Voices are up and asked Hitler if he w then did Göring see who was a good deal about Hitler. Hitl 'If I spoke, I would destroy th to do that!' That was all. But his wife that he had seen and I had carried away an indelible This was a later story, perhap mann Wilhelm Göring was i Hitler's astonishing voice had remark.

— *My young*
 Göring, born January 12, 1897 German diplomat at that time ally be called a foster-child of tl his youth in the house of a Jew later he grew up, far from hon ing-schools; finally in the office

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 iting proclamation said:

The N.S.D.A.P. (Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei: National Socialist German Workers' Party) has formed its own gymnastics and sport division within the framework of its organization. It will embody and propagate the military idea of a free nation. . . . It will instill a boundless desire for action in the hearts of our young members, hammer and burn into their brains that history does not make men, but men history. And that the man who lends himself defenseless to the chains of slavery deserves the slave's yoke. In it, we will continue to cultivate loyalty between comrade and comrade, and joyful obedience to the leader. . . .

It was at this time that the corporal from the List Regiment first met the man who one day should be his second in power. This occurred in the thick of the struggle over the Citizens' Defense, at one of those great demonstrations on a public square which raise passions to fever heat but lead only to defeat. A former captain of the *Luftwaffe*, at that time a private citizen unconcerned with politics, was an onlooker. Hitler, by this time widely known and a center of much controversy, was leaning silently against a pillar, not far from the former captain. The demonstration was drawing to an end. Voices arose: Let Hitler speak! A man stepped up and asked Hitler if he would like to say a few words. Only then did Göring see who was standing next to him. He had heard a good deal about Hitler. Hitler said in his firm, thundering voice: 'If I spoke, I would destroy the unity of the meeting. I don't want to do that!' That was all. But the captain went home and said to his wife that he had seen and heard this man for the first time and had carried away an indelible impression; he believed in Hitler. This was a later story, perhaps somewhat exaggerated; but Hermann Wilhelm Göring was neither the first nor the last whom Hitler's astonishing voice had hypnotized with an insignificant remark.

Göring, born January 12, 1893, in Rosenheim, Bavaria, son of a German diplomat at that time consul-general in Haiti, might actually be called a foster-child of the Prussian Army. He spent part of his youth in the house of a Jewish friend of the family in Austria; later he grew up, far from home and family life, in several boarding-schools; finally in the officers' school of Lichterfelde, near Ber-

D.T. Democracy + Fascism in one coupling.

lin. At this time, as he later told the story, he often envied his luckier classmates, who had a family and who, therefore, were invited to attend parties at the emperor's court. He was brought up as a soldier, and he became a soldier by profession.

He had begun the World War as an infantry officer, and then, in defiance of his superiors, made himself into an aviator by taking flying lessons from a friend by the name of Lörzer. He was a good combat pilot, sparing neither himself, his subordinates, nor his planes. At the end of the war he was leading a pursuit squadron, which Baron von Richthofen, the most famous of German World War aviators, had commanded before him. He was decorated with the Pour le Mérite, the highest distinction accessible to a soldier of his rank. But medals were not the only pay he obtained for his achievements. The German front-line fliers had great influence in the choice of planes and engines; manufacturers sought to win this influence in their own way, and all aviators did not resist these temptations, which began with golden cigarette cases concealed beneath their napkins at banquets. In partnership with Prince Philipp of Hessa, a fellow officer, he established a shoe factory for army orders—in the midst of the war. His friendship with Prince Philipp later took on prime importance for Göring, when the prince became son-in-law to the king of Italy. Again and again he had startling luck in his personal encounters. During the war he was quartered for a time at Stenay on the Maas. In near-by Charleville the crown prince had his dissolute and justly notorious headquarters. Göring made the acquaintance of Friedrich Wilhelm, and this, too, was to prove profitable.

He was on top of the world. Everything that an ambitious man can hope to have at the age of twenty-five had fallen to Göring's lot. He had fame, money, connections, future, and, best of all, pride in his own accomplishments. More important than his private career, he had a small share in the domination of the world. Since Napoleon I, no group of European men had looked forward to such brilliant careers as offered themselves to the young leaders of this German Army, which from the English Channel to the Black Sea and the Euphrates seemed to have conquered a world empire by the force of its arms.

In every respect they were required artificial exaltation; though in many ways pleased between death and champagne, and every possible individual was more than twenty years late a morphine addict. Up to Later he seems to have over-terizes the man.

From these giddy heights, vember, 1918. From the bread. After the peace, Germany very few commercial, plane countries. Göring became a carrying passengers and mail. Stockholm with a single plane flew to Rosen's estate of Rosen Pond in front of the castle. Count Rosen's whole family. These Swedish aristocrats families; they had relatives officers in the German Army of Germany's future and paniment of the lute. The lady of the house, it trans- née Baroness Fock. She happily married and spent most beautiful and charming, Kantzow soon dissolved his transport pilot, Hermann (

His marriage brought Göring turned to Germany and Munich. Up to that time taken no part in the various revolution. Now he beca

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War as an infantry officer, and then, made himself into an aviator by taking the name of Lörzer. He was a good soldier himself, his subordinates, nor his or he was leading a pursuit squadron, the most famous of German World War I before him. He was decorated with

st distinction accessible to a soldier of not the only pay he obtained for his front-line fliers had great influence in factories; manufacturers sought to win this and all aviators did not resist these in golden cigarette cases concealed belts. In partnership with Prince Philipp he established a shoe factory for army during the war. His friendship with Prince Philipp was of importance for Göring, when the king of Italy. Again and again he had encounters. During the war he was on the Maas. In near-by Charles's dissolute and justly notorious head-aquaintance of Friedrich Wilhelm, profitable.

1. Everything that an ambitious man of twenty-five had fallen to Göring's connections, future, and, best of all, shipments. More important than his all share in the domination of the group of European men had looked for as offered themselves to the young man, which from the English Channel to the sea seemed to have conquered a world.

In every respect they were on top of the world, and yet Göring required artificial exaltation. Life in the flying corps was perilous, though in many ways pleasant. The aviators were the coddled and petted darlings of the Army, with frequent rest periods, the best of food, and every possible consideration; the accomplishment of the individual was more conspicuous, less immersed in the squadron than twenty years later. Nerves suffered in this up and down between death and champagne; some took to drugs. Göring became a morphine addict. Up to 1932 his vice never left him completely. Later he seems to have overcome it; this rare feat of will characterizes the man.

From these giddy heights there came a fall: the eleventh of November, 1918. From the first this meant a bitter struggle for daily bread. After the peace, Germany was permitted no military, and very few commercial, planes. German aviators emigrated to near-by countries. Göring became a transport pilot in Denmark and Sweden, carrying passengers and mail bags. One winter day he set out from Stockholm with a single passenger, Count Eric von Rosen. They flew to Rosen's estate of Rockelstadt, where they landed on a frozen pond in front of the castle. Göring was hospitably received and Count Rosen's whole family turned out to be friends of Germany. These Swedish aristocrats had intermarried with North-German families; they had relatives who were serving or had served as officers in the German Army. Göring's host spoke with enthusiasm of Germany's future and even sang German songs to the accompaniment of the lute. Two large swastikas adorned the hall. The lady of the house, it transpired, had a sister, Carin von Kantzow, née Baroness Fock. She had an eight-year-old son, but was unhappily married and spent most of her time with her relatives. She was beautiful and charming, but suffered from epilepsy. Carin von Kantzow soon dissolved her marriage and married the German transport pilot, Hermann Göring.

His marriage brought Göring a certain amount of money. He returned to Germany and enrolled as a student of economics in Munich. Up to that time he had stood aside from politics and had taken no part in the various armed activities of the German counter-revolution. Now he became a National Socialist. The corporal

and the captain soon developed a liking for one another. A year later (1922) Göring was leader of the new party army. Hitler might have had better trained and more experienced officers than this aviator. But with a sure instinct, he preferred this wild, unrestrained fellow, because he was more compatible with Hitler and the whole movement. Moreover, he was a bridge to good society, and politically that was of the greatest importance. Perhaps it was not entirely without bearing that Göring occasionally, in private and sub rosa, lent his leader money; this pecuniary aid began with millions, then rose to billions and finally trillions, for the inflation was raging through Germany.

With it raged murder, the most hideous and, for a time, the most effective weapon of the counter-revolution. The very moment the Citizens' Defense and its offspring had to go underground, they became the army of the murderers again, more so than ever. Matthias Erzberger, former Reich Minister of Finance, fell while taking a walk in the Schwarzwald on August 26, 1921, and the killers escaped through the dark woods. On November 11, 1918, Erzberger had signed the armistice in Marshal Foch's railway coach, because the military leaders lacked the courage to seal their defeat with their own signatures. As a man and as a political figure, he was not beyond reproach; but he had at least one deed of historic importance to his credit: he had given Germany a unified financial administration after the war, had made the 'federal states' financially dependent on the Reich and so helped to break down their semi-sovereignty. By this financial and political unification of the German Empire, point 24 of Hitler's program (strong central power) had to a large extent been taken care of thirteen years before Hitler came to power. It was for this—and because he was too able, too successful, briefly, too dangerous—that Erzberger was killed by Hitler's own men. The first leader of Hitler's private army, Johann Ulrich Klitsch, most probably an accomplice, was in prison for a while; but in the end the killing of Erzberger was another of those deeds of the secret murderers' army that was never avenged.

'The man who leads the German people leads it with his head, and his head is a pledge,' said Hitler at a public meeting in October. Promptly more revolvers went off, this time against a leader of the

Munich Social Democrats might have saved the intended violence. The Social Democrats were to the National Socialists they marched several hundred. Hitler was scheduled to sport division to throw the ventured an interruption, tional Socialists under the A brawl ensued. The National and would probably have police had not, as always, on, the National Socialist *teilung* (Storm Division).

It was the time when Hitler he had proved to be the justified by events. His basin of Upper Silesia, *de true, October 20, 1921.* The of Nations' report, gave to Germany, but that industry and most of the decision, by the way, made

From now on for twelve was to be the negative but it was bound to grow with its rise. This was the picture the crowds; the crowds when the enterprise began

Success and money finally over the National Socialists the founders; they—An limit him and press him were too late. He had the the growing S.A. At a

¹ The word *Freiheit* (liberty as a greeting and cheer. (Trs.

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German people leads it with his head, and Hitler at a public meeting in October. sent off, this time against a leader of the

Munich Social Democrats by the name of Auer; the darkness of night saved the intended victim, but, as usual, his assailants as well. The Social Democrats were up in arms and decided to put an end to the National Socialists once and for all. Early in November, they marched several hundred strong to the Hofbräuhaus, where Hitler was scheduled to speak. Hitler ordered his gymnastics and sport division to throw the visitors out by force. When a Socialist ventured an interruption, shouting the word 'Liberty!,' the National Socialists under the leadership of Rudolf Hess jumped on him. A brawl ensued. The National Socialists were inferior in numbers and would probably have got the worst of it, if President Pöchner's police had not, as always, come to their assistance. From that day on, the National Socialist private army was known as the *Sturmabteilung* (Storm Division), or S.A.

It was the time when Hitler had just had a unique stroke of luck: he had proved to be the successful prophet of the nation's doom, justified by events. His forecast that Germany would lose the coal basin of Upper Silesia, despite her success in the plebiscite, came true, October 20, 1921. The Allies, basing themselves on a League of Nations' report, gave the larger part of the small border country to Germany, but that part, with about four fifths of the heavy industry and most of the coal mines, was given to Poland—a decision, by the way, made against the will of England.

From now on for twelve years the National Socialist Movement was to be the negative barometer of Germany's fate in the world; it was bound to grow with the decline of the country, to fall with its rise. This was the picture of Hitler's success: disaster attracted the crowds; the crowds attracted money. Financial backing came when the enterprise began to look promising.

Success and money finally won for Hitler complete domination over the National Socialist Party. He had grown too powerful for the founders; they—Anton Drexler among them—wanted to limit him and press him to the wall. But it turned out that they were too late. He had the newspaper behind him, the backers, and the growing S.A. At a certain distance, he had the Reichswehr

¹The word *Freiheit* (liberty) was used by the German Social Democrats as a greeting and cheer. (Trs.)

1921 behind him too. To break all resistance for good, he left the party for three days, and the trembling members obediently chose him as the first, unlimited chairman, for practical purposes responsible to no one, in place of Anton Drexler, the modest founder, who had to content himself with the post of honorary chairman (July 29, 1921). From that day on, Hitler was the leader of Munich's National Socialist Movement.

1922 But he failed in his attempt to force the 'leader principle' upon other anti-Semitic, 'racial,' or 'German Socialist' groups over the rest of Germany. A nation-wide convention of these groups in Munich, January, 1922, rejected Hitler's plea for absolute power—tiny groups, little men, but they did not accept a dictator.

These men—anti-Semitic, reactionary, militarist, as they certainly were—probably were completely at a loss to understand the meaning of the new movement. Not a few may have shivered inwardly when Hitler in his speech coldly declared: 'I thank Messrs. Klintsch and Maurice [Klintsch's aide] for their activity in the organization of the storm troop. Even if Klintsch has been in prison for suspicion of the Erzberger killing, we did not shake him off as certain other parties would have. On the contrary: when he came back we carried him through the hall on our shoulders.'

They may have asked themselves, 'What's the good of it all?' when they heard Hitler shout: 'We want nothing to do with parliaments. Anyone who goes into a swamp sinks into the muck. The big things have always been done in opposition to parliaments. . . .' And possibly they found that Hitler was expecting too much from them when he said: 'A minority suffices to overthrow a state when the majority of the population has gone soft and lost its direction.' He even despised what they considered the greatest achievements of German history: '... And we do not want the thing they call unity, which includes everything that is rotten; what we want is struggle; struggle against Jewish democracy, which is no more nor less than a machine for the elimination of genius. . . . we do not want millions of indifferent rabble, we want a hundred thousand men—headstrong, defiant men. Our success will force the millions to follow us.'

With such speeches Hitler frightened away those who would have

liked to share his leadership. But this was just the bait with which he lured those lonely minds who belong to the political élite. Hitler did not hesitate to accept the idea of becoming a leader with absolute authority later in Bavaria. Instead of a political terrain, he kept to the comfort of a political power—sure of the success of power, sure of men and money.

The Reichswehr lent soldiers to beat their victims, Police Protection was given if the victims defended themselves. Money poured into the movement, 'was financed almost entirely by membership dues stood in no need of speeches. To be sure, the time; our unforgettable Drexler, who had turned, had backers of his own, piano manufacturer, and other backers—most of them were able, with comparative ease, to support the party. It was the time of change.

Some facts about Hitler's early life, set out later by an investigating commission, show that his backers mostly were heads of families, the big administrators of the big medium-sized industrialists, Germany, big money for private individual backers, but from the beginning fostered by the big associations. Up to the last day before the storm, Hitler had accepted the association with other and more powerful men. He seemed to come with them.

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ed away those who would have

liked to share his leadership, and this may have been his intention. But this was just the bait which hooked a certain type of the masses; those lonely minds who believe themselves (mistakenly) to be an élite. Hitler did not hesitate a moment; he immediately gave up the idea of becoming a leader over all of Germany and contented himself with absolute authority over his followers in Munich and later in Bavaria. Instead of risking a doubtful struggle on unknown terrain, he kept to the comparatively small field where he was sure of success—sure of the masses, sure of protection by the state power, sure of men and money.

The Reichswehr lent soldiers, and when the soldiers shot and beat their victims, Police President Pöhner's men saw nothing; but if the victims defended themselves, they were arrested for disorderly conduct. Money poured into the treasury. 'The party,' Hitler claimed later, 'was financed almost exclusively by my meetings. The membership dues stood in no relation to the money brought in by my speeches. To be sure, the party did have one big backer at that time; our unforgettable Dietrich Eckart.' The unforgettable, in turn, had backers of his own, General von Epp, Bechstein, the piano manufacturer, and others. And these backers and backers of backers—most of them outsiders themselves among the rich—were able, with comparatively small means, to buy for Hitler more and more of this stock of passion and daring that was embodied in the party. It was the time when murder could be had for small change.

Some facts about Hitler's resources in these first years were found out later by an investigating committee of the Bavarian diet. The spenders mostly were headstrong individualists, lone wolves among the big administrators of Germany's wealth; as a rule, small or medium-sized industrialists, not seldom half-broke themselves. In Germany, big money for political purposes used not to come from individual backers, but from corruption funds which were administered by the big associations of manufacturers, employers, bankers. Up to the last day before he finally came to power, for the most part, Hitler had access to these funds only when he was associated with other and more moderate groups—that is, when he seemed to come with tied hands. Sometimes Hitler was not

fashamed to promise his backers utter obedience toward 'capital' when he should come to power; at other times he was proud, especially if the game did not seem worth the candle.

'In the summer of 1921,' Hitler continues, 'work in the business office had grown impossible. So many people kept milling around in the narrow room that organized activity was out of the question. Everybody was in everybody else's way. Slowly there began to be consequences which I have since then often observed in similar circumstances: our people grew nervous. Finally, the summer of 1921 brought a drastic change in the business management of the party. . . .'

In the whole management. This was when Hitler won the leadership. At the head of its business administration he placed a man in whom he had unlimited personal confidence, who was responsible only to him, and who, by his extreme brutality and unpleasantness, made himself so detested in the whole party that only Hitler's authority kept him in his post. But he was an effective business manager. This man was Hitler's former war comrade, Max Amann, a second sergeant in the same regiment: 'On my request, party comrade Amann took over the position of party business manager. He told me at once that further work in this office was absolutely impossible. And so, for a second time, we went out in search of quarters, and rented an old abandoned inn in Corneliusstrasse, near the Gartnerplatz. . . . A part of the old taproom was partitioned off and made into an office for party comrade Amann and myself. In the main room, a very primitive wicket was constructed. The S.A. leadership was housed in the kitchen. . . .' At this time the party already had large, double-doored, steel cabinets.

This homey comfort was suddenly endangered. A new government had come in, a new police too; and these new Pharaohs did not want to know too much of Joseph. Up to this time Hitler and his gang had been able to beat up their enemies without interference from the state. Now the state began to open its eyes. For breaking into a hostile meeting with one of his gangs and chasing the speaker off the platform with a club, a court sentenced Hitler to three months' imprisonment. Two of the months were suspended: that is, he would not have to serve them if in the future he refrained

from all acts of violence. ment to stretch a point a new government had no ishment which would ha prisonment. Technically a felony gave the gover years this threat of depo doubtful whether he ev Count Lerchenfeld, the gray-haired gentleman, v age of murderers, intim passion and disunity did country (April, 1922).

Hitler replied in an ope

. . . I admit that by am a 'foreigner.' I mi is only two hundred that it was Bavarian t will be returned to th Blood is thicker than not only proud to be permitted me to stake it would have been a citizenship. I neglecte unshakable hope in a that a day would con people would not be j ship, but exclusively b

If Hitler attacks a coun 'Your Lordship' in every ing more than some acci new course of affairs that the Wirth-Rathenau gov a new attitude toward tl to live with it. Wirth : against the treaty and to to carry out its provision

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He continues, 'work in the business many people kept milling around in activity was out of the question. His way. Slowly there began to be he then often observed in similar nervous. Finally, the summer of the business management of the

This was when Hitler won the business administration he placed a personal confidence, who was rebuffed by his extreme brutality and ousted in the whole party that only his post. But he was an effective as Hitler's former war comrade, in the same regiment: 'On my return over the position of party business that further work in this office for a second time, we went out old abandoned inn in Cornelius. A part of the old taproom was office for party comrade Amann very primitive wicket was con-housed in the kitchen. . . . ' At age, double-doored, steel cabinets. ly endangered. A new govern-ment; and these new Pharaohs did ph. Up to this time Hitler and his enemies without interference to open its eyes. For breaking his gangs and chasing the speaker court sentenced Hitler to three months were suspended: that he if in the future he refrained

from all acts of violence. For months he pleaded with the government to stretch a point and suspend the third month too. But the new government had no such intention; it even considered a punishment which would have been far greater than three months' imprisonment. Technically Hitler was a foreigner; his conviction for a felony gave the government the right to deport him. For ten years this threat of deportation hung over Hitler's head, and it is doubtful whether he ever feared anything more in all his life. Count Lerchenfeld, the new Bavarian premier, a distinguished gray-haired gentleman, whose manners were far too good for an age of murderers, intimated in parliament that such inciters to passion and disunity did not necessarily have to be tolerated in the country (April, 1922).

Hitler replied in an open letter to the count:

... I admit that by the letter of our present Jewish law, I really am a 'foreigner.' I might argue, Your Lordship, that my birthplace is only two hundred and fifty yards from the Bavarian border, that it was Bavarian territory a hundred years ago, and, as I hope, will be returned to the German Reich in less time than that. . . . Blood is thicker than water, Your Lordship, and by blood I am not only proud to be a German, but even prouder that fortune permitted me to stake my blood for my Germanism. At that time, it would have been child's play for me, Your Lordship, to win citizenship. I neglected to do so, because I ventured to retain my unshakable hope in a greater Germany, and also my conviction that a day would come when a German's right to work with his people would not be judged by papers and certificates, Your Lordship, but exclusively by his blood and by his worth. . . .

If Hitler attacks a count in writing, he will never fail to call him 'Your Lordship' in every third line. But in this letter he was fighting more than some accidental count. He was fighting the whole new course of affairs that began late in 1921, with the induction of the Wirth-Rathenau government. This government had adopted a new attitude toward the peace treaty: the only way was to try to live with it. Wirth and Rathenau wanted to stop protesting against the treaty and to fulfill it, believing that the very attempt to carry out its provisions would demonstrate their impossibility.

1922

By this they hoped to achieve peace and understanding at home. The Lerchenfeld government in Bavaria nourished the same hopes and stopped the fight against Berlin. Even the popular question of a return to the Bavarian monarchy would for the moment be shelved. The political domination of the majors and murder clubs must be ended.

In April, Wirth and Rathenau set out for Genoa. At a conference of all great powers except the United States, a true peace was at last to be prepared. Lloyd George, the British Premier, was its author. His aim was to devise an economic plan as a basis for a normal world. Saving the world by economics was a favorite idea of all British governments from Lloyd George in 1922 to Ramsay MacDonald in 1933. In 1922, German leaders shared the same faith. 'Economics is destiny,' Rathenau had said. Regretting his part in the Peace of Versailles, Lloyd George was to spend twenty years combating it. In 1922, he still clung harshly and firmly to the letter of the treaty, but strove to attenuate it by economic understandings. This might have led to a German-British front against France; but Germany was not strong enough for such a policy, and Lloyd George himself was not politically strong enough in his own country. The sensation of Genoa was the Bolsheviki, who, led by Foreign Commissar Chicherin, appeared for the first time at a conference. During the Genoa Conference, Rathenau, to the amazement of the world, concluded the Treaty of Rapallo with the Russians. In the face of France's hardness and refusal to compromise, Rathenau wanted to show that Germany, too, could carry on a strong policy. This would have meant something if Russia had been strong, but internationally she was almost as impotent as Germany. The conference ended in formal as well as practical failure.

Yet there had been a beginning of international conversations. Germany no longer sat at the council table purely in the rôle of a conquered country. Perhaps Rathenau would be the man to lead Germany back into the ranks of the great powers?

Rathenau, the Jew! And perhaps tomorrow the savior of Germany! Hitler was not yet important enough to be in this play; but nevertheless, here was his dilemma. Could he wish to see Germany saved by a Jew? If he was sincere: he could not.

It was at this time that he began his mission. It was no accident that from the Bible with boundless seized his whip,' and marched armed with a heavy crocodile of his beloved Munich, which National Socialism? A short time later, in a chastened mood to be nothing but little Saint Johns.

A period of modesty was drawing by which Heaven customarily drew in him? The fanatical faith of the masses, the hostility or contempt and now wasn't he going through gotha, to be sure, was nothing but a prison which he wished so fervently to leave. He took leave of his people with a sob and a cry: ago the mob of Jerusalem dragged him away. *He is afraid*

Then the prison gate closed behind him, furious and silent in Stadelheim. He opened the inevitable: German Jew. Right-Wing fanatics, just to be an élite, shot Walter Rathenau (1922). The measure seemed full of justifications; for a whole day the revolution was spent before the leaders. The counter-revolution for a moment, emerged and broke through the revolutionary move was 'Law for the Defense of the Rightist agitation on the Right. The law led to a few more orators who called the state a Jewish President Friedrich Ebert (with a brothel-keeper, and the banner where in the world would su

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It was at this time that he began to believe in his own God-given mission. It was no accident that—in his own words—he 'learned from the Bible with boundless love how our Lord and Saviour seized his whip,' and marched on Jerusalem. Was not he himself armed with a heavy crocodile whip, marching through the streets of his beloved Munich, which he sometimes called the 'Mecca' of National Socialism? A short time previous, it is true, he had admitted in a chastened mood to his friend Georg Schott: 'All of us are nothing but little Saint Johns. I am waiting for a Christ.' But the period of modesty was drawing to a close. Were not all the signs by which Heaven customarily announces its prophets being fulfilled in him? The fanatical faith of the disciples, the rejoicing of the masses, the hostility or contempt of those in high places—and now wasn't he going through a sort of Golgotha? His Golgotha, to be sure, was nothing more impressive than the month in prison which he wished so fervently to avoid; but before going in, he took leave of his people with the words: 'Two thousand years ago the mob of Jerusalem dragged a man to execution in just this way.'

1922
He is afraid of being killed in jail.
Then the prison gate closed behind him. For a month he sat furious and silent in Stadelheim near Munich. In this month happened the inevitable: Germany was saved from being saved by a Jew. Right-Wing fanatics, just the common type that believed itself to be an elite, shot Walter Rathenau from a speeding car (June 24, 1922). The measure seemed full. The workers rose in great demonstrations; for a whole day things looked like a new revolution. But the revolution was spent before it began; the movement found no leaders. The counter-revolution, which had crawled into its corner for a moment, emerged and breathed easy. The only tangible result of the revolutionary move was that the Reichstag in Berlin passed a 'Law for the Defense of the Republic' as a supposed curb to extremist agitation on the Right. The gesture was more than feeble. The law led to a few more or less serious prison sentences for agitators who called the state a Jewish republic, the Social Democratic President Friedrich Ebert (without the shadow of justification), a brothel-keeper, and the banner of the republic, a filthy rag. No where in the world would such a law attract attention. But the

22 Hitler's speech is probably in early July

murder party fumed about state tyranny, the strangling of democracy, dictatorship. In Bavaria the Right radical movement (the disbanded, but nevertheless growing and thriving, murderers' army), again threatened revolt. The otherwise co-operative Bavarian government feared a restriction of its sovereignty by Berlin. In defense of this sovereignty, Munich assumed an attitude of defiance toward Berlin and, half against its will, was driven forward by the Right radicals. The half-century-old hatred of the Bavarian South for the Prussian North gushed forth in a sizzling jet of hatred.

Amid this tumult, Hitler was released from prison. He immediately spoke to the masses. The resultant speech was one of his most notable and casts a considerable light on his own person.

He strove to make clear the deeper contexts underlying the events of the day. He related the secret history of world domination, describing with many images how the power struggling for world domination concealed itself behind opposite pretexts and ideologies; here assuming a national, there an international, guise, today capitalistic, tomorrow anti-capitalistic, but always seeking the most suitable means of approaching one step closer to world domination. He says expressly that the struggle is international, not concerned with any one nation. He finds a name, now familiar to all, for the social type with which he identifies himself and for whose victory he is fighting; he calls this type the 'intelligentsia' or, more graphically, the 'brain-worker,' hinting at the close relationship between the modern intellectual and the modern educated proletarian. In broad and prolix periods, he summons this intelligentsia to take up the struggle against the world domination of Jewry; now and then a narrow rent in the tissue of his oratory permits a glance at his own future world domination; in later speeches the rent grows wider. The speech runs in part:

Today we all of us feel that two worlds are struggling with one another, and not alone in our country, but everywhere we look, in oppressed Russia, in Italy, in France, and England, etc. An inexorable struggle between the ideals of those who believe in a national people and the ideals of the intangible, supra-national international. . . .

It is a struggle that dates back nearly one hundred and twenty

years. It began at the moment of citizenship in the various emancipation of the Jews by it the European states grew more clearly and sharply defined had constituted, and always full civil rights and equality. eighteenth century seemed ideal and civil rights as we c

And in the economic sphere. The immense industrialization of masses of workers streaming this ran a tendency to turning of stocks and bonds, began to run our whole national institution, then as today, without exception; for the few Jews are in the last analysis who are needed to make them have a base in the character while in reality they are nature of the Jewish people

At that time Europe began to divide into two parts. Central and Eastern Europe took the lead in industrialization of rural workers, the sons ruined, streamed into the cities. But the significant never given the attention had relatively few Jews, masses concentrated in contact with this foreign wise inevitable feeling of sufficient nourishment. In England, numbering hardly so to 'Europeanize' themselves primitive eye of the ordinary economic leaders, big capital to be foreigners — but ac

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THRER *predator in early July*

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by it the European states gave to a people which by race was much
more clearly and sharply delimited than all others — which always
had constituted, and always will constitute, a state within a state —
full civil rights and equality. . . . In the end a people, which in the
eighteenth century seemed totally strange, possessed the same polit-
ical and civil rights as we ourselves.

And in the economic sphere exactly the same thing happened!
The immense industrialization of the nations meant that great
masses of workers streamed together in the cities. . . . Parallel to
this ran a tendency to turn all labor to money. There was a sprout-
ing of stocks and bonds, and little by little the stock exchange be-
gan to run our whole national economy. And the owners of this
institution, then as today, were without exception Jews. I say with-
out exception; for the few who do participate in the guise of non-
Jews are in the last analysis nothing but a front, false Christians,
who are needed to make the broad mass think that these institutions
have a base in the character of all nations and in their economy,
while in reality they are institutions compatible only with the
nature of the Jewish people from which they arise. . . .

At that time Europe stood at the crossroads. The continent be-
gan to divide into two parts, Western Europe on the one hand,
Central and Eastern Europe on the other. At first, Western Europe
took the lead in industrialization. Especially in England, throngs
of rural workers, the sons of peasants and peasants who had been
ruined, streamed into the cities, where they constituted a new fourth
estate. But the significant part of all this is a face which we have
never given the attention it deserves. Like France, this England
had relatively few Jews. The consequence was that the great
masses concentrated in the cities did not come into immediate
contact with this foreign nation, and that for this reason the other-
wise inevitable feeling of revulsion against them did not find suf-
ficient nourishment. In the end it was child's play for the Jews of
England, numbering hardly fifty thousand to sixty thousand heads,
so to 'Europeanize' themselves that they remained hidden to the
primitive eye of the ordinary fellow national; they became 'eco-
nomic leaders,' big capitalists, and as such they no longer seemed
to be foreigners — but actually appeared to be Englishmen! For

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this reason anti-Semitism in those countries could achieve no elemental force; and the same was true of France. And this is exactly what made the institution we have been taught to call democracy possible in those countries. Only in those countries was it possible to set up a form of government which necessarily implies the herd-like domination of intelligence and true energy by the numbers of the dead mass. In other words: the Jewish intelligentsia was enabled by its small numbers to vanish completely amid the British people; it was inevitably child's play for them to work upon the broad masses in such a way that they, unaware whom they were obeying, ended by working in the sole service of this small group. By press propaganda and educational work, they succeeded in forming the big classical parties. Even then, they cleverly formed two or three groups which apparently combated one another, but actually hung by the same gold thread, all attuned to a single trait of the human character: the fact that man easily wearies of a thing that he has possessed for a long time. He wants something new, and that's why two parties are needed. One runs the country and the other carries on opposition. When the first one makes a mess of things, the opposition party takes control and the government party goes into opposition. After twenty years the new party has made a mess and the game starts in again. In reality the whole thing is nothing but a clever mill, in which the interests of the nation are ground to dust. As everybody knows, this is called 'popular self-government.' . . .

Then Jewry took a step which showed political genius. This capitalist people, which had brought the most unscrupulous exploitation into the world, found a way to lay hands on the leadership of the fourth estate. The Jew founded the Social Democratic, the Communist Movement. And with extraordinary dexterity he gathered the leadership little by little into his own hands. This was done by two methods. One was employed on the Right, the other on the Left; in other words, the Jew had his apostles in both camps. On the Right, he attempted to intensify all existing wrongs to such an extent that by emphasizing as strongly as possible those qualities which were repugnant to the man of the people, the poor devil would be provoked beyond measure. It was the Jew who raised the avidity of these classes to the highest possible degree. It was he who fostered the idea that the unscrupulous use of all methods in business dealings was a matter of course, and by his

competition forced other hard-heartedness in the that the saying, 'Business as perfectly self-evident.'

On the Left, he was able him to disgust the workers. First, the inter that, once he taught the self-evident premise of tional intelligentsia would not follow. . . . And theory as such. As soon was theft; in other words, evident formula that only mon property, but that his own; from that moment intelligentsia was again but say that this theory all human culture. And the isolation of the new he furthermore succeeded in influencing the masses Left were viewed by the German worker, while Right seemed nothing bourgeoisie. And neither sides were the calculated

now do we begin to untory, the irony that stock of a German workers' movement history has rarely seen. In all this, we can see together, the stock-exchange journal and the tion and a single aim, wh Zeitung and the Muen Freiheit or the Rote Faktoren's meeting, advocating the face of the workers' c in the factory yard, stirr

those countries could achieve no else was true of France. And this is exhibition we have been taught to call countries. Only in those countries was it government which necessarily implies of intelligence and true energy by the In other words: the Jewish intelligentsia numbers to vanish completely amid the child's play for them to work upon a way that they, unaware whom they working in the sole service of this small and educational work, they succeeded tal parties. Even then, they cleverly ups which apparently combated one y the same gold thread, all attuned to a character: the fact that man easily as possessed for a long time. He wants why two parties are needed. One runs carries on opposition. When the first the opposition party takes control and into opposition. After twenty years the ss and the game starts in again. In nothing but a clever mill, in which the ground to dust. As everybody knows, vernment.' . . .

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competition forced others to follow suit. It was he who brought hard-heartedness in the ruthless application of these methods so far that the saying, 'Business passes over corpses,' came to be regarded as perfectly self-evident. . . .

On the Left, he was the common demagogue. Two means enabled him to disgust the national intelligentsia with leading the workers. First, the international viewpoint in itself. Well he knew that, once he taught the workers the international viewpoint as a self-evident premise of their existence and their struggle, the national intelligentsia would shun the movement. For here they cannot follow. . . . And then there was a second means: Marxist theory as such. As soon as the Jews declared that property as such was theft; in other words, as soon as they departed from the self-evident formula that only natural resources can and should be common property, but that what a man honorably creates and earns is his own; from that moment on, the nationally minded economic intelligentsia was again unable to follow; for they could not help but say that this theory must inevitably involve the total collapse of all human culture. And so the Jew succeeded in bringing about the isolation of the new movement from all national elements. And he furthermore succeeded, by a brilliant exploitation of the press, in influencing the masses to such an extent that the errors of the Left were viewed by the people on the Right as the errors of the German worker, while to the German worker the errors of the Right seemed nothing other than the errors of the so-called bourgeoisie. And neither of the two noticed that the errors of both sides were the calculated result of diabolical foreign agitation. Only now do we begin to understand the monstrous joke of world history, the irony that stock-exchange Jews could become the leaders of a German workers' movement. A gigantic swindle such as world history has rarely seen. [Stormy Applause.]

In all this, we can see at all times how wonderfully they work together, the stock-exchange Jew and the labor leader, the stock-exchange journal and the labor press. Both pursue a single direction and a single aim, whether we are dealing with the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Münchener Post*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Freiheit* or the *Rote Fahne*. While Moses Kohn sits in the directors' meeting, advocating a policy of firmness — that is, hostility in the face of the workers' demands — his brother, Isaac Kohn, stands in the factory yard, stirring up the masses; take a good look at

them; all they want is to oppress you. Cast off your chains, etc. And upstairs his brother is helping to forge those very chains. On the one side the stock-exchange organ tries incessantly to arouse the fever of speculation; these people speculate on the broadest possible scale with grain and all the foodstuffs of the people beyond comparison: on the other hand, we find the workers' organ busy getting the masses' hair up. Bread has gone up, they say, and this and that has gone up, too; don't stand for it; rise, proletarians . . . Down with . . . [Throws up his arms in a gesture of dramatic fury. Mezzimont.]

Yet how long can this process go on? It implies not only the destruction of economy alone, but the destruction of a whole nation. It is perfectly clear that this fourth estate was not organized by the Jews to guarantee them the fruits of their toil; it is perfectly clear that the Jew Isaac Kohn does not stand in the factory yard out of love for the workers; it is self-evident that all these apostles who talk their tongues out for the people, but spend their nights in the Hotel Excelsior, travel in express trains, and go to Nice for their vacations — it is perfectly clear that these people do not go to all their pains out of love for the people. No, their idea is not to help the people, but to make them dependent on these leaders. The idea is to make the people break the backbone of their own independence, their own economy, and fall inevitably into the golden chains of eternal interest slavery to this race.

How long can this process of race betrayal go on? — It can go on until from out of this mass one man suddenly rises up, who seizes the leadership, finds other comrades, and little by little fans the rage of the people, which has so far been restrained, into a flame against the betrayers. This is the great peril that lurks in wait, and against this there is only one guarantee for the Jews: to do away with the national intelligentsia. [Cries of: 'Russia!'] This is the irrevocable, final aim which the Jew pursues with his revolution. And he must pursue this aim. He knows full well: no good will come of his administration; he is not a people of masters, he is a people of exploiters and rascals. He has never founded a culture, but has destroyed hundreds of cultures. He possesses nothing of his own to which he can point. Everything that he has is stolen. He lets foreign peoples, foreign workers, build his temples; it is foreigners who work and create for him; foreigners who bleed for him. He knows no 'people's army,' only

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and he appealed to the w
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to you, my boys! You are only eighteen or nineteen, and you have the good luck to be hated by the greatest of scoundrels. What others must fight for through a life of toil, this highest treasure, the distinction of the honorable man from the bandit, falls into your lap in your youth.'

But when Hitler speaks to his German boys, he nevertheless looks far beyond the walls of a smoky beer hall. There are other nations, other boys who today believe that Germany is the enemy; but one day they will understand that there is only one common enemy of them all, disguised in the masks of Moses and Isaac Kohn. Why did England go to war against Germany? 'A large-scale propaganda campaign against Germany was launched in the press. But who was the chief of this commercial press? One name crystallizes out: Northcliffe—a Jew.' Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, was no Jew, nor even of Jewish descent. But Hitler goes on: 'What cause did America have to go to war with Germany? Well, with the outbreak of the war, all the Jewish firms in the United States began to sell war materials. The venal press, dependent on the stock-exchange kings, launched an unprecedented propaganda campaign. A gigantic organization of press lies was built up. And again it was a Jewish concern, the Hearst Press, which laid down the tone of the agitation against Germany.' William Randolph Hearst is neither Jewish nor of Jewish descent. But since Jewish propaganda is at the roots of everything in contemporary world history, we, the armed intellectuals, shall answer them with our own propaganda everywhere. And thus Hitler one spring day in the little Bavarian country town of Tölz, before a gathering of beer-drinking and pipe-smoking peasants and lumbermen, launched his battle-cry to the five continents:

Aryans and anti-Semites of all nations, unite in the struggle against the Jewish race of exploiters and oppressors of all nations!

Which means: Arise; master race of the globe!

THE DEATH

IN THE SUMMER OF 1921 in a large meeting: 'We have just Munich. Three hundred thousand country assembled here. That is business, you think. Now listen who sold picture postcards. She would bring her plenty of customers when sales far exceeded her been good—or so she thought. in front of an empty shop, cry miserable paper money she took hundredth of her old stock. Her absolutely destroyed. She can go seizing the whole people. We are

This was the story of the end of an old woman, but really, in of the destruction of German, indignity. The truths which had section table and the difference between the eyes of the uncomprehending of the German inflation, which value of the German mark from other words: an object which had four cents, now cost a sum which three times the national wealth.

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Chapter VII

THE DEATH OF MONEY

1923

IN THE SUMMER OF 1923, HITLER TOLD A STORY
in a large meeting: 'We have just had a big gymnastic festival in
Munich. Three hundred thousand athletes from all over the
country assembled here. That must have brought our city lots of
business, you think. Now listen to this: There was an old woman
who sold picture postcards. She was glad because the festival
would bring her plenty of customers. She was beside herself with
joy when sales far exceeded her expectations. Business had really
been good—or so she thought. But now the old woman is sitting
in front of an empty shop, crying her eyes out. For with the
miserable paper money she took in for her cards, she can't buy a
hundredth of her old stock. Her business is ruined, her livelihood
absolutely destroyed. She can go begging. And the same despair is
seizing the whole people. We are facing a revolution. . . .'

This was the story of the end of the world—seemingly the story
of an old woman, but really, in seven or eight phrases, the story
of the destruction of German, indeed of European, self-reliance and
dignity. The truths which had seemed most certain, the multiplica-
tion table and the difference between good and evil, vanished before
the eyes of the uncomprehending individual. First it was the story
of the German inflation, which reduced the supposedly eternal
value of the German mark from \$0.24 to \$0.000,000,000,024; or, in
other words: an object which had previously been worth twenty-
four cents, now cost a sum which would formerly have equaled
three times the national wealth. To a lesser degree, it was also

the story of the blowing away of money in other countries, Austria, Poland, Hungary, France, Italy, Spain; and later, there were beginnings of the process in England, and even the United States. This was the twilight of the age of progress: the death of money.

On Friday afternoons in 1923, long lines of manual and white-collar workers waited outside the pay-windows of the big German factories, department stores, banks, offices: dead-tired workmen in grimy shirts open at the neck; gentlemen in shiny blue suits, saved from before the war, in mended white collars, too big for their shrunken necks; young girls, some of them with the new bobbed heads; young men in puttees and gray jackets, from which the tailor had removed the red seams and regimentals, embittered against the girls who had taken their jobs. They all stood in lines outside the pay-windows, staring impatiently at the electric wall clock, slowly advancing until at last they reached the window and received a bag full of paper notes. According to the figures inscribed on them, the paper notes amounted to seven hundred thousand or five hundred million, or three hundred and eighty billion, or eighteen trillion marks—the figures rose from month to month, then from week to week, finally from day to day. With their bags the people moved quickly to the doors, all in haste, the younger ones running. They dashed to the nearest food store, where a line had already formed. Again they moved slowly, oh, how slowly, forward. When you reached the store, a pound of sugar might have been obtainable for two millions; but, by the time you came to the counter, all you could get for two millions was half a pound, and the saleswoman said the dollar had just gone up again. With the millions or billions you bought sardines, sausages, sugar, perhaps even a little butter, but as a rule the cheaper margarine—always things that would keep for a week, until next pay-day, until the next stage in the fall of the mark.

For money could not keep, the most secure of all values had become the most insecure. The mark wasn't just low, it was slipping steadily downward. Goods were still available, but there was no money; there was still labor and consumption, but no economy; you could provide for the moment, but you couldn't plan for the future. It was the end of money. It was the end of the old shining

hope that everyone would in the nineteenth century was a property.

Germany had financed borrowed from its citizens a third of the so-called new without result, for the war forced to lend, even the Great fortunes and petty of war. And then, sudden was worth nothing. Saving great radical cure, ruthless was a process which would failed even to suspect its beginnings, the first symptoms of the nineteenth century were beginning he had a small fortune in letter from the directors: longer administer your debt the costs are out of all proportion taking the liberty of re- bank-notes in small enough rounded out the sum to 1,000-mark bill.' A canceled envelope.

The state wiped out and pared down the individual destroying his property—Minds were ripe for the economic man, beginning

From Russia, the explosion world. Over one seventh property questionable, an experiment, destroyed it, wildly surging through fear, had swept across tireaus, clubs, newspaper

money in other countries, Austria, Spain; and later, there were Belgium, and even the United States. The death of money. Long lines of manual and white-pay-windows of the big German banks, offices: dead-tired workmen; gentlemen in shiny blue suits, mended white collars, too big for their shirts, some of them with the new ties and gray jackets, from which seams and regimentals, embittered their jobs. They all stood in lines and waited impatiently at the electric window until they reached the window and the cashier. According to the figures in the newspapers, it amounted to seven hundred thousand three hundred and eighty billion marks, figures rose from month to month, from day to day. With their bags and suitcases, in haste, the younger generation nearest food store, where a line had to be moved slowly, oh, how slowly, to get a pound of sugar might have been there, but, by the time you came to the cashier, the money was half a pound, and had just gone up again. With the sardines, sausages, sugar, perhaps the cheaper margarine — always the same, until next pay-day, until the

most secure of all values had been destroyed. The mark wasn't just low, it was slipping away, still available, but there was no money left to consume, but no economy; not, but you couldn't plan for the future. It was the end of the old shining

hope that everyone would be rich. The secular religion of the nineteenth century was crumbling amid the profanation of holy property.

Germany had financed her war by means of loans. The state had borrowed from its citizens approximately eighty billion marks, about a third of the so-called national wealth, and shot them into the air — without result, for the war had been lost. Every citizen had been forced to lend, even the propertyless out of their meager wages. Great fortunes and petty savings had been thrown down the gullet of war. And then, suddenly, the mark lost its value. The war loan was worth nothing. Savings of a lifetime were worth nothing. The great radical cure, ruthless equalization, was going into effect. It was a process which would affect the distant future, but most men failed even to suspect its full significance, for they saw only the beginnings, the first symptoms. The great prophecies of the nineteenth century were beginning to be fulfilled. A man who thought he had a small fortune in the bank might receive a politely couched letter from the directors: 'The bank deeply regrets that it can no longer administer your deposit of sixty-eight thousand marks, since the costs are out of all proportion to the capital. We are therefore taking the liberty of returning your capital. Since we have no bank-notes in small enough denominations at our disposal, we have rounded out the sum to one million marks. Enclosure: one 1,000,000-mark bill.' A canceled stamp for five million marks adorned the envelope.

The state wiped out property, livelihood, personality, squeezed and pared down the individual, destroyed his faith in himself by destroying his property — or worse: his faith and hope in property. Minds were ripe for the great destruction. The state broke the economic man, beginning with the weakest.

From Russia, the explosion of 1917 had resounded throughout the world. Over one seventh of the earth's surface it had made private property questionable, and ultimately, after years of struggle and experiment, destroyed it. Like a sea, receding for a moment, then wildly surging through all dikes, a counter-movement, inspired by fear, had swept across the world. Anti-Bolshevik propaganda bureaus, clubs, newspapers were launched. Perhaps the strangest

monster nurtured by this movement was *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*.

Nowhere, with the exception of Russia, did the state destroy property as radically as in Germany. And it was not the workers who did it. Not the Social Democrats, who in 1918 had proclaimed the republic; or the Communists, who reviled the Social Democrats as 'traitors to the working class,' and for years kept disturbing the peace with vain, hopeless attempts at revolt. The workers had no intention at all of destroying property. Plans to this effect stood in the party programs, but nowhere else. For the proletarian is a component of the capitalist economy, and what he wishes is not to abolish exploiting capitalism, but to exploit it himself.

On November 9, 1918, Philipp Scheidemann, the Social Democratic leader, proclaimed the republic in Berlin, saying, 'The German people has been victorious all along the line'; but a week later, the leaders of the German working-class, who had been victorious all along the line, concluded a pact with the leaders of the German employers 'for the maintenance of our economic life.' And both sides solemnly declared 'that the reconstruction of our national economy requires the pooling of all economic and intellectual forces and the harmonious collaboration of all.' It could not have been said more clearly: to save capitalism from the crushing vise of war socialism was the aim of the workers as well as the capitalists.

At this time Socialist demonstrations were swarming through the capital; as the masses passed through the Tiergarten, the great park in the middle of Berlin, a voice is said to have cried out: 'Comrades, preserve revolutionary discipline! Don't walk on the grass!' A legend, perhaps. But how apt!

Actually the leader of German capitalism after the war, Hugo Stinnes, destroyed far more private property than all the German Socialists. Mammoth industrialist with super-capitalist dreams of domination, he unconsciously sought after super-capitalist forms. Such was the magnitude of the property he amassed, and such the methods by which he amassed it, that the very concept of property burst asunder. Between 1920 and 1923, Stinnes was the most powerful man in Germany—in so far as we may speak of power in those dissolved, anarchic times. By bold combination of widely ramified in-

terests (mines, electricity, navigation, shipping) he exerted an influence on the and politicians, and in all his activities Fate had called him to rebuild Germany. Reconstruction was a process of masses misinterpreted it as nothing prices; only later, under the name correctly comprehended as the do-

While Walter Rathenau was still American bankers visited Germany, man inflation. In some quarters Germany hoped the devaluation of political debts to evaporate. It is cherished so naïve a hope, and reality the inflation was largely industry to regain its position in Stinnes sat down with the American own report, gave them the following German inflation:

'I informed the gentlemen that been obliged to develop regular women who, in the army, had lost this, I told them, raw materials. In order to obtain raw materials in order to preserve the life of the sacrifice parts of our capital; the masses had remained without assuredly have seized Germany. men that the weapon of inflation without regard to the resultant cause this was the only possibility the ordered regular activity which of the nation.'

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terests (mines, electricity, navigation, hotels, newspapers, book publishing) he exerted an influence on the whole country, financed parties and politicians, and in all his activities was guided by the feeling that Fate had called him to rebuild Germany. The first step in this reconstruction was a process of destruction. At the outset the masses misinterpreted it as nothing more than a scandalous rise in prices; only later, under the name of inflation, the process was correctly comprehended as the downfall of money.

While Walter Rathenau was still foreign minister, a group of American bankers visited Germany to study the causes of the German inflation. In some quarters it had been maintained that Germany hoped the devaluation of her currency would cause her political debts to evaporate. It is doubtful whether anyone ever cherished so naïve a hope, and surely it was never realized. In reality the inflation was largely caused by the efforts of German industry to regain its position in the world market. Rathenau and Stinnes sat down with the Americans, and Stinnes, according to his own report, gave them the following harsh explanation for the German inflation:

'I informed the gentlemen that after the lost war Germany had been obliged to develop regular working habits in the four million men who, in the army, had lost the habit of regular work; for this, I told them, raw materials and employment were necessary. In order to obtain raw materials and a market for our products, in order to preserve the life of the nation, we had been obliged to sacrifice parts of our capital; there was no other way. For if the masses had remained without employment, Bolshevism would assuredly have seized Germany. . . . I further informed the gentlemen that the weapon of inflation would have to be used further, without regard to the resultant extraordinary losses of capital, because this was the only possibility of providing the population with the ordered regular activity which was necessary to secure the life of the nation.'

The specter of Bolshevism overpowered the holiness of property. That money was obsolete could be no more dismally proved than by this suicide for fear of death. As a defense against Bolshevism, the destroyer of private wealth, private wealth was destroyed. Ger-

many, like all countries, had been bled white by the war, and this real decline in wealth was inevitably followed by a decline in nominal titles to wealth, in the form of currency. Germany's money had been turned to cannon and hand-grenades. The grenades produced corpses, the cannon fell into the hands of the enemy, the national wealth was turned to dust. Germany had scarcely anything left.

But after the war, even the little that remained was flung away, to preserve at least political peace in the land. While Stinnes, on his royal-industrial throne at Mülheim on the Ruhr, calmly took it upon himself to destroy private property in Germany, Hitler stamped furiously back and forth on his platform in the ill-lit beer hall and shouted: 'You had no right to make the whole economy, state as well as private enterprises, unprofitable, by overfilling them with workers at a time when the market was stagnant and there was a shortage of raw materials!' He spoke like a learned doctor of economics, and just this sounded quite incredible in his mouth; but then the beer-hall orator expressed an idea, far surpassing Stinnes in political wisdom: the chaos should have been exploited for a transformation of the German economy. He censured the government, because, 'when the soldiers streamed back from the front, it did not distribute them among much-needed projects [public works and housing], but sent them back to the places from which they had been called to the colors.'

He understood that the old *laissez-faire* economy could not be restored. He understood that the old liberal Germany could not be rebuilt. He early realized what his friend Rudolf Hess wrote, many years later: 'For Adolf Hitler the revolt of 1918 was a necessity of Fate, for, despite its criminal leadership, it swept away many survivals of a time that was outlived, survivals that would have created obstacles to the National Socialist revolution.' He knew how much he owed to the chaos. At the height of the year 1923 it was the chaos which literally fed him and his followers; for the decay of the mark blew small financial contributions, made in substantial foreign currency by friends in Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, the United States, up to gigantic sums in marks; a person could live comfortably for a week on a dollar at that time, and for a hundred

dollars one could buy a million marks. This was the beginning of Hitler's career when his fascination of an old-established, American by descent, borrowed a thousand dollars. This money, in 1923, the *Völkischer Beobachter*.

He said: 'The government is responsible for the chaos, because, if it stopped, that would be the end of the chaos. Because once the printing requisite for the stabilization once be brought to light. But he is only making a third of two thirds of his labor go to the state.'

And just that made in public faith in property, and then the shattering of this. He described the destruction which he believed me, our misery will be the decent, solid business; crushed; first the little fellow on top too. But the main, top and bottom. It became the biggest swindle.

The whole demagogical thieves over the corpse of the national wealth; but Hitler screamed: 'And on us! Let us have misery so-called prosperity. We are getting along, we would say went on to explain: 'In principle not lament over the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and the other about is the exorbitant price in Berlin and the physical cured by him and his office

bled white by the war, and this
vitably followed by a decline in
orm of currency. Germany's money
hand-grenades. The grenades pro-
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st. Germany had scarcely anything

tle that remained was flung away,
in the land. While Stinnes, on his
eim on the Ruhr, calmly took it
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on his platform in the ill-lit beer
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He spoke like a learned doctor of
quite incredible in his mouth; but
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is friend Rudolf Hess wrote, many
revolt of 1918 was a necessity of
dership, it swept away many sur-
survivals that would have created
revolution.' He knew how much
eight of the year 1923 it was the
d his followers; for the decay of
ontributions, made in substantial
Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, the
ans in marks; a person could live
at that time, and for a hundred

dollars one could buy a minor revolution. It was a decisive turn in
Hitler's career when his friend and admirer, Ernst Hanfstaengl,
scion of an old-established, wealthy printer's family, himself half-
American by descent, borrowed for him the fabulous sum of one
thousand dollars. This money enabled Hitler to set up, in Febru-
ary, 1923, the *Völkischer Beobachter* as a daily paper.

He said: 'The government calmly goes on printing these scraps,
because, if it stopped, that would mean the end of the government.
Because once the printing presses stopped—and that is the pre-
requisite for the stabilization of the mark—the swindle would at
once be brought to light. For then the worker would realize that
he is only making a third of what he made in peacetime, because
two thirds of his labor go for tribute to the enemy.'

And just that made inflation a 'necessity of Fate.' It shattered
public faith in property, and nothing was more necessary for Hitler
than the shattering of this faith. And so he prophesied and de-
scribed the destruction which was to pave his road to power: 'Be-
lieve me, our misery will increase. The scoundrel will get by. But
the decent, solid businessman who doesn't speculate will be utterly
crushed; first the little fellow on the bottom, but in the end the
big fellow on top too. But the scoundrel and the swindler will re-
main, top and bottom. The reason: because the state itself has
become the biggest swindler and crook. A robbers' state! . . .'

The whole demagogical debate was actually a fight between two
thieves over the corpse of the national economy. Stinnes flung
away the national wealth to banish poverty and with it Bolshevism;
but Hitler screamed: 'And what if even greater misery descended
on us! Let us have misery! . . . The greatest misfortune would be
so-called prosperity. We would forget all our disgrace. If we were
getting along, we would stop hating France!' He meant it; for he
went on to explain: 'In present-day Germany, sad to say, people do
not lament over the loss of our world position and world respect,
not over the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and Upper Silesia, Schleswig-
Holstein and the other ravished territories—all they complain
about is the exorbitant prices. If today there were a French dictator
in Berlin and the physical needs of the German people were se-
cured by him and his officials, we may be convinced that a majority

speech

of our fellow countrymen would resign themselves to their fate. This sheds full light on the demoralization into which we have fallen, and concerning which, sad to relate, no one wastes any tears.'

Therefore, let us have misery. Therefore, chaos was a necessity of Fate; therefore, prosperity would have been a misfortune. This was the destructive, and at the same time creative, idea of a brilliant have-not, a good-for-nothing, with nothing to lose. Let us have misery! The economy is dying. Let it die, and no tears shed, for it has only plunged us into misfortune: 'The pure scientists are misled. An economy exists only because a strong national people creates it. An economy without political power is a temptation for foreign conquerors. Hence today we have a slave-economy.' The old bourgeois parties are to blame, for they have trained us to be merely an economic people. If economic development had gone on like that, we would have developed an innumerable mass of factory workers, crippled in body and mind' — Richard Wagner in his time had accused Germany's ruling class of letting the German worker degenerate in hunger, vice, and crime. For Hitler, Germany was stifling in the morass of peace: 'Nobody wants to die for business deals. But a man dies gladly for a political ideal!' This lost world war did Germany some good by casting it into an abyss, from which, in Hitler's opinion, it could not save itself by mere economic means: 'To liberation belongs more than economic policy; more than sweat. To make us free, we need pride, will, defiance, hate, hate, and again hate!'

And so, let us have misery! Let the people despair of the economy. Let them cease to believe in their own labor. There stood these men, pressed tightly between the tables of an overfilled beer hall. Their cheeks were sunken, their gray suits — remade uniforms — were shabby and threadbare; under their arms some held a bundle of food, arduously and illicitly acquired. The speaker fixed his eyes on one of these poverty-stricken figures and said: soon you will starve completely unless you blindly follow me, wherever I lead you. Citizens reckoning in billions, said Hitler, will die of hunger, because the farmer will stop selling his grain or butter for the worthless billions, 'with which he can paper his outhouse on the

manure heap. And don't go on! Will one of you step forward, work of many months for a farmer 'is no longer a note of ailing régime. And that means hope, on the 'revolt of starving parliamentary régime in Germany would bend the masses under notice that they can starve conclusion: we will no longer the swindling idea of the man.

To repeat the same in the envy and hatred, by struggle, ger, destitution, and plagues, that their only escape will lie

Adolf Hitler is a true ch. At all events, the German people decay of those material values the highest of all values. To experience the death of talent such a royal pride to a value — what, then, could he accustomed to having no money had nothing — that was a thing Wagner could have marked, the period of nihilism at hand. First the Kaiser's likeness had gone, and ugly frightful grimaces by eccentric paper notes. The world's : penetrated men's souls; no some men wondered what compared to any depreciation of the French Revolution, for real property was not even modern times wealth large have value only as long as

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d resign themselves to their fate. moralization into which we have ad to relate, no one wastes any

Therefore, chaos was a necessity could have been a misfortune. This ne time creative, idea of a brilliant th nothing to lose. Let us have . Let it die, and no tears shed, misfortune: 'The pure scientists are because a strong national people political power is a temptation for we have a slave-economy.' The as, for they have trained us to be onomic development had gone on ed an innumerable mass of factory nd' — Richard Wagner in his time ass of letting the German worker d crime. For Hitler, Germany peace: 'Nobody wants to die for edly for a political ideal!' This lost good by casting it into an abyss, it could not save itself by mere belongs more than economic policy; free, we need pride, will, defiance,

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manure heap. And don't go complaining: how mean of the farmer! Will one of you step forward and say he is willing to give away his work of many months for nothing?' The money you offer the farmer 'is no longer a note on work done, it is a note on a swindling régime. And that means hunger!' On this Hitler set his great hope, on the 'revolt of starving billionaires.' The revolt against the parliamentary régime in Germany was inevitable, and hunger would bend the masses under dictatorship: 'If the horrified people notice that they can starve on billions, they must arrive at this conclusion: we will no longer submit to a state which is built on the swindling idea of the majority, we want dictatorship!'

To repeat the same in the words of the Wise Men of Zion: 'By envy and hatred, by struggle and warfare, even by spreading hunger, destitution, and plagues, we shall bring the people to such a pass that their only escape will lie in total submission to our domination.'

Adolf Hitler is a true child of the old German self-contempt. At all events, the German people was one of the first to witness the decay of those material values which a whole century had taken as the highest of all values. The German nation was one of the first to experience the death of the unlimited free property which had lent such a royal pride to modern humanity. Money had lost its value — what, then, could have any value? Of course, many were accustomed to having no money; but that even with money you had nothing — that was a twilight of the gods, as horrible as any-thing Wagner could have foreseen. When a mark was no longer a mark, the period of nihilism foreseen by Nietzsche seemed to be at hand. First the Kaiser had gone, then the silver coins with his likeness had gone, and unknown faces, sometimes distorted to frightful grimaces by eccentric artists, stared at you from worthless paper notes. The world's aim was changing. A cynical frivolity penetrated men's souls; no one knew what he really possessed and some men wondered what they really were. This could not be compared to any depreciation of currency in the past, with the assignats of the French Revolution, for example; for at that time the mass of real property was not even touched by the depreciation. But in modern times wealth largely consists of claims and credits, which have value only as long as the state protects and secures them.

Men understood this with terrible clarity when the state stopped protecting and securing their wealth.

Man had measured himself by money; his worth had been measured by money; through money he was someone or at least hoped to become someone. Men had come and gone, risen and fallen, but money had been permanent and immortal. Now the state had managed to kill this immortal thing. The state was the conqueror and successor of money. And thus the state was everything. Man looked down at himself and saw that he was nothing.

In this state of self-contempt, insults aroused the enthusiasm of the masses. 'The German people,' Hitler told them, was 'made up of children, for only a childish people would accept million-mark bills.' To hear these flattering words, the people were even willing to pay a few millions in admission. 'True, a third of the German people are heroes, but another third are fools, and the last third are cowards.' When a French firing squad in Düsseldorf shot a patriotic German saboteur by the name of Albert Leo Schlageter, Hitler cried out: 'The German people didn't deserve this sacrifice. . . . The German people of today is truly not worthy to possess a Schlageter.'

The majority of the people were 'the broad mass of the undecided, the stand-asides, the lazy, the cowardly'; and without being dragged off the platform, he could say to a meeting of five thousand persons: 'True strength is a quality of few men, or else we would not have the word hero. The masses consist of average men, democrats. But a hundred blind men do not make one seer, a thousand cowards do not make a hero, a hundred thousand parliamentarians do not make a statesman. Cowardly men choose the most cowardly as their leaders, so that they won't have to show courage; and they choose the stupidest among the stupid, so that everyone can have the feeling that he's a little better than the leader. A people subjected to the decisions of the majority is on the road to ruin.' He wanted every single one of his listeners to feel that this applied to him, and said so plainly: 'There is a delusion in the political thinking of the broad masses. They think: anyone can govern. Every shoemaker or tailor, they think, is capable of running a state. . . .' And, slapping an intimidated audience full in the face: 'We have become so cowardly that the democratic poison threatens to pene-

trate everywhere. No one accept responsibility. . . . honor deserve no good for people is going the same as a people passing little by a great nation cannot go uncloak cowardice. Great nation the earth before this, nothing

In this disorganized, driven give the German people guarded as a substitute for system of political prayers, mand, which has been designed. It was the artificial an ersatz character, an artificial plan. The people of they are dreaming. This conversation with the people who was people and enemy who felt himself a trampled, downtrodden miserable nor against this destiny, but who absolute necessity of trampling. Rebellious slave and ruler plenty of slaves who would the natures which are really Hitler could summon people deal in endless contradictions he was able to put power in days' interval, he could make

'First the Reich must be h along, lash them on to resist we lost the war, and we are spirit of resistance must be k

And — or — but — however 'Salvation must come from thing. The people must rede

ible clarity when the state stopped wealth.

by money; his worth had been money he was someone or at least en had come and gone, risen and rmanent and immortal. Now the immortal thing. The state was the rey. And thus the state was every- nself and saw that he was nothing. insults aroused the enthusiasm of e,' Hitler told them, was 'made up people would accept million-mark ords, the people were even willing on. 'True, a third of the German ird are fools, and the last third are quad in Düsseldorf shot a patriotic Albert Leo Schlageter, Hitler cried 't deserve this sacrifice. . . . The ot worthy to possess a Schlageter.'

'the broad mass of the undecided, ardlly'; and without being dragged a meeting of five thousand per- f few men, or else we would not s consist of average men, demo- lo not make one seer, a thousand andred thousand parliamentarians ly men choose the most cowardly have to show courage; and they upid, so that everyone can have than the leader. A people sub- rity is on the road to ruin.' He eners to feel that this applied to a delusion in the political think- nk: anyone can govern. Every apable of running a state. . . . 'ence full in the face: 'We have eratic poison threatens to pene-

trate everywhere. No one in the parliamentary majorities wants to accept responsibility. . . . Nations that have lost their character and honor deserve no good fortune, no happy life. . . . The German people is going the same way that the ancient peoples went: it is a people passing little by little into decay. . . . The expression, a great nation cannot go under, is nothing more than an attempt to cloak cowardice. Great nations have vanished from the surface of the earth before this, nothing has remained but ashes. . . .'

In this disorganized, drifting, doubt-torn state, Hitler tried to give the German people a new strength, which might be regarded as a substitute for the vanishing national character: that system of political prayers, soliloquies of encouragement and command, which has been designated by the inadequate word propaganda. It was the artificial building of a new national character, an ersatz character, an attitude created in accordance with an artificial plan. The people dream and a soothsayer tells them what they are dreaming. This continuous, domineering yet intimate conversation with the people could only have been carried on by a man who was people and enemy of the people in one; a torn personality who felt himself a trampled fragment of the people in his own downtrodden miserable nonentity, and rebelled with the people against this destiny, but who at the same time was convinced of the absolute necessity of trampling, coercing, and shaking the master's fist. Rebellious slave and ruthless tyrant in one—there have been plenty of slaves who would have liked to be masters; but rare are the natures which are really both. With equal power of conviction Hitler could summon people now to rebel, now to obey. He could deal in endless contradictions without becoming entangled, because he was able to put power into every contradiction. At only a few days' interval, he could make the two following statements:

'First the Reich must be headed by heroes who carry the people along, lash them on to resistance! Because such men were lacking, we lost the war, and we are experiencing the same thing now. The spirit of resistance must be kindled from above!'

And—or—but—however:

'Salvation must come from below! From above we can expect nothing. The people must redeem themselves, when the others fail!'

At first when his opponents wanted to depreciate Hitler, they accused him of 'always saying the same thing.' When later, somewhat chastened, they comforted themselves: oh, well, he was nothing but a propagandist, though 'a very clever one, to be sure,' then they thought they had made a profound discovery when they declared his 'always saying the same thing' to be the essence of his cleverness. Hadn't Hitler himself called attention to his constant repetition and 'hammering'? But here Hitler is mistaken about himself, and his opponents, with their sweet-and-sour praises, have misunderstood him completely. He by no means always says the same thing. After he had mocked the masses long enough, earned their applause by calling them inferior, cowardly, stupid, blind, and degenerate, he suddenly changed his tune. His public had long consisted of intellectuals or those who liked to consider themselves as such. But in the spring of 1923, a few hundred workers, driven from the occupied Rhineland by the French military occupation, came to Munich. Hitler tried to recruit these homeless, unemployed, uprooted proletarians for his storm troops and did succeed in inciting them to attack Socialist newspapers and party houses. In addressing this new class of people, he slavishly adapted himself to their old habits of thought—the eternal opportunist. Yes, earlier he had boasted: 'We want no majorities. For the truth is always recognized' and upheld by minorities. Every new invention has been a protest of genius against the masses'—even the style of these remarks is imitated from Nietzsche. But now: 'We are suffering from overeducation. We respect only knowledge. But the bookworms are enemies of action. What we need is instinct and will. Most people have lost both by their so-called "education." Yes, we have a class of people who are intellectually high, but they are poor in energy. If by overemphasis on mechanical knowledge we had not gone so far from popular feeling, the Jew would never have made his way into our nation. . . .' Not a word about the élite and the forceful minority, nothing about the leading rôle of the national intelligentsia, nothing about 'genius versus the mass'; no reference to the dullness and cowardice of the majority, only praise and admiration of its power. Hitler had flattered the middle class that it was the real national class, for 'those on the Left [read:

workers] have been led astray by the flattery of an actor, he flattered.

'Without the boundless egoism [formerly "nationalism"] he could not have become the leader of the joined by pride. The "better" would not have been alien classes had troubled them that we can expect anything from the German people! The most the will, the courage, and the German people? It lies there. The energy lies slumbering out of its slumber of the German race.'

What's that? Where is it? decided, the stand-asides, mass that lives in the land and tailor can govern? In factually crippled factory workers which consist of fools and up of 'average men, demagogues masses is there hope and joy—once they condescend to assures them: 'It is the same not come down from above members that 'the spirit of

No, evidently 'propaganda the same thing'—that works series thought so because so because he wanted to immutable principles. Actual like swamp water in channels be interpreted, invented, become foe; good, evil—arise through the veil of shifting

wanted to depreciate Hitler, they said the same thing.' When later, some of themselves: oh, well, he was nothing very clever one, to be sure,' then they found discovery when they decided the thing' to be the essence of his called attention to his constant here Hitler is mistaken about their sweet-and-sour praises, have He by no means always says the masses long enough, earned prior, cowardly, stupid, blind, and his tune. His public had long who liked to consider themselves a few hundred workers, driven the French military occupation, cruit these homeless, unemployed, troops and did succeed in inciting papers and party houses. In addition he slavishly adapted himself to eternal opportunist. Yes, earlier minorities. For the truth is always lies. Every new invention has the masses'—even the style of Nietzsche. But now: 'We are susceptible only knowledge. But the What we need is instinct and by their so-called "education." are intellectually high, but they emphasis on mechanical knowledge similar feeling, the Jew would never on. . . . ' Not a word about the nothing about the leading rôle of about 'genius versus the mass'; cowardice of the majority, only Hitler had flattered the middle class, for 'those on the Left [read:

workers] have been led astray by agitators.' Now, with the suppleness of an actor, he flattered those on the Left.

'Without the boundless stupidity and blindness of our bourgeoisie [formerly "national intelligentsia"], the Jew would never have become the leader of the German working-class. Stupidity was joined by pride. The "better class" thought it beneath its pride to descend to the "plebs." The millions of German fellow nationals would not have been alienated from their people if the leading classes had troubled themselves about them. Relinquish the hope that we can expect anything from above for the freedom of the German people! The most elementary requirements are lacking: the will, the courage, and the energy. Where, then, lies the power of the German people? It lies, as it always has, in the broad masses. There the energy lies slumbering, waiting for the man who can rouse it out of its slumber and hurl it into the fight for the destiny of the German race.'

What's that? Where is the power? In the 'broad mass of the undecided, the stand-asides, the lazy, the cowardly'? In the broad mass that lives in the lunatic delusion that every shoemaker and tailor can govern? In the 'broad mass of mentally and physically crippled factory workers'? In the broad mass, two thirds of which consist of fools and cowards and which as a whole is made up of 'average men, democrats'? Yes, indeed! Only in the broad masses is there hope and power, to them alone belongs the future—once they condescend to fill Hitler's meeting halls. Then he assures them: 'It is the same as it has always been: liberation does not come down from above, it will spring up from below.' Who remembers that 'the spirit of resistance must be kindled from above'?

No, evidently propaganda is not just the trick of 'always saying the same thing'—that would be too simple. True, Hitler's adversaries thought so because they took him for a fool; he himself said so because he wanted to be taken for an iron character with immutable principles. Actually, propaganda changes and irradiates like swamp water in changing weather. The facts must constantly be interpreted, invented, falsified anew; overnight, friend must become foe; good, evil—and always the force of faith must gleam through the veil of shifting truths. Without this power of faith,

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the propagandist cannot make people believe even the simplest truths, much less a tissue of contradictions and lies!

A word must now be said concerning our source for these speeches. They are taken from the old issues of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Adolf Hitler's own newspaper, edited by Alfred Rosenberg and Dietrich Eckart. The texts were examined and approved by Hitler. In 1923, Rosenberg and Eckart decided to publish the speeches in book form and entrusted Adolf Viktor von Körber, a member of the newspaper's staff, with the editorial task. Hitler told Körber certain events from his life, and Körber wrote a little biography as an introduction. At the end of 1923, he published a small volume of some one hundred and fifty pages, containing selected speeches, and entitled *Adolf Hitler, sein Leben und seine Reden* (Adolf Hitler, His Life and Speeches). Subsequently several new editions of the book appeared; and it is sometimes strange to note how the speeches changed in the course of the years.

In the *Völkischer Beobachter* text, these speeches stand before us in all their freshness, just as they were delivered. In these very words they resounded from the platform; in these very words the *Völkischer Beobachter's* reporter took them down and brought them to the print-shop that very night, charged with all the power, the hatred, the self-reliance, the factual and grammatical mistakes of an agitated hour. This is what makes them such reliable testimony. Days or weeks later, the speaker re-reads his own words; he is uncertain and suspicious, as often when relaxed. Could I have said that? Perhaps Rosenberg or Körber is alarmed: the old boy has blundered again. It can't stay like this. We'll have to change it or throw it out.

Hitler has uttered a hasty word about America. The paper carries it just as it slipped out: '... Those phrases about reconciliation were a lie. If Wilson hadn't been a swindler, he would not have become President of America. In our country we had one of these apostles of reconciliation, Herr Scheidemann'—first premier of the German Republic. 'Today we feel the results of their pacifist activity only too clearly, though both prophets have vanished from their posts. In accordance with parliamentary custom, the peoples have

to pay the bill.' In the 1923 edition to one brief sentence: 'If Wilson had not have become president of a democracy the entire quotation is omitted.

Sometimes Hitler could not make the blame for everything on France one of his speeches (newspaper version: France there is a rift that cannot be cowardly submission. The attitude the same today as it was four hundred one hundred and fifty years ago. . . rift. . . .')

But in the same speech he said (many and France there was a fund leveled by pacifist telegrams or cov war both countries could live beside for Germany the war of 1870 closed France flaming hatred against Germany methods of newspaper propaganda, the movies. . . . Who croaked the Jewish newspapers of France. To exploit it was, as everybody can see, to

Thus the prophet falsifies his own vision he contradicts his deepest conviction various heads of a many-headed beast.

The truth is irremediably buried in contradictions. How, then, can the single incisive, suitable lie, when from sentence to sentence, he changes even to persuade that he himself believes contradictory lies? And to what purpose opinion among the people, when on to sacrifice that opinion?

Such questions are asked by those propaganda, who regard propaganda as a tool in the masses. Actually it is the art of the masses.

people believe even the simplest contradictions and lies!

And concerning our source for these from the old issues of the *Völkischer* newspaper, edited by Alfred Rosenberg and Eckart decided to publish and entrusted Adolf Viktor von newspaper's staff, with the editorial task. Notes from his life, and Körber wrote a edition. At the end of 1923, he published one hundred and fifty pages, entitled *Adolf Hitler, sein Leben* (Adolf Hitler, His Life and Speeches). Subsequently the book appeared; and it is somewhat speeches changed in the course of

text, these speeches stand before us as they were delivered. In these very platform; in these very words the speaker took them down and brought them, night, charged with all the power, the factual and grammatical mistakes that makes them such reliable testimony. The speaker re-reads his own words; he was often when relaxed. Could I imagine that Körber is alarmed: the old man can't stay like this. We'll have to

think about America. The paper carried those phrases about reconciliation with a swindler, he would not have in our country we had one of these 'Reichsmann'—first premier of the results of their pacifist activity prophets have vanished from their elementary custom, the peoples have

to pay the bill.' In the 1923 edition the whole passage is reduced to one brief sentence: 'If Wilson hadn't been a swindler, he would not have become president of a democracy.' In the edition of 1933, the entire quotation is omitted.

Sometimes Hitler could not make up his mind whether to heap the blame for everything on France or on the Jews. So he said in one of his speeches (newspaper version): 'Between Germany and France there is a rift that cannot be leveled by pacifist telegrams or cowardly submission. The attitude of France toward the Reich is the same today as it was four hundred, three hundred, two hundred, one hundred and fifty years ago. . . . No chance to mend this rift. . . .'

But in the same speech he said (book version): 'Between Germany and France there was a fundamental rift that could not be leveled by pacifist telegrams or cowardly submission. Before the war both countries could live beside each other in arms only. True, for Germany the war of 1870 closed a century-old hostility. But in France flaming hatred against Germany was cultivated with all methods of newspaper propaganda, in textbooks, on the stage, in the movies. . . . Who croaked the ugliest calumnies? . . . All the Jewish newspapers of France. To bring about bad feeling and exploit it was, as everybody can see, the aim of World Jewry.'

Thus the prophet falsifies his own words. With the deepest conviction he contradicts his deepest convictions. It is as though the various heads of a many-headed beast were biting one another.

The truth is irremediably buried beneath these deceptions and contradictions. How, then, can the speaker expect to put through a single incisive, suitable lie, when from speech to speech, from sentence to sentence, he changes even the lies? Whom does he expect to persuade that he himself believes a single one of these mutually contradictory lies? And to what purpose does he try to spread an opinion among the people, when on the very next day he is going to sacrifice that opinion?

Such questions are asked by those who do not understand propaganda, who regard propaganda as the art of instilling an opinion in the masses. Actually it is the art of receiving an opinion from the masses.

The usual conception of the great propagandist is the commanding, purposive mind, who by magic suggestion subjects an empty animal mass to his will; Marc Antony, who in a single speech makes a thousand friends out of a thousand enemies. It is in this light that most of our contemporaries view the greatest propagandist of our day, Adolf Hitler, and this is Adolf Hitler's own idea of himself. With the authority of success, he has put over a false theory on the world: the theory that he dominates the minds of millions by tirelessly hammering the same simple statement into them. But this only shows that he never listened to himself very closely, and was never too eager to illuminate his own success. He did not hammer the same simple statement into the minds of millions; on the contrary, he played with the masses and titillated them with the most contradictory assertions. It is this art of contradiction which makes him the greatest and most successful propagandist of his time. He does not dominate the minds of millions, his mind belongs to them. Like a piece of wood floating on the waves, he follows the shifting currents of public opinion. This is his true strength.

The true aim of political propaganda is not to influence, but to study, the masses. The speaker is in constant communication with the masses; he hears an echo, and senses the inner vibration. In forever setting new and contradictory assertions before his audience, Hitler is tapping the outwardly shapeless substance of public opinion with instruments of varying metals and varying weights. When a resonance issues from the depths of the substance, the masses have given him the pitch; he knows in what terms he must finally address them.

Rather than a means of directing the mass mind, propaganda is a technique for riding with the masses. It is not a machine to make wind, but a sail to catch the wind. The mass, however, is a phenomenon of deepest world importance—this leveled conglomeration of fools and wise men, heroes and cowards, proud and humble, the unusual and the average. This mass, with its anonymous intellectual pressure, its unexpected moods and unconscious desires, mirrors and echoes the commanding force of prevailing conditions; it embodies and personifies the necessities and resistances of the ob-

jective world; it expresses the unconscious murmur. It is the art murmur and translate it in action. If he can do this, his contradictions—because the selves; they may be deceptive; propaganda reveal the deeper truth dishonesty. By his lies the himself to be an honest, self

Hitler's profound, rapacious intellectual age, awaiting or revealed in the natural affinity depersonalized world. The value of personality, the missing something that is lacking. knows how to guide it by the addict who manages to get physicians and guards to personality without center, a stancy and firmness, oscillating and dancing, but always

Hitler never wearied of the world about him to discover world! He did not have a plan out of his actions a plan in The Protocols of the Wise, establishing Jewish world for him to formulate his own they were laid down in this

With a detachment of Reich because this party had to be tary discipline, his men shot meeting hall; after certain barely perceptible pause and was barely conscious, and again broke out in a 'Heil' clubbed off the platform a h

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the great propagandist is the command by magic suggestion subjects an empty Marc Antony, who in a single speech cut of a thousand enemies. It is in this contemporaries view the greatest propagandist, and this is Adolf Hitler's own authority of success, he has put over a theory that he dominates the minds of the same simple statement into that he never listened to himself very eager to illuminate his own success. He simple statement into the minds of millions, displayed with the masses and titillated victory assertions. It is this art of conducting the greatest and most successful propagandist not dominate the minds of millions, like a piece of wood floating on the currents of public opinion. This is

propaganda is not to influence, but to pierce is in constant communication with the masses, and senses the inner vibration. In contradictory assertions before his audience, only shapeless substance of public opinion, like metals and varying weights. When the depths of the substance, the masses know in what terms he must finally directing the mass mind, propaganda is directed to the masses. It is not a machine to make wind. The mass, however, is a phenomenon—this leveled conglomerates of heroes and cowards, proud and humble. This mass, with its anonymous intended moods and unconscious desires, adding force of prevailing conditions; necessities and resistances of the ob-

1923

THE DEATH OF MONEY

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jective world; it expresses the silent command of Fate in a mysterious murmur. It is the art of the great propagandist to detect this murmur and translate it into intelligible utterance and convincing action. If he can do this, his utterances and actions may be full of contradictions—because the contradictions lie in the things themselves; they may be deceptive and misleading. The lies of propaganda reveal the deeper truth of the whole world's cynicism and dishonesty. By his lies the great propagandist involuntarily shows himself to be an honest, self-revealing prophet of the Devil.

D.T.

Hitler's profound, rapacious, avid eye for the weakness of this intellectual age, awaiting only the man who can master it, is revealed in the natural affinity between a depersonalized soul and a depersonalized world. The more passionately Hitler harps on the value of personality, the more clearly he reveals his nostalgia for something that is lacking. Yes, he knows this mass world, he knows how to guide it by 'compliance.' He is like the crafty dope addict who manages to get his poison despite all efforts of his physicians and guards to prevent him. Hitler's mind directs a personality without center, a restlessly pulsating force without constancy and firmness, oscillating like the needle of a magnet, trembling and dancing, but always finding the—momentary—north.

Hitler never wearied of studying his own experiences and the world about him to discover the secrets and conditions of this world! He did not have a plan and act accordingly; he acted, and out of his actions a plan arose. At first he sincerely believed that *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* were the instructions for establishing Jewish world domination. Later, when the time came for him to formulate his own aims, he was forced to recognize that they were laid down in this supposed Jewish book.

With a detachment of Reichswehr soldiers he founded his party, because this party had to be based on power. Accustomed to military discipline, his men shouted 'Heil!' as their leader entered the meeting hall; after certain phrases, the speaker learned to make a barely perceptible pause and give a silent sign of which he himself was barely conscious, and the troop, with quick understanding, again broke out in a 'Heil!' Then, one day, they, for the first time, clubbed off the platform a hostile speaker, who had innocently be-

lived in the promised freedom of speech; after another meeting they marched, for the first time, four abreast through the city, singing: 'When Jewish blood gushes from our knives, things will be better.' And Hitler learned from his followers. He learned that this kind of troop possesses more than the power of its fists; it possesses an almost irresistible power over men's souls. The troopers tramped through the streets like the state itself. Five hundred marching storm troopers expressed more power and authority than ten mounted policemen. In the onlooker, doubts arose; was this marching monster rebellion, or was it already state power?

These men had to learn through accidents to create a distance between themselves and other men, to distinguish themselves by threats. At first Hitler merely knew that his men were disguised soldiers, a fragment of the Reichswehr like himself; and so he demanded a military salute, hand to their caps. But the enthusiastic, adventurous young men who began to gather round the hardened old soldiers had never known real military training. To them the regular military salute with its bent elbow was a strain. They took to greeting their comrades with a simple wave of the hand, which soon stiffened into an abrupt thrust. Thus the so-called Fascist or Hitler salute was born. The new storm-troop salute developed shortly after the appearance of the first Fascist symbols in Italy. A whole system of gestures, cries, songs, attitudes, insignia, and flags came into being; and this multicolored, many-voiced expression of an inner attitude made it clear that these people had more than a program, that they had more than an objective aim: the symbols embodied a whole manner of being and feeling. A definite type of men had come together; and it was by their totality and likeness that they produced an effect. Seldom could any of them say what they really wanted; but they wanted it with a determination which was expressed in their symbols. The original mind, who had contributed most to creating these symbols, was the Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, co-founder of the Fascist Movement, later forced aside by his robuster rival, Benito Mussolini. But d'Annunzio did not create the most original emblem of the new movement—the swastika.

What the swastika first meant, whence it came—that is one of

those questions which never decades ago it penetrated white or semi-religious cults, which of connection with Buddhism back for countless centuries. Scandinavia, it seemed to connect between far distant lands—a connection which, as one of their prophets admitted, might not exist, but many decades before the appearance of man national leagues in Austria. But it is also found in purely Asia. In all innocence it used to graze. It is found among the American Indians in Finland and Estonia, whence it was who in 1918-19 fought the Bolsheviks to Germany.

A brigade of these troops was led by Ehrhardt. This Ehrhardt was rather Röhms; it was he who came to Berlin in 1920, until a general. With the swastika on their uniforms they marched into Berlin. After their defeat of the officers fled to Munich, where the S.A., of which they formed a part, brought the swastika to the National Socialist leaflets and a spider-like figure with thin limbs. The National Socialist leaflets are visible. This new type of ultimate National Socialist Germany. It is a monster, aggressively reaching menacing and frightening effect with a black swastika in a white field for the first time. The effect was self was surprised and pleased.

In the swastika historical accident magic weapons. It was a luck

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those questions which never will find a definite answer. Some decades ago it penetrated white civilization as a symbol of religious or semi-religious cults, which used it in order to exhibit some sort of connection with Buddhism. Since the swastika can be followed back for countless centuries in countries ranging from India to Scandinavia, it seemed to confirm the existence of a national bond between far distant lands—a common possession of that Aryan race which, as one of their prophets, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, admitted, might not exist, but which should exist in the future. Many decades before the appearance of National Socialism, German national leagues in Austria bore the swastika as their insignia. But it is also found in purely Mongolian countries, as in China; and in all innocence it used to grace British stamps from Hong Kong. It is found among the American Indians. It is an official emblem in Finland and Estonia, whence presumably the German Free Corps, who in 1918-19 fought the Bolsheviks in the Baltic, brought it back to Germany.

A brigade of these troops was led by the former naval captain Ehrhardt. This Ehrhardt was a sort of forerunner of Hitler, or rather Röhm; it was he who chased the Reich government out of Berlin in 1920, until a general strike put down the military *putsch*. With the swastika on their tin hats, Ehrhardt's soldiers marched into Berlin. After their defeat, the troop was broken up. Many of the officers fled to Munich, and Röhm enrolled them in Hitler's S.A., of which they formed the real nucleus. It was they who brought the swastika to the National Socialists. It was originally a spider-like figure with thin lines; but the printer who made up the National Socialist leaflets and posters used heavy bars for better visibility. This new type ultimately became the official emblem of National Socialist Germany. It has the effect of an iron octopus, a monster, aggressively reaching out in all directions—hence its menacing and frightening effect. In 1921, Hitler's new red banner with a black swastika in a white disk was unfurled in the open for the first time. The effect was so inflammatory that Hitler himself was surprised and pleased.

In the swastika historical accident gave Hitler one of his mightiest magic weapons. It was a lucky find. The old German Workers'

1924
D.T.
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note

(1921)
Party had not come across it; Italian Fascism was denied a symbol of such strength. One of its strongest qualities became apparent only in the course of time: every child could draw it, and its expressive form encouraged people to draw it—even those who did not know what it meant. An uncanny power emanated from the mysterious sign; Hitler could point at it and calmly say: 'It is not knowledge that helps us. But faith.' Amid general disintegration he raised his banner: 'Everything around us is dying. We must make our movement a living force.'

D.T.
In
1941
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reminded
him
of
this.
A banner means more to an army than a printed program. And more essential than a banner is the battle-cry: knives unsheathed—guns cocked! A great event was needed if the swelling movement was not to fall apart. 'Moral rebirth,' Hitler prophesied, 'can only be the consequence of a great event. It will come to us at the moment when the struggle breaks out between Swastika and Soviet Star.' The first blood means more than speeches, more than symbols, more even than marching: 'With fanatical fury we will make the people national again. . . . Our slogan must be: If you don't want to be a German, I'll bash your skull in. . . . People, learn to be silent, grit your teeth and think of revenge, and again revenge! Learn how to settle with the men who hurled you into the abyss! This is no time for reconciliation. The Jew and his stooges within our people remain our eternal enemies. We know this: if they take the helm, our heads will roll in the sand. But we also know that if we get the power in our hands, then God help you!'

D.T.
Head against head; two enemies, but, fundamentally, only one method. Tomorrow we will do the very thing for which we attack the enemy today; we have studied *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*, and now we apply them. The intellect and the culture of a people, the *Protocols* teach us, rest on the leaders, not on the barbaric mass. Hitler drew the consequence: 'If we are able to raise such leaders out of the mass of our people, then a nation will once more crystallize around them.' He could not have said it more clearly. 'Is the leader personality we need with us?' he asked. In 1923, he was at a loss for an answer. 'It is not our task to seek after personalities. Either a personality is sent from Heaven, or there is none.' He had an idea whom Heaven had in mind. In

speaking to the masses, how saying that the dictator did not for the dictator: 'It is our task, a people that is ripe for him.'

The generation which had the war was beginning to disintegrate. The generals were being pensioned off, their places in the key positions were being filled by young upward; and as their spokesmen, they were to conquer in the end is the first to uphold the state that they claimants to power are arising their blood for Germany and in vain, through the fault of

The new claimants: A young new species of man—the arrogant and murderers by conviction, and forth through Germany, merable fragments or gathered present as a social factor of general disintegration; too strong by force. It was 'the beautiful war times,' as later one of Gerhard Rossbach, declared, friend of Röhm, resembled unnatural inclinations, less honest and self-critical, gave a fragment: '... organizing masses and in that way and that way just for the men about us and playing soldiering, roaring and smashing what needs to be destroyed. abscess on the sick body of the until clear red blood flows. a good long time till the blood

Hitler was practically a man who wanted to train his young freeb

Italian Fascism was denied a symbol of the strongest qualities became apparent. Every child could draw it, and its excellence to draw it—even those who did not. The incanny power emanated from the point at it and calmly say: 'It is not faith.' Amid general disintegration, the thing around us is dying. We must force.

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more than speeches, more than symbols. 'With fanatical fury we will make it. Our slogan must be: If you don't put your skull in. . . . People, learn to think of revenge, and again revenge! Men who hurled you into the abyss! Men. The Jew and his stooges within enemies. We know this: if they roll in the sand. But we also know hands, then God help you!'

enemies, but, fundamentally, only one: the very thing for which we attacked *The Protocols of the Wise Men*. The intellect and the culture of men rest on the leaders, not on the barren consequence: 'If we are able to raise our people, then a nation will once

He could not have said it more fully we need with us?' he asked. In answer. 'It is not our task to seek personality is sent from Heaven, or whom Heaven had in mind. In

speaking to the masses, however, he had to content himself with saying that the dictator did not exist for the people, but the people for the dictator: 'It is our task, when the dictator comes, to give him a people that is ripe for him.'

The generation which had led Germany into the war and lost the war was beginning to step aside. The famous and defeated generals were being pensioned, the captains and majors were taking their places in the key posts, Hitler's generation was climbing upward; and as their spokesman he cried: 'The force which will conquer in the end is the fire of German youth. They will have to uphold the state that they themselves have created. Today new claimants to power are arising in Germany, men who have shed their blood for Germany and are convinced that this blood flowed in vain, through the fault of the men who ran the government.'

The new claimants: A youth creating for itself a new state. A new species of man—the army of the armed bohemians, of heroes and murderers by conviction. Since 1919 it has been flowing back and forth through Germany, splitting like quicksilver into innumerable fragments or gathering into a heavy mass, but always present as a social factor of decisive power; too big to vanish in the general disintegration; too strong and influential to be extinguished by force. It was 'the beautiful old freebooter class of war and post-war times,' as later one of the leaders of this band, Lieutenant Gerhard Rossbach, declared in melancholy reminiscence. Rossbach, friend of Röhm, resembling him in many ways, including his unnatural inclinations, less hard and reliable, but just as outspoken and self-critical, gave a frank picture of this murderers' army: '... organizing masses and losing them just as quickly; tossed this way and that way just for the sake of our daily bread; gathering men about us and playing soldiers with them; brawling and drinking, roaring and smashing windows—destroying and shattering what needs to be destroyed. Ruthless and inexorably hard. The abscess on the sick body of the nation must be cut open and squeezed until clear red blood flows. And the blood must be left to flow for a good long time till the body is purified. . . .'

Hitler was practically a mollicoddle when he said that he didn't want to train his young freebooters 'for aesthetics and humanitarian-

ism and not for preaching or heroism with the mouth.' For what, then? For the urge that was within them, pressing to come out: for destruction. They were the model of the human type which had lost everything, possessions and ideals, which nothing could impress but ruthless violence. The vagrant from the Vienna lodging-house said: 'In the ranks of us National Socialists the disinherited of Right and Left must come together. All of them must learn that there is one place in Germany where faith in the future is far from lost. We need the uprooted as fighters to rebuild the coming Germany!' The disinherited of Right and Left, the uprooted. . . .

Perhaps Hitler had just been hearing his friend Röhm say that 'only the man without possessions has ideals.' Göring, the friend of princes, leading the unemployed: this was the spirit of the movement, these were the uprooted of Right and Left. Hitler was a realist and knew that the great good-for-nothings are sometimes the best fighters. He himself had been an outstanding soldier—a man without home, friends, family, or employment. Years later, his friend Hess half-consciously described the type of his leader: 'It is a known fact,' he said, 'that many men stood up best in the field who were everything but suited for normal peacetime bourgeois life. In critical situations, the front-line companies were glad to have such men at their disposal. . . .'

This type, so proficient at war, is now mustering its forces to dominate the peace. The armed bohemians, grown homeless through the downfall of war, conjure up the dead war in peacetime life and force it on the sighing peoples. Hess, consistently, says: 'In the struggle against Marxism we cannot choose our leaders for their company manners and respectability. . . . I know that our corps of leaders contains a sprinkling of those who, according to some, should be dismissed. But I also know that in the hard years of struggle, these leaders stood up. And more: that we largely owe our success to them.'

The success was owed to them—to those 'figures' who were worth so little in bourgeois life; who 'were tossed in all directions—just for their daily bread'; who as murderers let the clear red blood of the people flow, and as bohemians 'brawled and drank, roared

and smashed windows.' The b began to take fright and talk boasted: 'In our movement the communists from the Left and the Right. These two have always and it was the greatest crime in street fights. The Communists through years of persecution the officer; while the officers fought evitably saw the mortal enemy tarian led astray by the Jew. C uniting these two utter extreme troops. They will form the core movement, in which all without when the day comes to say: 'The ing!'

At the Paris Peace Conference, ceau and Lloyd George that Ger tween junkers and Bolsheviks. sensed something. The alliance v of 1919 rejected it; Hitler seized uprooted proletarians and the up this gives rise to a new man: 'Ne out the other. Both belong together must crystallize—the man of the

Gerhard Rossbach assures us, drinkers and killers were 'a new freedom. . . . Some day, dedicated on native soil for the life of the armed bohemians fight to subjugate meant nothing else when he projected Soviet Star—the fight of German the nation.

This brings us to the great cle him his cause, in two. He summoned all countries to the struggle against even accuses Judaism of having d

* D.T. Their ideal became their possession 3

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them—to those 'figures' who were ; who 'were tossed in all directions— o as murderers let the clear red blood hemians 'brawled and drank, roared

and smashed windows.' The bourgeois, even the Nationalist press, began to take fright and talk of 'Bolshevism'; and Hitler himself boasted: 'In our movement the two extremes come together: the Com munists from the Left and the officers and the students from the Right. These two have always been the most active elements, and it was the greatest crime that they used to oppose each other in street fights. The Communists were the idealists of socialism; through years of persecution they saw their mortal enemy in the officer; while the officers fought the Communists because they inevitably saw the mortal enemy of their fatherland in the proletarian led astray by the Jew. Our party has already succeeded in uniting these two utter extremes within the ranks of our storm troops. They will form the core of the great German liberation movement, in which all without distinction will stand together when the day comes to say: The nation arises, the storm is breaking!'

At the Paris Peace Conference, Woodrow Wilson said to Clemenceau and Lloyd George that Germany in 1919 was an alliance between junkers and Bolsheviks. That it was not. But Wilson had sensed something. The alliance was in the air; the German leaders of 1919 rejected it; Hitler seized on it in his own way. He led the uprooted proletarians and the uprooted intellectuals together. And this gives rise to a new man: 'Neither of the two could exist without the other. Both belong together, and from these two a new man must crystallize—the man of the coming German Reich.'

Gerhard Rossbach assures us, almost with tenderness, that his drinkers and killers were 'a new troop of light-seeking fighters for freedom. . . . Some day, dedicated to death, they will have to fight on native soil for the life of the nation.' On native soil—for the armed bohemians fight to subjugate their own people. Hitler had meant nothing else when he prophesied that the fight against the Soviet Star—the fight of German against German—would renew the nation.

This brings us to the great cleft that divides Hitler, and with him his cause, in two. He summons the Aryans and anti-Semites of all countries to the struggle against Soviet Star and Judaism. He even accuses Judaism of having driven the European nations into

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of their death-cars, and didn't even forget the stones to weight down the victims of their fight for freedom. The value of a man's life dwindled to nothing, after the value of his money had vanished. 'The creation of the future Germany—a Germany on a Germanic foundation'—had begun.

But even if the unleashed hordes didn't know it, their leader did: there was far more at stake than Germany. Again conviction was changed for conviction, again the whole world picture changed, again the aims changed. No, the goal was not merely Germany. The goal was the union of the Aryans and anti-Semites of all nations—the world domination, which Nietzsche divined, which Houston Chamberlain prophesied, and for which the Wise Men of Zion indicated the means. The Demon, disguised as an unknown soldier from the Vienna lodging-house, speaks: 'Furthermore, this Germany must be the foundation of an Aryan world order.'

Anyone who has inwardly comprehended such a goal in all its greatness knows that it is attainable. Only unknown greatness terrifies. Little things decay, private life decays, the individual existence becomes hard and hopeless, man becomes impossible. But the mighty mass arises, the mass means everything; infinite greatness becomes necessary and therefore easy. The Demon, knowing no sentiments of happiness, peace, gaiety in his own life, and utterly cold to the life and happiness of others, speaks again: 'We must not ask if it is possible to attain this goal, but whether it is necessary. If it is impossible, we will try it anyway and be destroyed. But if it is necessary and true, we must believe that it is possible just the same. And we need this faith. A thousand years look down on us, the future demands sacrifices of us.'

Hitler spoke these words on September 28, 1922. One month later, on October 27, 1922, Benito Mussolini in Italy established the first Fascist dictatorship in the world.

D.T. He could not sleep after this.

WAR II

ONE NOVEMBER AL Adolf Hitler left the Café where he usually spent the day. He went directly across the square enclosed by stone walls without any foreboding of the future. He glanced at the so-called Führerbauing—an imitation of the classical arched niches—which is now entered, through an inconspicuous doorway, through an inconspicuous houses which seemed to be closed ferently, out of dark, deeply closed eyes. On the first floor minister, for the old building was Interior. It is possible that he patiently, ‘The minister?’ he have answered, ‘The most important controversial figure in the country.’ times, the best beloved and most and the official, suddenly un- answered: ‘That is not possible.’ For of the millions who had been a few hundred, perhaps one million. For all the rest his form existed to be seen. He slipped through

possible hidden by his escort. When he entered a meeting hall, he darted down the aisle of yelling supporters often with his coat collar turned high; and on the speaker's platform in the hard light of the gas lamps he was a lank figure, gesticulating in his shabby black business suit, hardly recognizable from below. Disfigured for about a year by a pointed beard, his face then in no way suggested the mask that was later to become famous. Photographs of him were not to be seen anywhere.

Once when Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer, snapped Hitler as he was entering his car, two strong men rushed at the surprised photographer and seized his camera. Hitler approached, polite and embarrassed, and requested Herr Hoffmann not to publish the picture — Herr Hoffmann did not publish it.

Hitler was afraid of being recognized, convinced that a murderer lurked at every corner. Anyone who recognized the inconspicuous figure in the yellow trench coat and stared for so much as a moment would receive a glance, burning with hatred, suspicion, and rage. Hitler was afraid of his fame.

How many victims had he delivered to the muzzles of the firing squads! He knew more about all the murders in the woods and in speeding automobiles at night than any state's attorney ever dared to find out. He wanted lamp-posts full of corpses, and promised to send heads rolling from the scaffold. Through Rudolf Hess, his friend and admirer, he had his own supporters spied upon, their weak and dark points marked down on index cards. At the head of a few hundred followers, he had fallen upon little provincial towns and chased political enemies or unfortunate Jews through the streets. But in between these adventures, he went his ways unknown; a little man, casting a giant shadow on the sky.

The minister had sent for this man. Hitler knew he was going to see his enemy; the minister was Doctor Franz Schweyer, who six months before had wanted to deport him to Austria. Nevertheless he went; it isn't every day that a minister asks you to call, and he knew that the invitation was a sign of respect and fear; fear of the man whom virtually no one knew and who aroused the curiosity of millions. The minister for his part knew that the captains and majors in the Reichswehr were constantly playing with plans for a

putsch; he knew that they spent their evenings in the Munich Cathedral, needed to arrest a govt silence a telegraph office, guns in the most important city. This was the world lived, and everyone knew coat, with the unexpressive was mysteriously involve force, a confidence of victory to emanate from him.

All this was known to responsible general, Franz also knew that the really and he suspected that Cap hung together like twins. did not support but v Schweyer, the calm, gray-t to Berlin. Others had w the Reich had complained a former mayor, had called Berlin generals had conducted in Munich. They had separated had subjected him to the i mandant of Bavaria. A man, disinclined to adventure, diplomatic and profession. Röhm and E between the two a coolness exerted a decisive influence of the counter-revolution, armament sales. Apparently subsequently claimed to be later, in autumn, 1923, he followed him.

The new commandant c

A. T. I will protect you,
I did, even in the assassination attempt

When he entered a meeting hall, his supporters often with his coat of arms on the platform in the hard light figure, gesticulating in his shabby uniform, his face then in no way suggesting becoming famous. Photographs of

him, the photographer, snapped by two strong men rushed at the end of his camera. Hitler approached, tested Herr Hoffmann not to publish it did not publish it.

Recognized, convinced that a murderer, anyone who recognized the inconspicuous coat and stared for so much glance, burning with hatred, sustained of his fame.

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putsch; he knew that these volatile and embittered young soldiers spent their evenings in the back rooms of obscure beer halls near the Munich Cathedral, reckoning how few companies would be needed to arrest a government, to occupy a railway station, to silence a telegraph office, to block six bridges, and place machine guns in the most important corner windows in the center of the city. This was the world in which the younger officers of this army lived, and everyone knew it. And the unknown man in the yellow coat, with the unexpressive mustached face and the murderous eye, was mysteriously involved in all these conspiracies. A passionate force, a confidence of victory, incomprehensible to outsiders, seemed to emanate from him.

All this was known to the minister. He knew that at least one responsible general, Franz von Epp, favored the conspiracies. He also knew that the really active force was Epp's adjutant, Röhm; and he suspected that Captain Röhm and the beer-hall orator Hitler hung together like twins. What kind of state was it which its army did not support but was forever threatening to overthrow! Schweyer, the calm, gray-bearded minister, had written bitter letters to Berlin. Others had written; the Social Democratic president of the Reich had complained. Reluctantly the Reichswehr Minister, a former mayor, had called his generals to account. In the end the Berlin generals had conducted a hasty and inadequate investigation in Munich. They had separated Röhm from his superior, Epp, and had subjected him to the immediate supervision of the general commandant of Bavaria. And to the latter post they appointed a new man, disinclined to adventures: General Otto von Lossow, a skeptical man, diplomatic and sly, believing in nothing but his military profession. Röhm and Epp accused one another of disloyalty; between the two a coolness arose which lasted for years and perhaps exerted a decisive influence on National Socialism. Röhm, the hero of the counter-revolution, was accused of making money on secret armament sales. Apparently nothing could be proved; he himself subsequently claimed to have been rehabilitated; but hardly a year later, in autumn, 1923, he resigned from the Reichswehr. Epp soon followed him.

The new commandant of the Reichswehr in Bavaria, von Lossow,

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attention

was one of those higher generals who realized what the captains and majors, in their lust for action and recognition, did not and could not realize: that the Reichswehr needed no more *putsches* in Bavaria. It had most of what it required; and the republic could not forever deny its further needs. As for heavy armaments and planes, sternly forbidden by the peace treaty, in the first place they could not be obtained by *putsches*, and in the second place, they were unnecessary for the moment.

General Hans von Seeckt, who commanded the little army of the republic, developed the theory that the war of the future could no longer be carried on with mass armies, since two giant armies of half or badly trained military bunglers would only slaughter each other without profit. He taught that the small, well-trained, highly mobile, superbly armed professional army would cut the numerically superior, ponderous mass armies to ribbons in a lightning attack; and that in defensive operations it would paralyze the numerically superior foe by an aggressive defense, by constant thrusts at the flanks and rear. This ideal army of the future had been forced on the Germans by their unsuspecting foes in Versailles.

Von Lossow and his like had to induce the Reichswehr to accept a policy of silent, inconspicuous organization. The force remained numerically small and offered little opportunity for advancement. The captains and majors were doomed to years of waiting. This was the problem, this was the conflict, this was the dynamite which threatened Germany's inner security: the rebellion of the captains and majors against the generals, the class struggle of the officers under the intellectual leadership of the unknown man from the Austrian lodging-house.

With unshaken confidence, Hitler assured his young followers: 'When the day comes for us to march, no soldier and no policeman will shoot at us. For that day prepare yourselves.'

It was to dispel this illusion that the minister had sent for Herr Hitler. He told him he was mistaken: the police certainly would fire on him if he broke the law. Hitler replied that he would give the police and other organs of state power no cause to shoot: his intention was to smash Marxism, and this would enormously

strengthen the authority of the smashing of Marxism? the minister by a long speech with no clock Hitler and said: 'If you conform, it will inevitably lead to ever your intentions. You can day you will have to act.'

Hitler jumped up from his hand, and cried: 'Herr Minister never as long as I live will I word of honor, I will never n

The minister replied: 'All: you go on making such speech stream will one day burst loose faced with the choice of sink will swim with it.'

Despite its apparent insignificance. It was Hitler's first public There would be no *putsch*!

The epoch of unknown soldiers shown how you can make you thousand ruffians. Hitler passed the south'; the man who had reached and attained the highest power the old concepts of domination lost their historical meaning: represented by the unknown, faces — 'a scourge, making a political activity . . . rabble rule in close fraternization and in groups . . . with the state shuttled bery': these were the very words Hitler, driven from Germany: described Mussolini's armed band. Near Munich dwelt, seemingly Ludendorff, honored by the official ican ministers in Berlin, suspicious

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smashing of Marxism? the minister asked. Now he was threatened
by a long speech with no clear answer. The minister interrupted
Hitler and said: 'If you continue your propaganda in its present
form, it will inevitably lead to a violent explosion some day, what-
ever your intentions. You can't just go on talking for years, some
day you will have to act.'

Hitler jumped up from his chair, beat his breast with his right
hand, and cried: 'Herr Minister, I give you my word of honor,
never as long as I live will I make a *putsch!*' He repeated: 'My
word of honor, I will never make a *putsch!*'

The minister replied: 'All respect to your word of honor, but if
you go on making such speeches as you have been making, the
stream will one day burst loose of its own accord, and you will be
faced with the choice of sinking or swimming with it. And you
will swim with it.'

Despite its apparent insignificance, the scene is historically mem-
orable. It was Hitler's first pledge of peace. His word of honor.
There would be no *putsch!*

The epoch of unknown soldiers was dawning. Mussolini had just
shown how you can make yourself dictator with the help of a few
thousand ruffians. Hitler passionately admired the 'great man in
the south'; the man who had risen from the trenches 'in dirty boots'
and attained the highest power. In the whole of central Europe
the old concepts of domination or revolution, upper or lower class,
lost their historical meaning through the upsurge of new forces,
represented by the unknown, hitherto insignificant, yet menacing
faces—'a scourge, making a mockery of all ethical and honorable
political activity . . . rabble released from prison for the purpose . . .
in close fraternization and intermarriage with the petty officers'
groups . . . with the state shutting an eye to murder, arson, and rob-
bery': these were the very words by which an irate collaborator of
Hitler, driven from German South Tyrol by the Italian Fascists,
described Mussolini's armed bohemia in the *Völkischer Beobachter*.
Near Munich dwelt, seemingly in retirement, General Erich
Ludendorff, honored by the officers like a god, feared by the repub-
lican ministers in Berlin, suspected and admired by foreign govern-

ments and peoples. He was the former World War Captain, the great 'Quartermaster General,' who had ruled half Europe and even a piece of Asia and, for practical purposes, virtually dethroned his own Kaiser. This Ludendorff considered himself the coming Leader of Germany, and he saw the day near when, at the head of the captains and majors, he would sweep aside or beat into submission the Seeckts. As early as 1921, he had been willing to meet Herr Hitler; he found him an able speaker, very useful for propaganda purposes, a man of estimable patriotic fervor. This 'useful' Hitler, this legend without a face, was to become 1923's man of destiny; the abysmal force that was in him was to send forth a whirlwind engulfing all traditional greatness, including the Quartermaster General.

In this year the short-lived French domination of the Continent, established in 1919 by the Treaty of Versailles, was shattered. In the autumn of 1922, Lloyd George's government fell in England. The new cabinet of Bonar Law gently but indefatigably moved toward a balance of power: obstruction of French influence; greater leniency toward Germany, which should gradually be restored to the family of nations, from which Versailles had excluded her. The response of France to this British policy was an outburst of violence; for the first and last time, France attempted, independently and on her own, to protect herself against the dangers of whose existence she was firmly convinced.

At the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, Marshal Foch had demanded the left bank of the Rhine for France. President Raymond Poincaré had supported him, but France's true leader, the octogenarian Premier Georges Clemenceau, could not put through this demand, a mockery to the principle of self-determination, against Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George. Clemenceau then renounced a permanent occupation of the Rhine, when Wilson and Lloyd George promised him that the United States and England would conclude a defensive treaty with France, guaranteeing that both countries would immediately and automatically come to France's aid in case of a German attack. But the alliance did not come into being, for the American Senate tore up Wilson's promise (Clemenceau, like most Europeans, had been surprisingly misinformed as to

the President's actual power). After land, in accordance with the agreement, Lloyd George's promise.

France now faced a terrifying alternative: British alliance even without American support while the enemy was still in power, or put through the occupation of the chiefly French, troops for fifteen years indefinitely if Germany did not fulfill its obligations in the peace treaty. The peace treaty or could be made so, by subjecting Germany to demerit payments—figures for the losses had been omitted from the Versailles session of the French cabinet, Poincaré frivolously surrendering the Rhine. Clemenceau replied, made it inconceivable to evacuate the Rhineland. 'An octogenarian to the younger president do me the honor to visit my grave, we are on the Rhine, and there we

Not only were they on the Rhine, the richest and most cultivated province of the German borders. To the east, new states had come to life—'states against states by their origin. In the east, the Soviet Union, lay the new Poland and fifty years of repression and nearly thirty-five million souls had arisen—void. Poland was composed of territories that were sure—belonged to Russia, Germany it comprised—even after Austria's— the former territories of two of its neighbors who enclosed the country together! Eternal unrest was a birthmark; worse, some of its territories were Russian, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, fortune: the Poles possessed no th

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France now faced a terrifying alternative: should she strive for a
British alliance even without America — or should she try to smash
Germany while the enemy was still weak? Clemenceau had at least
put through the occupation of the French Rhineland by Allied,
chiefly French, troops for fifteen years. This term could be extended
indefinitely if Germany did not fulfill the obligations as laid down
in the peace treaty. The peace treaty was now literally unfulfillable
or could be made so, by subjecting Germany to impossible in-
demnity payments — figures for the so-called 'reparations' had pur-
posedly been omitted from the Versailles Treaty. In a dramatic
session of the French cabinet, Poincaré accused Clemenceau of
frivolously surrendering the Rhineland. The terms of the treaty,
Clemenceau replied, made it inconceivable that France should ever
have to evacuate the Rhineland. 'Monsieur le président,' said the
octogenarian to the younger president, 'if in fifteen years you will
do me the honor to visit my grave, you will be able to tell me that
we are on the Rhine, and there we shall remain.'

Not only were they on the Rhine, in the heart of Germany's
richest and most cultivated province; but everywhere they menaced
the German borders. To the east and southeast of Germany, new
states had come to life — 'states against Germany,' to characterize
them by their origin. In the east, wedged between Germany and
the Soviet Union, lay the new Poland. After almost one hundred
and fifty years of repression and non-existence, a nation of nearly
thirty-five million souls had arisen — to all appearances, out of the
void. Poland was composed of territories which had — unjustly, to
be sure — belonged to Russia, Germany, and the Austrian Empire;
it comprised — even after Austria's almost complete disappearance
— the former territories of two immense, insulted, and injured
neighbors who enclosed the country on two sides. A dubious heri-
tage! Eternal unrest was a birthmark of this state. To make matters
worse, some of its territories were inhabited by non-Poles: White
Russians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, and Germans. A final mis-
fortune: the Poles possessed no clear outlet to the sea — a cruel

1919
 trick for history to play on a great people. At Versailles, Wilson and Clemenceau gave them a route to the sea against English resistance. Approximately following the course of the Vistula, a strip of land abutting on the Baltic was cut straight through conquered Germany. It was not an unjust solution: this 'Polish Corridor' actually was inhabited predominantly by Poles. But at the same time, the Corridor did tear Germany apart, cutting off the German province of East Prussia from the rest of the Reich. Moreover, in order that Poland should have a seaport under her own sovereignty, the totally German port of Danzig was taken away from Germany, contrary to the will of its inhabitants, and made into a sort of 'free city,' under League of Nations control. Also, there were numerous Germans living in the Polish Corridor, and about a million of them, often by the harshest measures, were forced out of the country. It must be owned that this policy of Polonization served social progress. It was part of a greater democratic agrarian policy, attempted in the whole of Poland: to divide the large estates among the peasants and thus break the power of feudalism. In this struggle against feudal land tenure, Poland, at least in her western provinces, was more advanced than Germany; the East Prussian junkers remained an island of feudalism in the midst of the agrarian reforms of eastern Europe.

A second 'state against Germany' was Czechoslovakia, the most important fragment blasted out of the Austrian Empire. She was surrounded on three sides by Germany, a wedge between German territories. Of her fifteen million inhabitants, between six and seven million belonged to the dominant Czech nationality, while two and a half to three million were Slovaks, closely related to the Czechs; more than three million were Germans. The German-inhabited territory could not have been separated from the core of the country without great disadvantage to all parties. On the whole, the Czechs treated their German minorities more justly and humanely than the Poles did. Fortunately for both sides, economic relations between Germany and Czechoslovakia (unlike Poland) gave small cause for irritation. But here, too, there were expropriations, resulting in bitter and justifiable German protests. After 1918, Czechoslovakia — like Poland — faced the alternative: to pursue a

policy of compromise and compromise means broken Germany, even advantages; or to build on it would rise again, at the risk of guessed wrong. Both Poland policy. They concluded militarily thus encircling Germany. Like vasia thrust into Germany, more than one hundred and forty million.

But in the south there was a . . . at first, it gradually widened. . . northern and southern Europe Republic of Austria, inhabited people, the humble and helpless. In 1918, this fragment wanted mination and join Germany. The Anschluss idea, nevertheless was opposed to it, because in it have been almost surrounded by because she feared any enlargement was against it.

Italy was the existing, yet more around Germany. In the World against Germany, but against Austria destroyed, the Italian-speaking part of South Tyrol had been 'redeemed' Italy had advanced her northern shed, the Brenner Pass, thus winning a million Germans in the north Germans — at least in their cultural names — were worse oppressed by compatriots by the Czechs or even more bitterly opposed to *Anschluss* constituted a buffer against German boundary of Italy. Italy might of military alliances against Germany reasons to the contrary. Though

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policy of compromise and conciliation toward defeated but by no means broken Germany, even at the expense of some momentary advantages; or to build on the supposition that Germany never would rise again, at the risk of dire vengeance in the event of having guessed wrong. Both Poland and Czechoslovakia chose the latter policy. They concluded military pacts with France (1921, 1924), thus encircling Germany. Like two daggers Poland and Czechoslovakia thrust into Germany, menacing Berlin at a distance of less than one hundred and forty miles.

But in the south there was a cleft in the system; narrow as a hair at first, it gradually widened. Along the Alps, virtually separating northern and southern Europe into two continents, extended the Republic of Austria, inhabited by eight million German-speaking people, the humble and helpless remnant of a once great empire. In 1918, this fragment wanted to exercise the right of self-determination and join Germany. This the victors of Versailles forbade. The *Anschluss* idea, nevertheless, remained alive. Czechoslovakia was opposed to it, because in the event of *Anschluss*, she would have been almost surrounded by Germany; France was opposed because she feared any enlargement of German power. Italy, too, was against it.

Italy was the existing, yet missing, link in the military chain around Germany. In the World War she had not really fought against Germany, but against Austria; this main enemy had been destroyed, the Italian-speaking provinces of Austria, Trieste, and South Tyrol had been 'redeemed'; for ostensibly strategic reasons, Italy had advanced her northern border to the main Alpine watershed, the Brenner Pass, thus winning sovereignty over a quarter of a million Germans in the northern part of South Tyrol. These Germans—at least in their cultural life, language, habits, even names—were worse oppressed by the Italian Fascists than their compatriots by the Czechs or even the Poles; moreover, Italy was more bitterly opposed to *Anschluss* than anyone else because Austria constituted a buffer against Germany, and totally covered the northern boundary of Italy. Italy might have fitted into France's system of military alliances against Germany if there had not been deeper reasons to the contrary. Though numbered among the victors of

1918, Italy felt herself humiliated by her fellow victors. She had made a poor showing in the World War; the English and French had barely saved her from annihilation at the hands of the enemy. In Versailles she had raised excessive imperialistic claims; for instance, to Dalmatia and parts of the defeated Turkish Empire. In addition, Italy had strong claims against France; among them in the North-African province of Tunisia, which actually did have a large Italian population. In 1915, when Italy entered the still uncertain war, stating her price in businesslike terms, France had made promises concerning Tunisia, and in 1919 they had not been entirely kept.

Among the intellectuals of Italy all these experiences aroused a feeling of national disgrace, which largely contributed to the rise of Italian Fascism. It was a feeling somewhat related to that of post-war Germany and it has even been claimed that the German Free Corps of 1919, the secret army of murderers, were the prototype of the Italian Fascist leagues. There was a difference, however; German fascism—as far as it had its roots in foreign politics—had sprung from a wounded feeling of frustrated self-determination; Italian fascism from frustrated imperialism.

But the deeper cause of these conflicts was older than the Versailles Treaty. It was simply the presence of a first-rate power (France) in the Mediterranean; while England, with Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Cyprus, controlled, so to speak, the source and outlet of this sea in which the Italian peninsula swims and breathes like a cell in living plasma. Italy, in the opinion of her intellectuals, would have to achieve absolute domination of the Mediterranean—'mare nostrum' (our sea)—or remain permanently dependent on France and England. Bismarck had used this Italian problem to forge a German-Italian alliance in 1882; the alliance finally failed, for as long as Austria, Germany's other ally, survived, she remained, despite everything, Italy's prime enemy. Now that the Austrian Empire was dead, Italian ambitions and Italian enmities were focused on the Mediterranean. She began to turn angry eyes on France. If Italy should ever have to choose, her claims against France would outweigh her resistance against the Austrian *Anschluss*—especially if Germany could give her substantial assurance

that she would renounce claims in South Tyrol and immediately after Mussolini in Munich declared, among other things, that South Tyrol must not be Italy; if Fascist Italy was to be sent such a gain for the South Tyrol. It was the

This, roughly, was the situation when the struggle with France began. The term of Raymond Poincaré had expired in 1920. Germany had failed; embittered but Poincaré had returned to power. He had prepared a violent and firm policy for Germany, too, was armed with the question of Germany's future without denying her obligations and finally settled, for the balance of payment remained in the red. Inflation was there to meet obligations had been due in 1921, and that there was quite true except that the total was thirty-two billions, and Germany had to produce and to pay, and

In Germany the Wirtschaftsnotstandsgesetz obligations that simply of Germany's sincerity, the most conservative German Republic had had a new Chancellor, who had a steamship line, tried in

On January 11, 1923, the Ruhr, the greatest coal province, was occupied. A war broke out between Germany and France.

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 Immediately after Mussolini's rise to power, a cold, lonely voice
 in Munich declared, amid a storm of protest, that the issue of
 South Tyrol must not be allowed to come between Germany and
 Italy; if Fascist Italy was prepared to oppose France, this repre-
 sented such a gain for Germany that she might calmly renounce
 South Tyrol. It was the voice of the unknown Hitler.

This, roughly, was the political situation at the beginning of 1923,
 when the struggle with France for the Rhine approached its climax.
 The term of Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic,
 had expired in 1920. Georges Clemenceau had attempted to succeed
 him, but failed; embittered, he had withdrawn from political life.
 But Poincaré had returned: in 1922, he became premier and pre-
 pared a violent and final settlement with conquered Germany.
 Germany, too, was arming for a test of strength. Both sides used
 the question of German reparation payments as a pretext. Germany,
 without denying her obligations, wanted them to be clearly defined
 and finally settled, for as long as they were not, the country's
 balance of payment remained an unknown and unsafe factor, and
 inflation was there to stay. France maintained that Germany's
 obligations had been defined and settled by the London plan of
 1921, and that there was nothing to settle any more—which was
 quite true except that the London settlement, with its one hundred
 and thirty-two billions, certainly exceeded Germany's capability to
 produce and to pay, and France's capability to receive and to digest.

In Germany the Wirth cabinet which, by its policy of 'fulfilling'
 obligations that simply could not be fulfilled, had aroused doubts
 of Germany's sincerity, fell in autumn, 1922. It was replaced by
 the most conservative and nationalistic government that the Ger-
 man Republic had had up to that time. Doctor Wilhelm Cuno, the
 new Chancellor, who had been director of the leading German
 steamship line, tried in vain to reach a definite settlement.

On January 11, 1923, a French army occupied Germany's last and
 greatest coal province, the industrial heart of the Reich, the Ruhr.
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that she would renounce the two hundred and twenty thousand Ger-
mans in South Tyrol and would not molest Italy on their account.
Immediately after Mussolini's rise to power, a cold, lonely voice
in Munich declared, amid a storm of protest, that the issue of
South Tyrol must not be allowed to come between Germany and
Italy; if Fascist Italy was prepared to oppose France, this repre-
sented such a gain for Germany that she might calmly renounce
South Tyrol. It was the voice of the unknown Hitler.

This, roughly, was the political situation at the beginning of 1923,
when the struggle with France for the Rhine approached its climax.
The term of Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic,
had expired in 1920. Georges Clemenceau had attempted to succeed
him, but failed; embittered, he had withdrawn from political life.
But Poincaré had returned: in 1922, he became premier and pre-
pared a violent and final settlement with conquered Germany.
Germany, too, was arming for a test of strength. Both sides used
the question of German reparation payments as a pretext. Germany,
without denying her obligations, wanted them to be clearly defined
and finally settled, for as long as they were not, the country's
balance of payment remained an unknown and unsafe factor, and
inflation was there to stay. France maintained that Germany's
obligations had been defined and settled by the London plan of
1921, and that there was nothing to settle any more—which was
quite true except that the London settlement, with its one hundred
and thirty-two billions, certainly exceeded Germany's capability to
produce and to pay, and France's capability to receive and to digest.

In Germany the Wirth cabinet which, by its policy of 'fulfilling'
obligations that simply could not be fulfilled, had aroused doubts
of Germany's sincerity, fell in autumn, 1922. It was replaced by
the most conservative and nationalistic government that the Ger-
man Republic had had up to that time. Doctor Wilhelm Cuno, the
new Chancellor, who had been director of the leading German
steamship line, tried in vain to reach a definite settlement.

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armed nation. Germany waged war by falling down and passively submitting to the enemy's blows. Wherever French soldiers appeared, the trains stopped running, machines gathered rust and dust in empty factories, the coal mines were abandoned. Throughout the west of Germany, occupied by the French, life was at a standstill, excepting in the Cologne region, where the occupation was English; from near-by Koblenz, the Americans had previously departed, regretted by the population. Among the foreign conquerors they alone had given the German population the feeling that understanding was still possible between victor and vanquished, a return to peace without bitterness and vengeance.

Poincaré's France did not believe in such an understanding. Poincaré felt that Germany had not been sufficiently broken by the defeat of 1918 and wanted to break her for good. Actually Germany did have a certain power. The passive resistance to which the Cuno government summoned the Ruhr and the Rhineland was an expression of power, the standstill in western Germany was—at least in the beginning—a great political achievement. The unions gave the strike order, and everyone struck, the industrialists included. Let the conqueror find himself with a worthless country, a dead victim. The French military authorities chased thousands of inhabitants into the unoccupied territory. For Hitler it was painful and humiliating that the 'great man in the South' should also participate in the pillage, sending a company of Italian engineers after the French troops into the Ruhr; for Italy could not live without the German coal from the Ruhr. England, by contrast, was not in the least enthusiastic over the French seizure of German coal; for France had always bought a large part of the coal for her industry from England, and the English mines could not live without their French purchasers. Besides, England could not approve the establishment of French rule near the mouth of the Rhine, hard by that triangle of coasts, river mouths, seaports leading into the heart of Europe, through which one hundred and twelve years earlier Napoleon had drawn a military line extending from Cape Finisterre in Spain to Hamburg, menacing the British Isles—no, it was a cardinal principle of British policy that this coast must never belong to a single power. English banks sup-

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ported the passive resistance of Germany in the Ruhr by sup- porting the German mark. For the strike in the western provinces was a new and even heavier drain on the mark; the strikers had to live, the employers cried out for indemnities. The campaign was financed by the Reich treasury. At the bank windows the millions were no longer counted, the piles of notes were measured with a ruler. At the beginning the mark was successfully pegged, but soon English aid proved insufficient. The mark slipped and crashed again, the passive resistance crumbled, the French held out the temptation of wages in good, solid francs, printed specially for the Rhineland. In Germany secret patriotic establishments set to work, forging masses of these Rhineland francs to make them depreciate. All to no avail. The French slowly succeeded in putting the Ruhr back to work and carrying off the coal. With her passive resistance, Germany had harmed herself more seriously than the enemy.

Nevertheless, Germany developed in this 'Ruhr War' a power which she had not shown since 1918; for a short time she had been inwardly steeled and united as she had not been since the out- break of the World War. To be sure, she was materially paralyzed and impoverished; she was unarmed in comparison to France; but France, too, was permeated with inner conflicts, the break with England was a source of deep anxiety. With all their hearts the French people rejected the Ruhr War—like everything which in any way reminded them of war. Hitler well understood this: 'Today the disproportion between outward power and inner strength in France is greater than ever. France has only the momentary weakness of Germany to thank for her present position of power'—again the profound insight into the weakness of the enemy to which he has owed so many of his successes.

But now Germany, in the Ruhr War, developed a force of will which at the outset was highly effective. Never had Hitler been more afraid than in those days when it looked as if his 'necessary' chaos might suddenly come to an end. What if Germany should overcome her inner weakness? What if the conquered country should unite and reorganize? What if Germany should recover her power—and all this without Hitler? Here lay a true danger. If

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Germany should work herself out of the bloody morass of civil war and return to the solid ground of order; if the Uprooted and Disinherited should regain a hold on life; if the general ruin were halted — Hitler was lost. Consequently, the war in the Ruhr must not be won, the civil war must go on.

When the French troops moved into the Ruhr, a storm of national passion rose in Germany; the country was transformed overnight, united by a wild patriotic upsurge. But in Munich a lonely voice repeated: 'No — not down with France, but down with the traitors to the fatherland, down with the November criminals. That must be our slogan.' By the traitors against the fatherland Hitler meant the parties which were organizing strikes for the fatherland in the Ruhr. Perhaps for the first time the Nazis heard cries of shame when they approached a mass demonstration with their swastika banners. Hitler stubbornly persisted in refusing to make common front with the 'traitors,' even in the Reich's greatest need; future history must not report that he had ever forgiven them. It must go down in history that 'all these scoundrels had been called to account, that a divine judgment had broken over them which would be remembered for centuries to come.' Fear of a great national upsurge gave him the strangest ideas; he went so far as to accuse the Jews of war agitation. In his newspaper, Dietrich Eckart wrote: 'It would suit the Hebrews to lash us into an insane war against France — insane because obviously it would be lost with the swiftness of lightning.'

Hitler shouted himself hoarse for civil war and scaffold, and no one wanted to listen. And so — at the end of January, 1923 — he ordered five thousand of his storm troops to Munich, ostensibly to dedicate a flag. If he spoke with this background, people would hear him. He had given his word of honor to Minister Schweyer not to make a *putsch* — why, then, this assemblage of five thousand Uprooted and Disinherited? The minister later described his own attitude: 'I attached no importance to Herr Hitler's word of honor, because, in the handling of police power, one has no business giving or accepting words of honor.' The government forbade the parade — or 'party day,' as Hitler called it — out of hand.

Hitler dashed to the police president and put on an indescribable

scene; as the police chief later reported, 'begged on his knees for approval of president, like his minister, an elder of his guns, Hitler foamed at the mouth, would march with his men in any case, even if the government forbade, not only the battalions, but also twelve public men speak afterward.'

Who was Hitler, anyway? Did this was he really the most controversial, most mysterious figure of his day — disturber of the peace, who could be trigger without any special repercussion to the Reichswehr, for it was the Reich that did the firing. Losrow called his opinion. Epp fumed: intolerable how a national movement like the Nazis accused the ministers of treason against not shoot at these men who were hit — thing happened: the two conspirator captains and majors no longer agreed of them already saw and sensed the growing and coming to demand force of this inwardly strong force chaotic murderers' army of the Uprooted. Can you combine your attitude with what was asked. Losrow hesitated, dissent to the government's measures. Down

Epp went back to his office, deeply assembled a few like-minded colleagues. He pleaded with him to go again. In the end, he personally led the leader to the supreme command and spoke with him alone; panting in the vestibule. The whole scene was not

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led into the Ruhr, a storm of national country was transformed overpursue. But in Munich a lonely fight with France, but down with the November criminals. That fight against the fatherland Hitler organizing strikes for the fatherland at the time the Nazis heard cries of mass demonstration with their only persisted in refusing to make even in the Reich's greatest need; for he had ever forgiven them. It was these scoundrels had been called out had broken over them which was to come. Fear of a great nationalist ideas; he went so far as to in his newspaper, Dietrich Eckart was to lash us into an insane war obviously it would be lost with

civil war and scaffold, and no end of January, 1923 — he sent troops to Munich, ostensibly to the background, people would hear honor to Minister Schweyer not to assemblage of five thousand Uprooted. Minister later described his own fight to Herr Hitler's word of honor, however, one has no business giving the government forbade the parade — out of hand. The fight went and put on an indescribable

scene; as the police chief later reported to his superiors, Hitler 'begged on his knees for approval of the parade.' When the police president, like his minister, an elderly, gray-bearded man, stuck to his guns, Hitler foamed at the mouth and cried out that he would march with his men in any case, even if the police should fire; he would march in the front rank and let himself be shot. In answer, the government forbade, not only the demonstration of the storm battalions, but also twelve public meetings at which Hitler was to speak afterward.

Who was Hitler, anyway? Did the state rise and fall with him? Was he really the most controversial person in the country, the most mysterious figure of his day — or was he just a nuisance and disturber of the peace, who could be extinguished by a touch of the trigger without any special repercussions? The question was put to the Reichswehr, for it was the Reichswehr which would have to do the firing. Lossow called his officers together and asked their opinion. Epp fumed: intolerable how the government was treating a national movement like the National Socialists. Röhm openly accused the ministers of treason against the national cause; he would not shoot at these men who were his comrades. Now a remarkable thing happened: the two conspirators encountered opposition. The captains and majors no longer agreed among themselves. A part of them already saw and sensed how the new national army was growing and coming to demand respect; they felt the magnetic force of this inwardly strong force drawing them away from the chaotic murderers' army of the Uprooted and Disinherited. 'How can you combine your attitude with your oath to the flag?' Röhm was asked. Lossow hesitated, dismissed his officers, did not object to the government's measures. The Reichswehr had let Hitler down.

Epp went back to his office, deeply depressed. Röhm, in despair, assembled a few like-minded comrades and stormed into Epp's room. He pleaded with him to gather courage and besiege Lossow again. In the end, he personally dragged the hesitant infantry leader to the supreme commander. Epp went into Lossow's study and spoke with him alone; panting and feverish, Röhm sat in the vestibule. The whole scene was not far from military insubordina-

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tion. Lossow stepped to the door: 'Can you bring Hitler himself here?' 'Of course!' Röhm hurried away.

scene A few minutes later, Hitler and Lossow faced one another for the first time. For the first time Lossow looked into the empty, undistinguished face of the legend, faced an embarrassed, over-polite man, striving almost obsequiously to make a good impression. By the quietness of his tone, Hitler strove to convince the general that the government's fear of a *putsch* was absurd. Lossow's appraisal, as he later reported, was: 'Insignificant!' The general could not believe that this man represented a danger. But he did not wish to impair the government's authority unnecessarily. So he proposed to Hitler that he give Minister Schweyer his personal word of honor not to make a *putsch* — then he might be allowed to parade. Now, before Lossow's astonished eyes, occurred a human transformation such as few men can accomplish. Out of the embarrassed nothing there suddenly burst a volcano, filling the room with bad manners and shouting: Hitler roared that he would give Minister Schweyer no word of honor; no, never again; he had given it to him once, and one word of honor was all he had. But he would give His Excellency, the Herr General, his word, that he would make no *putsch* on January 26, 1923. He would report again to His Excellency on January 28. These, at least, were the words in which Hitler himself described the same scene later.

Lossow, again undecided, called the officers a second time and asked them if they would fire on the National Socialists if ordered to. Answer, unanimously: yes. That set his mind at rest. He commissioned Röhm to inform the government 'that in the interests of national defense, he would regret any vexation of the national elements'; he suggested that the government re-examine its decisions. And the government acceded to the armed forces. The police president again sent for Hitler and told him that the prohibition had been withdrawn; merely requested that Hitler voluntarily abandon his open-air demonstration. 'Perhaps,' said Hitler. He would see what could be done. The demonstration took place in the open.

'We have no cause to make a *putsch*,' Hitler scoffed in his speech to his troops. 'The government is so rotten and shaky that sooner or later it will collapse of its own accord.' That was his explana-

tion for his word make itself; assured words — that the collapse. 'The fifth Half a dozen troops that German success of our mission.

But despite this wehr had reached experienced and tariat in its own was why the Röhl Hitler was expected the spring of 1923 hope had been for the unions in the wheels of industry tariat seemed to be

General von See ing, the most popular Prussian Minister police, an armed men arrived at an be set up. Severing warfare against Poland merely to protect Polish volunteers invasion of the Ruhr of Memel by force. population, but also there was no help, against the weakest

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tion for his word of honor: I will make no *putsch*. The *putsch* will
make itself; assuming, of course—and again there was fear in his
words—that the battle of the Ruhr should be lost and Germany
collapse. 'The fight in the Ruhr must and will collapse!' he cried.
Half a dozen times, in different terms, he declared to his storm
troops that Germany was going under. 'Our job is to insure the
success of our movement!'

But despite this seeming success, Hitler's relation to the Reichs-
wehr had reached a strange turning point. The Reichswehr had
experienced and learned to understand the problem of the prole-
tariat in its own flesh—almost succumbing in the process. That
was why the Röhm and Epps had founded their Workers' Party.
Hitler was expected to bring the workers to the army—and in
the spring of 1923, his employers were forced to admit that this
hope had been frustrated. In its place a new hope arose. When
the unions in the Ruhr, with machine-like precision, stopped the
wheels of industry for the fatherland, a new road to the prole-
tariat seemed to open. It was not Hitler's road.

General von Seeckt in Berlin made an agreement with Carl Sever-
ing, the most popular of the Social Democratic leaders, who, as
Prussian Minister of the Interior, was in command of the Prussian
police, an armed force second only to the Reichswehr. The two
men arrived at an agreement: despite Versailles, a secret army must
be set up. Severing, to be sure, did not venture to contemplate open
warfare against France. The purpose of the new army should be
merely to protect the eastern border against any sudden attack by
Polish volunteers or similar groups. Shortly after the French in-
vasion of the Ruhr, little Lithuania seized the German border city
of Memel by force. This was done, not only against the will of the
population, but also against the will of France and England; but
there was no help, and Germany was unable to protect her territory
against the weakest of her neighbors.

Since there was no legal remedy in the framework of the peace
treaties, it would have been surprising, indeed, if no illegal remedy
had been found. The 'black'—i.e., secret—Reichswehr came to
life. The soldiers were ostensibly 'short-term volunteers.' Most of
them were the old, familiar faces from the murderers' army, the

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This agreement had been made by Röhm. To his mind, the goal
of all his desires was virtually achieved. His side had a large army
for civil war; they had the power; all they needed was the will.
But just this was the weak point. The will had to be aroused in
the generals. And here Hitler, unlike Röhm, sensed an almost in-
superable difficulty: these generals would never want civil war.

Hitler was in a desperate position, requiring of them a political
decision they had no intention of making, since they no longer
thought it necessary. They already had their army.

In these straits, Hitler decided to employ the magnetic force of
his voice on Lossow. Perhaps the general could be bewitched.
Hitler called on him week after week, and in April, 1923, nearly
every day. He besought him to raise the banner of civil war, to
summon the entire Reichswehr to revolution, to overthrow the
government in Berlin. Lossow later admitted that Hitler's elo-
quence made a great impression on him—though only for a time.
But one thing Lossow could never deny: '... that in our confer-
ences of spring, 1923, Hitler never wanted anything for himself.
He wanted no position, no government post; all he wanted was
to make propaganda and prepare the terrain for him who was to
come. . . .'

Who was to come? Directly questioned, Hitler would have re-
plied, perhaps with some embarrassment: Ludendorff, the great
Quartermaster General of the World War. He did not yet dare to
say: myself. He modestly declared that he was only a drummer
who would awaken Germany. In those days Hitler always hid
behind this myth of modesty when the influential leaders of the
German counter-revolution began to suspect that they were nur-
turing their own gravedigger.

Meanwhile, in the Ruhr, little troops of men crept at night
through the industrial territory. They laid dynamite on railroad
trestles, bridges, and junctions. French military trains were blown
up. In the canals ships sank, and for days the westward stream
of coal was interrupted. The secret army had again found a task.
These dynamite squads were led at night by guides who knew the
country. The dynamiters were the cream of armed bohemia. The
guides, however, were often even more dubious characters, who for

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money betrayed the men they guided to the French. In this way Albert Leo Schlageter met his death at the hands of a French firing squad, May 27, 1923—this was the man of whom Hitler said that the German people was not worthy to possess him. Before the French military court, Schlageter declared that a desire to make money had led him to dynamiting; and, involuntarily perhaps, he betrayed a number of comrades. A number of the most hideous 'Vehmic murders' were committed at just this time.

This was not yet open warfare. But it had also ceased to be passive resistance, a war of folded arms. The unions began to protest. Severing protested to Seeckt. The Social Democrats wanted no bloodshed. Suddenly Hitler scented an opportunity for which he had no longer hoped. If the unions were against war, he would demand war. As late as the beginning of February, he had accused the 'Hebrews' of agitating for war. Then he began to shift. 'Did anyone really believe,' he asked, 'that the French military machine in the Ruhr could be "idled to death"?'

He cited Georges Clemenceau, the savior of France in the World War, who had declared that he would fight the Germans before Paris, he would fight them in Paris, and he would fight them behind Paris. That was what should have been done in the Ruhr. Weapons? Technical armament? 'That is simple. Child's play. And even if at first we had nothing but our fists! If sixty million people had a single will, a fanatical national mind—the arms would spring forth from our fists!' When he was perfectly sure that no one would follow his advice, he demanded a mass orgy of dynamite; the smelting ovens might well be blown up, he said in August, 1923, when the fight was virtually over; coal mines might be flooded, houses go up in flames—if only the people were strong and unflinching, all these things would rise up again. But even these words seem cold and threadbare, compared with the same speech, when published months later in book form. Only then did he really think of all that he might have said, of the mighty, heroic impression he might have made:

Blow up the furnaces, flood the coal mines, burn the houses to the ground—provided that behind them a nation arises, strong,

unflinching, if people rise again have become to such a nation this had been a caution. And many had recoiled have been the in London. Not from time immemorial securing safety continental power question to have determination: Furnace after France's army horror of such different position

A speech full of failing: it was never

Forged words of For this is the core Reichswehr is spirit it and renew it content of the extremists of This must succeed his fate for many must not return to misery; that is a new truth and the growing necessity will bring sand persons, by way

The possessions, ruins. They were shifting, restless flaring forth a fascinating out for bread, and Clemenceau, are too

And each one will have to ask himself: Will you be one of those? Hammer, Sickie, and Star, the Red Banner will rise over Germany, but France will not give back the Ruhr.'

As he wallowed in these images of terror, fear grew in him: fear that the wave which bore him might suddenly break; fear that this creeping catastrophe might end, not with a sudden plunge to ruin, but with a sudden turn for the better, a sudden mustering of energies, a sudden salvation. Hitler lived in dread of a sudden shift of fortune. What he particularly dreaded was that despite his prophecies France should give back the Ruhr.

So he looked desperately for an opportunity to force the Reichswehr into a bloody civil war, before it was too late. The opportunity seemed to come. It was May Day, 1923, 'world holiday of the proletariat.' Trade unions, Social Democrats, and even Communists planned to gather peaceably and respectably in a meadow outside Munich, listen to a few festive speeches, and sing a few of their songs—the traditional, somewhat sleepy workers' holiday as it was celebrated in most countries of the world. It was the dull demonstration of those masses who, as Hitler liked to say, were compounded of stupidity, cowardice, and laziness—of men who, 'working only with their bodies, either possess no clarity of thought, or become disinclined to all brain work. A gigantic organization of work animals, without spiritual leadership.' At all events, a peaceable herd. And just this gave Hitler courage. He called his lieutenants together and declared that under any circumstances this Red demonstration must be broken up. He, together with the leader of other 'combat leagues,' addressed an ultimatum to the government: the May Day celebration must be forbidden, or blood would flow. Leaflets were printed: Women and children, off the streets! One of the subordinate leaders promised that the Reds would be shot down like mad dogs.

But the rifles lay in the barracks. Hitler and his comrades went to Lossow and demanded them. What for? Well . . . there was danger of a Marxist *putsch*. This was a pretext, and a particularly bad one. Defense against a Marxist *putsch*, said Lossow, is something you can leave to me. Hitler grew red in the face and reminded the general of his promise to release the arms any time they were asked

for. Lossow: 'As far as I'm concerned, I will not release the arms. The streets will be fired on, regardless.'

This was almost war without a war. Hitler tried a desperate trick. The storm troops jumped into the streets—for secretly, behind Lossow's back, to offer no resistance. The storm troops, as though quite at home, took the place of the regular soldiers, took over the trucks and drove off into the streets. Hitler's store of courage. On the other hand, thousands of Socialists stood bent over their speakers, scarce mean while—stricken with fear—marched out the other end of the city. On another meadow Reichswehr troops were drilled and incite them against Lossow. He had lost his feeling for men on his head, his Iron Cross from one Reichswehr officer hour to hour. For, as the hour of the day passed, he had learned of Röhm's disobedience, the captain, and worse was to come. Orders reached the Oberwiesenthal barracks around Hitler's troops and arms. Hitler could only capitulate. He could not take the weapons back to the barracks. The surrendering them in the end was an ignominious defeat.

At the decisive moment Hitler and his men had seen this. He only declined to help Hitler, buff. More and more clearly the off the armed adventurers; the same past and more or less

ask himself: Will you be one of those? The Red Banner will rise over Germany, and the Ruhr.'

Images of terror, fear grew in him: fear that might suddenly break; fear that this end, not with a sudden plunge to ruin, but the better, a sudden mustering of enemies lived in dread of a sudden shift of fortune. He dreaded was that despite his prophecies the Ruhr.

It was an opportunity to force the Reichswehr, before it was too late. The opportunity came on May Day, 1923, 'world holiday of the Social Democrats, and even Communists' and respectfully in a meadow outside the city festive speeches, and sing a few of somewhat sleepy workers' holiday as theatries of the world. It was the dullness of men who, as Hitler liked to say, were cowardice, and laziness—of men who, however, either possess no clarity of thought, or no will to work. A gigantic organization of men and leadership. At all events, a peace—Hitler courage. He called his lieutenants that under any circumstances this must be broken up. He, together with the lieutenants, addressed an ultimatum to the Reichswehr: celebration must be forbidden, or bloodshed: Women and children, off the streets. The leaders promised that the Reds would not be dogs.

Hitler and his comrades went to the barracks. What for? Well... there was danger. What was a pretext, and a particularly bad one. The putsch, said Lossow, is something new in the face and reminded the men of the arms any time they were asked

for. Lossow: 'As far as I'm concerned, you can call me a perjurer—I will not release the arms. And anyone creating disorder in the streets will be fired on, regardless of who it is.'

This was almost war with the Reichswehr. Hitler now ventured a desperate trick. Trucks drove up to the gates of the barracks, storm troops jumped out, the troops in the barracks didn't stir—for secretly, behind Lossow's back, Röhm had given orders to offer no resistance. The storm troopers marched into the barracks as though quite at home there, shouted a few comradely jokes at the regular soldiers, took the weapons they wanted, threw them into the trucks and drove off. A daring venture—but it exhausted Hitler's store of courage. On a meadow outside the city some thousands of Socialists stood beneath their Red banners and quietly listened to their speakers, scarcely suspecting the danger. The danger, meanwhile—stricken with indecision and discouragement—marched out the other end of the city. There Hitler assembled his followers on another meadow known as the Oberwiesenfeld, where Reichswehr troops were drilling. Hitler hoped to win them over and incite them against Lossow: the former corporal had gone far, he had lost his feeling for military discipline. With a steel helmet on his head, his Iron Cross pinned to his chest, he ran desperately from one Reichswehr officer to another, growing gloomier from hour to hour. For, as the hours passed, his hopes dwindled. Lossow had learned of Röhm's disobedience; a torrent of rage broke over the captain, and worse was doubtless in store for him. Sharp orders reached the Oberwiesenfeld. The Reichswehr drew a cordon around Hitler's troops and demanded that they lay down their arms. Hitler could only capitulate. He was granted permission to take the weapons back to the barracks himself, spared the disgrace of surrendering them in the open. Nevertheless, the whole episode was an ignominious defeat.

At the decisive moment Hitler had not shown a warrior's heart—and his men had seen this. Worst of all, the Reichswehr had not only declined to help Hitler, but had also given him an actual rebuff. More and more clearly the solid core of the army was casting off the armed adventurers; they were still comrades, they still had the same past and more or less the same ideals; but their roads

were beginning to part. In the beginning the split was barely visible, for the lower ranks still hung closely, intimately together; the storm troopers still were at the same time 'black' Reichswehr; Hitler still hoped to force his will one day upon the hesitant generals who could not throw him off as easily as they might have wished. But a rift there was; and less than a year later it would be an abyss.

Thus the separation between the moderates and the extremists was on the way. On September 2, the extremists, i.e., National Socialists and several other combat leagues, gathered in Nuremberg. It was a meeting of about one hundred thousand people; the origin of the 'party meetings' of later days. Hitler and Ludendorff met, almost on the same level; but still in the eyes of most Ludendorff was the real leader, Hitler only his aide and tool. The combat leagues and storm troopers formed a loosely knit union, the 'German Combat Union.' It had, in spite of strong-worded proclamations, no definite aims; it was concluded in expectation of the 'national catastrophe' which Hitler had predicted for a long time.

For in the midst of the chaos, amid the disintegration of a million fortunes and careers, Germany was gathering her strength for a new accomplishment. It had grown clear that if the Ruhr War were continued, Germany would bleed to death economically. But it was also known that the French people had no heart for this costly war in peace-time; that they dreaded any armed expedition into the heart of Germany and wanted to keep their soldiers at home; at heart they no longer supported the intransigent Poincaré. Both sides had but one desire, to end the mad struggle; and in the depths of her misery, Germany found a leadership possessing the moral courage to take the first step toward peace, a step which at first sight seemed a capitulation, but which actually led to a series of successes in the field of foreign relations, to an economic upsurge at home, and the restoration of defeated Germany to the ranks of a great power. This policy was, to a large extent, inspired by England. Lord d'Abernon, British ambassador to Berlin, was one of its spiritual fathers. In August the Reichstag overthrew the Cuno cabinet; Doctor Gustav Stresemann, a parliamentarian of the half liberal, half nationalist Right, a former chauvinist, for a time an

adversary of the republic, h months he relinquished thi and for years after that ren Stresemann wanted peace a tors. To regain her strengt peace she would have to res she might consider unjust. I influence on France; Americ loan to bolster up German economy and the stabilizati in the fall of 1923 had reach On September 24, 1923, th Ruhr War unconditionally.

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* Dr. W. C. C.
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adversary of the republic, became Chancellor; at the end of a few months he relinquished this post, but remained Foreign Minister, and for years after that remained the political leader of Germany. Stresemann wanted peace and a real *rapprochement* with the victors. To regain her strength, Germany needed peace, and to enjoy peace she would have to resign herself to certain conditions which she might consider unjust. England promised to exert a moderating influence on France; American and English banks promised a large loan to bolster up German finances, for the restoration of German economy and the stabilization of the German currency, which late in the fall of 1923 had reached the low point of 1 : 1,000,000,000,000. On September 24, 1923, the German government broke off the Ruhr War unconditionally.

Unconditional surrender—Hitler's triumph! His forecasts came true, the war on the Ruhr was lost; here was Germany's defeat, by Fate necessary for his victory. Everywhere in Germany the murderers' army leaped to its feet. One day after the end of the Ruhr War, Röhm proposed that the 'German Combat Union' make Hitler its political leader, and this was done. Hitler himself, as always in such crucial hours, did not make a decision immediately, but was ready to take his lead from events that seemed inevitable now. He started an extraordinary propaganda campaign; arranged, for September 26, fourteen mass meetings in Munich alone, ordered his fifteen thousand S.A. men to be ready in full strength. If public opinion was ready—and this he wanted to find out by his fourteen mass meetings—he would march; rather his masses would march and take him with them. Such was his strategy; to be led by events was what he called intuition.

But the Bavarian government parried this slowly flying thunderbolt in time. It set up its own dictator, Gustav von Kahr again, this time with the title of State Commissioner General. Kahr, a short, thickset, dark-haired man, was no inspiring personality; stubborn, but slow of decision; his limitations disappeared for a short time behind a halo of ambition and vanity. His power was greater than his ability, his popularity greater than his daring. But he started well; without hesitation he suppressed Hitler's fourteen mass meetings. In the presence of Hess, Göring, and Röhm, Hitler shrieked, he

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 ally popular. Then England pro-
 ate a French vassal state on the
 : seeming success, the separatist
 en the French army hardly dared
 : popular indignation. One win-
 civilians rowed across the Rhine

and broke into a hotel in Speyer where one of the most powerful
 separatist leaders was dining. They turned off the lights. Shots
 rang out in the darkness. When the lights were turned on, the in-
 truders had vanished and the separatist leader lay dying beside
 his table. In the city of Pirmasens, a crowd gathered under the eyes
 of the French garrison, surrounded the district office where the
 separatist 'government' was located; a few dare-devils climbed the
 roof, poured gasoline on the building, and set it on fire. Some
 sixty of those within met their death in the flames.

But there was more unrest in shaken Germany. A Communist
 wave arose; the Communist leadership saw a 'revolutionary situ-
 ation' and believed it would be possible, by a clever combination of
legal and illegal procedures, to seize power in at least part of Ger-
many. Communist-influenced and, for all practical purposes, Com-
 munist-led régimes gained power in Saxony and Thuringia, in the
 heart of Germany, just halfway between Munich and Berlin.

This Communist uprising was just that piece of chaos which Hit-
ler needed in order to go on. He demanded a northward march
 of the Reichswehr from Bavaria, in alliance with his storm troops
 and the other combat leagues. First they would put down Com-
 munistism in central Germany; then go to Berlin and, in collabora-
 tion with the North-German Reichswehr, overthrow the govern-
 ment which had permitted the existence of Communist régimes in
 the heart of the country. The march on Berlin became his program
 for the next months. Troops of the 'German Combat Union' gath-
 ered on the Thuringian frontier, ready to invade 'the enemy's
 country.'

Kahr, too, dreamed of seizing the Communist pretext in order to
 start, from Bavaria, a counter-revolution over the whole of Ger-
 many. There was, besides, a strong dose of Bavarian separatism
 and anti-Prussianism in his plans; an idea to restore the monarchy
 in Bavaria. His motives never have become quite clear, probably
 not even to himself. Anyhow, he induced Lossow not to obey orders
 from Berlin any more, but to take orders only from him. Kahr. A
 national split was threatened, although Kahr and Lossow went on
 assuring that they did not want to get 'away from Berlin'; but
 'forward to Berlin.'

again Kahr, von Lossow, and the commander of the Bavarian police troops, one von Seisser, formed a triumvirate with practically unlimited power in Bavaria. The three may have been uncertain for some time whether they meant to reach an understanding with the government in Berlin or overthrow it. But they were pretty well agreed as to one aim: to discipline Hitler and render him harmless. Not to destroy him entirely, but to reduce him to the level of a tool. They employed the illusory, halfway methods which have destroyed so many moderate rulers who thought they could make pacts with extremists and use them as tools. 'We always tried,' said Lossow later with childish pride, 'to bring Herr Hitler back to reality, to the realm of facts, for we had recognized the healthy core of the Hitlerite movement. We saw this core in the movement's power of recruiting the workers to a national point of view.'

Then something decisive happened: the Communist pretext disappeared. First the Communists shrank from an open uprising; they did so on orders given by the man who at that time already practically wielded the strongest influence on the international Communist machine: the secretary general of the Russian Communist Party, Josef Dugashwili Stalin. By a technical mistake there was an isolated outbreak in Hamburg (October 26); for three days the Red workers fired desperately from roofs and windows and for this folly of their inadequate leadership died in vain. Then Berlin liquidated what was left. Northern German Reichswehr marched into Saxony and Thuringia (October 29), deposed the Socialist and Communist, but nevertheless quite legal, governments by force and thus put an end to the 'Bolshevist menace.' With it disappeared Hitler's strongest propaganda weapon; and it is an irony of history that Josef Stalin had a share in this blow.

This was, for all intents and purposes, the end of the march on Berlin as the triumvirate of dictators in Bavaria soon found out. Seisser, in the first days of November, went to Berlin, talked with General von Seeckt, came back and reported that Seeckt wouldn't march. The big financial backers lost interest in the counter-revolution. These financial backers, anyway, never had been behind Hitler, but behind men like Kahr. Even a meeting between the

representative of Hugo Stinnes with a clash: 'you are much too much for me,' said Stinnes to the dorf. Hitler's march on Berlin.

Two separate worlds were rising: a world of order, steadily growing and easily hurt, growing and a world of disintegration, outbursts against its own ruin of the chaos, as five years before; in both struggles he was a world of normalcy. A Nothing powers did not develop in a flowered when it came to ground amid wreckage, climbing over a man possessed it to a ground to all disintegration and decay the abyss and in them he knew them alone. With uncanny accuracy of the adversary; but in perception and understanding persuasion, planning, sudden really impossible. Unless there turned, subjugated, this strange tone which continued to an achieved the summits of power. almost hypnotically to circumstances them so effectively. In times of times, he lost all restraint; lil

The Nothing put in an apparent conspirators enjoying positions drew from politics or decided order. And now Adolf Hitler's his empty face with the piercing

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representative of Hugo Stinnes, Minoux, and Ludendorff ended with a clash: 'you are much too economic for me,' shouted Ludendorff. Hitler's march on Berlin became a march into empty space.

Two separate worlds were at that time fighting each other: a rising world of order, still with tender membranes and limbs, easily hurt, growing and solidifying amid infinite perils—and a world of disintegration and tumult, struggling with wild outbursts against its own ruin. Hitler fought for the perpetuation of the chaos, as five years before he had fought to perpetuate the war; in both struggles he was defending his spiritual home. In a world of normalcy a Nothing, in chaos a Titan—his extraordinary powers did not develop in supporting the tottering edifice; they flowered when it came to giving it one last shove. Swimming amid wreckage, climbing over ruins; that is his gift; and seldom has a man possessed it to a greater degree. With his inner kinship to all disintegration and decay he senses the currents that lead to the abyss and in them he knows how to steer his course. But in them alone. With uncanny acuteness he guesses the hidden weakness of the adversary; but in the presence of tranquil strength his perception and understanding are dulled. All his gifts of oratory, persuasion, planning, suddenly left him once a venture proved really impossible. Unless there was something to be smashed, overturned, subjugated, this strange personality assumed the dull gray tone which continued to amaze observers even after he had achieved the summits of power. A hypersensitive nature, he reacted almost hypnotically to circumstances. This is why he responded to them so effectively. In times of calm, he was sleepy; in tormented times, he lost all restraint; like a flag, he snaps in the storm.

The Nothing put in an appearance as the chaos lifted. Those conspirators enjoying positions of power or other influence withdrew from politics or decided to collaborate with the changed order. And now Adolf Hitler stepped forward to show the world his empty face with the piercing eyes of fiery revolt.

Suddenly his picture appeared on every wall. Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer, received an order for thousands of picture postcards showing his face. A motion picture was made. In it, Hitler appeared with General Ludendorff as equal beside equal, but

even then it was felt that Ludendorff represented tradition, while Hitler was youth, the future—hence the true leader, '*Der Führer*.' The term became current at this period, and from the beginning it meant the Leader of All Germany—at the very least.

The political problem remained as before, the problem which faces every counter-revolution: to persuade the state power to make a revolution. The revolution from above never ceased to be the goal of Hitler's strategy—even after the top leaders had abandoned the idea as superfluous. For Lossow, though for a time he had been driven by circumstances not of his choosing into a sort of revolt amounting almost to mutiny against Seeckt, desired only a return to discipline and order. Röhm resigned from the Reichswehr at the end of September, 1923. His exact reasons are still not clear. Perhaps the accusations of armament swindling had something to do with it. In any case, his political rôle in the Reichswehr was at an end. He now set all his hopes on a revolution of the National Socialists, on the revolution and victory of the creature which he had been building for five years. At about the same time, Epp went on leave, and tendered his formal resignation a few months later. Less courageous, less crafty than Röhm, he moved away from the National Socialists and aimed at a political career with the moderate bourgeois parties. He did not believe in Hitler's star.

Meanwhile, the middle officers, the captains and majors, continued to live in expectation of the *putsch*, for they expected it to bring an enlarged army, with magnificent posts and promotions. They saw Ludendorff as their future general; and Hitler as the man who would carry out the *putsch*. It was their expectations which goaded Hitler forward. He knew that he was in a desperate way; he exclaimed: 'I have taken this road, and I will follow it to the end, even alone and forsaken.'

Since there was no other solution, he ran headlong into the most insane gamble: an uprising against the Reichswehr.

He began by giving Lossow another of his words of honor not to *putsch* against the Reichswehr; in order to be believed, he felt it necessary to add: 'Don't think I'm stupid enough to do that!' He promised Seisser too: no *putsch* against the police. But later

he quite naïvely expounded to he meant to disorganize the I Ludendorff to be the military or officer would fire on Lude disparagingly to General von for they cling to their swill pa down, no one will fire on Lu tionously and coolly suggested t cally not very intelligent, Hi plained that he needed Luden he would have nothing to say fail to realize, Hitler was for (Napoleon I and Gambetta had was the German Mussolini too.

At that very hour, unknown leader of the storm troops, was that of course the government 'something or other' would be i time Göring gave bloodthirsty revolution will soon break out; by unprecedented terror; in ev immediately be shot dead, to fr

Germany was returning to o herited still wanted their *putsc* ginning of stability and were : someone couldn't get rid of his pay his taxes, he would say: "I tional Socialists." Five years lat terms to describe the men who si hour. And these were not the n Lossow and appealed to his cons. of the National Socialist S.A. at starving. Soon it would be impo

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revolution, he ran headlong into the trap against the Reichswehr. Another of his words of honor not true; in order to be believed, he felt that I'm stupid enough to do that! He stood against the police. But later

he quite naively expounded to Lossow the crafty means by which he meant to disorganize the Reichswehr: he had enlisted General Ludendorff to be the military head of his uprising, and no soldier or officer would fire on Ludendorff. 'The generals, yes,' he said disparagingly to General von Lossow, 'they might want to shoot, for they cling to their swill pail, their pay-checks; but from major down, no one will fire on Ludendorff.' When Lossow very cautiously and coolly suggested that perhaps Ludendorff was politically not very intelligent, Hitler apparently quite flattered, explained that he needed Ludendorff only for the army; politically he would have nothing to say, for politically, as Lossow couldn't fail to realize, Hitler was for Germany what, in similar situations, Napoleon I and Gambetta had been for France, and of course he was the German Mussolini too.

At that very hour, unknown to Hitler, Captain Göring, supreme leader of the storm troops, was telling a member of Lossow's staff that of course the government must be led by Ludendorff, and 'something or other' would be found for Herr Hitler. At the same time Göring gave bloodthirsty commands to his lieutenants: the revolution will soon break out; you must make yourselves respected by unprecedented terror; in every locality, 'at least one man must immediately be shot dead, to frighten the people.' D.T. antebony

Germany was returning to order, but the Uprooted and Disinherited still wanted their *putsch*. They could not yet see the beginning of stability and were still living in absolute despair. 'If someone couldn't get rid of his Jewish roomer, or didn't want to pay his taxes, he would say: "I can't stand it, I'm joining the National Socialists."' Five years later, Hitler used these contemptuous terms to describe the men who supported him in Germany's darkest hour. And these were not the most desperate. Ludendorff sent for Lossow and appealed to his conscience: better strike soon; the ranks of the National Socialist S.A. and the other defense leagues were starving. Soon it would be impossible to restrain them from action.

One of the lesser leaders of the S.A. was a former lieutenant, Wilhelm Brückner, who subsequently became Hitler's personal adjutant. Brückner later gave a classic picture of the army of the Uprooted and Disinherited in court. Officers, he related, had come

D.T. Göring lieutenant

to him with the reproach: 'You aren't striking! It's all the same to us. Whoever it is that strikes, we'll go along.' And Brückner had begged Hitler to strike soon, for 'the day is coming when I won't be able to hold the men back. If nothing happens now, they'll run away from us.' Action at any price. For Hitler the leap into the void became a bitter necessity. 'We had many unemployed in the S.A.,' Brückner went on, 'men who had staked their last suit, their last pair of shoes, their last cent to be trained as soldiers, and were saying: Soon things will move, we'll be put into the Reichswehr, and that will be the end of our misery.' The uprooted looked on civil war as their bread and butter and for that they drove their Leader on.

Chai

THE BEER

HITLER HAD HESITATED nearly broke the movement. From one moment to the next The task was to drive the go This time it looked as though the Wise Men of Zion.

Two refugees from Russia and his friend, Max Richter. Prussia, but he had spent a large German Baltic provinces, from ing the Russian revolution of 1 little private armies set up by defense against the revolution— Hundreds. He had married the factory he had guarded. Later man 'diplomat,' or rather agent, agent, he had been involved Fleeing from Russia, he had fou revolution. Lossow knew him f him as a man of dubious hon vouched for his good character. himself with his wife's family von Scheubner-Richter.

This political schemer of the worldly man than his young fr

1913

the Wise Men of Zion make a revolution. The revolution must be 'imperceptible,' say the *Protocols*; 'under an outward appearance of legality, the last traces of legal, constitutional life must gradually be destroyed.' At the end of September, Scheubner-Richter had provided Hitler with a lengthy plan for revolution. 'The national revolution,' he wrote, 'must not precede the seizure of political power; the seizure of the state's police power constitutes the premise for the national revolution'; one must, therefore, strive 'to lay hands on the state police power in a way that is at least outwardly legal.'

This was the type of revolution that the captains and majors had been working on for five years—revolution 'by permission of the Herr Präsident,' it was called in a secret document (one of a number that has come down to us).

In the first days of November, a great celebration, in memory of the war dead, was to be held not far from the Feldherrn Halle. According to plan, the heads of the state would stand in a short, narrow side-street, waiting for the Reichswehr troops to parade past. Kahr, Lossow, Seisser, the real rulers of Bavaria, would be there, and with them nearly all the important ministers. Also present would be Crown Prince Rupprecht, who, except for the revolution of 1918, would have been the king of Bavaria. In the war, Rupprecht had served as a field marshal and led great armies. Among the upper classes of Bavaria, whom Hitler needed, he enjoyed an almost mystical respect. Kahr, the dictator, was himself a convinced monarchist and viewed it as his life's aim some day to proclaim Rupprecht king—for these old civil servants could conceive of revolution only as a restoration of the monarchy. Hitler, it is true, despised the German princes for their cowardly flight in 1918. A few weeks previous he had informed Rupprecht through an intermediary that unless the prince did his bidding he would 'sweep him aside.' But now that the occasion offered, the king seemed to him just the right tool and very welcome.

Scheubner-Richter's and Rosenberg's plan was this: When all the notables were assembled in their little alley, but before the parading troops arrived, a few hundred storm troopers would suddenly descend in trucks, close off the street, covering the approaches with

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machine guns. Hitler would then approach Prince Rupprecht and Herr von Kahr and politely inform them that the German revolution was on. The overthrow of the monarchy in 1918 would be avenged, the dethroned prince recover his rights; he could then proclaim the German revolution and anything else that seemed suitable. Hitler was delighted with the idea. On the day of the celebration, Rosenberg reconnoitered the side-street in question, and was horrified to find a large and well-armed police guard. The revolution had to be called off.

But the plan was retained and carried out four days later in modified form. On the morning of November 8, Hitler made a visit to Ernst Pöhner, the former police commissioner, who had always protected him so well. Hitler told Pöhner he was going to make his *putsch* that night: 'I have great confidence in you,' he said. 'I have an important post in mind for you—will you help?' Carried away by the conspirator's lighthearted daring, Pöhner assented, and at once rendered a vital service. On the night of November 8, Kahr was to address a mass meeting, and this seemed to be the decisive opportunity to put the 'revolution with the permission of the president' through. It appears that Hitler feared Kahr might make a kind of Bavarian separatist pronunciamento—at least, this fear gave him a pretext to do what he did. All the political leaders of Bavaria—though without the prince—were again assembled in a small space. This time it was in the Bürgerbräu Keller, one of the many great halls in the city, where, in accordance with Bavarian custom, thousands of thirsty souls gathered at rough-hewn tables to drink beer out of big stone mugs. Most political meetings were held in these halls; Hitler had spoken dozens of times in the Bürgerbräu.

Kahr was to make a political speech—on a matter of little importance. Lossow, Seisser, and most of the ministers were present; and about three thousand people, who might well have been considered the leaders of the government, the army, society, and industry. The chief of the Munich police was also there, having delegated his post to a junior official, with whom we are already acquainted: Wilhelm Frick—the man who could not find the murderers. Frick was still blindly devoted and fanatically obedient

Does not lose one's nerve. A liar
is as reliable as an honest man
so long as he keeps lying.

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to Pöchner. The Bürgerbräu, a large building surrounded by a fenced-in garden, hence easy to defend, had an ample police guard. But Frick, at the behest of his former boss, telephoned the commanding officer not to intervene in the event of disorders; but to wait and report all happenings to him.

What happened was that Hitler's armed followers captured three thousand men, representing the entire state power of Bavaria. It was many hours before the nature of the event became halfway clear to the outside world. Hitler's purpose was simply to set his gun at the heads of the dictators and force them to *putsch*. He felt sure he could carry the three thousand away by his eloquence. Six hundred of his storm troops quietly surrounded the building in the dusk. At police headquarters, Frick gave the police commissioner permission for the revolution. The president himself sat in the Bürgerbräu Keller, and Hitler took him prisoner along with the rest.

With his storm troops at their posts, Hitler, seemingly an innocent guest, stood amid the beer fumes in the crowded vestibule and whispered a command to a little middle-aged man with a pince-nez. The little man was Scheubner-Richter. Hitler bade him drive out to Ludendorff's place in the suburbs, inform the general that the *coup d'état* was an accomplished fact, offer him a command in the army, and bring him to the Bürgerbräu at once. All this, of course, with the greatest politeness—yet there was no mistaking that the unknown corporal was giving the general orders and a job.

The trucks bearing storm troopers and machine guns rushed out of the darkness, the illumined entrances of the building were suddenly black with armed men. Inside, Kahr stood unsuspecting on the platform; for half an hour he had been arduously reading from his prepared manuscript. Hitler rushed into the hall, at his left side was Alfred Rosenberg, meditating, perhaps, on the words of the Wise Men of Zion: that the boldest and most treacherous strokes are those that gain the admiration of the peoples. At Hitler's right side a broad-shouldered man with a mighty mustache; this was Ulrich Graf, apprentice butcher, an amateur wrestler and great brawler; he followed Hitler everywhere with the loyalty of a dog, a gun always ready in his pocket. Behind them came Rudolf Hess.

Hitler jumped on a c the entrance to the l down, and through t stony-faced police maj Hitler, fearing a shot man's head, and screa Another police office himself and mounted fused, had taken a fa audience: 'The nation occupied by six hund the hall. Unless there placed in the gallery. been occupied, Reichs under the swastika bau

According to a witn His nerves were appa point nearly all who s raucous voice, he order A voice in the crowd Shoot!' Little prevent to death by the crowd. a machine gun meant, to Seisser—as both h Siesser passed the wor appeared from the hall,

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Hitler jumped on a chair, while his men set up a machine gun at the entrance to the hall; he fired a pistol at the ceiling, jumped down, and through the sudden silence strode to the platform. A stony-faced police major, his hands in his pockets, barred the way. Hitler, fearing a shot through the coat, quickly set his gun at the man's head, and screamed: 'Take your hands out of your pockets!' Another police officer pulled his arm away, but Hitler freed himself and mounted the platform where Kahr, pale and confused, had taken a few steps backward. Hitler cried out to the audience: 'The national revolution has begun. The building is occupied by six hundred heavily armed men. No one may leave the hall. Unless there is immediate quiet, I'll have a machine gun placed in the gallery. The Reichswehr and police barracks have been occupied, Reichswehr and police are marching on the city under the swastika banner.' Of this last, not a word was true.

According to a witness, Hitler had the 'expression of a madman.' His nerves were apparently unequal to the excitement. On this point nearly all who saw him that night were agreed. In a loud, raucous voice, he ordered Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser to follow him. A voice in the crowd cried out: 'Don't be cowards as in 1918. Shoot!' Little prevented Hitler and his men from being trampled to death by the crowd. Kahr was helpless. Lossow, who knew what a machine gun meant, held resistance to be useless. He whispered to Seisser—as both he and Seisser later stated: 'Put on an act!' Seisser passed the word to Kahr; amid this whispering they disappeared from the hall, led away as prisoners by the storm troopers.

What if they had refused? Today we know that Hitler's *putsch* would have instantly collapsed. But the three men were not so clear about the situation. Hitler's assertion that the Reichswehr had risen and joined him with cheers could have been true or false. Lossow, doubtless seething with rage and shame, held outward compliance to be the only way of gaining time and freedom of action.

The crowd in the hall was not so docile. Hitler left the hall with his prisoners and a sullen murmur arose. The mood grew menacing. 'Don't worry,' Göring shouted in a voice of thunder, 'we have the friendliest intentions, and anyway, you can be happy, you have your beer.'

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see Notebook A

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Meanwhile, in the adjoining room — a cold, dismal place, full of beer fumes — Hitler spoke to his three prisoners in confused, jumbled snatches. He told them that he had formed a new government with Ludendorff. This was again untrue. Ludendorff knew nothing about it. The three, he continued, had but one choice: to join him. He was the government; in a hoarse voice he stammered: 'Reich government — Hitler; National Army — Ludendorff; Police — Seisser.' Herr von Kahr could be Bavarian 'Provincial Administrator,' a post without power. Pöhner was to be premier with dictatorial powers.

No answer. All three were darkly silent. At the doors and windows stood armed bohemia, pistols at belts, rifles over their shoulders, daggers at their sides — wild men with burning eyes, the ravenous beast, sensing that the cage door is about to open. Hitler raised his pistol and cried out that he knew it was hard for the gentlemen to decide, but that anyone who did not want to collaborate in the post to which Hitler appointed him 'has no right to existence.' They had but one choice: to fight by his side and conquer, or to die. Lossow and Seisser later testified that he staggered round the room half-drunk, though he had certainly taken no alcohol. He brandished his gun in their faces: 'I have four shots in my pistol! Three for my collaborators if they abandon me. The last bullet for myself!' He set the pistol to his temple and said solemnly: 'If I am not victorious by tomorrow afternoon, I shall be a dead man.'

Meanwhile, the three had recovered their nerves. Kahr, with forced indifference, told Hitler to go ahead and shoot him: 'Dying or not dying makes no difference to me. . . .' Hitler, barely listening, roared at Graf: 'Get me a stein!' He wanted beer.

Seisser spoke. He reproached Hitler for breaking his word of honor. Hitler suddenly grew plaintive: 'Yes, I did. Forgive me, but I had to for the sake of the fatherland.' Lossow was still silent. Kahr began to say a few words under his breath to the general. Hitler flew into a rage and interrupted: no talking without his permission. Again hostile silence.

The *putsch* was threatening to collapse. Hitler had an inspiration. He ran from the room, dashed into the hall, faced the silent,

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San Cuestoya / H. H.
and speech THE REEF

sullen gathering and announce government with the three to be Reichswehr minister, Seisser be political leader, while Ludendorff, he repeated, 'will fix Germany, or will find us dead.'

Is the meeting agreed? — He heard that Kahr, Lossow, and all hearts grew light. With changed the mood of the meeting. Hitler returned to the adjoining room cheering through the open door and this made a great impression.

At this moment, General Scheubner-Richter, entered the room. He said he was just as surprised as they were that this was a great national event to collaborate. He now solemnly told them that this cost Ludendorff almost everything. He felt that Hitler had taken him in. That night he spoke barely five words to Hitler at all. When Ludendorff spoke fully, almost mockingly: 'We are already inscribed on the parchment.'

Suddenly Pöhner appeared. The little dictator was still resisting. He could act only in the name of the fatherland. Head taller than Kahr, spoke and he declared, 'and that is exact!' Ludendorff stood in the middle of the room, sheer respect demanded of the general. If this was comedy, Ludendorff approached Kahr, suddenly clapped hands and assumed an unexcused air. 'To repair the injustice such clemency permits, I will drive to inform him that the German people are with me.'

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end speech* THE BEER HALL PUTSCH *189*

sullen gathering and announced that he had just formed a national government with the three men in the next room. Lossow would be Reichswehr minister, Seisser police minister; he himself would be political leader, while Ludendorff would lead the army. 'To-morrow,' he repeated, 'will find a German national government in Germany, or will find us dead!'

Is the meeting agreed?—Hitler asked. When the three thousand heard that Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser were in accord with Hitler, all hearts grew light. With this lie, as a witness put it, Hitler changed the mood of the meeting 'like a glove.' Everyone cheered. Hitler returned to the adjoining room, and Kahr could hear the cheering through the open door. He was as vain as he was timid, and this made a great impression on him.

At this moment, General Ludendorff, punctually delivered by Scheubner-Richter, entered the room. He began at once to speak. He said he was just as surprised as the three gentlemen, but that this was a great national event, and he could only advise the three to collaborate. He now solemnly offered them his hand to shake. This cost Ludendorff almost as much self-control as the three. He felt that Hitler had taken him by surprise and humiliated him and that night he spoke barely five words to him. This didn't trouble Hitler at all. When Ludendorff had concluded, he cried out joyfully, almost mockingly: 'We can no longer turn back; our action is already inscribed on the pages of world history.'

Suddenly Pöhner appeared and began to argue with Kahr. The little dictator was still resisting: he was a monarchist after all and could act only in the name of his king. Pöhner, a big man, nearly a head taller than Kahr, spoke down to him. 'I, too, am a monarchist,' he declared, 'and that is exactly why I am taking part.' Meanwhile, Ludendorff stood in the middle of the room with outstretched hand; sheer respect demanded that Lossow take the hand of his general. If this was comedy, it was well played. Hitler meanwhile approached Kahr, suddenly changing his attitude. He folded his hands and assumed an unexpectedly humble tone: all he wanted was to repair the injustice suffered by the monarchy. 'If your excellency permits, I will drive out to see his majesty at once and inform him that the German people have arisen and made good

*he had made a dream
before he took action* *and his dream
came close
to choking him*

*Yet he survives. And not entirely
through my agency. He is developing
and, don't say it, he is becoming
exceptional.*

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the injustice that was done his majesty's late-lamented father.' In all circumstances and with all persons, he found the right words. Now Kahr, too, found his word: he was prepared to co-operate 'as the king's deputy.' He had almost forgotten that he was putting on a comedy.

The accord seemed complete. They all returned to the hall. Kahr spoke; Ludendorff spoke; Lossow spoke; Seisser spoke—the first two with emotion, the others with painful restraint. Hitler and Ludendorff celebrated the greatness of the moment: here in this hall, a German national government had been formed. Hitler repeated that he himself had undertaken the political direction of this government, thus fulfilling 'the oath I swore five years ago as a blind cripple in a military hospital.' As the historian, Karl Alexander von Müller, subsequently related, Hitler was as pleased as a child, 'beaming with joy, overjoyed at his success; he had a child-like, frank expression of happiness that I shall never forget.' Beside Müller sat Max von Gruber, professor of racial hygiene at Munich University, impassioned nationalist and scientist, uncontested authority in racial questions. As a witness, he made the following statement to the state's attorney: 'For the first time I saw Hitler at close quarters. Face and head: bad race, mongrel. Low, receding forehead, ugly nose, broad cheekbones, small eyes, dark hair; facial expression, not of a man commanding with full self-control, but betraying insane excitement. Finally, an expression of blisful egotism.'

The men on the platform all shook hands and swore loyalty to one another. The audience stood on tables and chairs and shouted, overpowered by enthusiasm. Hitler, who had threatened to shoot Kahr but a few minutes before, clasped his hand and said: 'Excellency, I shall stand faithfully behind you like a dog!'—perhaps he meant a watch-dog. Lossow and Seisser, to whom Hitler had broken his word of honor, received new oaths and new words of honor. And to the applauding, cheering throng, Hitler cried out that now there would be a march on Berlin, the 'great sinful Babel,' and there we shall establish a new Reich, a Reich of power and glory, Amen!

Suddenly, amid the merry tumult, a stout, gray-bearded man

stepped up to Hitler—Mini me with so much as a glance the chest with my finger, a let me tell you something, M laration you made to me in i will? Do you remember?"—embarrassment and gave me

While the others were swe each other's eyes, Lossow, w with his act. Beaming wit hand and spoke in a warm Rudolf Hess stood at the exi and arrested a number of m unnoticed. Hitler himself, d let his three victims, Kahr, J He was determined to prove then news arrived of a brawl troops at one of the barrack this, but Hitler didn't trust l leaving the beer hall in comm

The crowd began to brea seeped slowly through the r happy, a few dubious and w that they had experienced a b Lossow nonchalantly informee office, as there were important Seisser, he vanished in the de go?" Scheubner-Richter whisj to doubt the word of a Germa In the vestibule one of Kahr's all this meant? The little dictat despondent. You yourself saw sent. That kind of thing simj

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He shook hands and swore loyalty to the men on tables and chairs and shouted, 'Gloria, who had threatened to shoot at me, clasped his hand and said: 'Explain to me, behind you like a dog!'—perhaps to Seisser, to whom Hitler had made new oaths and new words of cheering throng, Hitler cried out to the men on Berlin, the 'great sinful Babel,' with Reich, a Reich of power and might, a stout, gray-bearded man

stepped up to Hitler—Minister Schweyer: 'Hitler did not honor me with so much as a glance. I stepped up to him, tapped him on the chest with my finger, and said in an emphatic tone: "Now let me tell you something, Mr. Hitler. Do you remember the declaration you made to me in my office a year ago, of your own free will? Do you remember?"—whereupon Hitler fell into a sort of embarrassment and gave me no answer.'

While the others were swearing oaths of loyalty and gazing into each other's eyes, Lossow, with features cast in bronze, went on with his act. Beaming with happiness, Hitler shook everyone's hand and spoke in a warm voice of Germany's dawning glory. Rudolf Hess stood at the exit with a few of his sturdy henchmen and arrested a number of ministers who tried to slip away home unnoticed. Hitler himself, despite all his apparent emotion, never let his three victims, Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser, out of his sight. He was determined to prevent them from leaving the hall. Just then news arrived of a brawl between Reichswehr men and storm troops at one of the barracks. Lossow could easily have settled this, but Hitler didn't trust him. He himself drove to the scene, leaving the beer hall in command of Ludendorff.

The crowd began to break up. The agitated human stream seeped slowly through the narrow door. Most felt exalted and happy, a few dubious and worried; all were moved by the feeling that they had experienced a bit of history behind their beer mugs. Lossow nonchalantly informed Ludendorff that he was going to his office, as there were important orders to be given. With Kahr and Seisser, he vanished in the departing crowd. 'Is it safe to let them go?' Scheubner-Richter whispered to Ludendorff. 'I forbid you to doubt the word of a German officer,' Ludendorff replied sharply. In the vestibule one of Kahr's officials approached and asked what all this meant? The little dictator replied: 'Herr Kollega, I am really despondent. You yourself saw that I was forced to give my consent. That kind of thing simply isn't done.'

Meanwhile, Berlin had learned of the *putsch*. The government met at midnight under chairmanship of President Ebert. The men in Berlin understood the problem of the hour as well as Hitler in Munich. The President asked General von Seeckt: 'Tell us,

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please, General, whom does the Reichswehr obey? Does it obey the laws and the government, or the mutineers?' Seeckt looked coldly through his monocle and answered: 'The Reichswehr obeys me, Herr Reichs Präsident!' This answer hit the nail on the head and meant that the Reichswehr obeys its own interests. The Munich *putsch* threatened to tear the little army asunder, and therefore had to be crushed. Seeckt's position soon became clear to the others at the meeting; the President transferred to him a sort of dictatorial power, and Seeckt wired to Munich that he would put down the *putsch* if Munich didn't do so by itself.

Munich did it. A few of Lossow's close associates, among them General von Leeb, who later became a field marshal, had no sooner received the first reports from the Bürgerbräu than they placed the troops in readiness. The man who might have prevented this — Franz von Epp — was no longer there. Kahr may have lost his head for a moment, but the generals soon set him right. One of them received the returning Lossow with the sharp question: 'All that was bluff, excellency, was it not?' By 'all that' he meant the oath to the new Germany and the handshake. No misplaced sentimentality, if you please! A civilian, a former corporal, had dragged the general and commandant out of the hall at pistol-point in the presence of three thousand people; according to the code of honor prevailing in the German Army, Lossow was under obligation to strike him down. The general called Lossow a coward, a 'sorry figure.' 'I'd shoot down these dogs with a smile,' said one of his subordinates, referring to the National Socialist storm troopers.

Hitler prided himself on his understanding of the military soul, particularly the mood among the officers from major down. Yet it seems never to have entered his head that his pistol was a bitter affront to the Army's honor.

In high good humor, he returned to the Bürgerbräu. The waitresses were removing the beer mugs from the tables. On the floor, between the table and chair legs, the storm troopers lay sleeping amid their rifles and knapsacks. In one of the smaller rooms, Hitler expected to find General von Lossow in a council of war with Ludendorff; to plan on carrying the revolution to Berlin. But no Lossow was there, nor was there any sign of Kahr or Seisser.

Stunned at the blow, the Quartermaster General had gone amiss, though

During the night of troopers gathered in Munich some cannon. But for he would really have to Röhm hurried with a s he himself had former building, set up machine battle. Rudolf Hess surrounded them up and intimidate Kahr and his hostages. For weeks Guder of hostages.

The night was spent in the Reichstag. The meetings were held in the Reichstag by Röhm. Hitler, Schenck, examined their situation to hope that Lossow or everything alright. The was in progress among for a favorable turn and to realize the gravity of hand against them?

'If we get through,' have to hang ourselves. Hitler showed it. Hitler's kit, as though going in on the ground, his he Defiant and indifferent one suggested that he would send in their feared because of its power 'what a worthless government have such a hold on the that they would rise up Czech mobilization in

Reichswehr obey? Does it obey the mutineers?' Seeckt looked coldly: 'The Reichswehr obeys me, I have hit the nail on the head and I have my own interests. The Munich army is asunder, and therefore had soon become clear to the others at Munich that he would put down the army itself.

Lossow's close associates, among them became a field marshal, had no quarrel from the Bürgerbräu than they had the man who might have prevented him longer there. Kahr may have lost his nerve soon set him right. One of Lossow with the sharp question: 'All that or not?' By 'all that' he meant the handshake. No misplaced sentimentality, a former corporal, had dragged him out of the hall at pistol-point in the end; according to the code of honor, Lossow was under obligation to call Lossow a coward, a 'sorry dog with a smile,' said one of his National Socialist storm troopers.

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turned to the Bürgerbräu. The waiters fled from the tables. On the floor, the storm troopers lay sleeping.

In one of the smaller rooms, Hitler met Lossow in a council of war with regard to the revolution to Berlin. But no sign of Kahr or Seisser.

Stunned at the blow, Hitler sank into a chair, stared at the great Quartermaster General and said nothing. He felt that his game had gone amiss, though he did not yet fully admit it to himself.

During the night of November 8, some three thousand storm troopers gathered in Munich. They had machine guns and even some cannon. But for many hours Hitler refused to believe that he would really have to fight. In that night two men were active. Röhm hurried with a small band to Lossow's headquarters where he himself had formerly worked, drew barbed wire around the building, set up machine guns in the windows, and prepared for battle. Rudolf Hess sent gangs to the homes of political opponents, rounded them up and herded them to the Bürgerbräu, aiming to intimidate Kahr and Lossow with the threat of murdering the hostages. For weeks Göring had spoken of nothing but the murder of hostages.

The night was spent in deliberation, hope, fear, hesitation. Meetings were held in the Bürgerbräu and in Lossow's offices occupied by Röhm. Hitler, Scheubner-Richter, Rosenberg, and Ludendorff examined their situation for hours. For a long time they continued to hope that Lossow or Seisser would suddenly reappear and put everything aright. They felt that a crisis, a struggle for a decision, was in progress among their adversaries. They continued to hope for a favorable turn and — partly out of pride and vanity — failed to realize the gravity of their situation. Who would dare to raise a hand against them?

'If we get through,' said Hitler darkly, 'very well; if not, we'll have to hang ourselves.' Röhm was embittered at so much inactivity and showed it. He had appeared with a fully packed soldier's kit, as though going into the trenches for weeks; he lay half asleep on the ground, his head on his knapsack, blinking at the light. Defiant and indifferent, he took no part in the deliberations. Someone suggested that perhaps the Allies, at news of the *putsch*, would send in their soldiers; particularly the Czech army was feared because of its proximity. 'There you see again,' said Hitler, 'what a worthless government we have in Berlin. They ought to have such a hold on the three million Germans in Czechoslovakia that they would rise up at the press of a button and make the whole Czech mobilization impossible.'

He began to shout at Pöhner, his new premier, that he wasn't doing enough. Patrols should march through all the streets, ring at every doorbell, and cry out: 'Hang out your banners!' The city should be bedecked with flags — 'then we'd see some enthusiasm among the people.' He had a constant flow of plans with which the others were unable to keep up. Every minute he had some new idea for winning more support, for bolstering up the ruined venture. Enraged generals had decided to break him so that he would never rise up again. But Hitler and Ludendorff still believed that they could melt the souls of the opposing forces, make them open their fists, and put down their rifles.

In Munich, Hitler commanded a well-armed little troop, numerically stronger than Lossow's Reichswehr and Seisser's police; outside in the country, he could raise double, perhaps triple, the number. For a moment he thought of retreating to the open country and waging real war in his own way, rallying the peasants to his banners, morally crushing the generals, at the same time tearing the captains and majors away from them. But Ludendorff rejected the idea, and Hitler himself knew that it was not feasible. Only too well did he know his Uprooted and Disinherited who revolted to obtain bread and wages from the Reichswehr. Later he said in court: 'We had to fear that our men, who had to eat after all, would plunder.'

And then this inventive mind suddenly had a new plan — mad, desperate, magnificent in its desperation. He wanted to avoid fighting at any price. The victory which was slipping through his fingers could be salvaged only by a compromise peace — perhaps even by an apparent capitulation. Ludendorff's personal prestige had failed him. Lossow had shouted at a messenger from the general and threatened to shoot even at him. Hitler cold-bloodedly decided to drop the Quartermaster General who had proved useless. Another figure stood in the background: the pretender, Prince Rupprecht, since World War days Ludendorff's bitter personal enemy. Among the sleepy unshaved figures in the Bürgerbräu was Lieutenant Neunzert, an old armed bohemian, a good friend of Röhm's and a personal friend to the prince. In the dawn of November 9, Hitler summoned him and ordered him to Berchtes-

gaden, where the pri were to ask the pri obtain a pardon for out of the affair with still hoped to win by a victorious *putsch*. Ludendorff stood by-

Neunzert went — I change history! He did not reach Bercht took the decision int was only one way of dubious adventurers, lieving and avid you and the miracle must was confident that th had thought so, too; dorff prepared his big and Reichswehr, Hitl clear to him that the hesitantly approached Quartermaster Gener

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gaden, where the prince resided in a large castle. His instructions were to ask the prince to intercede with Kahr and Lossow and obtain a pardon for Hitler and Ludendorff. This would let them out of the affair without bloodshed or criminal proceedings. Hitler still hoped to win by humbling himself. An unpunished *putsch* is a victorious *putsch*. When Hitler gave Neunzert his message, Ludendorff stood by — did not speak a word.

Neunzert went — but how can petty circumstances sometimes change history! He found no car; was forced to go by train and did not reach Berchtesgaden until noon. Meanwhile, Ludendorff took the decision into his own hands. He saw his hour. There was only one way out. This band of three thousand idealists and dubious adventurers, of armed bohemians and plunderers, of believing and avid youth, must face the carbines of the Reichswehr, and the miracle must happen: the carbines must drop. Ludendorff was confident that they would if he marched in the lead. Hitler had thought so, too; but now his courage left him. While Ludendorff prepared his big act, the encounter between armed bohemia and Reichswehr, Hitler lent ear to timorous advisers who made it clear to him that the encounter would be more than an act. He hesitantly approached Ludendorff: 'They will fire on us.' The Quartermaster General replied only: 'We will march!'

Meanwhile, measures had been taken to help the miracle along. Hess packed Minister Schweyer and a second minister into the car, guarded by two sinister-looking individuals with rifles; he himself sat down beside the driver. The car sped southward, toward the mountains, where Hess appears to have had a hide-out; in any case, the two were being held as hostages for the safety of the rebel army and its leader. At a clearing in the woods Hess halted, the little company left the car and marched away from the road — things looked very much like a new forest murder. But this time it was only an act, like everything else connected with the *putsch*; after the two were sufficiently terrified, the journey was resumed. In Munich, Hitler was waiting anxiously for the saving message from the prince, and at length it came — when it was too late. Three thousand men were awaiting the order to march; the carbines that were to decide the day were already loaded. Meanwhile, in the Novem-

ber mist, Rudolf Hess was racing through the mountains with his two victims; more and more in sorrowful doubt whether this was the right thing to do.

The mass of hostages had been corralled in the Bürgerbräu. Göring made them join the marching columns, which in the course of the morning gathered in front of the building. He commanded one of his lieutenants, a certain Knoblauch, to keep a sharp eye on the prisoners during the march, as their life was a pledge for the safety of the whole venture. Knoblauch promised the prisoners that if anything happened to the column, he would have their skulls bashed in with rifle butts. Meanwhile, Göring and Ulrich Graf left the Bürgerbräu and went a few hundred yards toward the center of the city from which the rebels were separated by the Isar River. The bridge was closed by heavily armed police. Göring, magnificent in his black cap and black leather coat, beribboned and bemedaled, stepped up to the commanding officer, put his hand to his cap and said: 'Herr Kamerad, we are marching, and I want to tell you this: the first dead man in our ranks means the immediate death of all the hostages.' Ulrich Graf has given us a faithful picture of the whole scene. How terrible, the officer moaned, that they should begin shooting at one another. Only a little while before he and his comrades had fought shoulder to shoulder with Göring's men, and he couldn't see why they had suddenly become enemies. That, Göring replied coldly, was something he could ask von Lossow and Seisser. After much sighing on both sides the conversation ended with the following proposal from the police officer: 'Very well, Herr Kamerad, if I receive orders to move against you, I will inform you in time for you and your people to take the necessary defensive measures . . . or to withdraw if you wish to.'

At eleven o'clock the storm columns started toward the bridge. The hostages, awaiting death, stood in their ranks. Hitler passed and his eyes fell on the unfortunates. He gave orders to leave them behind—'I wanted no martyrs.' he said later. The *putsch* was three quarters lost and a massacre of these defenseless men might have cost the leaders their heads. Hitler's courage and spirit of initiative sank from hour to hour. He let himself be driven, and Ludendorff did the driving.

It was a gray November morning in which the Bürgerbräu city and the government buildings police squad under its benevolent days had been possessed by blood hand to his cap, and repeated: 'It means the death of a hostage.' He in the column. At this moment policemen, tore their carbines out struck them in the face. This was beginning.

In the inner city, somewhat toward Lay Lossow's headquarters, which guns. Reichswehr troops had set cannon in place. Neither of the were the closest comrades and friends had gone beyond all politics. It officers to shoot into a band of us fire on comrades—this was hard.

And now advanced toward the leading three thousand more or ordinary soldier who, to the Reichswehr of all military fame and greatness the World War. Ludendorff led the city toward Lossow's headquarters parently with the intention of kill was convinced that the besieging resist the sight of his aquiline face to fraternize with their adversaries disobey Lossow, they would do so.

The column made its way into ing out on the broad Odeonsplatz the first row marched Ludendorff; tant, a former major by the name side marched Hitler, holding the to shoot himself in the event of failure through the arm of Scheubner-Richter.

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It was a gray November morning. The Isar River separates the
quarter in which the Bürgerbräu is situated from the center of the
city and the government buildings. At the bridge stood the armed
police squad under its benevolent commander, Göring, who for
days had been possessed by blood lust, stepped forward, put his
hand to his cap, and repeated: 'The first dead man in our ranks
means the death of a hostage.' He thought the hostages were still
in the column. At this moment the marching mass fell on the
policemen, tore their carbines out of their hands, spat on them, and
struck them in the face. This was no fraternization, no hopeful
beginning.

In the inner city, somewhat to the north of the Feldherrn Halle,
lay Lossow's headquarters, which Röhm had fortified with machine
guns. Reichswehr troops had surrounded the building and set
cannon in place. Neither of the two parties dared to fire. There
were the closest comrades and friends on both sides. This drama
had gone beyond all politics. It would have been easier for the
officers to shoot into a band of unknown storm troopers. But to
fire on comrades—this was hard.

And now advanced toward them, through the streets of Munich,
leading three thousand more or less dubious figures, that extraor-
dinary soldier who, to the Reichswehr, still seemed the embodiment
of all military fame and greatness: the Quartermaster General of
the World War. Ludendorff led his troop through the center of the
city toward Lossow's headquarters near the Feldherrn Halle, ap-
parently with the intention of liberating the besieged Röhm. He
was convinced that the besieging officers and soldiers would not
resist the sight of his aquiline face. When he commanded them
to fraternize with their adversaries, when he commanded them to
disobey Lossow, they would do so.

The column made its way into a narrow, gully-like street, open-
ing out on the broad Odeonsplatz near the Feldherrn Halle. In
the first row marched Ludendorff; to his right his personal adju-
tant, a former major by the name of Streck. On Ludendorff's left
side marched Hitler, holding the pistol with which he had sworn
to shoot himself in the event of failure. He had slung his left arm
through the arm of Scheubner-Richter—an astonishing gesture of

uncertainty and helplessness. Directly ahead of Hitler marched Graf, farther to the left Göring; Alfred Rosenberg was in the second row. Dietrich Eckart, a sick man, was missing. A little to one side was a stocky, bald man with hysterically convulsed features, the anti-Semitic agitator, Julius Streicher from Nuremberg. The first ranks were followed by an automobile carrying several machine guns. Then came three thousand men with shouldered rifles, some with mounted bayonets—all singing.

An armed cordon was drawn across the street where it opens into the Odionsplatz. Perhaps a hundred men—again police and not Reichswehr—against three thousand. If the police wanted to stop the marchers, they had to do it in this narrow pass; once they reached the open square, the revolutionaries could have brought their numerical superiority to bear.

It is still not entirely clear who fired first. It would seem that Streicher leapt at one of the policemen and tried to snatch his carbine. One heard Hitler crying: 'Surrender! Surrender!' This man could bluff from the depths of his soul. At the same moment a Nazi ran forward and cried in terror: 'Don't shoot, His Excellency Ludendorff is coming!' Who can measure the effect of the fraction of a second wasted in muttering the useless word, 'Excellency'? A shot rang out and the man—probably Ulrich Graf—collapsed, wounded. A volley was fired. Göring fell, shot in the thigh. Scheubner-Richter received a fatal wound and fell. So tight was his leader's grip on him that Hitler's arm was dislocated. Hitler lay on the ground. It is not clear whether he was pulled down by Scheubner or was instinctively seeking cover. In any case, it is certain that if he wanted to cow the enemy, he had to remain on his feet.

Ludendorff remained standing. He even advanced. With Streck he passed between the rifle barrels of the police to the open square. If fifty or perhaps even twenty-five men had followed him, the day would have ended differently.

The front ranks of the three thousand returned the fire. They put their machine gun into action. Rosenberg lay on the ground near the front line. Behind him lay a National Socialist whom he did not know, shooting over him. The other side shot back; the

ambassador of the Wise Men of Zion. As Rosenberg later related, he was superfluous, and yelled at him to get out. The other took no heed and crawled to one side; the firing stepped forward. Pressed against a house-wall, the leader of the 'Oberland' Defense Committee was crying hysterically. Göring was carried by young storm troopers. The Jew who had made so deep an impression on the police brothers—that they soon left the square.

The whole exchange of fire between the two sides was horrified and quickly ended. The street was covered with fallen soldiers. Lower layers lay dead on the pavement.

Followers . . . it is noteworthy that only one dead: Scheubner-Richter. A known rank-and-filer; one or two were simple privates in the ranks. The others saved themselves by quickly throwing down their arms as the fire passed over them into the next street. Three of the police fell.

As soon as the shooting stopped, silence on both sides, a man rose to his feet. All to rise, the quickest, perhaps the strongest, instinct of self-conservation. Dr. Schmidt, a Socialist physician, who had made a name for himself, told the examining magistrate: 'I was the first to stand up. Apparently wounded, I was carried off after Hitler at once and carried to the hospital driving at the end of the column.'

Another witness, the Nation, mentions the rapidity with which the fighting was over; both stories indicate that the fighting was over.

A bystander about a hundred yards away, not knowing that Hitler was in the square, led and certainly not suspecting

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ambassador of the Wise Men of Zion covered the unknown warrior. As Rosenberg later related, he found the man's bravery quite superfluous, and yelled at him to stop shooting in the Devil's name. The other took no heed and went on firing. Rosenberg finally crawled to one side; the firing stopped; he stood up and crept backward. Pressed against a house-wall stood Doctor Friedrich Weber, leader of the 'Oberland' Defense League allied with Hitler, weeping hysterically. Göring was carried into a near-by bank by two young storm troopers. The Jewish owner gave him first aid; this made so deep an impression on the two young National Socialists—brothers—that they soon left the party.

The whole exchange of fire had lasted less than a minute. Both sides were horrified and quickly stopped shooting. The narrow bit of street was covered with fallen bodies. Fourteen of Hitler's followers lay dead on the pavement.

Followers . . . it is noteworthy that the leaders in the first row lost only one dead: Scheubner-Richter. The other dead were unknown rank-and-filers; one or two held respected posts in civil life, but were simple privates in the party. The leaders appear to have saved themselves by quickly throwing themselves on the ground, so that the fire passed over them into the onrushing mass, killing thirteen. Three of the police fell.

As soon as the shooting stopped, in the first seconds of stunned silence on both sides, a man rose in the front row, the first of them all to rise, the quickest, perhaps the most terrified, obeying only his instinct of self-conservation. Doctor Walter Schulz, the National Socialist physician, who had marched in the foremost ranks, later told the examining magistrate: 'I saw that Hitler was the first to stand up. Apparently wounded in the arm, he moved back. I hurried after Hitler at once and caught one of our cars which were driving at the end of the column. Hitler was taken to this car.'

Another witness, the National Socialist Doctor Karl Gebhard, mentions the rapidity with which Hitler entered the car and drove away; both stories indicate that Hitler was the first to flee.

A bystander about a hundred yards from the head of the column, not knowing that Hitler and Ludendorff were marching in the lead and certainly not suspecting that there would be shooting in

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a few moments, saw the following picture: The storm troopers marched in gray or yellow wind-jackets and Norwegian ski caps (from which the S.A. cap was to develop). They carried their rifles over their shoulders and sang, apparently with no thought of fighting; as on parade. Suddenly the sound of firing was heard. It was an unexpected shock, not on the program. Two, perhaps three, volleys were heard, and for a few seconds the heavy rat-tat-tat of a machine gun. The whole thing did not last much more than half a minute. Time enough for the observer to run into a house door. At the same time the long column began to halt, to break up, and to run back in leaderless flight.

Ahead of all the rest the Leader fled. The day before Hitler had taken a long chance, he had risked his head and he knew it; he had done it in high spirits and with good courage. Today he had gone into a venture, lost before it was begun. Unable to avoid it, he had staked his life on an action which he knew to be useless. Now, leaving his men stretched out on the paving stones, he stood up and ran away.

Thus did armed bohemia behave when things became serious and their lives were at stake. Walter Flex, their poet and model, once had said that a man must be capable 'of shooting at the enemy through his own body.' On November 9, 1923, there was none of this. One man who really wanted to fight was commanded by Rosenberg to stop. A few weeks before, Communist workers in Hamburg had kept on shooting; in 1919, the bloody struggles of the proletarians in Berlin had lasted for days; the same was true in Munich in April and May of 1919, in March, 1920, in the Ruhr, later in central Germany. In February, 1934, it took the Austrian Fascists with their cannon days to break the resistance of the workers—not to mention the fight which the Spanish Republicans put up for more than two years against the Fascist generals. These struggles were serious and both sides realized that their heads were at stake. But in Munich it was a different type that faced the fire.

We know the professions of the men who fell. Among the sixteen there was a locksmith, a hatter, a headwaiter, and Ludendorff's servant; the others were retired officers, or 'merchants' and 'bank clerks'—in reality, retired officers, temporarily in civilian occupa-

tions: armed bohemia is by nature and play whispered betrayal; the deal concluded in ad hoc on the audience the actors fled at once.

Two hours later, R gave in to the persuasive angel of peace; appeared a faint heart and a green man, two had fallen.

Meanwhile, a car with the mountain roads. In Munich reached the it while pausing for guards had vanished. the driver, who suddenly toward the ministers, Rudolf Hess slipped at trail.

A few days later, H German chaos came to to normalcy, a band of Six days after the she mark was stabilized; forwardly remained one London a committee to help sustain the Ge. American financier, O Josiah Stamp, a plan the Dawes Plan after received an international secured by the German governments set an ap payments, which had were to begin with half five years, to two and a

wing picture: The storm troopers in d-jackets and Norwegian ski caps (develop). They carried their rifles apparently with no thought of fight-sound of firing was heard. It was the program. Two, perhaps three, few seconds the heavy rat-tat-tat of firing did not last much more than for the observer to run into a house as the column began to halt, to break and flee.

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tions: armed bohemia. When this type makes a revolution, it is by nature and plan a sham, an armed noise to drown out the whispered betrayal; the seemingly military conclusion of a business deal concluded in advance; a painless indulgence of vanity and a hoax on the audience. This time the act had been a failure, and the actors fled at once.

Two hours later, Röhm capitulated behind his barbed wire. He gave in to the persuasion of Epp, who came as intermediary and angel of peace; apparently a friend, perhaps a traitor; at all events, a faint heart and a gravedigger of the common cause. Of Röhm's men, two had fallen.

Meanwhile, a car with the two hostages was still driving about the mountain roads. Shortly after noon, the news of the collapse in Munich reached the countryside. The lonely motorists heard it while pausing for rest. Schweyer suddenly noticed that the guards had vanished. He gathered new energy and commanded the driver, who suddenly showed himself astonishingly solicitous toward the ministers, to drive them back to Munich in all haste. Rudolf Hess slipped across the border into Austria over a mountain trail.

A few days later, Hitler was under arrest. As he sat there, the German chaos came to an end, and in a pacified world, returned to normalcy, a band of aimless rebels remained behind prison gates. Six days after the shooting at the Feldherrn Halle, the German mark was stabilized; from then on, it stopped sinking and has outwardly remained one of the firmest currencies in the world. In London a committee of international financiers met and decided to help sustain the German economy. Under the guidance of the American financier, Owen D. Young, and the English banker, Sir Josiah Stamp, a plan was worked out which became known as the Dawes Plan after the chairman of the committee. Germany received an international loan of eight hundred million gold marks, secured by the German state railways. At the same time the Allied governments set an approximate limit to the German 'reparations' payments, which had been purposely left vague. The payments were to begin with half a billion marks per annum, rising, within five years, to two and a half billions. An American financier, Parker

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Gilbert, of J. P. Morgan and Company, was to supervise the management of German public finances and make sure the foreign capital was not misused. It was an oppressive and humiliating condition, but, in the beginning at least, understandable from the viewpoint of the creditor; for the next few years, Germany flourished under this system.

A period of prosperity, of relaxed nerves and settled living conditions began. This was the great recovery which Hitler had tried in vain to prevent with his last minute *putsch*. But the accomplices of the armed bohemia, the protectors and employers of the murderers' army, still sat in their high state positions, in the ministries and courts. It was these accomplices who were to mete out justice to Hitler.

The judges could scarcely look their victims in the eyes, the jailers did not know whether to guard or wait on their prisoners.

To be sure, there were numerous conscientious officials in all departments; and among the accomplices many were enraged against Hitler for exposing them. Epp declared in no uncertain terms that Hitler had broken his word. Yet the leaders of the state were well aware that they were Hitler's accomplices and should have been on trial with him, and their bad conscience certainly weakened the prosecution. The young people who had run so fast from the fire recovered their courage in the presence of the embarrassed police inspectors and state's attorneys. They were seized with righteous indignation. They had marched out for a parade, and instead they had been forced to fight; the state which had already surrendered to them suddenly slipped away. The armed bohemia thought they were Germany; power over society was their prerogative, by virtue of their natural superiority and talents—and then they were fired upon. They were haled into court for proclaiming the violent overthrow of the government, arresting the ministers and leading officials, seizing and threatening to kill men who were totally innocent, plundering private lodgings and stealing bank-notes from state printing offices. They scoffed and cursed at their judges, for daring to annoy them over such matters. Hitler in prison heard how his men had recovered their old daring and insolence; this, as he later related, considerably restored his courage.

At first 'I wanted to hear threatened to end his life founder of the party, visited—let himself be dissuaded.

At the end of February, Hitler, Röhm, Frick, and others and was a scandal. Hitler could declare that state, for he had thought the risen to be minister of justice the judges incline the scale have.

In the presence of these his courage, and his speech impressive. He strove to prove had done only what Kahr wanted. He attempted—importance—to explain himself would rather be hanged in the rule of French swords. He related how Hitler for months military dictatorship. 'Once had said, 'the program will the court asked Hitler: 'An that?'—the greatest propaganda: this: the first thing must be That is, a political action with the other problems of the approached the German nation to indicate that he did for Germany, he would have land, he said, had the single to create a balance of power world position from being of Germany. . . . France, As England requires the Balkanization of Germany

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At first 'I wanted to hear nothing more of this false world'; he
threatened to end his life by voluntary starvation; Anton Drexler,
founder of the party, visited him, and Hitler—not too reluctantly
—let himself be dissuaded.

At the end of February, 1924, he faced a special court with Luden-
dorff, Röhm, Frick, and others. The trial gave him immense pub-
licity and was a scandal in every respect. With a certain truth
Hitler could declare that he had not wanted to rise against the
state, for he had thought the state was with him. Günther, who had
risen to be minister of justice, used his powerful influence to make
the judges incline the scales even more than they normally would
have.

In the presence of these complaisant judges, Hitler regained all
his courage, and his speeches before the court are among his most
impressive. He strove to prove his innocence by insisting that he
had done only what Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser themselves had
wanted. He attempted—and to this he attached far more im-
portance—to explain himself to the world: 'This is my attitude: I
would rather be hanged in a Bolshevist Germany than perish under
the rule of French swords.' Lossow appeared as a witness and re-
lated how Hitler for months had pressed him to act, to set up a
military dictatorship. 'Once we take over the government,' Hitler
had said, 'the program will come of itself.' When the chairman of
the court asked Hitler: 'And how did you conceive of things after
that?'—the greatest propagandist of our day replied: 'I thought
this: the first thing must be an inconceivable wave of propaganda.
That is, a political action which would have had little to do with
the other problems of the moment. . . . We would at once have
approached the German nation with a great plebiscite.' But he went
on to indicate that he did have at least a foreign policy: As Leader
of Germany, he would have played England against France. Eng-
land, he said, had the single desire to 'Balkanize' Europe in order
to create a balance of power on the Continent, 'and prevent her
world position from being threatened. She is not basically an enemy
of Germany. . . . France, however, is Germany's explicit enemy.
As England requires the Balkanization of Europe, France requires
the Balkanization of Germany.' Whatever government is at the

helm in France, its purpose would always be 'to exterminate twenty million Germans and break up Germany into separate states.'

He utilized the occasion to publicize himself in the presence of a hundred attentive reporters from all five continents; and in this he unquestionably succeeded. Lossow had testified that Hitler originally had only wanted to be a 'drummer'; meaning 'at that time Hitler was still modest.'

Hitler replied: 'How small are the thoughts of small men! Believe me, I do not regard the acquisition of a minister's portfolio as a thing worth striving for. I do not hold it worthy of a great man to endeavor to go down in history just by becoming a minister. One might run the risk of being buried beside other ministers. My aim, from the very first day, was a thousand times more than becoming a minister. I wanted to become the destroyer of Marxism. I am going to solve this task, and if I solve it, the title of minister will be an absurdity as far as I am concerned. When I stood for the first time at the grave of Richard Wagner, my heart flowed over with pride that here lay a man who had forbidden any such inscription as: Here lies privy-councillor, music-director, his excellency Baron Richard von Wagner. I was proud that this man and so many men in German history were content to give their names to history, without any titles. It was not from modesty that I wanted to be a drummer in those days. That was the highest aspiration. The rest is a trifle.'

In a gloomy gray suburb of Munich lay an old red-brick structure, its floors and walls in poor repair. It was an officers' training school. In one of its large classrooms the trial was held. It went on for weeks. The unknown stood up and proclaimed to the world: Make no mistake. I am the Leader.

Many times in the course of the trial he was asked directly and indirectly by what right he, a man without origins, title, or virtually any education, arrogated to himself the right to govern Germany, sweeping aside all the generals, presidents, and excellencies. Hitler replied: 'This was not overweening or immodest of me. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that when a man knows he can do a thing, he has no right to be modest. . . . In such questions there are no experts. The art of statecraft is — well, an art, and

you've got to be born to it.' His masses speaks more democratic braided uniforms — but he is or he is referring only to himself;

'My standpoint is that the bi And a man who is born for poli at freedom or in prison, whether content himself with a hard ben a dictator is not compelled; he drives himself forward; there is immodest for a worker to drive presumptuous of a man with ponder through the nights till The man who feels called upon say: If you want me or summon duty to step forward. . . .'

In conclusion, he informed that had happened they must be With unshakable confidence he of the historic moment, despite state, despite the apparent disorder inherited by rifle fire, the Reichsv an alliance with armed bohemia same human substance, the same social affairs; the men on both intellectuals. And if the reconci no other way, it would have to clared to be inevitable, necessary with his unchanged manner of conviction, he called this recon ardently to be hoped for, the 'gr

'I believe that the hour will stand on the street with our swa who fired upon them. I believe separate us. When I learned th fired, I had the happy feeling Reichswehr which besmirched its

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you've got to be born to it.' Here no doubt the Demon from the
masses speaks more democratically than his adversaries in their gold-
braided uniforms—but he is only talking. For in the last analysis
he is referring only to himself; and what he has in mind is power:

'My standpoint is that the bird must sing because he is a bird.
And a man who is born for politics must engage in politics whether
at freedom or in prison, whether he sits in a silken chair or must
content himself with a hard bench. . . . The man who is born to be
a dictator is not compelled; he wills; he is not driven forward; he
drives himself forward; there is nothing immodest about this. Is it
immodest for a worker to drive himself toward heavy labor? Is it
presumptuous of a man with the high forehead of a thinker to
ponder through the nights till he gives the world an invention?
The man who feels called upon to govern a people has no right to
say: If you want me or summon me, I will co-operate. No, it is his
duty to step forward. . . .'

In conclusion, he informed the judges that despite everything
that had happened they must honor the future state power in him.
With unshakable confidence he explained that despite all the moods
of the historic moment, despite the temporary reinforcement of the
state, despite the apparent discomfiture of the Uprooted and Disin-
herited by rifle fire, the Reichswehr could not permanently reject
an alliance with armed bohemia. For on both sides there was the
same human substance, the same ideology, the same attitude toward
social affairs; the men on both sides were and remained armed
intellectuals. And if the reconciliation could be brought about in
no other way, it would have to be done by war, which Hitler de-
clared to be inevitable, necessary, an aim ardently to be desired;
with his unchanged manner of speech, expressing an unchanged
conviction, he called this reconciling, liberating war, this war so
ardently to be hoped for, the 'great divine judgment' to come:

'I believe that the hour will come when the masses, who today
stand on the street with our swastika banner, will unite with those
who fired upon them. I believe that this blood will not always
separate us. When I learned that it was the Green police which
fired, I had the happy feeling that at least it was not the
Reichswehr which besmirched itself; the Reichswehr stands as un-

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tarnished as before. One day the hour will come when the Reichswehr will stand at our side, officers and men. . . .'

Chairman: 'Herr Hitler, you say that the Green police was besmirched. That I cannot permit.'

Hitler: 'The army we have formed is growing from day to day, from hour to hour, and faster. Especially in these days I nourish the proud hope that one day the hour will come when these wild companies will grow to battalions, the battalions to regiments, the regiments to divisions; that the old cockade will be taken from the filth, that the old flags will wave again, that there will be a reconciliation at the last great divine judgment, which we are prepared to face. Then from our bones and our graves the voice of that court will speak, which alone is entitled to sit in judgment over us. For it is not you, gentlemen, who pronounce judgment upon us. The judgment is spoken by the eternal court of history which will say what it has to say concerning the accusation that has been raised against us. What judgment you will hand down, I know. But that court will not ask us: "Did you commit high treason or did you not?" That court will judge us, the Quartermaster General of the old Army, his officers and soldiers, who, as Germans, wanted and desired only the good of their people and fatherland; who wanted to fight and die. You may pronounce us guilty a thousand times over, the goddess of the eternal court of history will smile and tear to tatters the brief of the state's attorney and the sentence of the court; for she acquits us.'

The sentence of the judges was not so far from the judgment of history. Intimidated from above, tormented by the conscience of their own accomplices, in fear even of the accused, they trampled on what was most defenseless: justice. Contrary to the clear wording of the law, Ludendorff was totally acquitted. Contrary to the clear wording of the law, Hitler, despite the bloody consequences of his crime, received the mild minimum sentence of five years' imprisonment; contrary to the clear wording of the law, he was made to serve only eight and a half months of his term; contrary to the clear wording of the law, he, a foreigner, who had filled the German streets with fire and corpses, was not deported. Röhm and Frick, though formally condemned, were released at once. Göring had

fled to Italy and later was founded fear of Munich in unnecessary exile. He equally mild and brief sentence 'prison' as Hitler, a sanatorium Landsberg am Lech.

Hitler's cause had collapsed. In May, the French people's ing defeat for Poincaré, vir against the war in the Ruhr, policy, a clear 'No' to all as; the policy of adventures at torious parties of the Social and determination to overturn Millerand, the President of caré's policy. To be sure, e blame for the landslide; t firmly as ever for security o were to seek this security l with Germany, but also wit of peace with the foe und years of vain, costly prepar mony over Europe, and w fense. This was the clear w the French parliamentary i had ended; this was the m When Germany bled econ when she capitulated, she of the limits of their power Ruhr War was the victory feared, vainly prophesying i

In the summer of 1924, French, and German states years. Stresemann, shoutin French Premier Edouard I ment. The Dawes Plan wa 1924, in London, the Frenc

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fled to Italy and later went to his wife's native Sweden. His un-
founded fear of Munich justice kept him for nearly three years
in unnecessary exile. Hess was cleverer; he returned, and an
equally mild and brief sentence brought him to the same so-called
'prison' as Hitler, a sanatorium-like building in the little city of
Landsberg am Lech.

Hitler's cause had collapsed more than he had at first realized.
In May, the French people elected a new parliament. It was a crush-
ing defeat for Poincaré, virtually a revolution of the French people
against the war in the Ruhr, a severe condemnation of French military
policy, a clear 'No' to all aspirations on the Rhine, a renunciation of
the policy of adventures and conquests on German soil. The vic-
torious parties of the Socialist and democratic Left had the power
and determination to overthrow not only Poincaré but Alexandre
Millerand, the President of the republic, who had favored Poin-
caré's policy. To be sure, elements of domestic policy were also to
blame for the landslide; to be sure, the French people stood as
firmly as ever for security on the Rhine. But for years to come they
were to seek this security by a policy of understanding; not only
with Germany, but also with England, a three-cornered relationship
of peace with the foe under the aegis of a protector. After five
years of vain, costly preparation, France renounced military hege-
mony over Europe, and withdrew to the line of security and de-
fense. This was the clear will of the French people as expressed by
the French parliamentary majority. In 1918, the 'last' of all wars
had ended; this was the most sacred axiom in all French politics.
When Germany bled economically as a result of the Ruhr, even
when she capitulated, she had made the French military aware
of the limits of their power; thus, in spite of the capitulation, the
Ruhr War was the victory for Germany which Hitler had always
feared, vainly prophesying that it would not come to pass.

In the summer of 1924, at a conference in London, English,
French, and German statesmen met as equals for the first time in
years. Stresemann, shouting and red in the face, argued with
French Premier Edouard Herriot, but they arrived at an agree-
ment. The Dawes Plan was accepted by all parties on August 16,
1924, in London, the French began to evacuate the first places in

the Ruhr; the eight hundred million gold marks flowed into Germany; more hundreds of millions and ultimately billions came from England and America in the years that followed. For Germany, internally pacified, rebuilding her economy, passed now as a place where money could be invested profitably and safely. To be sure, the inflation had cost the masses a fortune which they never recovered; later it became evident that this destruction of money and hence of bourgeois self-esteem was no unique, transitory stroke of misfortune, but heralded a long wave of destruction and annihilation. But for the present, smooth, friendly conditions seemed to be returning, and hearts were filled with an illusory hope that the terrible catastrophe of 1923 would not be repeated, and should, therefore, in God's name be forgotten.

National Socialism was forgotten along with it. Impotent and embittered in his prison, Hitler laid down the leadership, broke with Ludendorff in a harsh and disrespectful manner, drew forth old sheets of manuscript on which he had begun to write in 1922, and dictated to various fellow prisoners, lastly to Rudolf Hess, the continuation of a work of monumental conception to which he later gave the title *Mein Kampf*.

Thirteen years later, Hitler spoke hard words of self-condemnation about his *putsch* of 1923. In 1922, he had given Minister Schweyer his word of honor, never to make a *putsch*. One year later, he might have had the excuse that the circumstances had been stronger than he. But in 1936, he admitted without shame: 'Today I can frankly own that in the years from 1920 to 1923 I thought of nothing else but a *putsch*.' Then he added: 'I can calmly say this: that was the rashest decision of my life. When I think back on it today, I grow dizzy. . . . If today you saw one of our squads from the year 1923 marching by, you would ask: What workhouse have they escaped from? . . . But Fate meant well with us. It did not permit an action to succeed, which if it had succeeded, would in the end have inevitably crashed as a result of the movement's inner immaturity in those days, and its deficient organizational and intellectual foundation.'

What Hitler wanted to say was that thirteen years ago he actually did not know the direction in which he was going. He hardly understood the reasons that were leading him there.

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Chapter X

If the inner feeling is strong
enough, bullets scatter before it.

INTERLUDE

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ONE MAY MORNING IN 1849, AT DRESDEN, CAPITAL
of the kingdom of Saxony, a man climbed across the barricades
and went over to the troops of the king. The soldiers, Saxon mer-
cenaries, had been vainly attempting to storm the city, defended
by its citizenry. Unable to subdue his own people, the king of
Saxony had asked for 'foreign aid,' that is, the troops of the king
of Prussia. The foreigners were on their way. That is why the man
climbed over the barricades. He went over to the soldiers, who
were enemies, but none the less Saxons, and handed them leaflets,
which read 'Are you with us against the foreign troops?'

That afternoon, the same man stood on the three-hundred-foot
steeple of the Church of the Cross, watched the Prussians marching
up in the distance, and dropped slips of paper describing develop-
ments to the defenders. Enemy sharpshooters fired at the observa-
tion tower; revolutionary sharpshooters, lying behind the breast-
works, returned the fire. When the firing grew too violent, a com-
rade wanted to draw him away. He said with a smile: 'Don't
worry, I am immortal!'

He was a man of thirty-five, a conductor at the royal opera, and
had composed operas of his own. His contemporaries were not yet
aware of it—but in these operas human longing had been ex-
pressed in new, enchanted tones; and more than by the shots that
splattered round the tower, the century was to be shaken by the
swelling, darkly beautiful melody, the immortal cry of rejoicing:
'To thee, O goddess of love, let my song resound. . . .'

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That man was Richard Wagner.

All this was a small episode in the great and futile German revolution of 1848-49, a single sigh in the storm that raged through Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Most of the state interests and national boundaries that these men were fighting over have vanished beneath the dust of history. But through these struggles ran a spiritual stream which, in the coming decades, rose higher and higher, a stream which has flooded our present, breaking through all dikes. A man stood on the tower, singing of love without fear of the bullets—justly conscious of his immortality for which he was to fight all his life with good means and bad. But his immortality weighs like resonant bronze on the souls of men, an evil spell that has not yet begun to lift, a poison that men would spew out were it not so sweet. His best, or at least his most popular, music transforms the curse of power into a glamorous song; and destruction—the inevitable fate of unbridled power—resounds in it with tragic beauty. Love of overwhelming disaster—that is his haunting leitmotiv.

Such a fateful love is presented in this book. It is an attempt to give a picture of the power-hungry intellectual. He has become a leader in modern life. We shall attempt to observe his beginnings. We shall study the birth of the Antichrist. *A.C. - the Arch-Prince*

The Antichrist arises out of an immense fear; Wagner's soul and Wagner's life combined to a high degree the forces whose struggle created the Demon of our days. It is true that all his life Wagner personally detested the demonic man of power, but he contributed more than he suspected to create the Demon. A pamphlet forged in St. Petersburg did not conjure up the Demon out of nothing; it only drew his picture and publicized him. He did not arise suddenly out of the distant desert to lay waste our civilization. The truth is that with fateful necessity he arose everywhere out of the substance and conditions of our own life. It is his universality, growing like mildew in the soil of modern civilization, that makes him dangerous. The Antichrist is a world-citizen, else he could not be a world-ruler. A Prussian junker with a Baltic horizon could no more be a world-demon than a Cossack chief; the Antichrist is no barbarian, he is refined and civilized. That is why his mightiest

embodiment has occurred, bruised in its birth, is a rank weed growing on the Dresden steeps.

Germany was ablaze against the king of Prussia, his hated, all-powerful oppressor of peoples there. She was fighting for freedom; the rights of elementary representation which in those days of the Rhine; the freedom to is why awakening Germany desiring it in the form and tragic of all the struggles against France.

In the seventeenth century Richelieu, established the security of France united. From then on a vain struggle against French conquest, even at times forced the Catholic society. France oppressed from the Spanish-Habsburg the beginning of that emperor; the ruling house and Spain, vanguard of its tottering rule over the to crush rising Protestantism. In Germany the attempt years France, torn by her was strangled by the French's internal affairs parties in France; and

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the great and futile German revolution in the storm that raged through the nineteenth century.

national boundaries that these crushed beneath the dust of history. a spiritual stream which, in the higher, a stream which has flooded all dikes. A man stood on the shore of the bullets — justly conscious that he was to fight all his life with good fortune weighs like resonant bronze that has not yet begun to lift, a were it not so sweet. His best, he transforms the curse of power into destruction — the inevitable fate of with tragic beauty. Love of over-riding leitmotiv.

in this book. It is an attempt to be intellectual. He has become a tempt to observe his beginnings. Antichrist. *A.C. - the Arch-Prince* *A.P.*

immense fear; Wagner's soul and degree the forces whose struggle is true that all his life Wagner was an of power, but he contributed to the Demon. A pamphlet forged up the Demon out of nothing; seduced him. He did not arise suddenly waste our civilization. The Demon arose everywhere out of the human life. It is his universality, modern civilization, that makes a world-citizen, else he could speak with a Baltic horizon could be a Cossack chief; the Antichrist is seduced. That is why his mightiest

embodiment has occurred in Germany, in the midst of a high civilization, bruised in its kernel by a disastrous history. The Antichrist is a rank weed growing out of a wounded culture; and German culture received its wound in the days when Richard Wagner stood on the Dresden steeple, braving a rain of bullets.

Germany was ablaze with rebellion against her thirty-six princes, against the king of Prussia, against the emperor of Austria, or rather his hated, all-powerful minister, Metternich; against the great oppressor of peoples through the whole of Europe: the Russian tsar. She was fighting for her freedom: freedom of speech, press, confession; the rights of man, equality of classes and races, parliamentary representation; she was fighting for that great freedom, which in those days was denied most of the nations east of the Rhine; the freedom to be a single nation, obeying only itself. That is why awakening Germany, robbed of her inner freedom and desiring it in the form of unity, engaged in the most painful and tragic of all the struggles of our epoch, the desperate and futile struggle against France.

In the seventeenth century, Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu, established a basic principle of French foreign policy: ^{the security of France} demands that Germany must never be united. From then on, the dream of German unity became a vain struggle against superior French strength, against French conquest, even against the French language, which at times forced the German language out of educated German society. France oppressed Germany out of a panic fear, resulting from the Spanish-Habsburg embrace in the sixteenth century. At the beginning of that century, a Spanish king became German emperor; the ruling houses of Spain and Austria (Habsburg) fused, and Spain, vanguard of the Roman Catholic Church in defending its tottering rule over the souls of Europe, used her increasing power to crush rising Protestantism in Germany as well as encircled France. In Germany the attempt succeeded only partially, but for a hundred years France, torn by her own religious parties and powerful nobles, was strangled by the Spanish-Habsburg ring. Spain interfered in France's internal affairs, dictated French policies, maintained parties in France; and France remained Catholic. If France was

A. H. work

not utterly defeated, it was because of two factors which came to her aid: first, the rising British sea-power which distracted and paralyzed Spain; second, the Protestant German princes, who were continuously rising up against the Catholic, Habsburg-Spanish emperor, thus immobilizing at least one of his arms. It is understandable that France should henceforth have placed her hope in this strife between German emperor and German princes, and viewed it as the immutable aim of her foreign policy. For two centuries she did her best to tear Germany apart.

The split of European civilization into two enraged religious parties gave France an advantage which her own strength would not have given her. At the end of the sixteenth century she settled her own religious conflicts, while Germany was torn by religious wars, culminating in the most terrible conflict of modern times. For thirty years (1618 to 1648) the soldiers of Europe staged on German soil the most frightful slaughter in modern history, and the German nation nearly bled to death. For thirty years Swedes from the Arctic regions and Spaniards from the south streamed into Germany to fight battles and massacre the population; German cities, situated but half an hour's journey from one another, but worlds apart by reason of religion, fought on opposing sides. Provinces were turned into deserts, covered with heaps of ashes; cities vanished forever from the face of the earth; men died by murder, fire, starvation, and plague; cannibalism was not unknown.

When the thirty years' butchery was over, the number of Germans had fallen from about twelve to four millions. No other modern people has ever experienced anything of the sort. A generation later, the war broke out anew at the western borders of the country: France tried to snatch the left bank of the Rhine from Germany, and when this failed, Louvois, the French Minister of War, gave orders to create an artificial desert in the border province of the Palatinate: 'Brûlez le Palatinat' was his order, and the ruins of Heidelberg castle remain a monument to this policy. A century and a half later, the armies of Napoleon, emperor of the French, marched across Europe, and Germany was more torn than ever.

This was the great effects are clearly in France, newborn through a superiority of spirit nations of the Continent with all the refined of Napoleon broke the new Germany. I new German prince determine the course Beethoven dedicated out contemptuously the man is too big for philosopher, saw Napoleon owned that he felt horseback.' This son testably the greatest down to our own day French oppression and swallowed up Holland. Germany as far as manipulated at will the Bavaria, Württemberg tarism to Germany to conduct her own war: she brought to Germany conspirator who make . . . the living model Germany learned a broke out, the best of time there were Jacob of the French France; the immense before had been in by the tyrant of this on the clearest heads organization, was first

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se of two factors which came to sea-power which distracted and instant German princes, who were Catholic, Habsburg-Spanish emine of his arms. It is understandable have placed her hope in this nd German princes, and viewed ign policy. For two centuries she

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This was the great turning-point in German history; its after-effects are clearly discernible in the Germany of 1940. Napoleon's France, newborn through revolution, possessed a real inner strength, a superiority of spirit and will over the other, despotically governed nations of the Continent; the Caesar of France played these forces with all the refined dexterity later so well described in the *Protocols*. Napoleon broke the millennial German Empire into pieces and built a new Germany. He founded new German states and created new German princes, who were to endure a whole century and determine the course of German history. To him Ludwig van Beethoven dedicated his Third Symphony, the *Eroica*; Goethe cried out contemptuously to German patriots: 'Tug away at your chains, the man is too big for you, you will never break them!' Hegel, the philosopher, saw Napoleon riding through the streets of Jena, and owned that he felt as though he had seen 'the world spirit on horseback.' This son of Corsica, emperor of the French, was incontestably the greatest single figure in German history—perhaps down to our own day. But at the same time his epoch signified French oppression and domination of Germany. France not only swallowed up Holland and Belgium; for a time she annexed North Germany as far as the mouth of the Elbe. She governed and manipulated at will the new states she had created, the kingdoms of Bavaria, Württemberg, Westphalia. She brought modern militarism to Germany and levied armies in Germany with which to conduct her own wars. But above all, in the person of Napoleon I, she brought to Germany the idea of democratic Caesarism, of the conspirator who makes himself a tyrant by the abuse of democracy . . . the living model of the Wise Men of Zion.

Germany learned and imitated. When the French Revolution broke out, the best of the German intelligentsia rejoiced. For a time there were Jacobin republics on the Rhine, under the protection of the French revolutionary armies. The inner reforms in France; the immense power they gave the country which shortly before had been in a state of collapse; the systematic organization by the tyrant of this new spiritual might, made a deep impression on the clearest heads in Germany. What we today call German organization, was first learned from Napoleon, who from army

* some day they will say
the same of me.

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preacher
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organization to apiculture re-formed his nation; who chose as a symbol of his imperial power the totalitarian bee, dedicated to work and war; who, on the ruins of conquered Moscow, decreed the foundation of a French national theater. From him Germany learned the new methods of raising popular armies; she learned how to arm, train, feed them, move them across country in flexible, widely distributed bands, and then hurl their assembled power at a single point. From France, Germany learned the secret of the new patriotism: organized freedom.

'His aim,' said Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the romantic German philosopher, 'is not to be ruler of France, but ruler of the world; and if he cannot be that, he would prefer not to be at all. He has enthusiasm and an absolute will; only a stronger enthusiasm can defeat him — enthusiasm for liberty!'

A.H. Another contemporary of Napoleon, the patriotic Prussian poet, Heinrich von Kleist, asserted that this was the custom in the army of the French enemy, especially in the artillery: the captain of a battery at the beginning of a battle, 'with his left fist grasps an artilleryman by the chest, and with the tip of his sword pointing at a spot on the ground, he says, "You die here!" looking at him all the while; then to the next, "You, here!" and to a third, and fourth, and all the rest, "Here, here, and here!" and to the last, "Here!"' Kleist thought 'that this command to the soldiers to die without any argument had an extraordinary effect,' and the whole business, Kleist, the Prussian, called a 'French experiment that ought to be imitated.'

The Germans learned by plan. In the German masses a democratic longing stirred which actually sprang to the surface decades later; but in the period of Napoleon's domination, Prussian ministers and generals undertook to organize this longing from above. Officially, at least, they released the Prussian peasants from their semi-enslavement to the junkers; they gave their subjects the novel privilege of choosing their own trade; they went so far as to promise a parliament and freedom of the press. In the end, they confronted the French emperor with an army that was almost revolutionary. It was based on general conscription and in a way democratic. Commoners, believe it or not, could rise to be officers. A

German revolution intellectuals. They as well, because n had added enorm despised such a fi; first time he saw h for freedom, could Baron vom Stein, his king and suspe knew but one fath Ernst Moritz Arri extend 'as far as th up in a people's w a German revolut war — the most int Renan, later said - tion (French king Revolution which March, 1814, the c victory, a man of th tells the story — cr taken, the nobles f

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In the German masses a demoly sprang to the surface decades n's domination, Prussian minis- ganize this longing from above. e Prussian peasants from their ey gave their subjects the novel le; they went so far as to promie press. In the end, they con- a army that was almost revolu- nscription and in a way demo- ot, could rise to be officers. A

German revolutionary chauvinism broke out among the German intellectuals. They hated not only the French, but their princes as well, because most of them favored the French emperor, who had added enormously to their power. The well-informed even despised such a figure as the king of Prussia, who, when for the first time he saw his people's army that was embarking on the fight for freedom, could think of nothing to say but 'Dirty men!' Karl, Baron vom Stein, the mind behind the Prussian reforms, hated by his king and suspected of Jacobinism, went so far as to say that he knew but one fatherland, and that was Germany. Another patriot, Ernst Moritz Arndt, the poet, proclaimed that Germany must extend 'as far as the German tongue is heard.' In 1813, Prussia rose up in a people's war against the domination of the French. It was a German revolution, but a European tragedy. For this people's war — the most intellectual of all wars as the French historian, Ernest Renan, later said — was at the same time a war of European reaction (French kings and aristocrats included) against the French Revolution which Napoleon had not entirely perverted. When in March, 1814, the cannon thundered in Berlin to celebrate the final victory, a man of the people — so Carl Varnhagen von Ense, the writer, tells the story — cried out sadly: 'There you have it, Paris has been taken, the nobles have won!'

The French grenadiers with their bearskin caps vanished, but the emperor's portrait remained hanging on the wall of many a German living-room. The corpse of Saint Helena — the hieroglyph in the ocean, as a German poet put it — became a myth even mightier than the living man had been. In the first half of the nineteenth century, he became for France a symbol of national pride and consciousness of power. For Germany, politically torn, divided, and humiliated by their own miserable rulers, Napoleon became the embodiment of human Titanism, a demigod who had set out to build the Tower of Babel, a hero, a model of intellect and will. Once, when Ludwig van Beethoven wanted to boast, he said: 'If I knew as much about war as I do about music, I would defeat him!'

Thus oppressed Germany admired her oppressor and almost forgave the tyrant his tyranny because of its immensity. Germans became accustomed to the concept of injustice ennobled by genius,

A. H. The German will accept any injustice if they see it as a by-product of the deeds of a genius.

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A. H.
tell
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* anathema to D.T. the US loves it.

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of crime justified by greatness, of history elevated above morality. Napoleon Bonaparte, living proof that a man risen from the people could dominate the world, became a powerful motif in the ideas and dreams of the modern era—in Germany as elsewhere.

* Fichte, deeply anti-Napoleonic in his feelings, had hoped for a Germany that would be inspired by 'enthusiasm for liberty' . . . based on the principle that all beings with a human face are equal.

These words still breathe the spirit of Germany's classic humanism, the spirit of Kant, Goethe, and especially Schiller; and this humanitarian heritage, popularized by Schiller's plays and poems, has been the choicest spiritual heritage of the German people. But here we are not studying those sentiments which lived in the soul of the Germans for a century, but the genesis of their destruction.

Around the divine image of Napoleon, Georg Wilhelm Hegel, a Napoleon of the mind, created a philosophical religion of the state, which became the highest revelation of the 'world spirit.' This world spirit is a true child of the German political fantasy. Its meaning is that all worldly happenings are governed by a rational necessity and not by blind compulsion. The world spirit is revealed either through a difficult, highly ingenious thought process (dialectics), or by deeds; to accomplish such deeds is the task of the great men in history, the 'business agents of the world spirit.' The great historic individuals, Hegel taught, do pursue their selfish purposes in history, but it is their special nature that their 'private purposes contain the substantial, which is the will of the world spirit. . . . The others follow these leaders of their souls, for in them they feel the irresistible power of their own inward spirit.'

Thus German philosophy began to honor historic greatness as a thing in itself, without inquiring whom this greatness might injure. But the hero cult was not the sole product of Napoleon's mighty impression on Hegel. Hegel's contradictory experience with the great foreigner led him to kneel before the hard reality of all history, to an obedient affirmation of everything that was real. Hence his famous saying: 'What is rational is real and what is real is rational.' The 'rational' is the same as what he elsewhere calls 'idea' or 'world spirit.' A great, universal principle of reason underlies the entire world, governing all events, because it is in-

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history elevated above morality, that a man risen from the people is a powerful motif in the ideas in Germany as elsewhere. In his feelings, had hoped for a by 'enthusiasm for liberty . . . us with a human face are equal.' of Germany's classic humanism, specially Schiller; and this human-biller's plays and poems, has been the German people. But here we which lived in the soul of the genesis of their destruction. Napoleon, Georg Wilhelm Hegel, a philosophical religion of the relation of the 'world spirit.' This German political fantasy. Its means are governed by a rational necessity. The world spirit is revealed ingenious thought process (dialectic) deeds is the task of the great of the world spirit.' The great do pursue their selfish purposes nature that their 'private purposes the will of the world spirit. . . their souls, for in them they feel inward spirit.' n to honor historic greatness as ing whom this greatness might t the sole product of Napoleon's Hegel's contradictory experience o kneel before the hard reality of mation of everything that was 'hat is rational is real and what is the same as what he elsewhere eat, universal principle of reason ning all events, because it is in-

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herent in the things themselves; but to reveal itself or to 'realize' itself, as Hegel says, it must 'appear in an endless wealth of forms, phenomena, and shapes,' until it finally can enter 'conscience'; that is, be grasped by the human mind.

This principle of reason, or the 'world spirit,' is realized in history in successively higher forms, or, as Hegel calls them, 'stages'; one of these stages is the 'national spirit,' but the highest is the state. Hence the state is a thing 'rational in itself'; indeed Hegel calls it 'the moral universe,' and as a philosopher he indignantly rejects any idea of instructing or improving the state. As the highest revelation of the world spirit, the state stands above individuals and their supposed rights, for 'the right of the world spirit is above all special privileges.' And 'world history is no empire of happiness. The periods of happiness are the empty pages of history, because they are the periods of agreement, without conflict.' For history goes on only by conflict between its successive 'stages.'

Hegel is the intellect triumphant on the summit of self-confidence. An exalted and pitiless reason rules the world, and the German intellect aroused by Napoleon thinks history which it cannot yet make. The Antichrist assembles his scattered limbs and begins to take form. The German contribution to this world figure begins at this point. The German Nationalist Movement in the first half of the nineteenth century derives its strength from the classical flowering of German literature and philosophy. The educated classes multiplied enormously. They created the first form of modern national pride in Germany: the democratic belief in equality of all by virtue of education.

But all this dreaming cult of Napoleonic greatness and state omnipotence would not have been possible without the misery of actual German politics. In the mind of most German intellectuals state omnipotence was only another expression for the people's sovereignty in its desperate struggle against Germany's countless petty, shabby, and ridiculous princes.

This German intellectualism was part of an intellectual and at the same time political uprising through Europe. Students, professors, lawyers, writers, journalists, banded into secret societies, and if they were discovered, ended in terrible prisons. Agents of the

tsar or the Austrian emperor controlled the police in Germany and Italy, and pursued fleeing democrats from country to country. Foreign monarchs were ruling as princelings over larger or smaller parts of divided Germany: the king of Denmark was duke of Holstein and of the German-speaking parts of Slesvig; an English prince was king of Hanover and, in the best Georgian tradition, broke the sworn constitution of his country; the emperor of Austria was looked upon as a tyrant by his German subjects as well as by his Hungarian, Czech, Polish, and Italian.

An international police despotism ruled over Europe, and the resistance was international. French, Italian, and German revolutionaries greeted one another as brothers. Seldom has the decisive rôle of the intellectual been more clearly discernible. For the national revolution of the nineteenth century was his work. Formal education spread, universities were founded. Young men, predominantly of the poorer classes, studied and were dissatisfied. A stream of democratic students, revolutionary journalists, parliamentarians and bomb-throwers, demagogues and Carbonari, runs through the nineteenth century. The French Revolution had proclaimed the rights of man, and the echo resounded through the big and little nations of central, eastern, and southern Europe. This echo was the rights of nations, for the first right of man is the right to his own nationality. To these nations freedom meant the right to be governed by men of their own language, and translated into central European, democracy meant the right of national self-determination. Two nations marched at the head of this democratic national revolution: Italy and — more important — Germany.

With mingled foreboding and delight, Heinrich Heine, one of Germany's sharpest minds, saw the united German nation storming its way through the future. He saw it trained by German philosophy for world revolution, freed from the restraints of Christianity. 'If some day the taming talisman, the cross, should crumble, the savagery of the old warriors will again burst forth, the insensate berserk rage, about which the Nordic poets sing and say so much. That talisman is rotting, and some day it will lamentably crumble. The old stone gods will rise from the ancient ruins and rub the millennial dust from their eyes. Thor with his giant hammer will

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At that time France actually did take fright at the German
Nationalist Movement. If Germany was uniting, let her at least
surrender the left bank of the Rhine to France! Beginning in
1840, French politicians advanced this demand for more than thirty
years on every possible occasion. In Germany it met with angry
protest. Even Heine, son of the Rhineland, rejected the French
demand with the proud and magnificent line: 'I cannot surrender
the Rhine to you Frenchmen, for the Rhine belongs to me per-
sonally.'

In 1848, the Nationalist Movement of the German intellectuals
flared into revolution. The best brains in the land assembled in Saint
Paul's Church in Frankfurt on the Main, to found a German Reich
and give it a democratic constitution; a minority demanded a re-
public. The princes were helpless, for a time even intimidated
by bloody uprisings in Berlin, Vienna, and other cities; reactionary
ministers were driven from the country; the people seemed vic-
torious.

But who were the people? New classes had arisen. The prole-
tariat appeared in the large countries. This proletariat, created dur-
ing the last decades by the new industries, the spinning and weav-
ing mills, the great iron smelteries, machine shops and mines, lived
amid frightful conditions, bordering on starvation and moral decay.
The workers saw little in democracy and national unity. They
wanted to eat. The propertied classes, which had previously been
democratically minded, took fright and sought the protection of the
military reaction; the alliance between property and military force
strangled the revolution and silently drained off the blood of
democracy.

Thus, in 1852, a military and political adventurer was able to
seize power in France, make himself emperor under the title of
Napoleon III, and create the state which was to become the model
for the conspiracy of the Wise Men of Zion. Everywhere world
economy was on its way to creating—in the words of Hegel—a
new 'stage'—the world proletariat. Two German students of

*It was as if God the Lord
moved from the right of freedom to the right of power.*

Hegel, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, applied the master's doctrine to this world, and in so doing (these were their words) stood Hegel's doctrine, hitherto upside down, on its feet. There was an inner necessity in world history, as Hegel had taught, but it was not the world spirit; according to Marx and Engels, it was something very unspiritual—the material interests of man.

Dr. And as it concentrated first fever and
herry bands, so did it convert from sympathy *

To understand the enormous effect of this *Communist Manifesto*, it must be realized that ever since Hegel the entire West had been permeated by a belief in the necessary and meaningful course of history. The world proletariat, instructed by Marx and Engels in the spirit of Hegel, fights for its interests in the conviction that it is thus accomplishing the work of the world spirit. And there was something in it; for the Marxist proletariat was the heir and successor of the European national and democratic revolution. Economics becomes destiny. With telegraph lines, steamships, transatlantic bank drafts, the globe becomes the scene of a commercial activity which seems to be life itself. The merchant views himself as the spiritual leader of his time, far above the soldier or the philosopher; and so does his antagonist, the Marxist proletarian. This belief in the supposed economic kernel of all things was a belief that has had its day in history — and now this day is gone.

* cont - the German influenza in the early 20's was the first manifestation of this the first of the disease before the

Meanwhile, the revolution was crushed in hard-fought battles with the help of the Russian army. That Richard Wagner, the Church of the Cross is

The rise of economic liberalism in the nineteenth century had broken the ties of the old world, and the new economic age had created a new world. The ardent souls among the young men of that world history in the nineteenth century were the self-realization of work.

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of this *Communist Manifesto*, the entire West had been on a steady and meaningful course of development, directed by Marx and Engels in the conviction that it was the world spirit. And there was no doubt that the proletarian was the heir and successor of the democratic revolution. Ecological lines, steamships, transatlantic cables, the scene of a commercial revolution, the merchant views himself as the heir of the soldier or the philosopher, the Marxist proletarian. This was the belief of all things was a belief that now this day is gone.

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Meanwhile, the revolution, abandoned by a part of its supporters, was crushed in hard-fought and bloody struggles (1849), in places with the help of the Russian tsar. It was in one of these lost battles that Richard Wagner threw down his slips of paper from the Church of the Cross in Dresden.

The rise of economic thinking at the middle of the nineteenth century had broken the momentum of the great revolution. When the new economic age began to appear above the horizon, the most ardent souls among the intellectuals lost their glowing confidence that world history in the Hegelian sense would be a progressive self-realization of world reason.

One of the most moving examples of this despair is Heinrich Heine, who in his youth had uttered the most eloquent words in the German language about democracy and socialism. Then came the recoil. Observation of the Parisian masses brought him to the pessimistic conviction that 'the premature triumph of the proletariat would be of short duration and a misfortune for humanity. In their mad intoxication for equality, they would destroy everything that is beautiful and noble on earth and unleash their iconoclastic rage on art and science. . . . The kings vanish, and with them the last poets. . . . The barren work-a-day sentiment of the modern Puritans will spread over all Europe like a gray dusk, foreshadowing rigid winter. . . .'
J. J. Kryptically to be loved

Heine's backsliding from democracy was more than a personal matter. Others said the same thing with greater thoroughness and depth; but with him it was more than a statement, it was an event; he not only experienced an historic turn; he was that turn. In the person of Heine, the penitent intellectual fell from his proud rational glory, confessed his great sins, and renounced humanity's most regal thought: the equality of all mortals:

As long as such doctrines [he is referring to freedom, equality, and particularly atheism] remained the secret possession of an intellectual aristocracy and were discussed in the refined language of a coterie, incomprehensible to the servants who stood behind us as we banded blasphemies at our philosophical *petits soupers*—I, too, counted myself among the frivolous *esprits forts*. Most of us resembled those liberal *grands seigneurs* who shortly before the

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spend off when money itself would become no more than a nutrient in the flow of electronics.

revolution sought to dispel the boredom of their idle court existence with the new revolutionary ideas. But when I saw that the raw plebs, the Jan Hagels, were beginning to discuss the very same topics in their grimy symposia, where wax candles and girandoles were replaced by tallow and oil lamps, [when the old ideal of his youth] began to stink of cheese, brandy, and tobacco: then suddenly my eyes were opened, and what I had not understood by my reason, I now understood by my sense of smell, by nausea and discomfort. . . . We shall gladly sacrifice ourselves for the people; self-sacrifice is among our subtlest pleasures—the emancipation of the people was the great task of our life, for it we have struggled and borne nameless misery, at home as in exile—but . . . I would wash my hand if the sovereign people honored me with its handshake.

The '*trahison des clercs*,' the betrayal by the intellectuals, as a French philosopher a hundred years later called it! Public life—all life in a sense—began to look questionable. In opposition to Hegel, a gloomy prophet arose: Arthur Schopenhauer. Hegel had taught that the essence of all things was world reason and that every event was an act of its self-realization. Schopenhauer angrily replied that the center of all things is the most irrational thing conceivable, the blind will, the desire, the urge. It lay at the base of all happenings in nature, and since it could never achieve fulfillment, its existence was suffering without end; the function of reason was to recognize this tragedy and put an end to the suffering by putting an end to the will, that is, to life. 'Every human life as a whole,' he wrote, 'shows the qualities of a tragedy, and we see that life, in general, consists only of hopes gone astray, thwarted plans, and errors recognized too late.' Consequently, life is 'something which better were not; a sort of delusion, knowledge of which should remove us from it.'

The corner of this sad world in which Arthur Schopenhauer spent his earthly existence, or, as he would have said, his existence subject to the will, was an upper-class house in the city of Frankfurt on the Main. From its high windows he viewed the ships on the Main, the white façades and tall pointed towers of the city, the crowd in the narrow medieval streets, and, in language ringing with the fury of the prophets, painted the emptiness of human

striving and the beauties o'clock struck from the r goosequill, took up a wa took himself—a little ol apeline countenance, a w acter—to the Swan Hou tities of the finest foods. wise man would succeed enough powder into it to ruinous expression of hi 'sexual desire,' he maintai love by fixation on a par the swindles of this nobl finitely, immeasurably m

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striving and the beauties of absolute renunciation. When twelve
o'clock struck from the near-by cathedral tower, he laid down his
goosequill, took up a walking-stick with a silver handle, and be-
took himself — a little old man with wild gray hair and a faintly
apelite countenance, a well-known and much-ridiculed city char-
acter — to the Swan Hotel, where he consumed astonishing quan-
tities of the finest foods. He expressed the hope that some day a
wise man would succeed in boring a hole in the earth and sinking
enough powder into it to blow the whole planet to bits. The most
ruinous expression of human nature was for him sexual love;
'sexual desire,' he maintained, 'particularly when concentrated into
love by fixation on a particular woman, is the quintessence of all
the swindles of this noble world: it promises so unspeakably, in-
finitely, immeasurably much, and delivers so wretchedly little.'

As for human progress, the greater happiness of the mass, Scho-
penhauer would not even have understood the question, since he
was interested only in the possibility of insight into the nature of
things (or behind the veil of Maya, as he put it) by a well-equipped
individual mind. To him the world spirit on horseback, so admired
by Hegel, was only 'the bandit Buonaparte.' The 'great' acts of
history were just an accumulation of crimes and follies. If a nation
arrogated to itself an heroic or spiritual world mission, it was un-
questionably a swindling pretext for common robbery and mass
murder — he expressly had Jews and French in mind.

In his lifetime, Schopenhauer remained virtually unheard by the
German Hegelian generation, and this contributed no little to his
embitterment. But over the succeeding generation his philosophy
of death swept like a tidal wave, washing away all Hegel and all
faith in world reason. Amid all its material successes and despite
all its vigor, the educated German bourgeoisie consoled itself in
Schopenhauer's grim, sullen wisdom: 'Pass this world by, it is
nothing!'

In dealing with the influence of thinkers and poets on their age,
we do not mean that these men determined the spirit of their time.
They are what Hegel might have called the 'bookkeepers of the
world spirit'; they understood the laughter and tears of their time bet-
ter than others and expressed it with greater clarity and force. After

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the defeat of the great ideals in 1849, shame, gloom, discouragement, led men to affect a lofty contempt for freedom and the masses. It was generally said that politics ruined the character; a pitiable philistinism spread — the dusty ashes of spent ideals. 'It is no mean accomplishment to read through world history and retain one's love of the human race,' writes Richard Wagner, twenty years after his act of light-hearted, confident defiance atop the Church of the Cross in Dresden.

A.4. The new reality was world economy. This might seem rational to Hegel's misguided students, Marx and Engels, to the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire, or to Baron Rothschild. But the demonic intellectuals found that Europe had succumbed to a leaden winter's sleep, to a puritanical 'work-a-day sentiment,' as Heine had called it. Wagner has a similar image: 'With all our far-flung state and national economy, we seem to be caught in a dream; first it lulls, then it frightens, and in the end it oppresses. We are all eager to waken. But the strange thing about this dream is that, as long as we are in it, we regard it as real life and struggle against awakening as against death.' He found that all political parties in Germany from Left to Right in reality served only economic interests. Not an original discovery in itself; but Wagner had the remarkable insight and foresight to view these supposedly so vital interests as phantoms and figments of the brain, concealing the far nobler, but also harder, reality.

Wagner exerted an enormous influence on history that cannot be measured in numbers of opera performances. A dilettante without thorough — at all events without scientific — education, he gave the impetus to a philosophy of history which, after decades of hesitant knocking at the portals, is shaking the world in our days. Without knowing or intending it, he contributed some of the most important sentences to the message of the Antichrist.

In a purely outward sense, this begins with the fact that Wagner conducted a lifelong, embittered struggle against the Jews. Two years after the episode in Dresden, he wrote a long essay entitled *Jews in Music*. The grim earnest in Wagner's attack was this: 'The Jew, in the present state of the affairs of this world, is more than emancipated: he rules and will rule so long as money re-

mains the power before force.' In other words world domination of poetry and music. I treasure of the Nibel curse of gold as a poison us what he has in mind of the Nibelungs take we have 'a gruesome Jew).

Wagner was a man of its very magnitude. I world — a terrifying creative artist. He to versal issues of his time in themselves did not and writing were into art? It is a great epic world. The love-death old gods — all Wagner vision: the exalted value of mediocrity. And 'Where do our Germans? We find them in pain.

Wagner is a true exhaustion in the latter Germany's outward shadow this mood. It is up the army which ever since. This arm of the majority of the Prussian statesman, with the Prussian people years (1862-1866) man was the product of suffered after the year combined superiority of

in 1849, shame, gloom, discouragement, contempt for freedom and the that politics ruined the character; a he dusty ashes of spent ideals. 'It is ad through world history and retain writes Richard Wagner, twenty years confident defiance atop the Church

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mains the power before which all our acts and efforts lose their force.' In other words, the world domination of economics is the world domination of Jewry. Wagner later translated this idea into poetry and music. In his *Ring* trilogy, he tells the story of the treasure of the Nibelungs, treating the old legendary motif of the curse of gold as a political allegory. In a prose commentary he tells us what he has in mind: that in the present era 'the fateful ring of the Nibelungs takes the form of a stockbroker's wallet,' and thus we have 'a gruesome picture of the ghastly world overlord' (read Jew).

Wagner was a man of repellent egotism, disarming by virtue of its very magnitude. He felt himself to be the spiritual center of the world—a terrifying example of artistic madness, even in a great creative artist. He took a polemical, partisan stand on all controversial issues of his time, though he remarked naïvely that the issues in themselves did not really interest him, but that all his fighting and writing were intended only to serve 'his art.' But what is this art? It is a great epic about the decline and death of nobility in this world. The love-death of Tristan and Isolde, the twilight of the old gods—all Wagner's images are aspects of the one terrible vision: the exalted values of an earlier day perish in the rising flood of mediocrity. And what actually does he mean by 'mediocrity'? 'Where do our German barbarians sit?' he asked. And answered. 'We find them in parliaments chosen by universal suffrage.'

Wagner is a true child of Germany's great disillusionment and exhaustion in the latter half of the nineteenth century. To be sure, Germany's outward successes in the same period seemed to overshadow this mood. In the sixties a group of Prussian junkers built up the army which has filled the world with fear and suspicion ever since. This army came into being against the express will of the majority of the Prussian people. For four whole years the Prussian statesman, Otto von Bismarck, had to deal dictatorially with the Prussian parliament in order to create an army. These years (1862-1866) mark the birth of modern Prussian militarism. It was the product of a diplomatic defeat which Prussia had suffered after the years of the German revolution when the combined superiority of Russia and Austria forced Prussia to resign

political leadership in Germany—the Treaty of Olmütz, 1850; in addition there was the fear of the newly growing military power of France under Napoleon III and of the French desire to annex the western provinces of Germany. At that time, as soon as a strong foreign power crossed Germany's borders, it might hope to win over to its side a part of the sovereign German states, as in the time of Richelieu. To make impossible such a coalition between a foreign power and a section of Germany against Prussia, Bismarck made German unity his goal. In 1866, Prussia, strengthened by the economy of the industrial Rhine province, waged a victorious war against the other half of Germany, and thus forced a new unity on a part of the old German Empire. Austria with her German provinces was thrust aside. The dreams of 1848 were not fulfilled, but the Prussian success was, after all, a success. As always, economy obeyed political power. Bismarck cleverly managed to represent the disruption of Germany as unification. The rest of Germany accepted Prussian domination because it seemed to be the only means to protect the country against being attacked and torn apart by two strong neighbors: France and Russia.

For the imperial ruler of France, Napoleon III once more demanded purely German parts of the left bank of the Rhine; he demanded them of Bismarck (1865) and of Austria, too (1866); both were unscrupulous enough to put Napoleon off with promises and appeasement, even to concede him a rôle of arbiter in Germany's internal affairs. Later, by making Napoleon's demands public (he had demanded Belgium, too), Bismarck aroused anti-French feelings, not only in Germany, but also in England; the final outcome was a declaration of war by Napoleon in 1870.

The Emperor, haunted by the specter of a unified Germany, had attempted to lead a coalition of all Europe against Prussia and to attract to his side even the South German states and Austria. This latter plan misfired completely, and Bismarck's skillful diplomacy was able to prevent the European coalition—a diplomacy much more successful and farsighted than that of his successors forty and sixty years later. Napoleonic France was shattered by the war. Prussian Germany won a *Blitzkrieg* against the usurper, who had been the living model for the Wise Men of Zion and was

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so hated by the radical democrats of Europe that even Marx and Engels, though bitter enemies of Prussia, desired a Prussian victory.

This German 'unification on the field of battle' was completed in 1871 when the King of Prussia was crowned German Emperor. Even Richard Wagner, who had long ceased to be a revolutionary, was unhappy about the 'constant readiness for a new war' which was, in his opinion, one of the characteristics of the new empire. He accused Bismarck of having missed the opportunity for a genuine reconciliation with France, complained of the annexation of Lorraine by Germany ('Germany's new unity shows its hungry teeth everywhere'), and said it was a scandal that inside Germany the army, which, after all, was based on 'German labor,' nevertheless was used to 'protect the propertied against the non-propertied.' And the curse of this age was 'war civilization.'

This was the better future he saw and expected for Germany: 'The Germans, by their special gifts, are destined to become not rulers, but ennoblers of the world. . . . With the help of all related Germanic peoples, we could permeate the world with the products of our special culture, without ever becoming rulers of the world.' Never let them become rulers, for this is the road to inevitable destruction. History, he said, shows man to be 'a beast of prey developing through constant progress. The beast of prey conquers countries, founds great realms by the subjugation of other subjugators, forms states and organizes civilizations, in order to enjoy his booty in peace . . . Attack and defense, suffering and struggle, victory and defeat, domination and servitude, all sealed with blood; this is the entire history of the human race. . . .'

In support of his gloomy faith, Wagner always sought out suitable prophets. In the prime of his life, it was Schopenhauer who helped to destroy his pleasure in humanity; in later years, it was a personal friend, the Frenchman, Count Arthur de Gobineau. Gobineau provided an ostensibly scientific system into which he could fit his race despair, a biological basis for the twilight of the gods. From Gobineau's *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*, Wagner learned, as he himself said, 'that the human race consists of irreconcilably unequal races. The nobler of these can dominate the others; by mixture, however, they cannot make the others like

themselves, but can only make themselves less noble.' This is the essence of the whole doctrine. As the noble race, Gobineau and Wagner designate the white race. But 'the ruination of the white race is that it is incomparably less numerous than the lower races, and was forced to mix with them.' And thus the higher, nobler minority of the white race must decline with the force of a natural law; 'the tragic character of this realization must not close our eyes to it.' The particular tragedy of modern society in its racial decay is that in their midst there always remains, undamaged, the Jew; 'the most astonishing example of race consistency that history ever has provided.' This, in Wagner's eyes, is 'an amazing, incomparable phenomenon; the plastic demon of the decay of humanity enjoys triumphant safety.'

The white sons of the gods decline, and this decline cannot permanently be prevented. Valhalla sinks into the twilight of the gods, and in this tragedy the gods are not blameless, for their realm was based on force, on the domination of the beast of prey. But though the whole downward course of the world cannot be stopped, it can, for a time, be halted in certain details, and the degeneration combated by a 'regeneration.' Wagner hoped that Germany would give the world this temporary regeneration if she renounced power politics and permeated the world with her culture: 'Even if the Holy Roman Empire were to go up in smoke, We would still have sacred German art,' sings Hans Sachs in the *Meistersingers*.

Germany's bright and dark souls met in Wagner's breast. Just as he was wearying of Bismarck's cannon-and-stock-exchange-state, large sections of the German people were beginning to ask themselves: Did we really want this? Lulled for a moment by the thunderous spectacle of 1871, they now began to strain against the shackles of Prussian might. The German workers' movement, an angry protest against soulless Prussian force, grew to be the largest and most powerful movement of its sort in the modern world, though the German workers never became conscious of their power. As a part of the European workers' movement, the German movement was a rebellion against capitalism, but as a German movement, it was a rebellion against the Prussian military state; Bismarck saw the danger for his creature so clearly that, at the time he fell

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from power, he was planning to provoke artificial disorders among the workers (in the style of Napoleon III), as a pretext for crushing the movement in blood.

Under pressure of circumstances, Bismarck had won for Germany several colonies overseas, but he did it against his convictions. His most enduring political creation was the German military machine; what, for decades, the world has called Prussian militarism. Bismarck did not conceive this militarism as an instrument of world domination, for in his eyes Germany was simply not strong enough for 'world rule.' To the end of his life he was much more conscious of her weakness than of her strength.

This nervous fear has left its deep imprint on German thought. The most far-reaching voice of modern German philosophy bears its mark. We refer to Friedrich Nietzsche, who cursed 'nationalism and race hatred . . . the national heart-itch and blood-poisoning on account of which the nations of Europe today are bounded off and secluded from one another, as by quarantine.' For this modern European nationalism he held Bismarck's system largely responsible; a system that must 'plant itself between two mortal hatreds lest its own creation should collapse.' His final opinion about his own nation (like every great spirit Nietzsche did not hold the same opinions throughout his life) might be summed up in his words: 'Wheresoever Germany penetrates she ruins culture.' D. U.

Therefore, Wagner's 'degeneration' was quite true for Germany, but it was a 'death dream' peculiar to Germany and not applicable to the human type of the future which Nietzsche sometimes called the 'good European,' sometimes the 'Superman'; a daring, dominant race based on an extremely intelligent herd, which will overcome nations and particularly the German nation. America

For in our time 'it has been made possible for international racial leagues to arise, which set themselves the task of cultivating a race of masters, the future masters of the earth; a new and mighty aristocracy, based on the hardest self-legislation, in which the will of philosophical despots and artist tyrants will endure for thousands of years; a higher type of men, who, thanks to their surplus of will, knowledge, wealth, influence, use democratic Europe as their most supple and mobile tool, to lay hands on the destinies of the earth. . . . we at the end-

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 Democracy as a tool — for if you look closely it is democratic mass education which transforms human beings into tools for the new ruler: 'He who has retained and cultivated a strong will at the same time as a broad spirit has better chances than ever. For man's capacity for training has become very great in this democratic Europe; men who learn easily, who easily adapt themselves, are the rule: the herd beast, who may even be highly intelligent, is created. He who can command finds those who must obey. . . . The modern mass intelligence easily slips down the road to mass slavery; it lacks the bigoted resistance of the "strong and unintelligent will."'

And what would the philosophical despots and artist tyrants do with the earth? Nietzsche replies: 'They would mold man as an artist would.' The task is to 'achieve that immense energy of greatness, to mold the future man by breeding, and, at the same time, by destroying, millions of bungled humans — we must not be deterred by the suffering we create, the equal of which has never been seen!'

Here the German intellect had withdrawn to the wild beast's den; it no longer represents its nation. This philosophy is quite foreign to the sentiment of the popular mass. During the fifty years of the German Empire's existence, a people's movement had grown up, demanding democracy. A movement of the rabble, Nietzsche would have said. But where was the superman to lead this 'intelligent herd'?

Wilhelm II, by God's grace German Emperor and King of Prussia, took himself to be this ruler. He promised the German nation to lead it toward glorious times; and swore to crush anyone opposing him. He was the son of an English princess, the grandson of Queen Victoria, and spoke English as well as German. What Napoleon had meant a century before to the soul of Germany, the British Navy and colonial empire meant to Wilhelm's soul; they were the measure of greatness, to which at all costs he meant to raise Germany. And so he built a German fleet and tried to found a German colonial empire. Most of these plans bogged down in the execution. Wilhelm's most fatal achievement in foreign policy was that he replaced Bismarck's complicated system of peace through alliances

by the simple system of peace by many's alliance with Russia in the heart of Europe on merit; an effort that could high technical level.

Everything came too late national unity came too late. About a hundred years before conscious of its unity through unity; but this movement of unity; violence and war had but now a new national consciousness of a great German industry between in other countries, but now confidence as in the land to had not given sufficient strength cannon in Essen, the optical along the Rhine, the lower Rhine — all this, take paign against English, Belgium up to the twentieth century. Now, step by step, the foreign into the world market, and

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INTERLUDE

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by the simple system of peace through the sword. He dropped Ger-
many's alliance with Russia and based Germany's delicate security
in the heart of Europe on the excessively increased German arma-
ment; an effort that could be accomplished only by a nation at a
high technical level.

Everything came too late to Germany. Democracy came too late,
national unity came too late—and now technology came too late.
About a hundred years before, the nation had first become con-
scious of its unity through a great literary and philosophical move-
ment; but this movement had been powerless to create a political
unity; violence and war had then forged a dubious, superficial unity,
but now a new national experience descended on Germany: the
consciousness of a great technical achievement, the building of
German industry between 1870 and 1910. Industry was expanding
in other countries, but nowhere did it develop such national self-
confidence as in the land to which Bach, Kant, Goethe, Beethoven,
had not given sufficient strength and pride. The steel of Krupp's
cannon in Essen, the optical lenses in Jena, the high tension lines
along the Rhine, the chemical products of Mannheim and the
lower Rhine—all this, taken together, was a great national cam-
paign against English, Belgian, and even French industry, which
up to the twentieth century had dominated the German market.
Now, step by step, the foreign industries were forced out, pursued
into the world market, and there, too, undersold and defeated.

This was the time when the acquisition of African colonies was
explained to the nation with arguments like this: some 60,000,000
Britishers owned 13,500,000 square miles or almost a fourth of all
land on the globe; about 130,000,000 Russians lived (at that time)
on more than 8,500,000 square miles; why should 70,000,000 Ger-
mans be locked up in 200,000 square miles?

On February 21, 1902, the Emperor of this technological nation
received a remarkable letter in his 'New Palace' at Potsdam. A
friend and admirer wrote these words of encouragement and ex-
hortation: 'We have arrived at a turning-point in world history.
Never, as far back as history takes us, has there been a world situ-
ation remotely resembling the present; how then should the old
institutions hold up? The new world is the work of science (in-
cluding technology), and it is science which will dominate it.'

1923 *At + Houston Stewart*
Chamberlain
HST

1923

That, the letter-writer assures the Kaiser, meant German science. Only the Germans were sufficiently permeated by science to organize the earth. To be sure, the English seemed to dominate the globe at the moment, 'by muscle, sinew, and will,' but this epoch of domination by sheer power was past. And English science was too atomized, too unsystematic, too '*happy-go-lucky*,'¹ for the great world task. The writer seasons his whole letter to the English-speaking Kaiser with English expressions. With obsequious flattery he compares the rise of German culture with English intellectual decadence, and even quotes an English authority on the subject: '*To my mind*,' the English chemist Dewar had recently declared at a scientific congress, '*the really appalling thing is not that the Germans have seized this or the other industry, it is that Germany possesses a national weapon of precision which must give her an enormous initial advantage in any and every contest depending upon disciplined and methodized intellect*.' Yes, the letter-writer goes on, Dewar is right, and this must be Germany's aim: to become a 'nation acting according to plan, a scientifically drilled nation.'

The writer lacked the intellectual integrity which made Nietzsche cry out openly for slavery, but he meant the same thing; against his will the word slips out after all, and he is not embarrassed to call it the consequence of higher education: 'True organic subordination — not slavery — requires a higher education than the English system demands or even allows. The Englishman does his best work alone, while the German does his best in community. Germany can only wrest the leadership from Anglo-Americanism by pursuing a totally different method and acting as a cohesive unit, disciplined and methodized as our good Dewar correctly says. Germany — of this I am firmly convinced — can dominate the whole globe in part by direct political methods, in part indirectly through language, culture, techniques.'

This was not written by a native German, but by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, born an Englishman, for the first twenty-five years of his life a virtual Frenchman; in the end a German. Natural scientist and philosopher, he exerted a decisive influence on two

¹ The words in italics are English in original.

generations of German intelligentsia; indeed the mentor of Wilhelm II.

Chamberlain was born in 1829, a British naval captain, later a field marshal, dying on a vain fight against the Boers. Chamberlain was brought up by a French mother; his language of his youth and of his early life was French. He accomplished the astonishing feat of becoming a British subject — but he became a German soul. He lived first in Dresden, then in Bayreuth. Wagner's music and his ideas; he married one of Wagner's daughters; he declared that 'poets of humanity, he declared that Wagner, but Wagner was the only one who understood the

Chamberlain was one of the most powerful forces in the history of the German mind, and of the German ideas. He combined sensitive and great intellectual stubbornness and an almost pathological side of his nature. Excessive in his personal relations, pointing out his strange career accounts of his life as an officer in the mill of German officers in the German army, treated Wilhelm II's general ideas which he thought he owed to his father, which he carried on with Wilhelm II. He abounds in well-nigh unequalled

In 1897, Chamberlain published '*Die Grundlagen des 19. Jahrhunderts*' (The Foundations of the 19th Century), which quickly made him known to the German people and to the world. He was then invited to the court, and thus became a member of the German people and to the world. Chamberlain replied that his study opposes a Christ

1923

1923

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generations of German intellectuals. He was the intellectual adviser, indeed the mentor of Wilhelm II.

Chamberlain was born in Portsmouth in 1855, the son of a British naval captain, later admiral. His uncle, Sir Neville Chamberlain, the field marshal, died a lonely, embittered man after carrying on a vain fight against the Boer War. Houston Stewart Chamberlain was brought up by relatives in France, and French was the language of his youth and education. At the age of twenty-seven, he accomplished the astonishing feat of acquiring a new nationality as a relatively mature man. For several decades he remained a British subject — but he became a German in language, mind, and soul. He lived first in Dresden, later in Vienna, finally in Bayreuth. Wagner's music and philosophy had drawn him to Germany; he married one of Wagner's daughters. The three greatest poets of humanity, he declared, were Homer, Shakespeare, and Wagner, but Wagner was the greatest.

Chamberlain was one of the most astonishing talents in the history of the German mind, a mine of knowledge and profound ideas. He combined sensitivity, gentleness, and elegance with a great intellectual stubbornness. A conflict between intellectual toughness and an almost pathological human softness was the weak side of his nature. Excessive politeness, an almost mincing caution in his personal relations, point to a profound uncertainty, for which his strange career accounts only too well. He addressed every run-of-the-mill German officer in tones of gushing obsequiousness. He treated Wilhelm II's generals and court flunkies with a respect which he thought he owed to living history. The correspondence which he carried on with Wilhelm II for over a quarter of a century abounds in well-nigh unequalled expressions of flattery.

In 1897, Chamberlain published his chief work, Die Grundlagen des 19. Jahrhunderts (The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century), which quickly made him world famous. Wilhelm II wrote inviting him to the court, and thus began a friendship which was to endure until Chamberlain's death in 1926. 'It was God who sent your book to the German people and you personally to me,' wrote the Kaiser, and Chamberlain replied that he had hung Wilhelm's picture in his study opposite a Christ by Leonardo, and that during his work

he walked back and forth between the countenance of the Saviour and that of the Kaiser.

Chamberlain denied that he was Nietzsche's successor, but nonetheless he was. From Richard Wagner he took over the doctrine of race, but he totally rejected the master's theory of decay and degeneration, rather holding, with Nietzsche, that a higher race could and must be bred. But while the German had doubted his own nation, the Englishman placed the Germans above everyone else in the world, and agreed with Wagner that they were destined 'to ennoble mankind'; though first, to be sure, 'mankind must be made sufficiently German in feeling and thought to be able to assimilate this ennobling influence.'

As a pearl forms about a tiny irritant, a grain of sand or the splinter of a shell, a nation forms around an historic irritant; around a spiritual event which is strong enough to give the entire population the feeling of a homogeneous and equal spiritual participation. Thus the British nation arose in the struggle for freedom of conscience, the French in the struggle for the moral perfection of man. Thus the German nation arose through faith in the omnipotence of education, which later degenerated into a belief in the omnipotence of technology. And since the intellect, as Chamberlain puts it, 'leaves nothing to chance,' it does not leave the birth of a nation to chance, to the historical grain of sand; but, as pearls can be grown by means of artificial irritants, the intellect artificially creates the nation, and manufactures a people as an instrument of its domination.

Race is made by man—this is Chamberlain's key to the secrets of history. 'A noble race does not fall from heaven, it becomes noble little by little, like fruit trees, and this process of development can begin anew at any moment, as soon as a geographico-historical accident or (as in the case of the Jews) a fixed plan creates the conditions.' A fixed plan allegedly created the Jewish race, and a fixed plan must create the great, intellectual, organizing, and ruling race of the future. Chamberlain said that he had learned the essential facts about race, like Charles Darwin, 'in the horse stable and on the chicken farm.'

Four phenomena are needed to produce Chamberlain's race.

* He pondered this. He must do what the Jews did, but outdo them.

First, good material ^{where this material comes}

Second, the firmest, most with definite desired characterally over a period of generations must not be sentimental. Chamberlain, 'was one of the Romans, and Teutons.' Ni the same end.

Third, this good material inbreeding; that is, by power tribal circle, avoiding

Here we seem to have a story. Have we really? Ch. race.' It is a 'mystical conce safeguarding of the blood a a necessary stage in the pre stage. This safeguarding fresh, once it has been cre: original vital spark in coo foreign saps and qualities— fourth and deepest secret c traordinary races is invarial an example, Chamberlain tribes of Franks and Saxo: blood; and, as the finest ex the last three hundred year Prussians.

And when by this fourfold natural selection, mixture, ar arisen, what have we then? been born, who, throughout kindred beings of equal nobi and longings. This kinship of 'affinity'; the kindred ra genesis—but without blood the blood.

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H. picks this up.
INTERLUDE

First, good material must be available. 'And if someone asks
where this material comes from, I must reply that I don't know.'

Second, the firmest, most powerful material, material endowed
with definite desired characteristics, must be sought out systemati-
cally over a period of generations, and in this artificial selection you
must not be sentimental. 'The exposure of sickly children,' says
Chamberlain, 'was one of the most beneficent laws of the Greeks,
Romans, and Teutons.' Nietzsche wanted to slaughter millions to
the same end.

Third, this good material must for generations be kept pure by
inbreeding; that is, by producing offspring exclusively in the nar-
rower tribal circle, avoiding all admixture of foreign blood.

Here we seem to have arrived at the 'pure race' of song and
story. Have we really? Chamberlain ridicules the legendary 'pure
race.' It is a 'mystical concept,' an 'airy phantasm.' Inbreeding, the
safeguarding of the blood against outside influences, is, to be sure,
a necessary stage in the process of race breeding, but it is a late
stage. This safeguarding preserves the race, keeps it rigid and
fresh, once it has been created; but the race does not receive its
original vital spark in cool purity, but in a mobile mixture of
foreign saps and qualities — for this, in Chamberlain's view, is the
fourth and deepest secret of all race-making: 'The genesis of ex-
traordinary races is invariably preceded by a blood mixture.' As
an example, Chamberlain cites the particularly gifted Germanic
tribes of Franks and Saxons, mixtures of Germanic and Slavic
blood; and, as the finest example, he considers a nation arisen in
the last three hundred years from blood even more mixed; the
Prussians.

And when by this fourfold process — discovery of good material,
natural selection, mixture, and finally inbreeding — a new race has
arisen, what have we then? Then a noble new type of man has
been born, who, throughout the globe, may sense, seek, and find
kindred beings of equal nobility, with like or similar gods, legends,
and longings. This kinship is not necessarily of blood, but merely
of 'affinity'; the kindred race may be of like type and similar
genes — but without blood connection. The type is decisive, not
the blood.

*At - The mix has been
made, now the inbreeding.*

on earth, we find qualities typical of d relationship is unproved and per- where on earth there is a generically most gifted: 'Is this family of men ? I do not know, and I do not care; er bond than elective affinity.' So rew up as half a Frenchman and

highest type by the old and much- question what this is, he gives a Aryan? One must know nothing of nite answer to this question.' It is blood community: 'The peoples ve r the name of Aryan vary greatly e most varied cranial structure, and hair; and supposing there had been ther race, what argument can we cumulating evidence to the effect types have from time immemorial : so-called Aryan nations? At most never a whole people, Aryan. Lin- mpelling proof of like blood.'

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order of Supermen, distributed
g and leading the so-called Ger-
em dominating the whole earth.

'Physically and spiritually, the Aryans stand out among all men;
hence they are by right the lords of the world.'

This was just what the German intellectuals, who had once created the German people without being able to give it a state, and who now had a state to whom they could give no people, had to be told. The Kaiser was firmly convinced that God in person had sent him this Englishman. In 1902, he wrote Chamberlain that according to his generals 'nearly all the young officers in the Guard Corps study and discuss *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*.' The officers of the Guard Corps were the leaders and demi-gods of the Kaiser's régime.

What Chamberlain wrote was a very bold self-portrait of an important trend in German opinion; but it was not a reflection of basic German thought. Just as this book chooses Hegel as an example of the political philosophy of the early nineteenth century, so Chamberlain, at the end of the century, stands for a series of political thinkers — Treitschke, Lagarde, Langbehn, Bernhardt; finally, and most significant, Oswald Spengler. Hegel, like Chamberlain, had founded or led a new school of political philosophy, but not (contrary to popular belief) the only, nor indeed the dominant, school. Through the entire nineteenth century the spiritual leader of German thought was not Hegel, but Friedrich Schiller, a humanist if there ever was one, and a believer in the nobility of mankind. Between 1900 and 1914 the most successful political books were Berta von Suttner's radical and pacifistic *Down Arms!* and the autobiography of the Socialist leader, August Bebel, a book hostile to militarism. True, the 'Pan-German' movement had found its strongest support among the intellectuals and among the big business men, but Heinrich Class, their leader through thirty years, called his life-work an 'upstream' struggle.

For the nation as a whole was averse to taking the bold and dizzy path to Aryan world domination, and no one knew this better than the Kaiser. Chamberlain, to whom the restlessly speech-making, traveling, telegraphing monarch opened his heart, so often bleeding from bitter wounds, knew it too. He wrote the Kaiser that public opinion was made by idiots or malicious traitors, and the Kaiser replied, in some embarrassment, that the two of them, he and Cham-

berlain, would continue to stand loyally together in common struggle for the good cause: 'You wield your pen, I my tongue. I strike my broadsword and say: "In spite of hell and high water!"'

1912
 AH
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 1913
 Wilhelm was unable to crush the open opposition, and the opposition was admittedly unable to break Wilhelm; but the Kaiser's personal authority suffered a severe blow in 1908 when a majority of the Reichstag, annoyed by the calamitous interference of the monarch in foreign affairs, censured him publicly; the Reich Chancellor had to promise that in the future the Kaiser would keep himself more in the background. In 1912, the German people elected a Reichstag with an uncontested 'anti-Prussian,' anti-militarism majority, and a third of this Reichstag actually consisted of Social Democrats. When, in 1913, in the Alsatian border city of Zabern, an excited colonel arrested some civilian participants in an anti-militarism demonstration, and had them thrown into jail, all Germany roused itself in a rebellious mood, and with a vote of 293 to 54 the Reichstag voiced its disapproval of the conduct of the government.

It was partly because of this internal opposition that imperial Germany's foreign policy did not yield to the lust for conquest, as Chamberlain expected. Between 1900 and 1912, when England conquered South Africa through military force, when France took Morocco and Italy Tripoli, Germany made no such acquisitions. It had withdrawn in Morocco before France, in Persia before England and Russia. Toward the turn of the century Germany had refused a Franco-Russian offer to unite against England who was then involved in the South-African Boer War. Then, when Russia and France concluded a pact directed against Germany, the latter, in 1904 and 1905, allowed the tempting opportunity of waging a lightning invasion of France to slip away, although Russia was at that time hard pressed by internal revolution and the defeat by Japan. Even the First World War did not begin as a German war of conquest; the deeper guilt began when, after Bismarck's retirement, Wilhelm entrusted Germany's destiny exclusively to the army. The generals of this army decided in 1914 that Germany, in the face of the Russian mobilization, must now immediately be victorious on all fronts or there would not be any chance of standing up against the superiority of the combined powers of France and Russia.

~~HH~~ ~~Chamberlain~~
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After the outbreak of war to create a world proletarian monarchy, he tau directs a factory. 'The heritage; what is new process — is a second p indubitable mission of C ally. . . . By "scientific scientific principles whi dented results in the fic extent, in administratio meticulous precision in aims to be achieved, and obtain the maximum r multiplying the forces a sion of labor, whereby e for which he is suited b tematization; that is to e every productive unit.'

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~~Hitler's domination of Germany~~
~~Hitler's domination of Germany~~
INTERLUDE
~~Hitler's domination of Germany~~
~~Hitler's domination of Germany~~
1933

After the outbreak of the First World War, Chamberlain tried to create a world program for the German intellectual. The German monarchy, he taught, should direct Germany as an engineer directs a factory. 'The monarchy represents an age-old German heritage; what is new—rising in our midst but an unconscious process—is a second political principle of the German future: the indubitable mission of Germany to organize all political life scientifically. . . . By "scientific organization" I mean application of those scientific principles which in Germany have led to such unprecedented results in the fields of technology, research, and, to a great extent, in administration as well; furthermore, I include the most meticulous precision in directing the available means toward the aims to be achieved, and the application of forces in such a way as to obtain the maximum results with a minimum expenditure; thus multiplying the forces at our disposal a hundredfold; besides, division of labor, whereby every man does the work he understands and for which he is suited by nature—all this presupposes practical systematization; that is to say, planned co-ordination of all the parts of every productive unit.'

'Productive unit' Here we have the future state called by its proper name. Its member is the technically thinking man, to whom the world appears as a task that can and must be solved.

The man of this type lives in order to work. 'If I were dictator of the world,' one of the better-paid priests of the idol of mass labor prophetically cried, 'I would shoot all idlers at sight.' This type of engineer-tyrant is by no means limited to Germany; the above-quoted sentence was uttered by a Dutchman, knighted by the King of England for his services to the empire: the oil magnate, Sir Henri Deterding.

Chamberlain's 'scientific' world plan for Germany is based on the idea that there can be no world domination through mere power, as there is no domination of any sort through mere power—as far as power means compulsion. No, this coming German world domination must be 'the realm of *homo sapiens* . . . an entirely new type of power, resting on intellectual and moral foundations: on a high average development of purely intellectual faculties, on thorough scientific knowledge, on the integration of individuals into the frame of scientific methods.'

912 * A. H. sees Speer as the new man
Chamberlain's protagonist for a
higher race

1933
H. H. sees Speer as the prototype of scientific genius.

Seriously questioned, Chamberlain would have said that he had learned from the great masters of world domination, from the Jewish prophets Ezekiel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, who created, as he says, by order of the Persian king the race-conscious Jewish people. To penetrate the other nations, to devour them from within by virtue of superior intellect, bred in the course of generations; to make themselves the dominant intelligence in foreign nations, and thus make the world Jewish—this, according to Chamberlain, is the aim of the Jews. Later, Hitler was to reveal this supposed Jewish secret to the people in passionate and gruesome pictures: how Isaac Kohn inveigled the workers and Moses Kohn the capitalists into following Jewish leadership; how the demonic brothers incited the two classes against one another until they sank exhausted into the Jewish net; how the Jewish intelligentsia won control of the economic system, the press, art—this, according to the forged Protocols, Chamberlain, and Hitler, is the true road to world domination, allegedly discovered by the Jewish intelligentsia. And hence it must become the road of the German intellectual.

Chamberlain If up to now the Germans abroad, because of the political weakness of their mother country, had not given up their language and special character, this penetration of the thinking, creating, organizing—predominantly German—element in all countries of the world would be clear for all eyes to see. If from now on they remain closely bound to Germany, consciously, openly, and proudly German—then the world conquest will mature with astonishing rapidity. To mention but one example—Why should Germany have to conquer Australia? How would this conquest be begun? How would it be executed? But once even ten per cent of the inhabitants of that continent are conscious Germans, they will constitute nine tenths of the intelligence and education, and consequently provide the guiding mind.

Hitler necessary over this How threadbare and pale beside this are our present conceptions of the 'fifth column'! Chamberlain writes Australia, because the vigilant military censorship forbade the intended 'South America' or plain 'America.'

Inspired by the mania of perfection, he foresaw a perfect Germany that would create a perfect world:

'Once Germany has achieved and we may confidently begin to carry out immediately begin to carry out undertook a systematic to must do the same. . . . Engineers, organized as firmly in art, science, technology, field, in short; teacher, his man at his post, every man thus Germany, emanating inner superiority.'

For this program of world friend (who had become Cross, Germany's most Chamberlain was not really a master of Germany. On military successes, when in France the commander the Reichstag voted, 212 conciliation'; it wanted political, economic or financial. Chamberlain among the ment for a 'good' or 'strong' calling itself the Fatherland powerful Ludendorff remained, all the same, a . . . Its most remarkable effect a small subdivision in among the workers—a committee called itself the Peace.' Its leader was A later German Workers' National Socialist Movement.

When in September, a German military demonstration of a democracy. He pressed the Kaiser to

1920
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in would have said that he had of world domination, from the Nehemiah, who created, as he the race-conscious Jewish people. to devour them from within by in the course of generations; to intelligence in foreign nations, and is, according to Chamberlain, is er was to reveal this supposed sionate and gruesome pictures: rkers and Moses Kohn the cap- ship; how the demonic brothers another until they sank exhausted i intelligentsia won control of the -this, according to the forged r, is the true road to world dom- Jewish intelligentsia. And hence rman intellectual.

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'Once Germany has achieved the power,' Chamberlain professed, 'and we may confidently expect her to achieve it — she must immediately begin to carry out a scientific policy of genius. Augustus undertook a systematic transformation of the world, and Germany must do the same. . . . Equipped with offensive and defensive weapons, organized as firmly and flawlessly as the Army, superior to all in art, science, technology, industry, commerce, finance, in every field, in short; teacher, helmsman, and pioneer of the world, every man at his post, every man giving his utmost for the holy cause — thus Germany, emanating efficiency, will conquer the world by inner superiority.'

For this program of world domination the Emperor decorated his friend (who had become a naturalized German) with the Iron Cross, Germany's most popular war medal. But just as Chamberlain was not really a German, so Wilhelm was not really the master of Germany. On July 25, 1917, at the height of Germany's military successes, when Russia seemed to be liquidated, and when in France the commander-in-chief Pétain advised a negotiated peace, the Reichstag voted, 212 to 126, for a peace of 'understanding and conciliation'; it wanted 'no enforced cessions of territory,' no 'political, economic or financial oppression.' True, the Pan-Germans, Chamberlain among them, attempted to form, in protest, a movement for a 'good' or 'strong' peace, a peace of conquest. This group, calling itself the Fatherland Party, enjoyed the support of the all-powerful Ludendorff and a large number of followers, but it remained, all the same, a minority that did not reflect popular feeling. Its most remarkable effect on history was probably the founding of a small subdivision in Munich which tried to recruit followers among the workers — without any success at that time. This committee called itself the 'Free Workers' Committee for a Good Peace.' Its leader was Anton Drexler. It was the original cell of the later German Workers' Party, which in turn was to become the National Socialist Movement. *Drexler in 1920 reminisces*

When in September, 1918, the World War was driving toward a German military defeat, Ludendorff strongly advocated the formation of a democratic German government to conclude peace. He pressed the Kaiser to hurry; the Kaiser, irritated, shouted back,

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'I am no magician!' Then the defeated general himself was forced out and the Kaiser said to him sadly that he would now have to build up a new Reich with the help of the Social Democrats. All changes took place behind the strange human façade of an old general who had been pensioned off even before the war, Field Marshal Paul von Beneckendorff and Hindenburg. Two weeks after Ludendorff's fall, Hindenburg advised his own Kaiser to abdicate and flee to Holland; in his person the army overthrew the monarchy in order to preserve itself. Hindenburg did this prudently, more by agreeing with nods and murmurs of assent to what others said. He allowed Groener, Ludendorff's successor, to say to his Kaiser on November 9, 1918: 'The army will march home under its leaders and commanding generals, quietly and in order. It will not do this under Your Majesty's command, for it no longer stands behind Your Majesty.' Thus the generals first brought democracy to Germany and overthrew their emperor. Both were done under pressure of events, particularly because Woodrow Wilson demanded it in the name of the Allies, and even more in pale fear before the force of the people which was no longer to be held in check. Ludendorff firmly maintained on the day of his downfall that 'I believe all to be lost, and expect Bolshevism to come to us.' Two weeks later, the head of the Social-Democratic Party, Friedrich Ebert, became President of the now republican German Reich.

This was the downfall of the German 'Kaiserreich,' the historic moment of the German revolution. It was also the beginning of the officers' counter-revolution. In a purely military sense the war was not completely lost as yet; as statements made by the Allied generals show. But the military leaders of Germany preferred to lose the war and even to overthrow their emperor in order to save the army and beat down the revolution.

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But the army could not be saved, at least not for the moment. The soldiers, disgusted, threw their guns away and went home. It is true that finally this hurt the new republic even more than the old army. For when the government tried to organize troops to defend the young republic against the counter-revolution, it found that it had scarcely enough soldiers among its own supporters to do so, and its very existence was threatened by dislike of the workers for everything military.

At this moment, a year had a decisive idea; a soldier. The army had fallen to soldiers had been left behind. opposed to war, still the only a small army of volunteers. lack of armed resistance, This was the idea of Cap and Groener. Hind with such a troop of men was in private conversation to persuade him. This was the 'murderers' army, of consist. The outward picture communistic revolts in one was in January, 1918 for a time looked dangerous. tacitly agreed with this them, too, there was fear fought with Allied approaches. Russian-Baltic provinces sheviks. During this time sheviks in near-by Estonia had occupied large parts and Archangelsk in the the Reich cabinet that régime if an Allied arm from the west, would make of this German Free Corps sort. They expected in Latvia and Estonia a re farmers. When they were government, they tore sewed on the eagle of the

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At this moment, a young officer in Hindenburg's headquarters had a decisive idea; a sudden inspiration of historical significance. The army had fallen to pieces, but great groups of unemployed soldiers had been left behind. Although the majority of them were opposed to war, still there was a minority ready for anything. If only a small army of volunteers could be organized, this force, for lack of armed resistance, would soon become master of the country. This was the idea of Captain Kurt von Schleicher, aide of Hindenburg and Groener. Hindenburg at first would have nothing to do with such a troop of mercenaries and bandits, but Schleicher, who was in private conversation a man of winning eloquence, was able to persuade him. This was the origin of the German 'Free Corps,' the 'murderers' army,' of which later the new German army was to consist. The outward pretext for the forming of this army was the communistic revolts in several different parts of the Reich. The first one was in January, 1919, when there was a rebellion in Berlin that for a time looked dangerous. Even the Allies for a short time tacitly agreed with this revival of the German army. For with them, too, there was fear of Communism. The German Free Corps fought with Allied approval in the first months of 1919 in the former Russian-Baltic provinces, Lithuania and Latvia, against the Bolsheviks. During this time the English fleet was fighting the Bolsheviks in near-by Estonia; Allied troops, the British and American, had occupied large parts of Siberia; they had landed in Murmansk and Archangelsk in the North. Groener asserted April 24, 1919, in the Reich cabinet that Germany could put an end to the Soviet régime if an Allied army, in conjunction with the German troops from the west, would march into Soviet Russia. Some of the soldiers of this German Free Corps were soldiers of fortune of a very peculiar sort. They expected to receive from the new governments of Latvia and Estonia a reward of land on which they could settle as farmers. When they were not supported in this by the German government, they tore the German cockades from their caps and sewed on the eagle of the tsar.

Those were the early germs of development which later proved to be fruitful. But in the broad German masses at this time—in the last days of 1918 and the early days of 1919—a new and glowing

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hope had arisen, part of that strange millennial belief in the coming of a great and bright future which had seized almost the whole world after the dark four years of butchery. A national parliament gave Germany a democratic constitution, called 'the freest constitution in the world,' which it assuredly was on paper. There was the famous promise of a peace that would 'make the world safe for democracy' and realize the highest goal of the European nations, the right of self-determination.

And then this German democracy seeped away: not immediately in externals and institutions, but in the hearts of men. The German masses had expected a better world from democracy, better at least than the war; the development was rather for the worse. The Allied blockade against starving Germany went on, war conditions went on; finally, there was a peace which did not really end the war, but intentionally left important questions unsettled. Of this Treaty of Versailles three things can be said with certainty: it burdened Germany—and only Germany—with a war guilt, whose oneness has not been confirmed by historical research; it subjected Germany (badly bled, but materially almost intact) to a morally defensible, but economically senseless and unfulfillable, indemnity; and though granting the right of self-determination to many peoples, refused it to Germany. But the chief sin of this peace was its lack of democracy. The democratic framers of this treaty had not understood that democracy, national in its beginnings, was moving toward world scope. They might have learned from Chamberlain, from the Wise Men of Zion, from Wagner and Nietzsche, in short, from the Antichrist, that the time had come to organize the world as a whole because, as Chamberlain had put it twenty years before, 'the planet had become small and round.' They should have tried to create the beginnings of a world democracy which would give nations the feeling that they were masters and not playthings of their destiny; that they could mold their own policies instead of being mere victims of their politicians. Instead of this, they dissected the world, Europe and Asia at least, into innumerable, ostensibly democratic national sectors, actually infected with the germs of national hatred and violence. With the current means and concepts of their time, the men of Versailles could have

attempted to build up a world to create a world parliament for the people in the nations. Talk of this in Paris. Instinct to which they gave the 'League of Nations.'

The consequence was a organization was inevitable growing readiness to accept to undertake it even by hour; and so the Antichrist vanished, a skeptical Germany abyss of despair as in 184

And so, disillusionment chaos, in which an army this time Chamberlain, who privately uttered the hope Russian frontier a young, clean out democracy.

An unknown young le came, he came from the meeting him Chamberlain history. In October, 1923, Chamberlain lived as son-in-law and first delivered a public speech at home of the Wagner family Bayreuth, Cosima Wagner, heir, composer, director, tradition; Winifred, his old man in a wheel-chair Chamberlain. Hitler felt was happy and at ease. Chamberlain was carried by a supreme effort of him that this meeting was his illness had overtaken as that night, and he fou

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attempted to build up a world democracy. They could have tried to create a world parliament elected by the nations, or rather by the people in the nations — for a moment, in 1919, there was some talk of this in Paris. Instead, they called a conference of diplomats, to which they gave the absurd, because inwardly untrue, name 'League of Nations.'

The consequence was an increasing doubt of democracy. World organization was inevitable and urgently needed, and there was a growing readiness to accept it at the hands of anyone who was ready to undertake it even by violence. Democracy did not act in its hour; and so the Antichrist acted. When the dream of peace had vanished, a skeptical Germany began slipping toward the same abyss of despair as in 1849.

And so, disillusionment and despair gave birth to the moral chaos, in which an army of murderers could seize authority. At this time Chamberlain, who had fallen sick and silent after the war, privately uttered the hope that from the bands of volunteers on the Russian frontier a young, unknown leader might arise, who would clean out democracy.

An unknown young leader from the frontier! When he actually came, he came from the Austrian, not the Russian, frontier; and by meeting him Chamberlain definitely became a key figure of world history. In October, 1923, Hitler went to Bayreuth where Chamberlain lived as son-in-law of the late 'master of all masters.' Hitler first delivered a public speech and was then received at Wahnfried, home of the Wagner family. There he met the aged 'mistress of Bayreuth,' Cosima Wagner; Siegfried Wagner, the weak son and heir, composer, director, laborious preserver of the great musical tradition; Winifred, his English-born wife; and finally a paralyzed old man in a wheel-chair, with spent eyes in the face of a child: Chamberlain. Hitler felt that he was among kindred spirits; he was happy and at ease. He put on a big show and spoke at length. Chamberlain was carried away. The next day, the half-dying man, by a supreme effort of the will, dictated a letter to Hitler, telling him that this meeting was his strongest experience since 1914, when his illness had overtaken him; since then he had never slept so well as that night, and he found it miraculous that Hitler, the awakener

of souls, should have possessed the power to bestow on him so soothing a sleep. 'My faith in the Germans has never wavered for a moment, but my hope, I must own, had sunk to a low ebb. At one stroke you have transformed the state of my soul.' One more who had succumbed to the thundering, hypnotic voice!

Hitler had come to Wahnfried in the company of two men. One was a little-known anti-Semitic poet and journalist of Czech origin, a fulsome admirer of Wagner; his name was Josef Czerny, and, in order to have a German pseudonym, he called himself Josef Stolzinger, after the Wagnerian figure. The other was Alfred Rosenberg, the Russo-German and prophet of the Wise Men of Zion. It appears that it was he who had acquainted Hitler with Chamberlain's ideas, and since Hitler was too impatient for steady reading, had underlined the most important and useful sentences in the thick tomes. Rosenberg regarded himself as Chamberlain's disciple and successor, and as executant of his spiritual legacy. After Chamberlain's death in 1926, the Russo-German wrote a biography of the Anglo-German, published an anthology of his writings, and himself wrote a book the very title of which was intended to indicate that it was a continuation of Chamberlain's chief work: The Myth of the Twentieth Century.

Among the guests at Wahnfried, Hitler met Count Richard du Moulin-Eckart of French émigré stock, the biographer of Cosima Wagner; he met Count Manfred Grävina, an Italian, who married one of Wagner's daughters; he met the wife of Chamberlain's publisher, Elsa Bruckmann, née Rumanian Princess Cantacuzene. This Rumanian princess soon became one of Hitler's most ardent supporters—like an American woman from the same circle, the widow of the publisher Hanfstaengl.

Chamberlain had developed the doctrine of the elective affinity of Aryans, extending beyond nations. The phrases and the gestures are stubbornly German; but in reality an international type, dimly foreseen by Heine and Nietzsche, was in process of formation. To the Austrian Hitler, Chamberlain wrote: 'I always wonder whether the lack of political instinct, for which the Germans are so often reproached, is not a symptom of a far profounder gift for state-building. The organizational talent of the Germans is in any

case unexcelled, and that I have built my

Now perhaps we seemingly simple vision through the history of the world as in a concave mirror. The historic German advance by the Richard Napoleon, a man of vision regarding himself as can do no wrong, but permissible. We see him hammer and smashing see him rise up out of the mass,' writing a book by the Vienna Academy. We see him, with such as the world has never planned according to what we see him as the A round him the uproar among many foreign length in order that they and also to obey, to die if they must, to die.

We see Adolf Hitler, the canons, half-Frenchmen, and all of them also wolf-cry, expecting them: 'Aryans and anti-

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Now perhaps we can better understand the deep meaning of
seemingly simple words. To this end we have taken a long excu-
sion through the history of the European nations and the German
mind. In the world of today we see this history reflected, intensified
as in a concave mirror. We see Adolf Hitler as the belated ana-
chronistic German answer to Napoleon. We see him cursed in ad-
vance by the Richard Wagner he so venerates, as an imitator of
Napoleon, a man of violence, a beast of prey. We see in him a man
regarding himself as business manager of the world spirit, which
can do no wrong, because to Napoleonic greatness every wrong is
permissible. We see him as Thor, the thunder-god, raising his giant
hammer and smashing the talisman of our culture, the cross. We
see him rise up out of the teeming, nameless 'intelligent herd
mass,' writing a book of 'power philosophy'; see the student rejected
by the Vienna Academy of Art, growing to be an 'artist tyrant.'
We see him, with subtle science, building a human machine such
as the world has never known, and, at an early date, drawing up
plans according to which the entire globe will become his machine.
We see him as the Antichrist with the banal mustache, gathering
round him the uprooted intellectuals among his own people and
among many foreign peoples; a type of men willing to go to any
length in order that the machine may 'work': willing to command
and also to obey, to trample and to be trampled, to kill and even,
if they must, to die.

We see Adolf Hitler surrounded by half-Englishmen, half-Ameri-
cans, half-Frenchmen, half-Italians, half-Czechs, half-Rumanians,
and all of them also half-Germans; and we hear him utter his
wolf-cry, expecting the howling wolves from everywhere to answer
him: 'Aryans and anti-Semites of all nations, unite!'